

COMMUNITY FREE PRESS



COMMUNITY FREE PRESS

VOL I, NO 1

SPRING 1974

COMMUNITY REPRESENTS THE MEMBERS OF STATEN ISLAND COMMUNITY COLLEGE, WITH ALL THEIR VARIED TASTES AND OPINIONS;

FREE, IN THE SENSE OF THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS AND THE FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION, DEFINITELY NECESSARY AT SICC;

PRESS. MEANING, OF COURSE, A PUBLICATION, BUT ALSO A MEANS OF EXPRESSION FOR STUDENTS THAT HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO, OR AREN'T PERMITTED TO, EXPRESS THEMSELVES IN OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

ALSO, PLEASE NOTE THAT THIS PUBLICATION IS A MAGAZINE, NOT "JUST ANOTHER PAPER ON CAMPUS," WITH NO REAL PURPOSE OR INTENT. THIS PRODUCT OF STUDENT EFFORT INTENDS TO PRESENT ITSELF AS ARTISTICALLY BEAUTIFUL, LITERARY AND PROFESSIONAL IN APPEARANCE, WITHOUT BECOMING BOGGED DOWN IN POLITICS AND OTHER RELATED HASSLES. THIS MAGAZINE REFUSES TO GO DOWN THE SAME DUSTY ROAD AS ANOTHER PUBLICATION AT SICC THAT DIED AT THE HANDS OF MISMANAGEMENT. SO, THE STAFF OF COMMUNITY FREE PRESS HOPES THAT YOU WILL ENJOY THIS ISSUE!





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EDITORIAL

Welcome to Staten Island Community College, Skid Row of the Hippies, Yippies, and other assorted freaks. This school is another branch of the CUNY educational system, so enjoy it while you can. By the way, if you want to get to this Staten Island merry-go-round, the fastest way is via Route 278. The students driving here from Brooklyn or Queens must suffer a further indignity by paying a \$1.50 a day admission fee for this circus.

At first sight, SICC appears that it does serve a purpose other than to occupy several acres of land. The buildings give an impression, at a distance, of being recently built in the more modern style of architecture. But once a person steps onto the campus itself, he will find that the style is getting a bit archaic and showing signs of age. The flagstones are cracking and the cement is crumbling. Erosion runs rampant. C-building looks like it never survived the bombing of Berlin. This is pretty strange, considering that the school was completed only about seven years ago.

It's not the architecture, the prison-like classrooms and the cave-like cafeteria that makes up the personality of SICC, though—it's the people inside of it. These are the people who add flair to the school. They write on the walls in the john, they leave their garbage and cigaret butts in every room and hallway and they are the ones who fill the cafeteria with an unbearable amount of noise and living flesh. These students are usually the ones who ends up just sitting around with nothing better to do than get high, blast their portable radios all day, hang-out, nod-out, pass-out or just say 'fuck it' and leave after their last class. Occasionally, you'll see some old fart who is actually working on reports and making an effort to

study, with the intention of trying to get an education from this school. It seems that the smartest person in SICC is the one who goes to all his classes, finishes all his requirements and gets the hell out of this hole-in-the-wall in exactly two years. Most people never do it.

Unfortunately, the truth of the matter is that everyone plays their own little mind games in this school—teachers are playing games with students by appealing to them with 'relevant' talk and offering bullshit courses that one can't transfer to another college; students are playing games with themselves and each other by taking courses taught by 'easy' teachers (the guaranteed A's routine) and the trifling game called Day Session Student Government; the people in the big office upstairs are playing games with all the hungry people by hiring a cafeteria service that refuses to serve decent food at a decent price for a decent amount; there is an athletic organization here that caters only to the superjock; then there is the big game played at SICC, called the Dope Situation.... This list could go on and on. The problem boils down to the simple fact that the student is being screwed by EVERYONE—the administration, the faculty, the cafeteria, even their fellow students, in the field of student governance. Pretty soon, the Welcome Wagon from City Hall will be rolling off the ferry, bringing to SICC more and more budget cutbacks, more firing of faculty, cancellation of more courses and—I wince at this—TUITION. And the student lives for the present moment, because he's too damn stupid to know any better. The poor jerks are just sitting there in a daze, playing meaningless little fantasies with themselves and others, not realizing the horrors to come.

Publishing a magazine is tough enough as it is, especially when it's run by students just beginning to blossom in the art of journalism. It is really fortunate that this effort of talented people has been allowed to be published for the Spring 1974 semester. The basic reason is the editor-in-chief's experience and the drive to publish this magazine, possessed by him and the others, would be lost. The hidden reason is that it wouldn't be possible to even request funding for the publication next year if it wasn't already established this year. Money is getting tighter semester by semester, not only because the Commissioner of Finances has been keeping a close watch on it, but because of the reason that it just isn't around in great quantities anymore. And every day, more and more clubs are being founded on campus, clawing and scratching for money. COMMUNITY FREE PRESS hopes it will have something to show for itself next semester, when it asks for funds again. It will have this issue as evidence of previous accomplishments, and it hopes that the people sitting in the halls of C-building will say that they had enjoyed it.

Certain people didn't want this magazine to come out, though. This time it wasn't the Administration sitting in a hidden office, biting their nails, wondering if the ghosts of ADVOCATE were back to accuse them of some more nonexistent misdeeds. I am sorry to say that it was fellow students on campus, students with positions of power. They are the people who are paranoid about seeing a publication on campus that will prove that there ARE decent people on campus, people with talent, people with sensible opinions that are not afraid of criticising injustices, people who have better journalistic talent than those on the other existing publications. It seems that Student Government is afraid of what might be said against them and papers like the DOLPHIN, which noone reads anyway, are afraid that they might be put out of existence by a fresh, new readable publication. I am here to say that opinions differing from those in power will not be censored here. Those in power can speak out and respond to criticism, too. But both sides of the mud-slinging forces must present their arguments in an intelligent manner. People are sick and tired of listening to the same bullshitting story by the same bullshitting people week after week. They want to hear something new.

The main purpose of this rag, though, is to expose the literary talent lurking in the hallowed, (pot) smoke-filled halls of SICC. You will read all sorts of CREATIVE WRITING in this magazine, along with photos and a drawing or two. We also have a sprinkling of campus political interest essays for our loving general readership, but let's not get bogged down in political issues. If you don't want to read a guy's story on why this school sucks, then just skip over it. There's plenty of good literature in COMMUNITY FREE PRESS that will definitely outweigh the mildly distasteful ones. We offer you a blending of fantasy and reality. Can you tell the difference?

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STATEMENT OF DISCLAIMER

Every student on the Staten Island Community College campus is responsible for the production of this issue of COMMUNITY FREE PRESS. It is financed by student money allocated by Student Government. The students that found, wrote, edited, photographed, sketched and layed-out the material in this issue come from the same backgrounds, neighborhoods and basic life experiences as the students it was produced for.

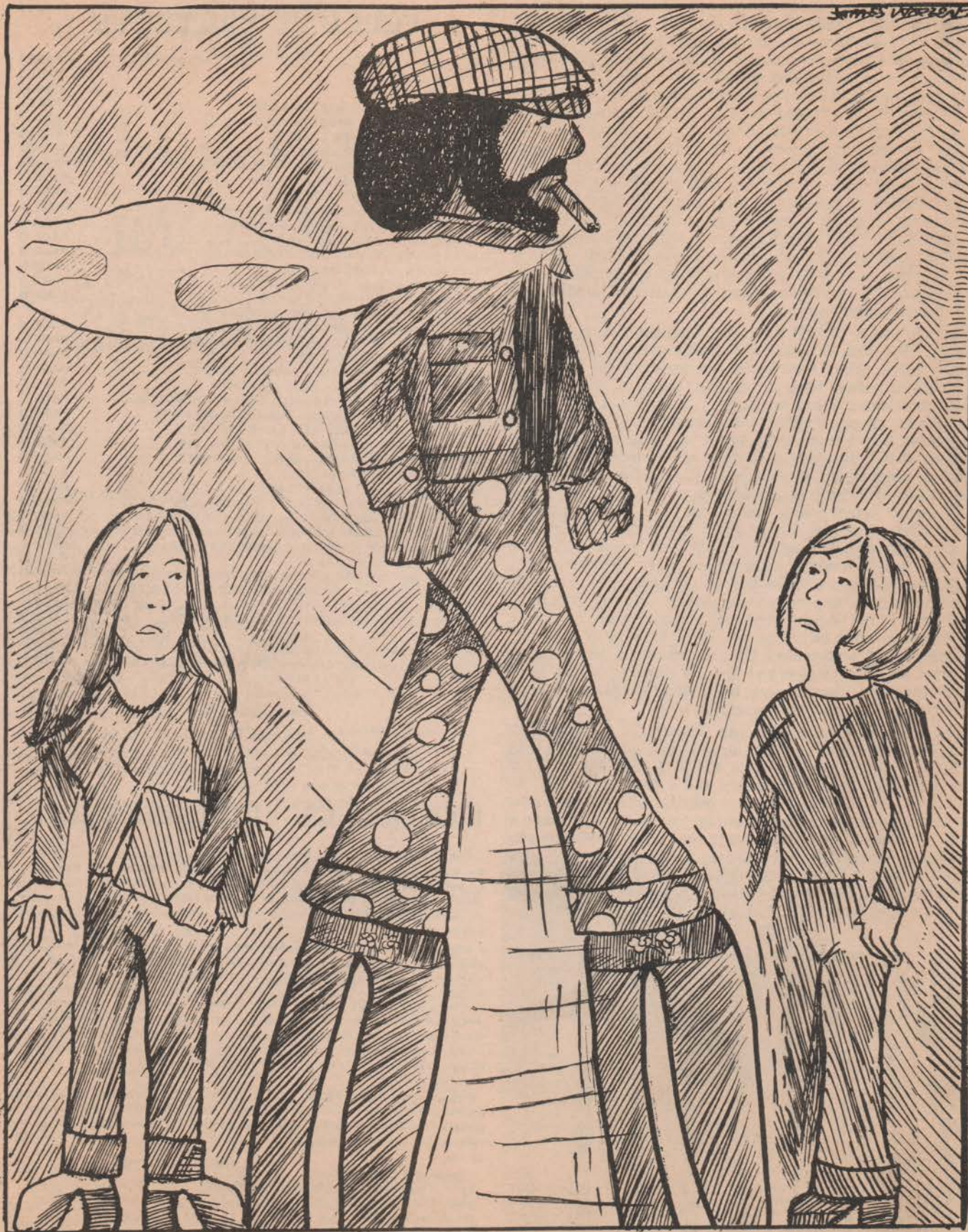
The idea of this magazine is to share ideas with other students and faculty in a constructive, creative and exciting way. COMMUNITY FREE PRESS can be a platform for communication between students for an exchange of ideas, even a platform discussing change. Some people express themselves through literary efforts, others express it through essays, critiques and political writings. This magazine can serve as an educational tool for the whole college community. All ideas and opinions are accepted and constructive criticisms of issues can be expressed in the subsequent issues. Students and other members of the SICC community must fight for constructive change and speak out against injustices, wherever it exists.

COMMUNITY FREE PRESS is a publication of the students of Staten Island Community College of the City University of New York. The opinions herein expressed are solely those of the writer only, and not necessarily those of the entire SICC community. Material is requested and gratefully accepted from the whole college.

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James McNeill



ON PUBLICATIONS

by ROBERT W. BLEI

Well, we're finally in print! What does that statement mean, other than just another cliché? From the experiences of the editor-in-chief of **COMMUNITY FREE PRESS**, there results a sort of long story about publications on campus that should be told, and told now, before the future representatives in Day Session Student Government look at budget requests from the various publications in the semesters to come. Some interesting facts will be brought out in the open, for the general public at SICC to read, digest and give their opinions on.

Way back when, there used to be a magazine on campus called the **ADVOCATE** (I can just see Student Government cringing with fear and disgust right now!). Its early background is a bit fuzzy, but that publication was originally run by a tightly-knit group of ultra-radicals who progressed from being editors on the **DOLPHIN** at the end of the sixties, to starting up a cheap rag called the **Salt of the Earth** for about a year, and finally getting themselves together and founding **ADVOCATE** around 1971. Because of the wacky philosophies of these people, their journalistic efforts were always under fire, from the anti-Catholic propaganda written in 1969 (finally settled in court in the publication's favor) for the **DOLPHIN**, to the perverted and controversial cartoons in **Salt of the Earth** and finally the biased, socialist, controversial articles written against the college administration and other anti-government writings in the **ADVOCATE** during its five semester existence.

Robert W. Blei joined the staff of the **ADVOCATE** the first day of the Fall 1972 semester as a writer. In the months that followed, he assisted the editors in putting out the "Fall" issue, which actually came out on February 5th of the Spring 1973 semester, by writing, helping out with paste-ups, looking for graphics and running around trying to find bottles of rubber cement. The poor fellow never really knew about any of the controversial articles in that issue until the magazine was finally in print. As soon as the budget for the Spring 1973 semester was settled (before the Fall 1972 issue ever appeared), these ultra-weirdoes got the hell out of SICC, by



graduating, dropping-out, or just plain disappearing, before the controversy hit the fan. President Birenbaum, who once called the **ADVOCATE** "an interesting departure in journalism," was now furious. Even though the college administration had been keeping an eye on the people working on the magazine, it was then decided, in my opinion, that **ADVOCATE** either had to change radically or be slowly stifled.

The last editor of the **ADVOCATE** was a Ms. Randy Scelza, an upper freshman at the time of her Spring 1973 stint as **The Fearless Leader**. She had been working with the original editor-in-chief, a Mr. Ralph Palladino, for the "Fall" issue and was an assistant editor until the Spring 1973 semester rolled around. As soon as the one issue came out, Mr. P. chose her editorial staff for her and said: "Here, you're the editor-in-chief." Despite Ms. Scelza's hard work the previous semester, she still wasn't fully sure of all the technical work involved, and definitely not able to handle all the hassles of administering a crowd of wacked-out people who used to hang out in the office.

To this day, I am not sure if Student Government really knew **EVERYTHING** about **ADVOCATE**. All they know of are the financial rip-offs. What they didn't know was that Mr. Palladino had made arrangements with a few people for their writings. What they didn't know was that the magazine never came out that Spring because the man from

the printing company they hired steered the staff the wrong way in putting the paper together, especially with typesetting machines that never worked. What Student Government didn't realize was why the magazine work was moved to the DOLPHIN office. This is the most complicated part of the ADVOCATE story. While Big Ralph was around, everyone had a free ride, from collecting stipends to having a room to get high in. These people didn't really care if the publication ever came out, all they wanted to do was to get money for nothing and a little peacefulness while getting wrecked. When two people (Randy Scelza and Robert Blei) were serious enough and dedicated enough to get work done, they were hated with a passion. The work-study people refused to work at all, yet they demanded their checks at the end of the week. God knows how many times Ms. Scelza ran to Financial Aid and to the Faculty Advisor asking for a solution to that problem, only to be told: "Don't create any hassles, man. They'll be gone at the end of the semester, so don't say anything . . ." The only explanation to that assinine statement was because those people and the advisors were buddy-buddy friends who had their fingers in the pie and didn't want to take it out when told to.

The magazine was left with virtually noone to put it together. People would never hand in copy on time, meaning that typesetting wasn't started until the end of April, making it virtually impossible for the publication to be released on time. (COMMUNITY FREE PRESS had 90 per cent of its articles in at the first week of April and the paper was being put together on dummy sheets during the last week of April 1974. Due to the dedication of more than two people, we HAVE come out!) Hours upon hours were spent by Randy and Bob, trying to typeset the articles on electric typesetting machines, sometimes putting in fifty-hours-a-week each. Every time galley sheets came back, they were a total mess (imagine a four letter word coming back as a 28 letter word, seven letters to each original letter!) and the company man hired by the school had the nerve to say it was our fault! This was the major reason why ADVOCATE never came out that Spring—copy handed in too late and the typesetting never done correctly—therefore, the magazine could never be laid-out or sent to press, plus other equally important reasons why no work could be accomplished, like threats of physical harm to Randy, stealing of office supplies, ripping up of copy, work promised and never done . . .

It's no wonder that Student Government and the college administration were suspicious of ADVOCATE and I don't blame them, except I don't think that they observed the complete picture of that publication. What they saw was only the financial end and the fact that the magazine was never printed. What they should know was all the internal hassles. That whole story of "One Year of Hell in the ADVOCATE Office" could be made into a small novel. Believe me, I could tell them the whole story, too. I was there for damn near fifty hours every week, without ever collecting a single penny of stipend money, while other people who never did any work were milking this school dry.

Enough of ADVOCATE. The question this year is: What are the states of the publications on campus now? In my opinion, with the exception of COMMUNITY FREE PRESS, since this is only its first issue, the other rags on campus are in a pretty shaky state. The DOLPHIN is in the worst condition. After the past four years of nothing but bullshitting heaps and heaps of garbage, it's time for the paper to be overhauled or just put out of existence. Despite the protests of the new Commissioner of Publications, Tom Nugent, that "the DOLPHIN is better than ever this year," how can he explain that people are disgusted with it and hardly anyone ever reads it anymore? Personally, I use copies of the DOLPHIN for doggie paper. There is absolutely nothing worthwhile in the paper to read, not only because most of the paper is Women's Lib orientated (such as the atrocity on page one of a recent DOLPHIN, reading WOMEN MOLESTED IN K BUILDING, which actually reported an incident of a male student punching an old cleaning lady in the puss. The old bag probably deserved it anyway.) But also such things as bad layout work, terrible pictures, too many rock reviews than necessary and the newest atrocity, the PEACH WAR PRESS centerfold. The DOLPHIN thinks it is the great working class hero because it thinks it speaks for all the oppressed peoples. In actuality, they are only speaking for themselves and about fifty or sixty of their friends. Noone listens to bullshitting rhetoric anyhow.



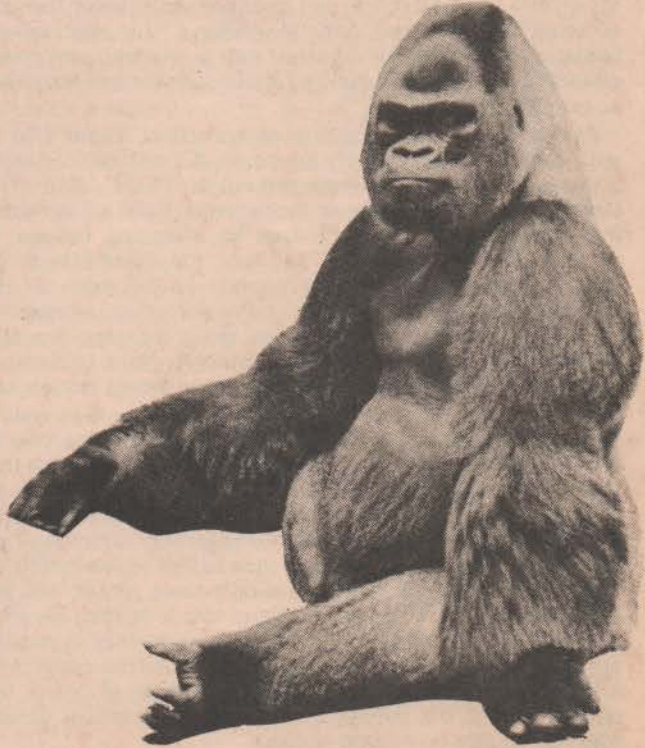
What is also a big pain-in-the-ass is that the publication is so one-sided. The paper holds a policy of being almost radical, yet fighting for freedom of all peoples and all that false yackity-yak from weirdoes who don't intend to keep their promises, but anyone with a moderate-liberal stand doesn't have a chance to get anything published. For example, two of my articles, ON ENTERTAINMENT and ONE LONE CRY IN THE WILDERNESS were not published because of that. (There have also been some personality conflicts, but those problems have nothing to do with the printing of articles.) Because I feel that the other side of the story should be told, they have been printed in this magazine. This is not really being egotistical, since a hell of a lot of other people at SICC hold the same opinion as I do. DOLPHIN, like so many other groups at this college, is involved only with its little head trips. I have never seen such an unqualified, egotistical, tightly-knit group of parasites running a student publication, other than the similarities of it to the ADVOCATE situation. One sees the stipend collecting and people hanging out, just like that magazine a year ago, except that once a month a couple of them decided to get off their asses and do a little work. DOLPHIN is not a worthwhile publication anymore. NEWS FERRY does the job just as well, basically unbiased, and it doesn't come directly out of student funds. So why waste four or five thousand dollars a semester?





Now there's a new publication at SICC, called **COMMUNITY FREE PRESS**. I won't describe the mad, merry adventures of getting it approved through Student Government, just that money was acquired and we're in print. It seems that a few people there didn't want this thing to come out. One of their reasons was that they're afraid that I'm a ghost from **ADVOCATE**. This magazine is not another **ADVOCATE** from two years ago. Only the Spring 1973 issue that never came out is held in our hearts. That forgotten issue was supposed to be a mostly literary magazine. **COMMUNITY FREE PRESS** is even more literary than that. This publication you are holding in your hands right now is artwork. Plenty of people have spent time writing articles, and fewer people have done the artwork and photographs. Even less have spent the time to lay it out, but all publications have that hassle anyway. We're no different. The editor-in-chief and the Managing editor, plus a couple close friends, put this one out, mostly because of pressing deadlines. Thanks to everyone else for their consideration. A sincere thank you to Dr. Blau, our Faculty Advisor, for helping me out with some of the fine technical data I didn't know already. And a special thank you to the gang at Star Reporter Publishing Company, since without them, we wouldn't be in print right now!

Publications that can be praised are **BLACK PRESS** and **PUNTO**. Unfortunately, these papers have always experienced troubles in coming out regularly, or just coming out at all. This is sad, because the papers are really pretty good. The last **PUNTO** that appeared was beautifully put together and the **BLACK PRESS** that came out in April was fantastic. If the **DOLPHIN** stayed at that level of quality, it would be o.k., but still no one would read it. These minority papers are gobbled up right away because of their appearance, their contents and the sincere interest of our Black and Puerto Rican brothers and sisters in their affairs. Their only hassles have been last semester, when it was very difficult trying to get articles together to complete an issue, so it could be published. Despite some differences of opinions between publication and general public, it is good to see feedback being received by the editors after an issue is in print. Let's here it for Brother Pete (**PUNTO**) and Brother Walter (**BLACK PRESS**) and their staffs!



**I graduated
look at me now!**

ONE LONE CRY IN THE WILDERNESS

by ROBERT W. BLEI

After hanging out at S.I.C.C. for two years or more, this school begins to grow on you. In fact, for some people, they become so much a part of this place that they don't want to leave. That's why you've been able to find students who've been going to this school for three, four, or more, years, running a solid 1.5 index with twelve credits a semester. Your typical S.I.C.C. student is the person who hangs out in the Lounge almost all day, his-her mind in the Land of Magic Dreams, waiting for Joe Schmoe to come around again with his stash. A smaller minority of students, commonly called in my circles "the cut-throat ego maniac," hide under the guise of being fake radicals and "do-gooders" for the students. Sometimes it seems the smartest guy is one who just goes to classes, goes home and makes sure he gets the hell out of here in exactly two years.

Personally, I'm sick and tired of this school. Thank God I'm getting out of here in exactly two years. A lot of the courses are a waste and can't be transferred out of S.I.C.C. Half of the teachers shouldn't even be on the payrolls. Even a good part of the students here shouldn't even be attending college, for various reasons: too stoned, too lazy, too damn stupid, just going to school because their parents forced them to, they couldn't care whether they're going or not, others shouldn't be allowed because they create too many hassles for other students who are trying to make a sincere effort to obtain an education — these sort of people make a decent person sick.

What has always annoyed and aggravated me was how did these rejects get here in the first place and how come they are allowed to do some of the things they are doing now. One thing that can't really be accused is the Open Admissions program, so let's take away all those "racist" accusations, because I'm not accusing any of the minorities presently attending Community College. Most college headaches come from the average, everyday, half-witted middle-class person who goes to this institution. This is not the guy who is busting his ass to keep at 2.8 index and gets out of S.I.C.C. as quickly as possible, but the guy who gets by with grades that a gorilla could better and sometimes manages to obtain positions of power over other students. It's the syndrome of the high school wiseguy who has finally come into his own.

You can usually tell who these people are. If one is so inclined to join a club or organization that appeals to cultural or hobby-type interests, these people are always the ones who manage to hold the life and death decisions over the budgets for the semester. These people are also the ones who do sick rantings and ravings about "stopping Shockley" and demanding "student rights." What these people really want are assurances from the big men upstairs that they won't get suspended. Why is the good student and the clubs constantly getting stepped on allowing these people to continue to rule over their lives?

In the semesters that I've been here, I've seen one

publication destroyed, two clubs have budgets frozen because they were "being investigated for dubious intents," and observed many serious clubs get budget requests cut by many hundreds of dollars. And we are still sitting on our asses, taking all this punishment?—Then, recently there were power plays by several clubs, grabbing up offices of the administration and faculty in C-building. The guards didn't even do a damned thing about it! Who the hell are people afraid of, that they can't tell a few wild groups to "cool it," for the sake of themselves and others on campus?

The students that have been allowed to obtain positions of power are on very shaky ground indeed. They are being allowed to yell and scream, bullshit, push propaganda, upset and destroy. Pretty soon things are going to be stopped. One thing that people do not realize is that the one and only basic purpose of school is for education, straight and unbiased education at that. Student Government, clubs and means of entertainment and communication are secondary and due to the tolerance and generosity of the administrative people running the school. Simply, that means that all the screaming idiots in C-building are getting away with murder. At any time, the Big Bad Administration can revoke all the powers and rights of students and getting things back to the way the Big Men Upstairs want it: no more meaningless courses for credits that can't be transferred and lowers the school's academic standards, no more clubs except for those under strict administration control, no more publications, no more Student Gov't, communication medias will be out of student hands and Presidential seminars will go on without interruption. It sounds like a 1984 situation that could never happen, but it just might, in the near future.

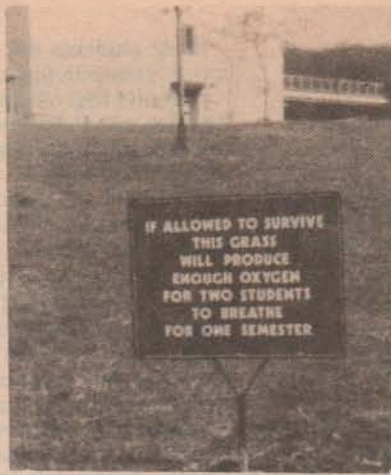
Yes, student rights would be denied. But it seems that these so-called rights are being determined by a different sort of tyranny at this time. Those people are off-beat radicals, paper liberals and a very biased little clique with a personal axe to grind. They are playing on their fellow students emotions and intellectual inadequacies. They are "calling the shots" for their own benefit. Some have the gall to call themselves advisers. They look forward to the days of glorious, virgin-pure socialism, yet they act in the way of fascists. Anyone who gets in their way, right or wrong, are denounced as racist and against the public good (whether they are or not), and effectively silenced — the poor guy's club gets his budget cut, they cannot voice their opinions on equal time and they can't even get their writings of dissent published — the common person and club is virtually strangled. A few people are getting out of their apathetic moods and getting ready to fight back against these injustices.

I am sorry to say that there hasn't been freedom of speech, press or expression at SICC. The administration is not the cause. The Big Men have been trying to keep things sane, to no avail. Our own fellow students have made this school another police state. They do not listen to what we have to say anymore. One has to meet THEIR terms before something gets approved. COMMUNITY FREE PRESS has been lucky. We also might get nailed in the future, but that's besides the point. A group of people have made the effort at least once, anyway.

Maybe we cannot totally condemn those people. They've tried. But their ideals have gone along the same track as the peace rallies — they are slowly dying from hardening of the arteries. To think that this group has tried to avoid the conventional system, yet they are being buried by their own bureaucratic paperwork. Their little political games are driving everyone crazy, and the red tape is bad enough, alone.

Anyone who gives a damn about themselves should get together and salvage or scrap this mess before the administrators do. We cannot just sit like lumps on a log anymore. Our freedom is being threatened from within. I just hope that I'm not one lone cry in the wilderness called Staten Island Community College.

S.I.



C.C.



STUDENT GOVERNANCE?

by YVAN L. NEGRAO

As time goes by, we continue to see the same crowd of students going to their classes every day and supposedly enjoying their daily activities in a campus where everyone should be satisfied with its pleasant conditions. Unfortunately, this isn't exactly the atmosphere here at SICC.

On this campus we find several students complaining that the college is dull, boring and the level of education they're receiving is poor, to say the least. Most students are also not satisfied with the ways their money is eaten up by the school, not only by rip-offs like the Cafeteria and the Bookstore, but by their tuition fees at the beginning of each semester.

This can be better explained if we start by stressing that \$28.00 of our \$48.00 fee that we pay each semester is allocated for Student Activities. These "Activities" vary from a wide range of social organizations to cultural clubs, hobby groups, publications and intramural sports. The distribution of monies for clubs, organizations and publications is taken care of by the Day Session Student Government, whose supposed purpose is to serve the student's interests in the best possible ways.

For a few student organizations, this system works very well, but for the majority of the student body and the rest of the student organizations, it turns out to be a financial disaster, as many students in their organizations are denied funds for their activities. In the meantime, certain organizations that have "friends" in Student Government receive virtually all the money they requested and spend it on events that do not necessarily serve the majority of the student body in any sense. This syndrome has been going on for many years and, as a result, we keep on hearing the same complaints over and over again, semester after semester.

Most students just go on with their daily activities without even attempting to change these conditions in our school, due to the fact that changes take a great deal of time and plenty of hassles with the present Day Session Student Government. For most people it is easy just not to get involved, yet they are still dissatisfied with the deteriorating conditions. Others do give a try to fight for what they need, but usually run through the whole gauntlet of bureaucracy and arguments without ever getting any results.

Anyone can clearly see that apathy has been present in the past and is still visible today at SICC. This is usually the result that the student's involvement in extracurricular activities is very costly to them, in terms of wasted time and hassles in trying to get events organized. It can also be seen that Student Government's lack of real interest in helping out the student body plays a major role in contributing to the ever-increasing apathy on our campus. Other causes for this lack of interest range from the biased distribution of funds by the aforementioned Student Government to such things as the lack of advertising of activities in a decent manner by the college medias.

One of the most serious problems in fighting apathy is the lack of knowledge most students have about what's happening on campus. This can be exemplified by the following questions:

- (1) Do you know who is the President of the Student Government this year? In fact, did you know that there really is no position of President in D.S.G.—the position is called Chairperson—what position there is has no power and, to top things off, this officer is elected by the Senators themselves, not the students?
- (2) Did you know that every year there are elections held to elect student Senators for each curriculum?
- (3) Did you know that last year, on every other Wednesday during Club Hours, there were Constituency Group meetings held, with the purpose of helping out students with any problems concerning school?
- (4) Did you know that out of that \$48.00 semesterly fee, \$28.00 is allocated for Student Activities?
- (5) Do you know that if the present problem of student apathy continues, it won't be too long before the Administration will take over the Student Government and noone will have a say in how their money is spent?

If you can answer those questions, you know a lot! If nothing else, at least we know you care! But if you don't know the answer to any of these questions, don't be too surprised. More than half of the student population don't know it either.

Whose fault is it?—It's the fault of the Student Government and the Association. These two powerful organizations should make a point to advertise such facts to the student body in an effective way, so that everyone would have a better idea of what's going on. Furthermore, all decisions and actions taken by the Student Senate should be openly discussed with the student body, or at least publicized by the publications or recorded and played back through the school's radio station.

Students should also be informed on what Student Government is all about, its functions and procedures and how to best take advantage of its services that it's supposed to render. This lack of knowledge is very evident, when we recall last year's Constituency Group meetings, where maybe one or two people would show up—sometimes, noone at all would attend.

It is regrettable that on such a large campus as this, and with the substantial amounts of funds that are available to students, such problems like this exist. Every year, great amounts of money are wasted, because of the atrocious lack of participation in extracurricular activities and the bad distribution of funds to student organizations. Aside from the students who have simply given up on getting involved in extracurricular activities, we still find those who are interested and willing to



give up their time for meaningful activities, but can't get things done because the particular organization they belong to didn't receive enough money to work with or no money at all. There are definitely mishandling of funds by Student Government.

The lack of participation of Student Government by the general student population can be attributed as a cause for this mismanagement of monies. Because of general disinterest, most of the few students presently holding positions in Student Government are more interested in serving their own needs and to hold onto their power than to serve the necessities and desires of the student body. As a result of this power-playing, the several big student organizations that are well represented in Student Government get substantial amounts of money every semester while the rest of the organizations get screwed.

A perfect example of this favoritism which is used by the D.S.G. was a statement I heard, said by the Commissioner on Finances, several days before the allocation of budgets for clubs and organizations: "We can never please everybody, so we might as well please ourselves." The first part of that statement is true to a certain extent, since it is truly hard to please everybody. But the second part goes completely against the definition of their jobs, since as a Commissioner of Finances, he is there to serve the whole student body, not just himself and his friends. As a member of the general student body, I cannot see how a person can make such a statement and at the same time claim to represent our student body.

Even if the members of the Student Government cannot please everyone, they ought to seek to please as many people as possible and be willing to accept any criticism and discuss these problems with the students in an effective manner. The Student Government, its Chair person and all those working for D.S.G. have an obligation to answer any question or complaint in regard to their decisions and actions. Unfortunately, most of these people are not even willing to do that. As a matter of fact, and this has actually happened to one club, do you know what would happen this semester, if you made a phone call to the Student Government, questioning why your particular organization got so little money or no money at all? They would hang up on you!!

This type of attitude leaves students with no decision whatsoever as far as the allocation of their own money for student activities go. The painful and insulting thought is that the student is being screwed by his fellow student. This disorganized allocation of funds has been going on for a couple of years on campus, but now it's beginning to hit the student body harder, especially with the city cutbacks, creating a general attitude of hostility between students and the Day Session Student Government.

I think that it's about time for the students to stop complaining and to do something about this dangerous problem. It's time for us to realize that complaining will get us nowhere, but action will definitely do something. It seems to me that the only way to make SICC a better place to go to is by getting all our students together and organizing a movement to change this crumbling system completely to a system in which a much greater amount of students can participate in. Of course, the problems wouldn't be solved completely, but it would be a hell of a lot better than it is now. If a new system doesn't work, then trying to change SICC is hopeless. All I can say is that in involving oneself in extracurricular activities these days at SICC is inviting oneself to putting up with very bad times indeed. It will cause arguments, frustrations and add to the multiple reasons why student grades are always dropping. Believe me, I know from experience.

I think something should be done NOW. Otherwise, these hardships will go on for years to come and Staten Island Community College will regress, not continue and progress into a better institution of learning and personal fulfillment. Let's give it some thought. It's our college!

ANGRY WORDS

*You said some things that hurt me so,
And I was mighty mean, I know.
We both were right and both were wrong,
And so it was we went along,
Not realizing they who yield
Are often masters of the field;
That there's a greater victory
Than over you and me—
To conquer anger, hurt to hide
And win the conquest over pride*

*You said some things that hurt that day,
That's why it was I went away.
I thought of every little thing,
Every angry word remembering;
Each angry word that you had said
Lay on my heart, a weight of lead.
And you, I haven't any doubt,
Had words of mine to think about,
Had words that soon so great had grown
They made you quite forget your own.*

*Forget as I've forgotten mine,
Each angry word, each sullen sign;
To tell the truth, I can't recall,
A simple thing I said at all!
And so, since both of us forget
Since neither one remembers yet,
The thing that it was all about,
Let's rule each recollection out
That still remains—and start once more
All over, where we were before!*

by DOUGLAS MATLOCK

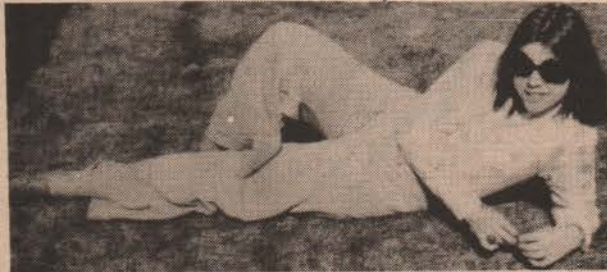




ON THE SEARCH FOR A BETTER CAFETERIA

by ALCIONE NEGRO

By now, everyone at SICC is sick and tired of the prices, quality, amount of food and generally nasty service at the cafeteria and snack bar in C-building. At the beginning of the Fall 1973 semester, there was a small movement attempting to organize itself against the deteriorating conditions handed to us on styrofoam platters by Mar-Serv International and it noted a quiet grumbling against the cafeteria. Lately, students and teachers alike have been subjected to fluctuating costs on hot meals, a ten cent rise per pack on cigarettes, nonexistent utensils and condiments, being called an obscenity when ordering a cheeseburger from the grill in the main caf, and the other usual hassles about quality and quantity. The manager of Mar-Serve holds the attitude, "If you don't like it, don't eat," but after shelling out an average of \$1.75 a day (before Yoo-Hoos) and still feeling hungry after laying out all that bread is a bit atrocious and unfair to the general public at SICC.



What can be done? Well, a couple of students decided to do a little researching on finding a better place to get a meal. After skipping over the obvious selections of Burger Boogies and Pizza Shacks, the small contingent took a ferry ride over to Manhattan. After fighting their way past Zums-Zums and Blimpie Bases, the students found their starved bodies in a building called the CUNY Graduate's Center, on 33 West 42nd Street.

This CUNY graduate school is located just across the street from the big old Public Library on 42nd Street. The Center itself is an old 1930 office building that had its interior stripped and refurbished with the latest in ultramodern equipment and furnishings. The entrance is an underpass leading to the next street underneath the building. Anyone with a sense of artistic taste will admire the beautiful, yet functional, architecture and the stone sculptures displayed in the vestibule. After sneaking past the three mean-looking guards, there is a small hallway with elevators. Take the one that goes to the top (18th) floor. When the doors open at the top floor, you spot a three-foot-high, dayglo orange and yellow number eighteen. Turn right and walk about fifty feet and you're face-to-face with a smoked-glass-and-metal door that reads: DINING COMMONS. The student is now at the door to what is assuredly the best and most exclusive cafeteria in the City University

system.

Unfortunately, the Commons opens up only at 10:00 a.m., so the early wakers are out of luck. Once the place does open up for service, it's like walking into paradise. The lobby, just before the first dining room, has been furnished, as the rest of the building, with the most fashionable formica-and-naugahyde chairs and gigantic parson's tables. The added attraction here is the live miniature palm trees!

There are three dining rooms here. Each room averages about 30'x60' each, making up in cozy atmosphere what it loses in size. Then again, there is no real problem with the capacity because of its exclusiveness in the CUNY's amount of top graduate students. The place is immaculately kept. You sit on rattan-and-metal chairs (they're about \$80 apiece) and eat on spotless, \$250 butcher-block tables, with salt and pepper in glass-and-metal shakers, sugar and other packaged condiments in china bowls—even a fresh flower in a blown glass vase on every table, within one's reach! Two of the rooms are for general use, which is not very crowded except for the 12 to 1 lunchtime crush. Otherwise, it is always quiet and seats are available, which beats the game of musical chairs at SICC's cafeteria. The third dining room is carpeted, used for special evening affairs. All the rooms are spotless on well-heated and well-ventilated, which no other school caf can hope to compete against. With an atmosphere of warmth and beauty (paintings on the walls, ultramodern architecture), a person is already satisfied. But the Dining Commons goes further. If a student can show proof (I.D. card's o.k.) that he's in the CUNY system, he gets food at "discount" prices. This is done for a special purpose. Because the building is in a strategic area of Manhattan, plenty of businessmen come in for lunch, even at the higher prices, because it is still cheaper than outside concessions. One graduate student described the Commons as an "Animal Farm" when all the businessmen come in for lunch around noontime. He noted that there once was a line extending from the cash register through the lobby and out to the elevator at 12:30 one day a few months ago. For the actual student, the prices on the junk food like the coffee and the small munchies (Danishes, bagels, etc.) are about the same as SICC, but the food is about twice the size. I had a cup of coffee and an unbelievably huge Danish for just 43 cents. It was truly a meal in itself! There is a choice of different meals during the day and at 5:00 the bar opens. Yes, a bar! Good drinks at nicely priced costs! For a reasonable amount like \$1.75 for a hot plate, you are guaranteed at least four ounces of meat, a heaping pile of mashed potatoes and a second vegetable at no extra cost. With the food served in the Commons, no one at Community would really complain about laying out that sort of money for a meal better than that in a restaurant. If a student is not that rich, there are sandwiches running from about 70 cents to 80 cents for hero-size items. The one thing that would make us peasants on Staten Island fall in love with the Commons is that the hot meals are served on real china and the utensils are of stainless steel with wooden grips! And to think of how we suffer, eating off of plastic plates with plastic forks and knives and praying someone has some salt!

Here is a CUNY cafeteria, in the middle of Manhattan, that can proudly claim no real big lines, a good variety of FRESH food, hefty sandwiches at fair prices, coffee at a dime, FRIENDLY AND EFFICIENT SERVICE and the concession is run by a non-profit franchise. The food company at the Graduate's Center has other operations in town and therefore can pull in its profits in places other than where it would come out of student's pockets. Unfortunately, a cafeteria like this would be totally unfeasible for SICC. The only hope for Community College is that the service is improved, the prices go down (or the quantity goes up), the area is kept cleaner and the price of cigarettes go down. I wouldn't even venture a thought about opening a bar on campus, either. All of us students will have to wait till we're in graduate school to eat like decent human beings and to be treated as such.



LOSE WEIGHT!



By JULIE HEPWORTH

Dieting in the United States has become a national pastime. Much has been written about the pros and cons of fad foods and dieting methods, but no conclusive evidence has helped to bring this precursor of disease under control, until recently.

In January of 1960 Overeaters Anonymous was born, based on the principles of its parent group, Alcoholics Anonymous.

O.A. is a fellowship of men and women with a common problem—compulsive overeating. They have joined together to share experiences, strengths and hope, in order to solve their problem and to help other compulsive overeaters to do the same.

Like its parent group, Alcoholics Anonymous, Overeaters Anonymous believes compulsion is an illness which cannot be cured but can be arrested.

Before coming to O.A., many overeaters feel themselves to be social outcasts, and worse, gluttons. Once compulsive eating takes hold, the willpower no longer has choice over food.

Help is available and recovery possible if a desire for health is apparent.

Just as all compulsive people are drawn to some irrational act, compulsive overeaters have one thing in common—they are drawn to eat more than is needed. Associating with others who suffer in a similar manner brings hope to the overeater. Because they are neither judged, nor laughed at because of their size, they can share past experiences, present problems and hope for the future with those who understand support them. Working with other overeaters in the local O.A. group, he no longer feels lonely and misunderstood. At last they are accepted and needed.

Experience has shown that Overeaters Anonymous will work for anyone who wants help. Some people who come to O.A. have already attained their normal weight through other methods. However, having lost and gained again in previous attempts, they know by experience that they will gain again. They return to O.A. to insure their new way of eating and normal weight.

There are as many degrees of overweight as there are members in O.A., ranging from normal weight to several hundred pounds overweight. Their basic problem is identical—compulsive overeating.

Overeaters Anonymous is a non-profit, non-dues paying organization. Its good works are spread voluntarily, through word of mouth and local community newsletters.

On Staten Island, at this time, there are three major groups:

- (1) at Saint Vincent's School of Nursing on Thursday nights at 8 pm;
- (2) at Staten Island Hospital on Friday nights, and;
- (3) the "Rap Center" on New Dorp Lane on Wednesdays.

Anonymity is vital and it guarantees that its members' confidences will not be revealed. It means that within each group, members and O.A. principles are placed before personalities. So, if you have a compulsive eating problem, please contact O.A. soon!

SICC CAMPUS FOOT FASHIONS



by LOIS BRUNO

One result of the current fashion scene at SICC is that all the students seem taller. This has happened because nutrition-conscious parents have been feeding their offspring Flintstone chewable vitamins, producing bigger-boned youngsters. Then, once the kids reached the age of reason, they began to decide for themselves what to wear; or, in the case of streaking, what not to wear.

A look at any woman student's shoes will reveal the current fad which adds inches to the wearer's height: platform shoes. These range anywhere from two-inch, gum-sole saddle shoes to green vinyl boots with three-inch soles and incredible eight inch heels! However, the latter style is usually worn only by short women. It would be hard to imagine a woman who is five-foot-seven-inches tall wanting to appear six feet or more, since most women don't want to be taller than the men around them.

Women students aren't the only ones sporting the now fad in shoes. On campus, platform shoes can also be seen on men students, although their shoes are a more modified style. Some of them are just as colorful, though: red patent leather, purple suede, bright blues and greens and various combinations thereof; shades of the peacock! Nowhere can be found plain, black leather oxfords except on some conservative male faculty members' feet. Furthermore, coming and going on campus, one can still see the perennial favorite of a few: dirty sneakers.

Some students possessing foresight might do well to go into the study of podiatry. After several years of hobbling around on platform shoes, the wearers are certain to develop foot problems, not to mention constant nosebleeds. Insurance would be another good field to consider. More employees will be needed to handle the claims of all those who have been injured falling off their platforms.

Still, a fad is a fad: a fashion whim of short duration. Who knows?—next year we may be seeing on campus bare, hairy legs and rubber thongs, and God knows what the men will be wearing!!!

TRICKY DICK

HELLO BEBE,
CAN YA' LEND ME
SOME DOE?!

NOOO YOUR NOT
BEING TAPED!!
YEAH

I'M GOIN' ON
T.V. NOW. I'LL
CALL YA' LATER

TAKE
5!

"MY FELLOW AMERICANS
LATER ..."

HELLO
BEBE
YEAH

YEAH THAT JOKER
FORD
STILL
BACKING
ME UP

BY THE WAY
WHERE'S
THE TAPES
YOU GOT
ERASED
FOR
ME!

YEAH - THE
COMMITTEE
GETING
RESTLESS

BY JAMES WARREN

THE IRISH QUESTION

By JOHN FOLEY

The Irish Question is a phrase that is often bandied about today. It has been a nagging question on the English mind, one that they haven't been able to satisfactorily answer for approximately 800 years. To the Irish, there never has been any question, the solution being obvious. Paul McCartney said it all in his song, "Give Ireland Back to the Irish," a song which the British banned.

Ireland was the first of England's imperialistic land grabs, and she will be the last that Mother England will let go of. However, when she does let go of Ulster, as she must, it will be the death toll of a fallen empire. No more do English troops tread the lands of Africa, North and Central America, Australia, China, India and various areas of the Near East, but only in Ulster can their footsteps still be heard. The English solutions to the Irish Question were never fully successful (starvation, emigration, plantation and mass murder), the Irish remaining a thorn in the sides of English monarchs down through the centuries.

The Roman Empire never extended itself beyond England. Consequently, Ireland was left to herself, drifting through the centuries, developing separately from the rest of Europe. Ireland distinguished herself from other countries of this time by developing cultural unity. They were the first people in the Western World to turn their language into a distinctive form of literature, reflecting their own legends and ways of life. Today, Gaelic has survived even Latin as a spoken language.

Ireland's historic troubles with England began about 1155 AD. At that time an Englishman, Pope Adrian IV, "gave" Ireland to England in a political move to subdue the increasingly independent Irish church. The English colonists were fiercely resisted and have been ever since. The separation of peoples and the superiority of one nation over

another became law. While the rest of the world moved forward, Ireland was made to stand still. The only important elements left to them were their religion and their cultural traditions. With the advent of Henry VIII's break with Rome and the Protestant Reformation, things became worse with the Irish. Henry, while rejecting the authority of the Pope, claimed a lordship over Ireland that had been granted by a Pope!

After Cromwell's infamous bloody marches in the mid-1600's (which can be compared only to the Nazi atrocities) the English Parliament declared that all Ireland was forfeited. All Irish land was taken and handed over to English colonists. While guerilla warfare continued, disease, starvation and the wars took their toll: the Irish population was reduced to less than a half-million. In 1780, an English writer, Arthur Young, said: "nineteen twentieths of the Kingdom changed hands from Catholic to Protestant. The local descendants of great families, once possessed of vast property, are now to be found all over the Kingdom, in the lowest situation, working as cottiers" (i.e.-a tenant on a small farm under the rack-rent system).

In the 19th Century most of the English landowners lived in England where they did not have to see the Irish. The English system so impoverished the land and the people that it was said the Irish tenant farmer had a standard of living lower than the poorest serf in Tsarist Russia. He lived in a mud hut with a straw door, no windows but a hole in the roof. One record tells of a horrified French visitor as saying: "I have seen the Indian in his forest, the Negro in his chains and I thought I had beheld the lowest term in human misery, but I did not know the lot of Ireland."

By the 1840's the population of Ireland had risen to approximately 8,000,000. The vast majority of these people lived solely on the potato. This was because the Irish tenant farmer was required to plant his allotted land in crops for export. In return for his labor and his crops which constituted his rent, he was permitted to plant a tiny patch of ground with crops to feed himself and his family. Since potatoes grew well and were the most filling to eat, this was the chief food crop for the Irish. In 1845 the crop was attacked by blight; in 1846 it was wiped out. Death through starvation and typhoid became commonplace. During the years of famine that followed, England continued to export other Irish foodstuffs and livestock. In one generation, through death and emigration, the population was cut in half. England's unforgivably superficial, paltry efforts at relief give testimony of her greedy, selfish nature. The death rate would have been far greater but for the few lucky Irish who made it to America to create a life line for those at home. They sent money for passage, others came and they in turn sent money and the great exodus began. But many thousands never made it to America in the "coffin" ships. Those who took the famine fever with them were dumped along the Canadian shores to die. On Partridge Island there are accounts of the harrowing appearance of the unfed creatures, some clothes only in straw, dumped by the shipload.

The subjugation of the Irish was legislated through the infamous Penal Laws. In an 18th Century work, "History of

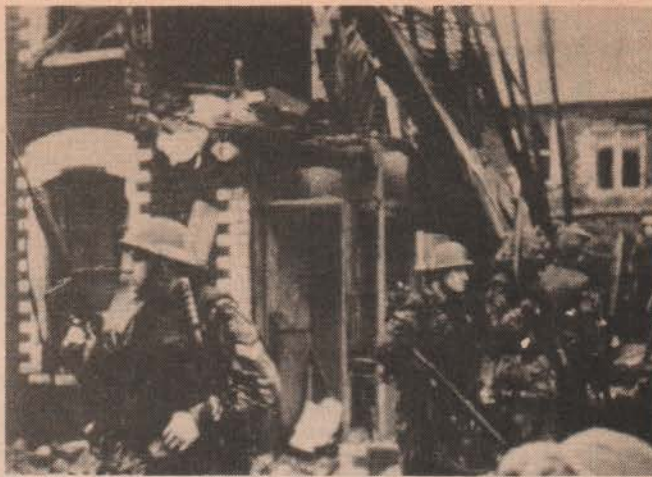


Ireland," Professor Lecky, a Britisher, tells us the purpose of the Penal Laws were threefold: (1) to deprive the Catholics of all civil life; (2) to reduce them to a condition of most extreme and brutal ignorance, and; (3) to disassociate them from the soil. Subsequently, these laws were improved upon to the point of such perfection that Edmund Burke, the noted historian, described them as "a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." Of the Penal Laws the French jurist Montesquieu said they were "conceived by demons, written in blood and registered in hell." The following are extracted from the Penal Laws: The Irish Catholic was forbidden the exercise of religion. He was forbidden to receive education, to enter a profession, to hold public office, to engage in trade or commerce, to purchase land, to lease land, to vote, to keep any arms, to receive or inherit anything from a Protestant, or to rent land worth any more than 30 shillings a year. He could not be guardian to a child, he was compelled to attend Protestant worship, he could not himself educate or have his child educated in any way. Priests and schoolmasters were banned and hunted down.

During the reign of Elizabeth I, the price fixed upon the head of a priest was the same as the bounty paid for a wolf, the sum of £5 being the usual payment. While these barbaric laws reduced the Irish to a state of slavery in their own country, the English were never able to take their identity away from them. The reader may think that while these things are so, they are simply history, events of the past. However, it may surprise some readers to learn that vestiges of these same Penal Laws still exist today in Northern Ireland.

In 1918, more than 80 percent of all the Irish people voted for a free, united and independent republic. The British chose to ignore this and the Irish Revolution followed. At the end of this war, all Ireland gained independence, except for six of the nine counties of Ulster. Had Britain held onto all of Ulster, they would not have remained in Ireland up until today. England, realizing this, shrewdly held on to the six industrialized counties of Ulster where the majority of the population were Protestant. The policy of separation of people by religion was continued in schooling, housing and employment. By pitting the peoples against one another, Britain has continued to reap the economic profits of the area.

Today, under the Special Powers Act, the authorities are empowered to: (1) Arrest without warrant; (2) Imprison without charge or trial and deny recourse to habeas corpus or a court of law; (3) Enter and search homes without warrant and with force at any hour; (4) Declare a curfew, prohibit meetings, assemblies, processions, etc.; (5) Permit punishment by flogging; (6) Deny claim to a trial by jury; (7) Arrest persons they desire to examine as witnesses, forcibly detain them and compel them to answer questions, under penalties, even if answers may incriminate them; if you refuse to answer, you are guilty of an offense; (8) Suspend the rights of private property; (9) Prevent access of relatives or legal advisors to a person imprisoned without trial; (10) Prohibit the holding of an autopsy after a person's death; (11) Arrest a person who "By word of mouth" makes false statements; (12)



Prevent the circulation of any newspaper; (13) prohibit the possession of any film or record; (14) Arrest a person who does anything "calculated to be prejudicial to the preservation of peace or maintenance of order in Northern Ireland and not specifically provided for in the regulations."

A South African politician has said that they would be glad to trade all their apartheid laws for just a piece of the Special Powers Act and one can easily see why. But even they wouldn't dare such repressive, barbaric legislation!

Up until recently, all of the approximately 1600 men, women and children who have been interned in the concentration camps of Northern Ireland have been Roman Catholic. However, a few Protestants have since been interned. These arrests drew a tremendous backlash from the Protestant community. A general strike was called and the day was marked by indiscriminate murder and rioting. A hospital for retarded children was even attacked by a mob gone berserk and a Catholic Church was burned down. It is very interesting to note here that while the Protestants were detained by British soldiers acting under the British Special Powers Act, the fury of their backlash fell upon the Catholics, who have themselves suffered most grievously under this same act.

One wonders what the result of future internment of Protestants will be. Harrassment of the Protestant community will not stop assassinations no more than harrassment Catholics has stopped the IRA. It seems to be that Harrassment of the Protestant community will only further antagonize them and serve to divide the religious communities even further apart. Could this be the true intention of the British?

The British alone are the creators of the situation in Northern Ireland today. The British solution now, as in centuries past, is found in repressive legislation that is enforced by occupying armies. History tells us this solution, painfully paid for in Irish blood, does not work. The answer is inevitable. England must finally and unequivocally leave Ireland. Her presence has been unwanted for over 800 years and it is time the Irish be left to find their own destinies.

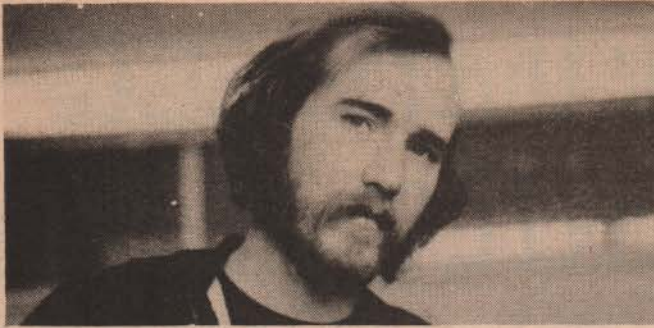
MORE HISTORY

by FRED MOYNIHAN

A careful analysis of various tactics which either led to or helped strengthen the 19th Century liberation movement in Ireland will reveal not only a variety of political maneuvers but demonstrate a strong influence by literary and cultural awareness, the standard of living, and nature itself.

During the early Nineteenth Century, amidst various unsuccessful attempts at the unification of Irish Catholics, it





seemed hopeless to consider that the Catholic hierarchy (including landlords and merchants) might unite with the people whom they had traditionally exploited in order to begin the groundwork for breaking the union with England. It was not until the appearance of Daniel O'Connell and his Catholic Association in the early 1820's that any type of organization of such a large segment of the population seemed possible. O'Connell aimed at mass membership and reached his objective by encouraging the poorer Catholics, as well as the rich, to become active in the movement. By setting a membership fee at a penny a month, O'Connell instilled a sense of involvement in the Irish lower class and gave them a cause with which they could identify and through which, they hoped, they could alleviate the conditions in which they lived.

The Association soon made its influence felt in a series of elections including the Clare election of 1828 in which O'Connell himself was elected as a member of Parliament for Clare. This stunning victory influenced Parliament to consider more seriously the idea of Catholic emancipation and in 1829 it became law allowing Catholics to hold such positions as members of Parliament, judges and generals. From this point on, O'Connell could do no wrong in the eyes of the Irish citizenry and he continued to support the British Liberal Party which was at least halfheartedly sympathetic towards the Irish people. His support lasted until 1841, when the Liberal Party was defeated in a general election in England and Robert Peel and the conservative who had for so long opposed Irish freedom returned to power.

This new threat in the British Parliament spurred new action by O'Connell and encouraged him to seek, even more diligently, the repeal of the union with England. He hoped to accomplish this in much the same way as he had the forming of the Catholic Association and the events which led to the Catholic emancipation. O'Connell conspired to hold mass meetings of up to 500,000 people in order to dramatize the threat of the disciplined organization of such a large number of people. The largest of these mass meetings, scheduled at a critical time, was to have been held at Clontarf in 1843. The threat of force and the training of cannon upon the site of the meeting by the British, however, forced O'Connell to call off the meeting and soon he learned the taste of defeat. It seems as though O'Connell's preoccupation with obeying the law and strict non-violence eventually alienated him from the more radical elements of Irish society and his Repeal Association gradually lost ground and in the end became hopelessly defunct.

The failure of O'Connell's Repeal Association did not deter a strong group of people still in favor of breaking the union, however, and a movement brought about by such Irishmen as Thomas Davis and Charles Gavan Duffy, known as "Young Ireland," began to rise. Unfortunately, this movement lacked thorough and influential implementation of its ideals and gradually faded, yet it kept alive the spirit of rebellion and, in part, the use of physical force which had been ignored for some time.

Political disappointments, no matter how disheartening or downright discouraging, at times seem totally inconsequential when their aftermath is clouded by some insurmountable

tragedy. The tragedy which evolved after the political movements of the early Nineteenth Century in Ireland took the form of natural disaster. In September of 1845 the first incidences of potato blight were reported and it soon progressed to a stage where no one was unaffected. Relief measures were initially taken by England under the direction of Robert Peel and provisions were made for some of those victimized by the first crop failure. Peel repealed certain tariff laws which restricted the importation of grain, for example, making it easier for Irish merchants to purchase grains more cheaply and increase their supplies in the Irish marketplace. Under the new Whig government which followed Peel, however, it was decided that if there should be a second crop failure, there would be no government assistance in buying grain and the merchandising of corn and grains would be left to individual merchants. It is not difficult to imagine the popular opinion of England during that time, for the potato famine continued and the situation worsened with the second failure because of the money-minded treachery of the British aristocracy. With the famine came disease and death and what was left of the population came in droves to the cities seeking food and shelter and perhaps passage on a ship to America. Even what seemed an escape from a horrid life of hunger and disease became a trap in itself. Approximately twenty percent of those who set out on the so-called "coffin ships" to America perished en route. Those who chose to stay or were too poor or sick to leave their tenant farms were evicted if they were found by the Irish landlords to be getting relief in any form, thus discouraging any additional gouge into landowner's profits.

With an increase in emigration and a gradual return to agricultural normalcy, the Irish began to rebuild their society and their lives but the bitterness which was generated between the British hierarchy, Irish landlords and the poor during the famine would be a long time running. The following years brought about the use of several factions trying to affect change in home rule, land ownership, and the appearance of such political giants as Charles Stewart Parnell and Michael Davitt. The efforts of these and other reformers made the Irish people more aware of their plight and compelled them to search out a sense of nationalism through custom, language and tradition. The Irish needed something with which to identify and set them apart from the dominating pomposity which had been assimilated from the British into the Irish upper class. It seems quite an odd paradox that the Irish upper class, conspicuously Protestant, became the spearhead of a literary movement which was to develop self-pride and nationalism within the Irish people.

With the formation of the Gaelic League in 1893 by Douglas Hyde, the Irish saw a return to their native language as an attainable reality and an ideal rebuttal to Anglo-Saxon culture. Interest began to develop in Irish mythology and history and soon the literary contributions which dealt with such topics were gaining popularity. Authors and playwrights such as W.B. Yeats, John Synge, and Sean O'Casey began to offer plays which covered almost every segment of Irish mythology, western culture and nationalistic idealism. These writers and others such as Maud Gonne and Lady Gregory who were more politically involved, helped create a National Theater for performing their plays and soon Irish nationalism, in regard to its heritage and art, was at its peak.

It would be a mistake to say that the rising of Easter 1916 was the result of the influence of a handful of orators and writers, but it would be a more serious mistake to discount the valuable contributions made by such profoundly dedicated and creative people. The forces which compel a people to revolution are never clearly defined or easily analyzed, but one fact remains clear: If tyranny and oppression remain a part of civilized society, as they do to this day, there will be no recourse for their victims but rebellion. If one attempt at rebellion fails, there is always an alternative approach: for as long as one man is able to speak, or lift a pen, or take up a weapon, there will never be a haven for treachery.

HISTORY OF WOMEN AND THE FAMILY AMONG ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES

by FRANK BATTAGLIA

We're used to being taught history in such a way that it doesn't mean anything. If it's not just names and dates, then it's which emperors or kings or prime ministers talked to which or invaded what—and it ends up mostly as stuff to memorize.

A historical sense should be quite different, for what's happening now is actually a function of what happened then. A sense of history **should** enable us to control our own lives more in the present. This article will provide that kind of history, focused on English-speaking peoples, with special attention to the family, women and children, and how they were affected by social and economic forces.

A good place to start is slavery. About two hundred years ago it was a feature of just about every developed society. But if you go far enough back into the past of these developed countries, you get to a period where slavery did not exist. The most primitive societies, like the tribe discovered in the Phillipines recently, did not or do not know the institution of slavery.

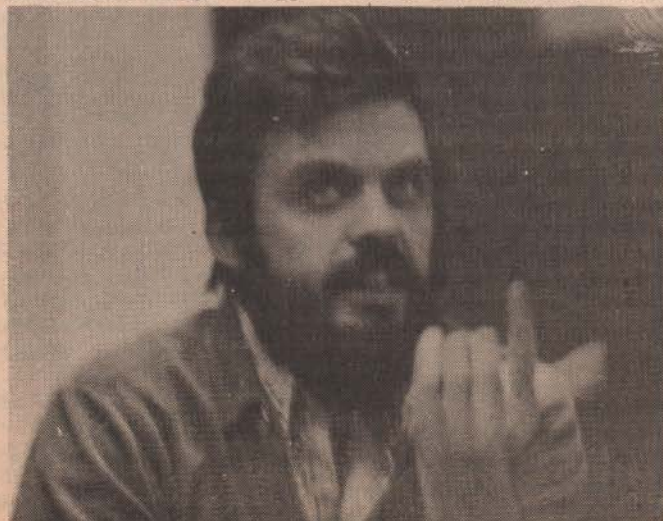
The reason for this is pretty simple: it wasn't possible. The institution of slavery only becomes possible when one person can produce enough to support more than one person. With a



plow one can produce enough of a crop to feed many people. But before developments like these it's hard for one person to get enough from her-his labor to make it worth anyone's while to enslave her-him.

Property didn't exist then either. In fact, property as we know it didn't develop among English-speaking peoples until the Middle Ages. People lived pretty much from hand to mouth, gathering foodstuffs that grew wild and hunting for whatever they could catch. There just wasn't that much surplus, so there wasn't any property. People worked together to get what little they had and shared the fruits as they shared the work. Everybody worked because it was so hard to get by, and there was a natural division of labor.

Government as we know it—an institution separate from and over and above our everyday lives—likewise did not exist. Government was when everybody in the tribe got together and once a year chose a different member of the tribe to be chief of the council. When someone injured or killed someone else, the offending party owed recompense to the offended's kin. Exile was the ultimate penalty for crimes within the tribe. War between tribes (kinship groups) was the ultimate redress for



injuries done to someone outside the tribe; the war ended when the individual wrong was recompensed. There was no booty or land to capture or reason to put a group of people into slavery.

Marriage and childhood, in its present form, did not exist either. Men and women lived in couples as they wished and dissolved as they wished. Illegitimacy was not a concern because a child was born into the family of the mother or father, not to the individual parent. A child passed from infancy, through a recognition process of initiation, directly to adult status at a very early age.

In this type of community women had the status roughly equal to that of men. To quote Robert Briffault: "In the great majority of uncultured societies women enjoy a position of independence and of equality with the men and exercise an influence which would appear startling in the most feminist modern civilized society." The early Germanic deities were female.

All living things and even all things were felt as being part of one body, one life, one process. There was a taboo against incest that had allowed the kinship groupings to form. There were fears of many things unknown. The physical problem of survival was unspeakably harder than it is now. But there was less repression from human society itself.

One of the earliest written accounts we have of the Germanic peoples who later founded England is Tacitus' *GERMANIA*, written about 100 A.D. He found one very remote tribe living in circumstances such as these and described them as horribly poor, living on grass when the hunt was bad and sleeping on the ground, with no weapons, no horses, no homes. Most of the Germanic tribes had begun the development towards civilization and its discontents hundreds of years before Tacitus visited the Fenni.

PROPERTY, PATRIARCHY AND THE STATE

The development of technology is what made possible the breakdown of the communal tribe. Advances in productivity made it possible for one person to produce substantially more than was necessary to keep one person alive. Some of the Germanic tribes developed communal agriculture, but eventually all such systems were overrun by private ownership of the means of the production and the concentration of power it affords. The communal tribe was replaced by a tribal structure of nobles (owners) and their warriors (henchmen) on the one hand, and servants and peasants on the other.

The emergence of a class system caused the status of women to drop. Women became an inferior caste. Engel's account of the whole process being described is useful, but on this particular point his explanation is widely and rightly contested. If one refers to the works of Guardian, Phillpotts and Leecox, it will be shown that their arguments concern the period of time before recorded history, but key elements of the process whereby women become an inferior caste, as a class system develops, are surely represented in later events of English history, namely the Viking invasions.

Viking raids were a problem in England from the 7th Century AD on. But the pattern of the conquests changed. Early invaders took booty and slaves and left—captured women became slave concubines. When gold and similar booty got scarcer, later invaders changed the pattern and settled on the land they overran. Some of the women who would have earlier become slave concubines became wives; their masters, of course, preserved the right of access to other women of the subject population who were not protected by some other Viking.

The story of the Viking invasions is illustrative only. The patriarchal family had first emerged among the German tribes over a thousands years before, and with it the taboo against homosexuality, especially for males. If males are masters and sexual initiative is one of the ways they exercise the power of their position, then it would be improper for a

male to be the object-recipient of sexual advances.

Patriarchal marriage was at first an upper class institution. The sexual freedom of the women was restricted. A lord could know who his heirs were. Sons could fight for him while he lived and inherited his possessions when he died. Daughters could be married off to make useful alliances. The first "idle woman" was a master's wife, idle because she had to be supervised all the time and thus couldn't do normal work, idle because it was a symbol of his power that she didn't have to.

We've gotten a long way from the situation where one voted on who would be chief of the tribe for the coming year. Where the whole development was more gradual it became the custom that only important persons (those who controlled some means of production such as land or animals) could be chosen chief. Then it became the custom among the gradually developing communities that the important persons decided amongst themselves who would be the next chief. The whole process of self-government by vote in one's kinship group had broken down. The state had emerged.

It took a long period of time for a power structure larger than one lord, over his productive property and workers, to develop. In general, the oppression of people by its lord didn't become very severe as long as the lord was worried about challenges to his power from another noble. In England, the nobles in the south were the most "enlightened" in figuring out ways to avoid fighting among themselves. A hereditary kinship developed there and grew in influence. By the twelfth century the pecking order was sufficiently well established that the big nobility could begin to try and enforce a notion of absolute property similar to what we have today.

That's what a famous portion of the Robin Hood story is about. Once upon a time a forest might have been the "King's Forest," but the deer in it no more belonged to the king than the air in it did. Robin's persecution for shooting the "King's deer" is a story of the growing oppression of the peasants by a nobility that had gotten itself together.

The growing power of the nobility had been making itself felt in sexual matters, too, affecting the coupling and living patterns of the lower economic classes. But here the developments are much harder to trace. Histories of the period and histories of the family usually concern themselves with the families of the nobles and don't tell you what most of the population were doing. There are virtually no books around that tell us what we need to know and most of what is available is misleading because it doesn't even ask the right questions.

Some broad characteristic of the family life of the period can be described. One is that pairings among the free peasantry were brought under the jurisdiction of the ruling classes and thus made subject to regulation. The medieval church was a help there, coming as it did from the older patriarchal society of Rome. It preached that marriages were indissoluble except under special circumstances. This was a blow to sexual freedom, for it undermined the tradition that pairings could be made or broken by the choice of the people involved with the support of their kin. But it had the effect primarily on the habits of the lower economic class of free persons. The ruling class was able to affect the church's decision of what was a "special circumstance."

It took tools and other property to set up a household of one's own. So a lower class free couple would probably live as a part of an extended family grouping or else as part of some master's household. Their children would be part of the extended family rather than theirs. Or the children would have work to do in the master's household which didn't necessarily place the children in work-subordination to the parents. So the children were still not understood as belonging to their parents in our modern sense. A child might regard the local lord as his/her master; his father was her father.

Likewise, little of our modern distinction between young people and adults had as yet appeared. The development of a more elaborate system of division of labor—blacksmiths,

millers and weavers as a separate class from the peasantry—brought with it an apprenticeship system. Young males whose parents had the status to arrange it were sent to live elsewhere from about age seven to age fifteen. They lived with a craftsman's family to learn a skill. It was upward mobility for them, and a major break with the social pattern of young persons passing directly from infancy into adult rights and duties. Childhood as a category first developed (1) for male children, and (2) among the upper classes. A daughter still learned the work skill of her mother.



THE MONEY ECONOMY, THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION AND THE MODERN FAMILY

Further division of labor made trade more and more a fact of life, and with trade came a money economy, first in the developing cities. The change-over to a money economy brought about the historic division between the production of use-value and production for commodity value that Margaret Benston shows is the basis for the modern status of women. In an economy where goods are exchanged for goods, communities depend on their own resources for most of their needs. Many hands make light work, and only among the upper classes in English society was there such distinction between the labor of men and women. The labor of women is experienced by all members of a household as a part of necessary production, and women in these circumstances enjoy a certain measure of autonomy and dignity regardless of any patriarchal ideology being imposed from above. (The pioneer family of the American West is a later example of this, as are some contemporary U.S. families, and "mom and dad" stores). When money is necessary to buy things, and work for money is necessary, the work is usually separate from the household, then the women are left with all the household chores, while men's work becomes the source of all the goods the household needs from outside.

The industrial revolution wiped out the middle class (between the peasants and lords) of small producers (weavers, etc.) that had existed in medieval society. In its early stages, the industrial revolution needed unskilled labor and all those who had to find work in the city factories were levelled to the same status. To do a single task by a machine a farmer could be recruited for less than the salary of the man who knew how to do the whole thing by hand. Hiring women and children would lower salaries even further. With employers paying only minimal salaries, everyone in the family had to work. A woman might be forced to turn to prostitution, which emerged in this period of history as a major social institution. When Marx wrote in 1848, he thought the industrial revolution had destroyed the family.

What happened, however, was that as production became

more complicated, a middle class developed again. This time it was a middle class between laborers and owners—foreman, later lower-level management. The wives of this middle class did not labor in connection with their husband's labor. Their work at home was not work. As a consequence, the ideology of female inferiority took hold with a vengeance heretofore unknown in English history, and spread further among the lower economic classes. We know it today as Victorianism from the name of the queen of England in the nineteenth century while these changes took hold: Women are more "genteel" than men; motherhood is a special calling; good manners and "culture" (divorced from work) are evidence of the true human worth; and "the home" and "the family" are glorified as an alternative to the sordid world of the marketplace.

As the industrial capacity of maturing capitalism grew, it found or forced markets in less developed parts of the world and expanded; it also made customers out of some of its workers (a new idea of Henry Ford's). The U.S. took the lead in the industrial revolution for a variety of reasons, including the fact that it had fewer older societal forms to overthrow—just Indians. The middle classes proliferated, creating a social pecking order that became more and more complex. (Consider a high school teacher's status in comparison to a foreman's, in comparison to a food-store manager. What if the high school teacher is a woman?)

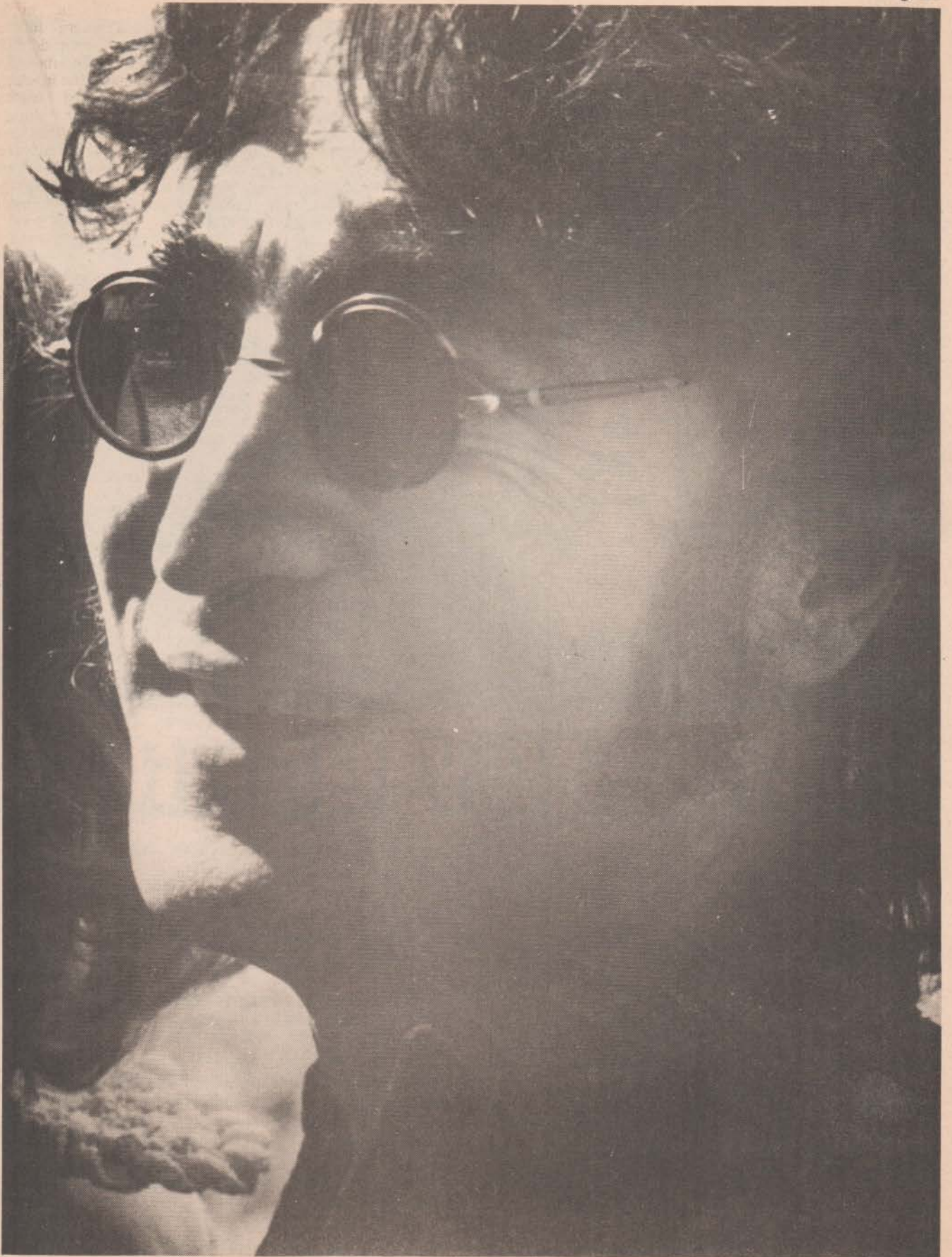
Wilhelm Reich has persuasively shown that German Fascism in the twentieth century divided and destroyed progressive social movements by exalting the repressive ideology of the middle class family. But elsewhere the rise of the middle class produced the opposite phenomenon—women began to get into motion demanding full rights as persons.

The growth of the middle classes freed women from the drudgery of available work in the marketplace. But then they discovered that they weren't entitled to do anything with that freedom precisely because they were just women. A women's rights movement formed in the U.S. in the nineteenth century after women working for the abolition of slavery discovered that human equality didn't include them. A world anti-slavery convention in 1840 refused to seat them; eight years later the first Women's Rights Convention was held.

Contradictions and contradictions. There are limitations to a middle class perspective for social change. With little support from American labor movements and the socialist left, the nineteenth century's women's movement did not succeed in putting together an ideological or organizational force sufficient enough to change the status of women. Since the demise of that movement, the growth of capitalism has created jobs in industry that are considered "women's work" (i.e.—typing, secretarial work, filing, etc.). If women can be made to think that even when they are paid laborers their labor is not real work, the enforced limbo of middle class housewifery seems less unusual. Meanwhile owners profit from lower salaries for unskilled labor.

Effective contraception is now possible, if not available. Fewer jobs than ever before require strenuous labor. These are concrete conditions for women's freedom which also tend to undermine the ideology that women belong in the home. A women's movement has emerged again in the U.S., and this time in a domestic and international situation which makes it clearer that total challenge to patriarchy and other forms of enforced hierarchy is possible.

The communal tribe was the most egalitarian and least repressive form of society humans have known, though the level of productivity in it made life very harsh. The development of technology for private ends destroyed the communal tribe and created a variety of forms of oppression for children, for women, for men. We now have the technological capacity for a world free from physical want. The problem of our times is to bring the forces of production back into harmony with a non-patriarchal human family.





LYRICS BY LENNON

WORKING CLASS HERO

*As soon as you're born they make you feel small
By giving you no time instead of it all
Till the pain is so big you feel nothing at all
A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be*

*They hurt you at home and they hit you at school
They hate you if you're clever and they despise
... a fool
Till you're so fucking crazy you can't follow their rules
A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be*

*When they've tortured and scared you for
... 20 odd years
Then they expect you to pick a career
When you can't really function you're so
... full of fear*

*A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be*

*Keep you doped with religion and sex and TV
And you think you're so clever and classless
... and free*

*But you're still fucking peasants as far as I can see
A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be*

*There's room at the top they are telling you still
But first you must learn how to smile as you kill
If you want to be like the folks on the hill
A working class hero is something to be*

*Yes, a working class hero is something to be
If you want to be a hero well just follow me
If you want to be a hero well just follow me*

REMEMBER

Remember when you were young
 How the hero was never hung
 Always got away
 Remember how the man
 Used to leave you empty handed
 Always, Always let you down
 If you ever change your mind
 About leaving it all behind
 Remember, Remember today

Don't feel sorry
 'Bout the way it's gone
 Don't you worry
 'Bout what you've done

Remember when you were small
 How people seemed so tall
 Always had their way
 Remember your Ma and Pa
 Just wishing for movie stardom
 Always, Always playing a part
 If you ever feel so sad
 And the whole world is driving you mad
 Remember, Remember, Today (the 5th of NOVEMBER!)

I FOUND OUT

I told you before, stay away from my door
 Don't give me that brother, brother, brother,
 .. brother
 The freaks on the phone, won't leave me alone
 So don't give me that brother, brother, brother,
 .. brother, no!
 I found out!

Now that I showed you what I been through
 Don't take nobody's word what you can do
 There ain't no Jesus gonna come from the sky
 Now that I found out I know I can cry
 I found out!

Some of you sitting there with your cock in your
 .. hand
 Don't get you nowhere Don't make you a man
 I heard something 'bout my Ma and my Pa
 They didn't want me so they made me a star
 I found out!

Old Hare Krishna got nothing on you
 Just keep you crazy with nothing to do
 Keep you occupied with pie in the sky
 There ain't no guru who can see through your eyes
 I found out!

I seen through Junkies I been through it all
 I seen religion from Jesus to Paul
 Don't let them fool you with dope and cocaine
 Can't do no harm to feel your own pain
 I found out!

LOVE

Love is real, real is love
 Love is feeling, feeling love
 Love is wanting to be loved

Love is touch, touch is love
 Love is reaching, reaching love
 Love is asking to be loved

Love is you
 You and me
 Love is knowing
 We can be

Love is free, free is love
 Love is living, living love
 Love is needing to be loved

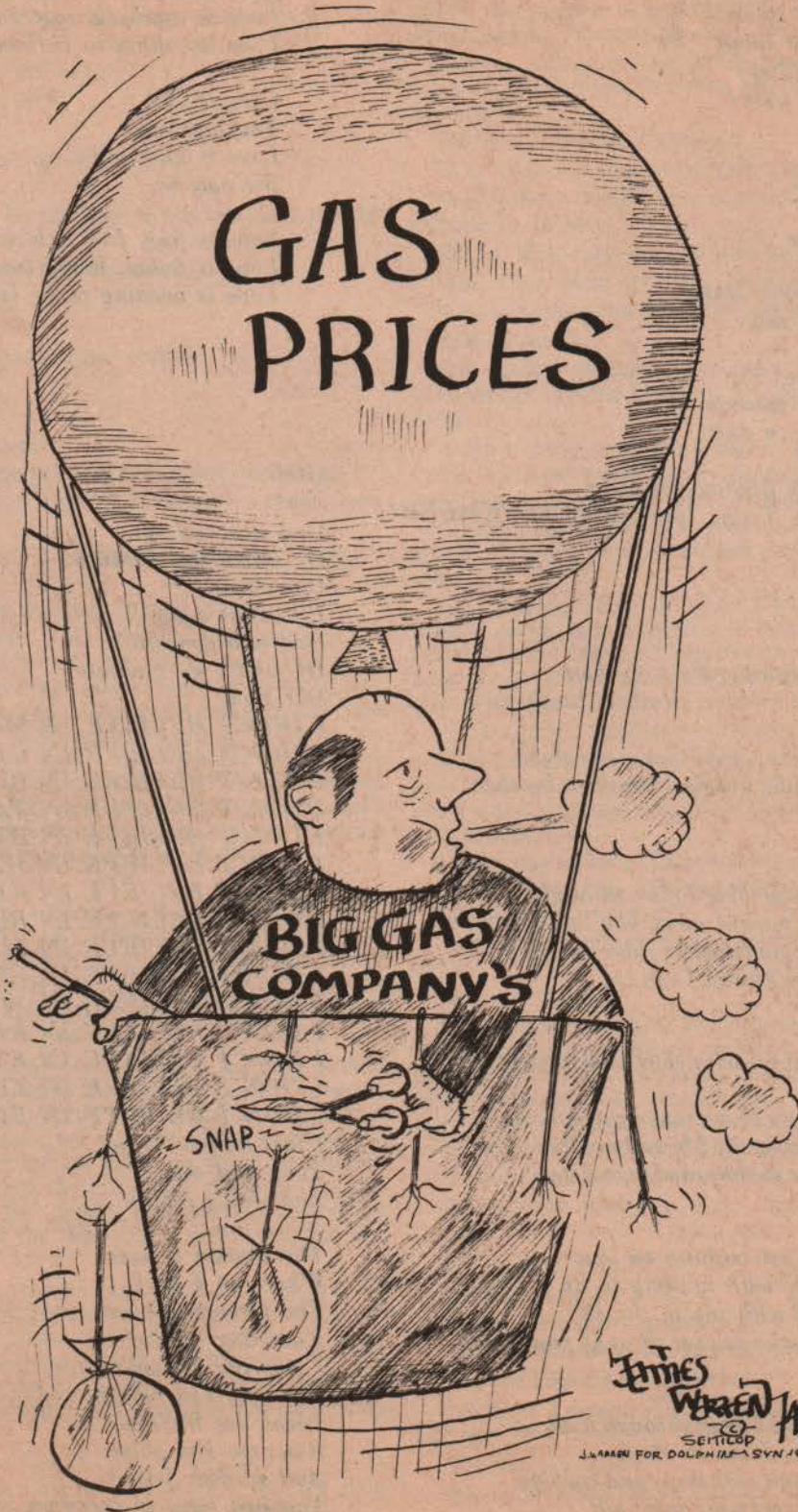
GOD

God is a concept
 By which we measure
 Our Pain
 I'll say it again
 God is a concept
 By which we measure
 Our Pain

I DON'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC
 I DON'T BELIEVE IN I CHING
 I DON'T BELIEVE IN BIBLE
 I DON'T BELIEVE IN TAROT
 I DON'T BELIEVE IN HITLER
 I DON'T BELIEVE IN JESUS
 I DON'T BELIEVE IN KENNEDY
 I DON'T BELIEVE IN BUDDHA
 I DON'T BELIEVE IN MANTRA
 I DON'T BELIEVE IN GITA
 I DON'T BELIEVE IN YOGA
 I DON'T BELIEVE IN KINGS
 I DON'T BELIEVE IN ELVIS
 I DON'T BELIEVE IN ZIMMERMANN
 I DON'T BELIEVE IN BEATLES
 I just believe in me
 Yoko and me
 And that's reality

The Dream is over
 What can I say?
 The Dream is over
 Yesterday
 I was the Dreamweaver
 But now I'm reborn
 I was the Walrus
 But now I'm John
 And so dear friends
 You just have to carry on
 The Dream is over

IT TAKES A LOT OF HOT AIR



ECOLOGY:

WHAT YOU CAN DO!

—contributed by the DO IT NOW FOUNDATION

ECOLOGY (GR. OIKOS, HOUSE PLUS -LOGY), 1. THE BRANCH OF BIOLOGY THAT DEALS WITH THE RELATIONS BETWEEN LIVING ORGANISMS AND THEIR ENVIRONMENT.

Human ecology is the study of Earth, our home . . . learning how this place is put together, how it works, how we fit in, and most important right now, what effect we and our society are having on the environment.

This last half of the Twentieth Century is a time of crisis for man and his environment. Man's numbers have multiplied to the point that we can no longer continue the wasteful practices learned in times when there weren't so many of us. Earth is a big place. This planet has a marvelous ability to absorb and cleanse great amounts of waste. Earth contains a fantastic supply of tappable resources. But, neither her ability to absorb waste nor her natural resources are limitless. We are straining both to the limit every day.

A very delicate balance of give and take, mutual dependence and blind cooperation enables our limited planet to continually rejuvenate and live and sustain life as if its resources were limitless. We are able to exist only because everything on Earth is involved in an endless cycle of use, change and reuse. Constant intercourse between Earth's resources and inhabitants keep necessary materials in motion, usable and reusable. Every breath of air has been inhaled and respired by animals, used by green plants into photosynthesis and respired once again as oxygen to be cycled again countless millions of times. The clearest water has been sewage many times over, evaporated, recycled through the atmosphere, naturally purified and reused. Plants, plant-eating animals and eaters of plant-eating animals return chemicals necessary for plant growth to the soil in their waste, and even their bodies when they die. Everything is used and reused over and over again, in endless cycles of life preserving stinginess. Each living creature, both plant and animal, depends on other creatures to keep his particular section of these thousands of intertwined cycles running.

We Americans, especially, have built our economy on a straight line . . . harvest, production, consumption and disposal. We lucked into a land so rich we couldn't imagine any end to its resources, thinking of the Earth as a bottomless container that no matter how many goodies we take out there are always going to be more. Our exploding population and our over-consuming economy are fast finding the bottom for us. We are fast finding this "bottomless container" to be only a very involved process of adding to the bottom with what is taken from the top, and her garbage disposal system to be only sifting our wastes back into the Earth's cycles to be reused. We are outrunning both cycles.

Man did not move to this planet to live here as long as he liked, to do with it what he pleased, and then, when the garbage was piled too high, to move on up the road, leaving behind a planetary slum. We are able to survive on Earth because we are fit creatures to live in its environment, we can breathe on

Earth air, our bodies can live on available Earth fuels. As we use up her resources, overburden her fertility, change her climate and add chemicals to her air, we make Earth less suitable for our own existence. We are approaching the limits of what Earth has to offer, and we have to find another place that would offer anything at all. The dinosaur once had a similar problem, except he at least had the satisfaction of knowing he hadn't done it himself.



We are faced with a hard choice. We will either have to change habits sanctioned by years of precedent or we will be presented with the possibility of following the dinosaur into extinction. If we keep going at our present rate, most of our mineral natural resources will be exhausted within the next fifty years. Already we've managed to pile a solid layer of airborne garbage enveloping the entire planet. In our attempt to control Earth's insect populations we have managed to infest virtually the entire human population with the same poisonous chemicals. Water isn't fit to drink without complicated chemical treatment. Two-thirds of Earth's peoples are malnourished today, and in thirty-five years or less, our population will double. Unless our scientists develop some miraculous process to snap food out of nothing and turn waste into nothing we will be a hungry populace buried under our own garbage.

Our survival is going to depend on slowing ourselves down to Earth's pace. This is one race that we can't afford to win. Existence approaching anything other than a day to day struggle for survival can be possible only with definite positive action NOW! Sooner or later, years of human eco-crimes will accumulate into more damage than Earth can recover from. We must realize that rapid conversion of our resources to consumptionable articles is fine from an economical standpoint within a fixed period of time, but if we plan to continue our residence on Earth past the 20th Century, we'll have to

slow down and give Earth a chance to recover from what we take from it. A horse might have a working life span of twenty years, but you can also turn a quick profit by working it to death in six years. Not very logical at all, if you have only one horse.

We can help ourselves out of this mess by merely pacing our own lives and habits more in harmony with Earth's pace. We can slow the depletion of natural resources by not buying things we don't need and articles that are going to end up in the garbage can. Americans carry in their wallets the source and the possible solution of the United States' environmental problems . . . our buying power. With our dollar votes we elect successful industrial processes, whether clean or polluting; we elect what products will be produced, whether useful or wasteful; and we decide whether these products are going to be reusable or added as garbage to the local scenery. The dollars we spend on disposable bottles, plastics and other non-recyclable goods are votes for the continued avalanche of these materials on our countryside and the spreading mountains of garbage dumps. The dollars we spend on larger automobiles are votes for more and bigger monster cars, more and bigger freeways covering up more green earth and polluting more and more air from the internal combustion engine. Cities like Los Angeles owe up to 80 per cent of their air pollution to that engine. The dollars we spend on paper and wood products that we don't really need are votes for the hurried diminishment of our slowly vanishing forest lands. What we spend our money on determines what is produced. If it's harmful we can stop it by not buying it. As long as pollution is profitable it will continue until our planetary garbage can is full and our bag of useful resources is empty.

Glass and plastic are not biodegradable, that is, they cannot be broken down and naturally absorbed into the environment. Whether thrown into the garbage dump or by the highway they



will remain in that same form for years. Aluminum can take 600 years to decompose. Tin cans take only five years, but world reserves of tin are only expected to last another twenty years. Many of our presently nonbiodegradable waste products can be recycled to be reused instead of wasted by adding them to the landscape. Glass can be recycled by returning your nondeposit bottles to the nearest glass container manufacturing company. Can manufacturers can make tin and aluminum into new cans. Paper manufacturers can recycle and reuse newspapers, paper bags, and other waste paper by returning it to pulp and bleaching it. You're saving them the cost of digging up more metal, making more glass and cutting more trees, so most reclamation centers will pay by the pound for whatever they can reuse.

Remember our drains make a straight course for the nearest river or lake and the chemicals we wash down them are soon presents for fish, fisherman, bathers and the next town down the stream. Paint thinners, solvents and the like are just as unhealthy for them as they are for you. Use a non-phosphate detergent. Phosphates cause such explosive growth in algae that the green slime takes over entire lakes and rivers, causing fish and other forms of aquatic life to suffocate and die. And don't waste water, there's barely enough to go around now, as it is.

The same with electricity. Don't waste it. Turn off extra lights and use low-wattage bulbs where practical to conserve electricity. Not only will you be saving on your electric bill, but you'll be decreasing the need for more smoke-belching, polluting power plants.

Keep your automobile in good running condition: 30 per cent of L.A.'s air pollution is attributed to poorly tuned cars. Avoid unnecessary cars in the morning traffic jam by forming car pools with friends. Try walking or riding a bicycle when you can — it's healthier and cleaner.

The heaviest club in the environmentalist's arsenal is knowledge. Our greatest need is getting this knowledge spread around, letting other people know the power behind their dollars and the urgent necessity of using it properly. The best way we can do this is by taking action ourselves and setting an example. Let people know the problem is great enough to get you involved. Let them know someone cares enough to do something. All ecological action is street theater, an educational project as much as simple ecological sense. Park cleanup projects, house-to-house paper, can and bottle pickup drives, recycling collection centers, and hundreds of other projects not only accomplish the good they accomplish, but are also tools to educate our communities. These are projects that will interest and enlist the help of people, and with enough people we can do anything.



ECOLOGY AND THE NEW YORK CITY BUREAUCRACY

by ROBERT W. BLEI

For more than two years there was a private environmental project operating in Cunningham Park and other city-owned parklands in eastern Queens. This project was run by a student presently attending SICC and several of his friends, trying to clean up the parks in that area of Queens and restoring them to a more natural state. For most of the duration of the effort, the small group operated on their own, carting away cans, bottles, paper, abandoned cars and other assorted solid wastes on their backs in Hefty bags they had bought. The smaller garbage could easily be removed by bringing it home so that it would be permanently destroyed at the next garbage collection. It was just as simple to remove bigger material like wooden cabinets, stoves and wheelless shopping carts by putting them in the car and dumping them next to the collection containers behind supermarkets. But when it came to removing the six or seven abandoned cars in the one part of the park they worked in, it was virtually impossible for a few stoned teenyboppers to drag out cars, one at a time, all by their spastic little selves. So they asked for help from city agencies and got the royal shaft instead.

This is how it happened. In the early part of 1972, the little group was planning its activities for the coming year. The first thing done was the sending off of letters to various organizations, public and private, local and national. Two of the letters were sent to city agencies—the Department of Sanitation and the then Parks Department. The letter to the garbage men included an explanation of the organization and the requests for possible special pickups for cleanup campaigns and the removal of the junked cars. No reply was ever received. The second message was sent to a Mr. C.M. O'Shea, the Parkies' Director of Horticulture, with a request for the possible acquisition of young seedlings for their work in the park. After a month's wait, the project chairman finally received a reply from Mr. David Zelman, chairman of a minor, do-nothing city organ, called the "Volunteers in Parks" program.



Anyway, the chairman of the ecology group managed to call the idiot on the fifteenth of February, seven days after

receiving the letter. Mr. Zelman sounded half-heartedly interested in what was said and promised to send out a truck to the spot where the group was going to have a cleanup campaign that Saturday, saying that his department wasn't overburdened with work during the winter. The chairman of the group was gullible enough at that time to believe him. The call was then transferred to a Mr. Terence O'Leary from the Department of Horticulture. After having the request for the trees described to him, he said that he couldn't do anything about removing cars or other junk out of the park but could do something about the trees. The problem was that HE would have to send out HIS men to the park to take a whole mess of test samples and decide which plants were suitable for the area. Even despite the generous offer of the city to contribute plants, it was still very ridiculous in the minds of the members that there had to be all sorts of soil tests and decisions about which trees to plant. First of all, it is obvious that one doesn't plant trees in swamps or dried-up clay — and the members weren't interested in planting anything in those areas. Secondly, the only trees that grew there were oaks and dogwoods. They thought that the Parkies were nuts.

The V.I.P.'s were lucky that Saturday, since the cleanup was rained out. When the calls were made to arrange the cleanup for the 27th, the chairman again talked with Mr. O'Leary. The Parkie said that he had already ordered the plants, but found a DIFFERENT place to plant them. Not only did this fool order plants unacceptable to the area, but he wanted to plant the seedlings on the opposite side of the Park, on Police Property, where the group couldn't get to because of the distance. They wouldn't have even been allowed inside the property legally! As a further insult, he promised to meet the group on a certain date and never showed up. It was later discovered from reliable sources that he was hanging out in a district office of the Sanitation Department, drinking coffee and bullshitting. From that position, he decreed that telephone poles, laid end to end all around the park, would be a good barrier to prevent minibikers out of the park. Some good that did. The firewood hunters of the neighborhood cut them up with power saws, to use in their fireplaces, and after less than two weeks most of the poles were gone. Needless to say, the bike riders were never kept out of the woods, telephone poles or not.

In their effort to clean up and restore the park, the little crew of teenaged ecology freaks never stopped to realize that they were being really screwed by these guys. The effort to get some trees still continued. A month later, a call was made to Terrible Terry and he said that the site was changed again! The group should have given up then, but resigned themselves to the fact, since they were given the day, time, location and a promise that they would be the only ones there working with the Parkies. He also promised that he would get in touch with the Sanitation Commissioner about the removal of the cars.

At the same time, the great cleanup ripoff occurred. A call

was made to Zelman's office and after ten minutes of trying to get past the secretaries, the chairman finally reached Zelman. The bastard spoke about two minutes and slammed down the phone on the fellow. All that could be deciphered from the call was: "The Department's too tied up. Call your District Sanitation Office." Not only did he renege on the advertised promise of assistance, but didn't have the kindness to tell the chairman what office and what phone number. So, the teenager calls the operator and finally gets a number for District Office Number 63. Some crabby old s.o.b. answers, saying he's only the night foreman, try calling up Saturday at 9 am.

So, Saturday morning, District Number 63 was called, who referred the chairman to District Office Number 60, who told him to call up District Office Number 62, who finally had the decency to refer the poor guy to District Office Number 64, the correct office. How about THAT!—over twenty minutes on the goddamned phone just to get garbage picked up. Once the group got to the spot, they started to pull out all sorts of junk you could believe would be dumped in the park and some things you wouldn't expect—beer cans, whiskey bottles, tires, front ends and doors from cars, truck springs, rugs, assorted scrap metal and some organic stuff—even a garage door! Since they were told a truck would be coming later in the day, they left and came back to meet the truck. It never showed up. The garbage wasn't picked up until the next Wednesday, after a few children from the school across the street had cut themselves and the neighborhood gangs had thrown some of it



back into the park. What in God's name is so hard about sending a couple pickup trucks with a few men and throwing it on and carting it away? It wouldn't take more than a half hour, it would be gone permanently to the benefit of the community and the Garbagemen are getting paid for doing work, so why don't they do some!

The tree planting disaster was eleven days after the garbage was finally picked up. The two chairmen went into this effort full force. May 6th saw the members marching off to the site with cameras, shovels, flags, flag stands and a portfolio of the organization to show to the Parkie O'Leary. The first person they met when they got there was a guy from Queens College, drinking out of a bottle of Alexis Lechine. He said that a whole mess of people from the college were coming to plant and they were also informed that they would be the only ones there. Just as he finished the sentence, a middle-aged guy walked up to them and said that his Boy Scout troop was coming to plant, too! Between these people, they figured that about two hundred or so would be there to plant a couple thousand trees, instead of a few hundred seedlings, which they were told. When they finally reached the official site, they were shocked to find over 400 people milling around, waiting for the Almighty Terence O'Leary to show up! After suffering the indignity of signing registration forms and waiting two hours for O'Leary to appear, he finally came with a trunkload of half-dead pines and dogwoods he just drove down with from Syracuse. The planting began. Right away, the whole situation was a farce. The site was a hill above a swamp at the intersection of the

Long Island Expressway and the Cross Island Expressway. The ground was compacted clayish-type soil, and even despite the fact that the Parkies had run machine tillers through it, the rain several days before had packed the ground tighter than cement—it was virtually impossible to break the soil with heavy-duty shovels. There was just no hope for those already doomed trees, so the group did their assigned amount and left in disgust.

No more attempts to ask the city for help was made until September of 1972. By then, only a hundred trees at the most were still alive. Need we talk about the stupidity and inefficiency of the Parks Department! The group did work on their own. They started taking apart parts from the abandoned cars. They planted their own seedlings in their part of the park, almost all of them surviving. No more calls were made until the chairman was spurred to write a "letter of complaint to the organization of your choice" as an assignment for Frank Battaglia's old English 023 class. A letter to the Department of Sanitation was written on October 28th. It was written on Academy of Science paper, to fool them into thinking that it was the N.Y.A.S. writing the letter instead of a bunch of teenagers. This note was written in such immaculate form that it would've made a doctor of English swoon with joy.

The letter was answered immediately. The Commissioner of the Sanitation Department called the chairman personally! He ALMOST sounded decent on the phone. Finally someone described the problem and the red tape to the group. One cannot just get the cars removed. There are so many legal and



zoning hassles that one has to get the local Parks Department office to bring the junk out to the street and THEN the Sanitation Department could remove it. He said to call August Heckscher, Commissioner of Parks at the time. Before the chairman had the chance, the newspapers had already stated that he just handed in his resignation papers to Lindsay! Oh shit!!!

The chairman gave up until November 20th. For some reason, he decided to take a chance and try calling up the new Commissioner. So, after running the gauntlet of secretaries, he was finally connected with a Mr. Lucia, whose specialization was the abandoned cars removal in New York City parks. He listened to the story and said that he could remove them right away, except that the local cops would have to check them out to see if they were stolen (that's crazy, an old VW has been in the woods for over fifteen years) and then he would contact his department and the Garbagemen's abandoned car removal department to take them away from the street. He referred the chairman to a district officer in Queens, who would contact him for all the necessary contacts. On November 24, after a couple more phone calls and showing the officers where the cars were, all seven rotting hulks were removed.

Since then, not much more was done by the project. The hassles with schoolwork, deaths in one family and one guy trucking off to points unknown put the stopper on the activities of the little group. They are proud to say, though, that they did get rid of about five or six tons of garbage and seven abandoned cars, but no real thanks to the city bureaucracy.



(SWITCHBLADE READY FOR USE)



FIGURE A

HOW TO MAKE A TOY SWITCHBLADE by HENRY W. OELKERS

In these days of inner turmoil and strife, I am glad to say that I have found a great, sophisticated and nonviolent way to get my inner frustrations and otherwise so-called ya-ya's out: THE TOY SWITCHBLADE!!!

You say that you would like to know how to make one? Well, first you need the materials: Three (3) ice cream sticks, two (2) rubber bands and one (1) erector set nut (approximately 1/2" long and 1/4" high).

Here are the directions in constructing your very own toy switchblade:

STEP ONE: Take one ice cream stick and cut it in half, then cut it like Figure A.

STEP TWO: Take the second ice cream stick and cut one-third of that off.

STEP THREE: Take the third ice cream stick and wind one of the rubber bands around the stick about fifteen (15) times.

STEP FOUR: Take the first stick and insert it under the rubber band, so it looks like Figure B.

STEP FIVE: Repeat Step Three on the other end of the third stick.

STEP SIX: Repeat Step Four on the other side of the stick with the rubber band, but this time use the second stick. It should now look like Figure C.

STEP SEVEN: Insert the nut between sticks two and three. (See Figure D). It's finished!

OPERATING INSTRUCTIONS: Turn "the blade" around so it is under the release stick, so when you want to use it, just press the release stick, putting "the blade" in the ready position. If the switchblade doesn't work right away, don't worry. Just try moving the nut a little closer to the rubber band.

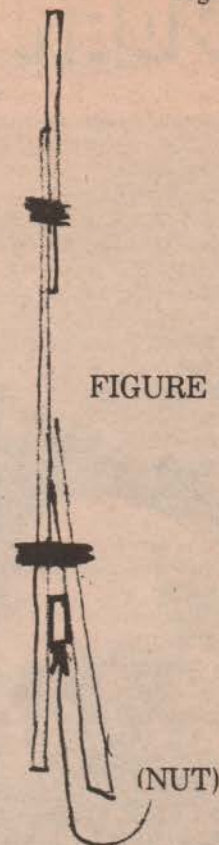
FIGURE C



FIGURE B



FIGURE D



(NUT)



POEM FOR A BOYFRIEND - 1974



(NAME WITHHELD)

All the words in the world
 Cannot hide the fear we have
 Of the word "love."
 Love,
 The magic word that everyone uses
 So often, so freely,
 That it becomes so empty and common.
 Others use it, often enough,
 Then find themselves hurt,
 And their hearts broken.
 Others use it so many times
 That they find themselves drifting away
 From the so-called loved one.
 To them any emotion is called love
 And they become fickle-minded,
 Leaving lonely souls behind
 And tears of sadness, and frustration,
 Yet happy and ready for another exciting adventure.
 But we are different.
 The very fact that we fear the word
 Means we are falling in love—
 The kind that wraps people in a wonderful spell—
 The kind of feeling that builds the spirit
 With joy and happiness.
 Yet we cover our feelings with a veil,
 And keep them cool.
 Words locked up in our lips
 Ready to come out.

Let us put down our masks
 And let down the veils.
 Let us unlock our emotions
 And free ourselves from the world.
 Stop thinking of the future
 And erase the past from your memories
 Even if it's just for a moment—
 A moment of truth.
 You have already done part of this.
 Very shyly, you have removed your mask
 And cautiously unveiled your true emotions.
 It was for a very short while
 And yet it was a beginning.
 But I still kept myself behind the door
 Wanting to come out, but controlling myself.
 Pretty soon, it will be a few months that we've been together
 And people might say: "I think it's too early to say it."
 Well maybe it is, to them.
 But it isn't to me.
 I have taken long enough
 To look into myself,
 And really dig out the truth
 Before I could be sure of it.
 But now that I am sure,
 And I have felt it before
 So I know what it's all about.
 Then let me reveal myself
 And unveil the truth.
 Let me whisper my secret,
 "I LOVE YOU!!!"



To be continued...

MYSTERY STORY:

THE HOUSE OF PORTRAITS

by ANGELO PATITUCCI

The night was biting cold, the rain was coming down in sheets. I felt as though I were sitting inside a snare drum just prior to an execution in the days of Napoleonic France. My defroster, still blowing cold air, was working laboriously to clear the fog from my windshield. Every two minutes I had to wipe it away with an old rag.

I didn't want to leave my cozy living room and T.V. but Mace's call really shook me. His voice had the sound of a soul in torment.

I've known Macy Stark for ten years and we became close friends. For year's he's had this obsession to own an old, hugh house. There was one in particular, located on Merrick Road, at the eastern end of Bay Shore, which we've passed together on many occasions. It had been abandoned for as long as we've known it, and, underneath its peeling paint one could still perceive an earlier majesty.

At one time we actually parked our cars and fought our way through man-high grass and overgrown brush in order to get a closer look at it. It was a tremendous house, built before the turn of the century. Its architecture revealed the egocentricity of its designer. It was created purposely to be impressionable. This mansion was constructed by no run-of-the-mill contractor, no, the entire first floor was made up of uncut boulders, probably trucked in at great expense by horse and wagon. The house had four floors, with four expansion attics built into its six-gabled roof. There were stained-glass windows scattered throughout.

In the backyard stood the remains of a gazebo, echoing tea parties from the past. Standing there in its shadow, the mind was allowed to imagine pictures of another era, an era of grandeur, ruffled shirts, bustles, fringed surrey trips to the Hamptons. A time of gentlemen in top hats and ladies with parasols.

The house seemed to cry out for someone to save it from the deadly clutches of decay, and Mace, being the model handyman, heard this cry in his sleep. He envisioned undertaking this herculean restoration job all by himself. It would be his crowing achievement.

A few inquiries were made, and piece by piece, we were able to trace its history. The house was built by Barnaby Forbes, an English farmer turned real estate tycoon who had the foresight to buy up thousands of acres of farmland in Islip when it was still dirt cheap. During one stormy night, he was rkdng home and was struck by lightning. His horse was killed and he was rendered blind. After that, he never left the house again. His son inherited the house, but never married. Upon the son's death, the entire Forbes estate, including the house, was inherited by Barnaby's grand-nephew, Phillip Shellbourne.

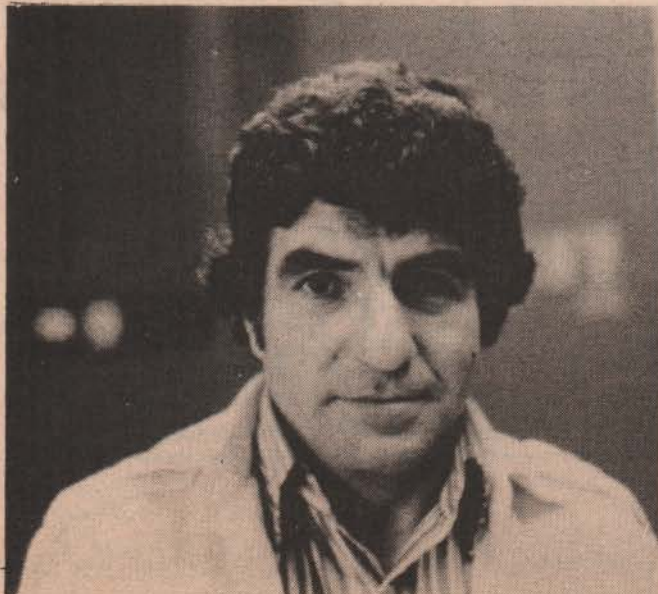
Phillip had no use for the house, but for years was forced to hold on to it, due to the terms stipulated in the will, stating that he could neither sell or give the house away. So, he simply abandoned it, grudgingly paying the taxes on it year after year until one day he suffered a rare blood disease, lost his business, eventually went bankrupt, and the house became the property of Islip township, due to non-payment of taxes.

It was at this very point in time that Mace was overcome by an overwhelming urge to own this house. He was drawn, as if by a huge, unseen magnet, to the City Hall of Records and made the discovery of its availability at a price he could afford. Now, all that was left to do was to convince his wife, Sarah, that the house had possibilities. He obtained the key and drove his wife and three children there to see it.

He pulled into the driveway and turned to look at his wife. Her face turned pale as she was confronted by this brooding hulk of stone and wood. An ominous feeling came over her and she felt a sudden chill. The children at first laughed, thinking that perhaps this was just another one of Dad's practical jokes. But, after they realized that he was in earnest, they too were taken aback.

Macy hurriedly showed them his plans right there in the car, in order to encourage them to at least go inside and look it over. After fifteen minutes of persuasion, reassuring and solemn oaths of promise that the place would be transformed into a dream house when he got done with it, they, although still reluctant, agreed to at least look at it.

As Macy led the way to the massive oaken front doors, the November winds suddenly gusted fiercely, almost stopping them in their tracks. "Looks like a storm coming up," Macy said, as they mounted the five slate-topped stone steps to the



front porch. He fitted the oversized iron key into the lock and, with an effort, he turned it and the bolt rasped its way back, into the door. The heavy front door then squealed on its wrought-iron hinges. "I must get some oil on them first thing," Mace thought to himself, as he entered into the huge entrance foyer. He found a kerosene lamp on the floor, lit it, and the family followed him gingerly, as though walking on thin ice. Once inside, Mace squealed the door shut, turned, held the lamp high and awaited first impressions.

The air was thick and cold, and they all shivered as they drew their coats more tightly around themselves. Silence. Their thoughts were heavy, and almost loud enough to be heard. The floor was made of oak planking, covered with measurable dust. To the left there stood two, imposing, panelled doors with bronze gargoyle heads for door knobs. To the right, one single massive floor, composed of solid oak beams, lashed together with wrought iron and lag bolts. Confronting them was a wide, winding staircase, with intricately carved bannister and posts. All were covered with dust and cobwebs. The walls were peeling like tear drops, wherever they weren't covered with tapestry. "Odd thing about the tapestries," Mace thought to himself. He couldn't put his finger on it, but something about them bothered him. They pictured scenes of men and women, in various stages of undress, romping around a meadow of clover, all with different expressions and all, somehow, were strange. The conical ceiling stood a good eighteen feet high, in the center of which hung a chandelier of rusting wrought iron, its original gas piping utilized as conduits for wiring to be cleverly disguised electric light sockets, which were added in a conversion job, perhaps fifty years ago.

"Kinda dirty, ain't it?" Macy quipped, to break the heavy silence. Sarah turned slowly and looked into Mace's eyes pleadingly. Her gaze spoke the words she couldn't formulate in her vocal cords. "Just how much faith ARE you asking me to have in your imagination and ability?," they seemed to ask. Mace, reading them right away, immediately went into a long dissertation on how, step by step, he was going to repair, repaint, replace and remodel. He made it sound so easy that some of the original shock waned, and they all stared in wonderment at their very own, real live miracle worker.

His daughter, Wendy, eighteen years old, thought back over the past accomplishments of her Dad. She recalled how he remodelled the house they now lived in, which was just forty years old when they first bought it. It turned out beautifully, but she also recalled some of the techniques he used at some of the repairs. Her Dad was a wonder with black friction tape. He invented uses for it that boggled the mind. It was a standing joke in the household that their home was being held together with black tape and, whenever something needed repair, regardless of its nature, the first thought to enter anyone's mind in that family was, "Quick, find the black tape, Daddy will be looking for it!"

Their footprints marred the uniformity of the dust layer. Macy walked to the panelled doors and grasped the knob. He recoiled instantly, as though shocked. The gargoyle head appeared to be mocking him as he could have sworn that he was bitten! He shrugged it off as a quirk of his hypersensitive imagination and hesitantly poked at the door knob with testing fingertips before attempting to grasp it again. No nips, no shock. He opened the door.

What he saw shocked him. He stood there motionless for a few endless moments, holding the lamp high. Sarah broke in with, "Well? What's the matter?" Mace mumbled over his shoulder, "C'mere." Sarah walked slowly over to him, followed by their two sons, Larry and Michael.

The room was immense. The flickering light of the oil lamp cast dancing shadows on the floor, barely reaching the walls. Only the brightest occasional flickers were able to illuminate the walls, permitting flashing glimpses of an array of portraits of men in various costumes depicting a march of time,

historical fashion show. Twelve in all, plus one which held a prominent position above the massive marble fireplace. This one was a portrait of a strikingly beautiful woman in her twenties, with just the trace of a smile on her lips, a knowing smile, meant to convey a message.

Slowly, Mace, starting from his left, moving in a clockwise rotation, stopped before each portrait, holding the lamp high, with the others following at his heels. At the fourth painting, he began to get an uneasy feeling. A cold sweat broke out on his brow. Something was strange, out of place. He could not point it out yet, but he felt that although all the pictures portrayed decidedly different expressions on their faces, there was something about each one which gave him the feeling that there was something that he missed in the previous one.

Not able to spot it immediately because of the fact that the lamp allowed viewing of only one at a time, it wasn't until he reached the fireplace, the seventh portrait, the portrait of the lovely lady, that it struck him. He gasped with a sharp intake of breath and nervously ran back to the previous one, then the next. . . Sarah shouted, "Mace! What is it? What's wrong?" Unheeding, Mace ran forward again, past the fireplace, and raced around the rest of the room, only momentarily holding the lamp high at each portrait. Then, he turned pale, and shaking, he said, "Oh my God!" Sarah shouted, "Well? What IS it?" Macy, still shaking, replied in a barely audible voice, "The EYES Sarah, the EYES! . . . although the faces are all different, the eyes are all EXACTLY ALIKE!" A cold shiver ran down Sarah's spine, "Wh, What?" she asked. "Really Sarah, the eyes do not belong to any one particular face, they're all the eyes of one person, but not any of THESE!!!"

Sarah took the lamp from Macy's hand and started walking counter-clockwise, stopping at each portrait, studying the eyes carefully. With each portrait, the foreboding crept over her ever more ominously. The children, following close behind, clutching at her coat sleeves, also felt panic building in their hearts as they realized that what their Dad had said was true!

They huddled together in the center of the room, frozen in terror, and a strange thing began to happen. All thirteen pairs of eyes seemed to catch the faint glimmer of the lamp, and intensified the reflection. They began to glow brighter, unreasonably so, considering the source of light. The whole room seemed to be immersed in darkness, except for the glowing eyes, all fierce in their expression, as though suspended in mid-air. As they watched with horror, the eyes appeared to become mobile, moving in on them, closer and closer, ever more brightly, their fierce expressions mounting, until Wendy put her hands to her head and let out a piercing scream.

Mace rushed to her side, and grabbing her arm, shouted, "Let's get out of here! Hurry!" They all ran through the door and into the foyer. When he reached the front door, it was shut. He grasped the handle and yanked, and almost tore his arm from his socket. The door wouldn't budge. He twisted, and pulled, and pushed, and shook it—nothing! Sarah screamed, "Dear God, what's happening?" Macy turned suddenly towards the open door of the room with the portraits. He heard a thumping noise in there. He rushed to the door and slammed it shut, momentarily catching a glimpse of an ethereal form wafting from the vicinity of the fireplace. Mace then joined the others huddled by the front door. The children began sobbing. All eyes were fixed on the gargoyle door knobs, except Mace's. He again looked at the tapestries and the suspicion he felt earlier was confirmed. All the eyes in the tapestries were also the same as the ones in the portraits.

Suddenly, a new terror struck at their hearts—the knob began to turn, slowly. Sarah shrieked, "Mace! Do something! Do something!" Mace ripped off his belt, ran over to the doors and, holding his breath, wrapped the belt around the two knobs, binding them together, taking care not to touch the knobs themselves. At one point, however, his thumb did brush against one of them and the instantaneous feeling he got was

that of touching a piece of 'dry ice'. The cold was unbelievable.

If he were alone, he would certainly have either been screaming in terror, or whining incoherently, but, realizing he was to play the role of defender for his family, he activated his adrenalin and was able, thereby, to suppress his fears.

He finally managed to get the doors lashed shut, and returned to the others. "Daddy, what is it? What's happening?", cried Wendy. "Yeah, Dad," said Michael, "how are we gonna get out of here?" Macy thought for a moment and said, "Wait here." He walked over to the oaken door, gingerly tried the thumb-latch handle, and slowly pushed the door open. In the moonlight, which shone through the windows, he was able to discern a huge, massive dining table, eight chairs and another group of portraits. He stepped into the room and beckoned for the others to follow. As soon as they all were inside, the pounding from the other room resumed, louder than before.

Horror stricken, they stood huddled near the open door, all eyes fixed on the gargoyle heads. The pounding increased in intensity, the whole house shook with each thud, as the sound of footsteps approaching the door was added. The gargoyles began to tilt, both of them, slowly, at first in one direction, and then the other. For a moment they stopped. The pounding stopped. All was still. Then suddenly a spine-tingling, agonizing groan split the stillness. The panels on the doors seemed to be bulging outwards. The pounding then resumed, more ferocious than ever, on the doors — the knobs began twisting back and forth quickly. Mace's belt became taut, the doors were being pushed outward, the belt straining, the pounding sounding like sledge hammer blows on a huge, wooden drum. A thought raced through Mace's head ... "I wonder what the tensile strength of leather is...?" Another soul-splitting moan from the room motivated Mace into pushing the oaken door shut and sliding the bolt into place.

They listened breathlessly as the pounding became louder and louder. The very house trembled. Mace rushed over to the dining room table and called to his sons, "Larry, Mike, c'mere, hurry!" They ran over and began pushing the massive table towards the door. It was like lead. Mace called out to Sarah and Wendy, "C'mon, lend a hand!" All five, summoning a mighty effort, managed to move the table. Slowly, they inched their way to the door. Meanwhile, the pounding continued, ever louder, incoherent moans, wailing as from the very depths of hell, and, just as they got the table up against the door, they heard a loud banging noise, as though the other two doors were flung open violently, slamming against the walls. At the same moment, an unearthly, yet triumphant sounding yell was heard in the foyer. The children began sobbing uncontrollably, Sarah's body was spasmodically jerking with fear, and Mace couldn't think of any words to say which might have offered consolation. There were none. He searched the room for another exit, but there were none.

They listened intently. Shuffling footsteps again, this time in the foyer. A pressing against the bolted and barricaded door. Silence. A moment later, another effort, accompanied by an angry, aggravated groan. Then, a thunderous, fast tempoed pounding began on the door, so loud was it that they were all forced to hold their hands to their ears. Larry, Wendy and Michael were all screaming, as Sarah began imploring a frantic prayer heavenward... "Oh dear God, help us, help us in this time of dread, help us dear God, help us..." over and over again.

Suddenly, the pounding stopped. Nothing to be heard, save the sobbing of the children and the praying of Sarah.

Their ears straining, they finally heard heavy footsteps mounting the stairway. Sarah stopped praying, turned to Mace and said, "How are we ever going to get out of here, Mace? How?" Macy didn't extend a reply. Instead, he went over to the window, tried it, but it was bolted. He went to the next window. It too was bolted. They all were. He thought of throwing a chair through one of them, but saw that the win-

dows were all barred.

He then examined the portraits on these walls. There were eight more. All men, all with the very same eyes.

It suddenly brought to mind the inside of a top security government research laboratory having television monitors in every room, lab, elevator and hallway. Or, then, it reminded him of George Orwell's 1948 "Big Brother Is Watching You."

He kept these thoughts to himself, for he felt to announce them might sound a bit too flippant for the occasion.

His thoughts were broken by the sounds of footsteps, now overhead. Pacing. Sarah asked, "Oh Mace, I can't believe this is really happening to us. What do you think it is?" "I really don't know," Mace replied. "I would never have believed this if someone were telling it to me, but, here it is, happening. All we can do. Hon, is wait it out for a while and when we feel it's safe enough to take the chance, I'll go back to the front door and try to remove it from the hinged side."

As they all huddled in a far corner of the room, Mace reflected, "They told me down at the tax office that they believed this house to be haunted, but, as it was said in a half-joking fashion, I simply disregarded the remark as a poor joke."

Larry spoke up. "Dad, we were reading about poltergeists and spirits in school last term and those books offered some pretty strong arguments in support of their existence." "Well," Mace replied, "Yesterday I would have laughed you down, but NOW, well, let's just say that if they need any supporters for their cause, I'll be glad to oblige." He continued. "Whatever it is that is up there, it sure as hell is trying to emphasize its point!"

Just then, a crash of thunder, and a bolt of lightning lit up the room. A torrential rain began to fall. The wind howled, and lashed the rain hard against the windows. The pacing from above stopped. All that could be heard was the fury of the rainstorm outside.

Minutes dragged into an hour. No more pacing. Macy got up and said, "Well, I think I'll have another go at the front door." Sarah replied, "Please be careful," realizing almost instantly just how ludicrous the habitual remark sounded under the circumstances.

Macy summoned them all to the barricade. They all pulled at the table until it finally moved away from the door. Cautiously, Macy opened the door a few inches, peered out at the foyer and listened intently for a while. Not a sound. On tip toe, he beckoned to the others to follow. As they crept to the



front door, they noticed a sudden, fantastic drop in temperature. It was a cold they had never before experienced in their lives.

It brought to Macy's creative mind a story he read many years ago about Admiral Byrd's expedition to the South Pole. He recalled being able to actually feel the forty below zero temperatures described in the story. That's how he felt now! The blast of cold was so unbearable that he felt that if he should urinate now, it would turn to ice before hitting the floor.

With numbed hands, he again tried the front door latch. It was frozen shut. He checked the hinges. A bit of luck!!! They were the drop-pin type. He searched for a tool he might use to pry the pins up and out with. The only thing he could come up with that resembled a tool was the oversized front door key. He took off one of his shoes and softly thanked God he was wearing the pair with the leather heels. Using his shoe as a hammer and the key as a wedge, he started pounding the pins up. They were rusted and there were four of them to remove. "Wow!", he exclaimed. "Don't ANYTHING come easy in this damned place?" He continued his hammering. One of the pins finally broke its rust bond and started to move up.

At that moment, there was the sound of a door slamming open from somewhere at the top of the stairs. Suddenly there was an unbelievably strong suction emanating from the stairway. It was like a typhoon in reverse! Sarah and the three children were lifted bodily and were swept up the stairs screaming. Macy, also caught in the fantastic gust, barely managed to reach out and grab hold of the bannister post at the foot of the stairs. Summoning all his strength, he held on doggedly, until the suction abruptly stopped.

From upstairs, he could hear his family screaming and crying hysterically. He ran up the stairs and followed the sound of their cries. He found the door, which was about six paces from the head of the stairs. It was another huge oak door, a brother to the one at the dining room entrance.

Pressing on the thumb-latch didn't do a thing. Macy shouted reassuring words through the door, and asked what type of room they were in. When their hysterical sobbing subsided enough, they replied, "It's a bedroom, an old-fashioned bedroom, fully furnished with a huge, platformed, four-poster bed." He then asked Larry to check the windows to see if they had bars on them. Moments later, "Yes dad, they do." "Damn," Mace muttered. Then, "Well, look, is anyone hurt?" A moment later, Sarah's voice, "No." Mace then said, "I'm going to go back down and continue working on those hinges." Then, as an afterthought, he asked, "By the way, are there any pictures in there?" A tense moment later... "no." "Whew," Mace heaved a sigh of relief, then said, "As long as nothing unusual happens, don't disturb me. Otherwise, yell like hell!" He then thought to himself, "What the hell good is THAT going to do, there ain't a damn thing I could do to help them anyway." But, he still felt it was the right thing to say, even if it lent nothing but a small degree of moral support.

He then bounded down the stairs and continued his hammering. For what seemed an eternity, he worked frantically in the bitter cold, cursing the lightness of his shoe and the clumsiness of his key. Finally, near exhaustion, the last pin popped out. He then clutched at the free hinge, with frozen fingers, and pulled. He pulled until he thought for certain that his fingers would break off. The massive door finally gave way off its seat and he was able to pull it away from the door jamb.

For a moment, he couldn't believe that he was free again. With the removal of the door, the torrential rain, which now felt to him like a Floridian sun-shower, crashed in on him, and he drank deeply of the mixture of rain and fresh air.

He ran up the stairs and told his family of his success and instinctively tried the door once more. No good. He then asked Larry if there was any way he could do the same thing to the hinges on his door. Larry looked and said, "Well, I'll need something to use as a wedge." Macy told him to check the bottom of the bed for any metallic angle iron or brace that

might be loose. The sound of bustling noises. A minute later, "No Dad, nothing's that's loose." Mace then said, "Well, you all just keep looking, I'm going outside to get some help." "Don't be too long," Sarah wailed in a helpless tone.

Mace ran down the stairs, out the door and looked frantically for a police car, any car. Nothing. The streets were deserted, although it was only around midnight. "The massive rain-storm must have chased all the sensible people home," Mace thought.

He ran two blocks before he spotted a phone booth at a closed gas station. He searched his pockets and found some change. First, he called the police, trying hard not to sound too much like a nut-job, lest they disregard his call as a crank's. Then he called me and simply said, "Get your ass down here to the old house as quickly as you can. Something terrible has happened and I need you!"

Knowing Mace, I could read him when he was in a practical joking mood. This was not one of them....

When I pulled up to the house, the police were already there, and I could see flickering flashlight beams through the windows.

When I ran into the house, I heard axes splintering wood from upstairs. As I headed up, I was stopped by a blinding beam of light aimed directly into my eyes from the vicinity of the double-doored room. A gruff voice asked, "Who're you?" I explained as briefly as possible who I was and how I came to be there, while the splintering noises came still from above. When the policeman finally lowered the beam away from my face, I ran up the stairs, shouting, "Mace, Mace, what's happening?"

Before he could reply, I was by his side and I repeated the question. Then, I noticed his face in the indirect illumination of the many flashlight lanterns of the police.

It was white as alabaster. He looked as if he had aged ten years. His eyes were glazed over and fixed in a state of terror. He didn't even hear me. He was staring at the splintering oak chips. In the tumult, I caught bits and pieces of phrases being mumbled by the police as they worked on the door. "How come they're so quiet?"... "I dunno."... "Think they're dead?"... "He said he was gone only fifteen minutes."....

For what seemed an eternity, they splintered away at the rock-hard ancient oak. Mace's face had rivulets of tears streaming down. I went to him and put my arm around his shoulders. Still not aware of the whole story, I felt it best to be silent, lest I say the wrong thing.

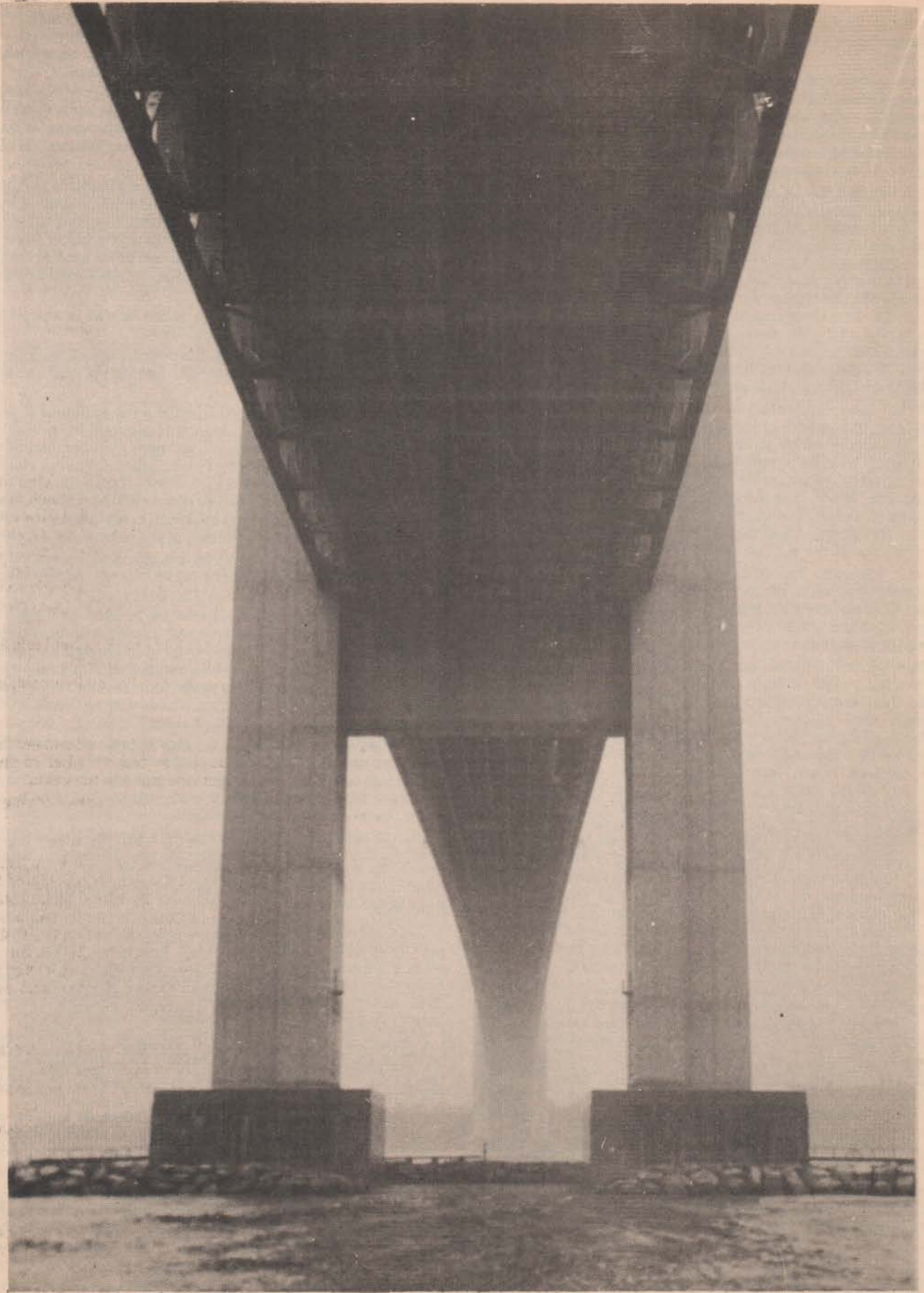
Then, from a peripheral viewpoint, I saw the police putting their shoulder to the door to bull their way through the vestige of oak still remaining around the lock, and heard one say, "I think we've got it now." Five, six, seven lunges and the door flew open.

The first voice I heard was a cop, saying, "There ain't nobody in here." Another, "Check and see if there are any other exits and check the bathroom. I'll check the windows." Mace stood frozen on to his spot. Then, another cop said, "Hey, that's funny... There's four pitchas on the wall that look as if they were just painted." Then, he added, "Weird lookin'!"

I looked at Mace's face, and although I didn't think it possible, I saw a NEW look of horror which overshadowed the old, as a slow realization of what the cops said broke through his trance.

Shaking like a leaf, he turned slowly towards the door and walked hesitantly through it. He stood there, shaking violently, looked up, and said, in a faltering voice, "Oh my dear God!... Oh my dear God!" And then, he began screaming.... screaming as I've never heard a man scream before.

I ran into the room, looked around, and then I felt my hair stand on end as I saw the four portraits.... One of Sarah, one of Larry, one of Wendy and one of Michael. The paint was still fresh, the faces were contorted in horror. But, the strangest thing of all were their eyes.... They all had the same eyes, but definitely not their own!



THE RUNAWAY

by ALCIONE NEGRAO

(NOTE: THIS STORY IS PURELY FICTIONAL. IF IT WAS TRUE, SOME HEADS WOULD BE ROLLING RIGHT NOW! ANY SEMBLANCE OF PERSONS PRESENTLY LIVING OR DEAD IS JUST MERE COINCIDENCE.)

It was a cold December morning. It snowed all night and it was just turning to ice now. Jackeline woke up at 6:30. She had to go to school and she didn't even know the weather conditions outside. She stretched and yawned in bed and finally got up to look out the window.

"Oh no, not today!" she mumbled at the sight. Jackie had to admit the street looked beautiful all covered with snow, the cars half buried and the trees were just leafless, dark, dry branches pointing to the gray sky. Even the old Victorian mansion across the street was covered with white. It all looked as if it had just come out of a fairy tale book. Yet she didn't like the thought of going out in it.

She was in the living room; this was where she slept, because the house was too small for four people and she didn't like the bedroom in the back, so her brother used it for himself. She walked into the kitchen. Her mother was preparing breakfast for her father. She was much shorter than Jackeline and chubby, with curly brown hair and dark brown eyes behind thick glasses.



"Good morning," said Jackie.

"Good morning," answered her mother gruffly. They had had an argument the night before and didn't have much to say to each other. Jackie was out of the house most of the time and her parents complained that she only came home to sleep. Jackeline was a very busy busy girl. For the past month, she had to go to rehearsals for a play in school. Yesterday, she had to go to Carnegie Hall to see a concert for which she would have to write a report on. But her mother thought it was all fun and too damned expensive.

Jackie finished washing her face and brushing her teeth and walked back to the kitchen through the living room.

"You don't have to go to school today," her mother said, in a very bitchy mood.

"Oh yes I do, mother."

"I can't afford to pay for a broken leg. You know how dangerous it is outside and there's no bus." To her mother, money was one of the most important things in the world.

"I have to go to school mother," said Jackie, trying to control her temper.

"Your brother ain't going, so you don't have to either."

"Look, I've got a test today, ma." She lied to keep things simple. It worked. Her mother quieted down. Jackie closed the living room door, opened up the closet door, and picked out a pair of dungarees, two sweaters, a heavy fur mid-coat, a pair of boots, a pair of gloves and a scarf. When she finally finished getting dressed, she looked at her image in the mirror. "I guess I'm prepared for the battle against the cold winter out there," she thought to herself. She opened the door and went into the kitchen again. "Mom, I need money."

"It's on the table."

Jackie picked up the money and counted one dollar and seventy-five cents. "Mom, I've got to buy cigarettes."

"Shit! Do you think I'm rich or something? I told you to save them."

"I have been saving them, mom. The last time you bought me cigarettes was Saturday morning."

"O.K., O.K., here."

"Thanks. Bye."

"Bye. Don't come home late."

"No, I won't," she said, as she picked up the bag of books and her pocketbook.

"What time are you coming home?"

"I don't know," said Jackie, as she slammed the door.

The wind was blowing on her face. She knew there was no bus, and that meant a forty minute walk to school on snow and ice. Icy rain was hitting her face.

She really didn't have to go to school, but she'd rather stay out of the house. If there was one thing that she hated was to stay home all day, especially if noone was at home. Jackie knew that her brother would end up going to school later in the day and she would be stuck, rotting away at home, with nothing to do. "Oh, everything would be much better if I could only move out and have my own life," she thought.

It took her two hours to get to school and she found out that all her classes were cancelled. She went into the Drama Club, but very few of her friends were in. She sat at the desk and started to study, but the room was very noisy and slowly her attention was drawn to the conversation going on at the other end of the room.

"...Yeah, Leroy, who bit your neck?" said Jimmy.

"Bit hell, that's a hicky," said Lenny.

"No, it was a bird. It shitted on my neck, stupid ass," said Leroy, sort of jokingly. He was a tall, husky fellow of Italian descent, with light brown hair and blue eyes.

"I think your girlfriend shitted on your neck," quipped Albert.

"Seriously though, your girlfriend must be a hot girl, Leroy," said Jimmy, trying to suppress his laugh.

"No, Jim, I'm the one who's hot," answered Leroy, with an air of pride.

"Yeah, you're hot except where it counts," said Albert. Al always came up with insulting remarks like that.

Jackie couldn't help laughing too, but she was really getting sick and tired of the jokes. The phone rang. Jackie picked it up.

"Hello, Drama Club."

"Hello, this is Jake Williams . . ."

"Jake? . . . How are you?"

"Fine . . . Who is this, may I ask?"

"Guess who."

"Jackie?"

"Yeah."

"Gee, you sound different on the phone."

"What is this? You don't even recognize your own girlfriend's voice on the phone?"

"Well, like I said, you just sound different."

"Yeah, so do you. Where are you?"

"The Bronx. I couldn't move my car. It's icy all over the place here and I couldn't move the car."

"Oh, that's terrible!" Jackie said disappointed. She had been hoping to see him.

"Yeah, I know. And I have to go to school tomorrow. I'm wondering if you could find me a place to sleep over for tomorrow night. There's no sense in me coming home from Staten Island to the Bronx and then go back to school again the next morning with the driving conditions like this."

"I wish that you could sleep over at my house, but my parents are so square. According to my father, you're not even allowed to come over and say 'Hi' until you're going out with me for a year."

"Oh well, what else can I do? Hey, see if I can sleep in the club if you can't find me any other place."

"O.K., Jake."

"O.K. Let me go now. I've got a lot to do here. The shovelling will take me forever. But call me up later, o.k.?"

"O.K. Bye!!!"

"Bye!!!"

The news that Jake wasn't going to come made her sort of sad. What was the use of staying in school now? Just then, her brother came into the room.

"Hi, John."

"Hi."

John didn't look too much like her. He was about her height, but his hair was much lighter brown and always very greasy, even though it was parted in the middle and not too long. He wore glasses and, like Jackie, had big eyes. When he talked it always seemed like it was in slow motion. He almost walked in the same way. The way his attitude was, he never cared too much about time.

"You didn't stay home after all!" Jackie exclaimed.

"No. I just wanted to sleep a little longer."

"Hey John! Good morning! How 'bout a few hands of poker?" yelled Leroy from the other side of the room.

"No thanks. Maybe a little later. It's too early in the morning for cards. I'll see ya later anyway." He walked out and went to the Student Lounge to smoke a few joints, like he usually did.

Jackie was bored with everything. She felt like going home, but hated the loneliness. "Oh God," she thought, "What kind of life is this? My parents are the squarest squares I know. I have to be home all the time, just to help them clean the house. I have nothing. Not even a decent life. I don't have any privacy, no room of my own, no car, no nothing. And here I am, twenty-one years old, wasting my best years. If only I had a part-time job, a place of my own that maybe I could share with a couple of friends, and a little car. I'd be satisfied because I know that if I lead my own life I can make it exciting and adventurous."

With all those things going through her head, Jackie didn't even realize that her friend, Florence, came into the room. Florence was tall and had long hair. She had a cute, innocent sort of face, with little dimples. She was very mod in her dress and personality.

"Hey Jackie. Jackie! Hey, what's the matter?"

"Huh? . . . Oh nothing, why?"

"I called your name about five times and you didn't answer."

"Oh, I was just thinking. How are you, sis?"

"Oh, not too good and not too bad. And you?"

"Lousy."

"Why? . . . Wait. Don't tell me. Let me guess . . . Jake couldn't come."

"That's part of it. By the way, do you know a place where he could spend the night tomorrow? He says it's too much of a hassle driving back and forth with all this snow."

"Sure, he could sleep over at my house. I have an extra room and my mother wouldn't mind."

"Good. Let me call him." She dialed his number.

"Hello," a husky voice answered.

"Is Jake in?"

"Yes. This IS Jake."

"Oh. This time I didn't recognize your voice. It's so deep, I thought it was your father."

"Anyway, I have food in my mouth, which don't help too much."

"Yeah, I know. Listen, I talked to Florence and she said that you could sleep over at her house."

"Oh, good, good. Do you have a cold?"

"No. Why?"

"You don't sound too good. Anything wrong?"

"No, I'm just plain bored. I just wish I could live my own life and have my own apartment."

"Y'know, you always say the same goddamned thing. What do you think life is, a fuckin' bed of roses?"

"Sure. It has beauty and thorns. But if I can cope with the thorns, it would be exciting."

"I think you're going to have a great disappointment in life,

kid."

"I don't think so. You're just so pessimistic."

"And you're too optimistic," said Jake.

"O.K., Jake. Let's not fight over it. I'm just too damned bored."

"How do you think I feel, stuck here at home all day."

"Restful," answered Jackie.

"Restful, my ass," said Jake.

"Yep. Listen Kathy wants to use the phone, so I'll have to hang up."

"O.K. Tell Kathy I said hello and thank Florence for the favor."

"O.K., I will."

"See you tomorrow, Jackie."

"See ya. Take care of yourself and rest."

"I'll try."

"Bye!!!"

"Bye!!!"

She hung up. "Well, I did everything I had to do. I might as well go home," she thought. Florence had went to the cafeteria and was just coming back.

"Jackie, where are you going?" Florence said, as she saw Jackie putting on her coat.

"Home. Oh, Jake said 'Thank You' for the favor."

"That's all right. Is there something wrong?"

"Yeah, everything is wrong. I'm bored to death with my life. I gotta do something about it."

"I know that. But you're always saying that and never do anything about it. That's what gets you so bored."

"You know something, Florence? You got a point there. I tell you what, I'll start moving my ass, right now." Jackie took off her coat. "I'll be right back." She ran out. A few minutes later she came back with a local newspaper in her hands. "O.K., now to work."

"What in hell is going on, are you mad or something?" Florence said, frowning at her.

"Maybe, but I've got to find a job. Let's see . . ." Jackie looked through the want ads. "Cashier, waitress, counter help . . . I think I'll be a waitress."

"That's hard! You have to be on your feet all the time."

"Yes, but the tips are good. Look at this. The Country Club needs waitresses. That's a good place to work."

"I don't like the food there. It's shitty."

"Well, I don't give a damn about the food. It's crowded all the time, and that's what counts."

"Yeah, I guess so. Maybe I'll get a job, too."

"But you got one."

"I know, but I want to get some more money. By the way, how would you like to live with me?"

"Are you serious, Florence?"

"Sure. I've always wanted to live away from home, but I never could find a roommate."

"What's wrong with YOUR parents?"

"Oh, nothing wrong with my mother. But I hate my father, y'know. My mother understands that."

"Yeah, I guess so . . ." Jackie looked at some more want ads. "Hey! This is good! Listen, \$60 a week, six nights a week, before tips."

"That's good! How about this one here?" She said, looking at another page in the paper. "Waitress, five nights a week, seven-to-twelve at night, \$90 plus tips. No experience necessary."

"That sounds too good to be true."

"Yeah. It seems to be a fancy place. At least it has a fancy

French name."

"What's the name? Maybe I might know the place."

"Ah, it's hard. M-o-u-l-i-n R-o-u-g-e. . . ."

"Moulin Rouge? No way. I wouldn't work there even if they gave me a million bucks a week."

"Why?"

"It's one of those topless-go-go-girls type of place."

"Oh no, I wouldn't want to work there either."

The phone rang again.

"Hello, Drama Club," answered Jackie.

"Jackie?"

"Yeah."

"This is Jane."

"Oh. Hi sis."

"Hi. How are you?"

"Oh, pretty good."

"You seem to be in a bouncy mood."

"I am. I'm looking for a job."

"Don't tell me you're going back to evening school?"

"No. I couldn't stand that. I'm looking for a part-time job in the evening."

"You finally got around to it?"

"Well, Florence got me moving my ass."

"Would you stop saying those bad words. It doesn't sound right for a girl."

"Why don't you tell me it's not ladylike."

"It's not."

"All right Jane, I won't say it again."

"Florence is there, too?"

"Yeah. And guess what? She's gonna be my roommate!"

"You're moving?"

"Yeah."

"That's good. Do you need any other roommates?"

"It depends on who it may be."

"Me."

"You? Sure, we'll take you."

"When are you moving?"

"Oh, come on. I didn't even get the job yet. You're going too fast."

"O.K., I'll wait. Well, good luck Jackie. Let me talk to Florence."

"O.K. Bye."

"Bye."

"Hey Florence, she wants to talk to you."

"O.K."

While Florence was on the phone, Jackie concentrated some more on the want ads. When Florence was finished, Jackie made a few phone calls regarding jobs. When all was finished, they decided to go for the interviews. They walked towards Florence's car, one holding on to the other and laughing about their ungraceful walk on the snow. The two got along beautifully. Jackie knew Florence for two years, but only during the past summer did they get to really know each other well. Jane was her friend for three years, but Jackie still was much closer to Florence. It must've been so, because Jane was never around that often. But, in general, the three of them got along fine. They had arguments but they accepted and respected each other for what they were. Jane had been in school last year, but now she was engaged and working full time in the city. She was the oldest, almost 23. Florence was almost 20. Florence had an attraction to Chinese fellows and wanted to be a professional dancer. Jackie was 21 and a science major, but she wasn't very good at it. Under good

conditions, she was a very happy person. She enjoyed music and had a good singing voice. Jake, her new boyfriend, was only 19, but they got along pretty good. He was a bit on the shy side, though. In fact, it was Florence who got them together.

Jackie got home at 7:00, after a long day of interviews. She opened the door and could already hear her father's voice.

"No John, you can't bring your girlfriend over here until you've been going out with her for a year."

"But Dad, that's ridiculous. I've never heard of anything so stupid."

"Are you trying to say that I'm stupid?"

"No. Just that your ideas are a little freaky."

Jackie came into the living room and saw her father's look of anger. His dark brows frowned and his face was red, up to the top of his bald head. His nose was bright red, too. She tried to ignore the heavy atmosphere and tried to cheer everyone up.

"Hi, everyone," she said smiling.

"Why are you so late?" questioned her mother, just walking out of the kitchen, with a dishtowel in her hands.

"Oh, I had some business to take care of," Jackie answered as she threw her coat on the couch.

"Now don't leave things all over the house."

"O.K. I'll put it away."

"School's been closed since four. Have you been hanging around with your boyfriend?" asked her father.

"No. Jake couldn't come from the Bronx with all that snow."

"Then where have you been?"

"Like I said, taking care of business."

She turned around to pick up her coat from the couch. Her father got up and came towards her from behind. As she turned to face him, he slapped her across the face. The impact threw her on the floor. Tears welled up in her eyes.

"What kind of business?" he yelled.

"I went looking for a job. Is that so bad?"

"No, that's good. You can give me one-third of your paycheck to help pay for the bills around here."

Jackie was mad, yet scared. But her anger took over her.

"Bullshit! I'm gonna save all the money so I can get the hell out of here. The sooner the better." She was crying now.

He grabbed her hair and pulled her up by it until she was standing. She screamed as loud as she could.

"You treat me like a baby!"

"You act like a baby. Now shut up!"

He slapped her again. Her brother was quiet, just observing the scene from a distance. Her mother came running from where she was standing and tried to stop her husband from hitting Jackie.

"Oh, please, stop it, George!" she cried as she tried to pull him away. "You're gonna hurt her."

"Why don't you shut up, too. Let me hurt her and break every bone in her body."

"Oh, my heart is hurting again. I think I'm gonna die. My chest . . . I have chest pains . . ." Her mother collapsed onto a couch and was beginning to breathe heavily as she continued crying.

At this point, the father stopped beating Jackie.

"See what you did to your mother? If you go away from this house and she dies because of it, I'll follow you. I'll come after you with a gun and I'll kill you. I swear to God, I'll kill you." Jackie looked at him, with tears in her eyes. "And don't give me that nasty look," he said as he left the room.

Jackie just sat there with a blank look on her face, holding her coat on her lap. Tears came out of her eyes again. After a few minutes, her mother got up and silently left the room. John gave a disgusted look.

"Fucked-up parents we got," he said.

"Shut up, John. I don't want to hear what you have to say about them. It hurts me to know that I hurt them."

Her mother came back into the room. "What are you two doing? Talking about us behind our backs? How dare you! . . . What are you talking about?"

"It wasn't about you, ma. It was something about school." The mother left again, not believing a word he said. They kept quiet this time, but the silence said more than any words could say. About twenty minutes passed.

"John, set the table for supper," the mother yelled from the kitchen. He got up and went to the kitchen. Jackie followed him.

"I'm not hungry, mom. I don't want any supper," she said.

"Don't give me that line. What the hell do you think this is, a fuckin' soap opera or something? When I give you food, you eat."

Jackie just felt like walking out the door, but she knew that her father would come after her. What was the use. She knew her father had no gun and wouldn't kill her, but there still would be a lot of beating up. She was also afraid of her mother's health. It would be unbearable to live with her guilt feeling if her mother did die.

Noone talked for the rest of the night. After supper, Jackie went straight to bed and cried herself to sleep.

The next day, she woke up the usual time. Her eyes felt heavy and tired, but, as usual, she didn't want to stay in bed, she wanted to go to school. It was the only time that she could get out of the house with no hassles. She got up and sat on the bed. Her brown hair came all over her face. She stared at the floor. Her father came into the room and silently sat on the bed behind her. She turned around and looked at him.

"I'm sorry about last night," he said. "I lost my temper completely, but I think you should be a little more respectful to your mother and me. If you're going to be out longer than usual, call up."

"What's the use of calling up? Whenever I call up, mom starts to argue over the phone. Since whatever I do seems to be wrong in your eyes, I do it my own way."

"Well, you'll have to be more patient with her. She still isn't used to this new freedom that you and John have. But you two leave me without authority, too."

"You could have authority, Daddy, if you wanted it. For instance, if you let me bring Jake over, or John brings his girlfriend, you could tell us whether you approve of my boyfriend, or John's girl."

"No, I don't want to see Jake. I'm against any boyfriend you have, because I'm against you having a boyfriend at all, no matter who he is. Besides, even if I said I didn't like him, I know you wouldn't break up with him, just because I told you so. Anyway, I'm going to be late for work if I keep talking. I just wanted to say that I was sorry for what happened last night."

Jackie didn't say anything. He took her face in his hands and kissed her on the forehead. He walked to the door. Before he left, he turned to her once more.

"Jackie, I'll never kill you, or anybody. I couldn't kill anyone. I just wanted you to know that!"

"I know, Dad."

He went back to his room. Jackie loved her father, but she just could never understand him. "He is so different," she thought to herself. "This isn't the first time he has apologized for his loss of temper and it won't be the last. He thinks he can beat me up like that and then expects me to accept his apologies. I do, but I can't live like this forever." She started getting dressed to go to school. She got there early, as usual. She bought a container of milk and a toasted bagel for breakfast from the school cafeteria. She then went to the Drama

Club. The school was still empty and the room was locked, so she had to use her own key. She went in, sat down at the desk, took out her music book and ate her breakfast as she studied. Elizabeth, a chubby girl with curly blonde hair and blue eyes, walked in. She was the President of the club.

"Good morning, Jackie."

"Good morning, Liz."

"Did you do the bookkeeping?"

"Yes. Everything checks out."

"Good."

"Did you find out what the next summer play is going to be?"

"Yes, Jack told me last night. It's 'My Fair Lady.'"

"Oh, that ought to be nice. I'll definitely try out for it."

"You know, Jackie, I think you should try out for a leading part. You sing nice."

"But I don't know any acting."

"Oh, don't worry about that! You'll have Acting class next spring. By the summer you'll be great."

"I'll think about it. But don't be sure I'll do it."

"O.K. I have to go to class. See ya."

"So long, Liz."

Jackie took out her guitar and started playing. She played beautiful Spanish classics, but this morning she seemed to be especially inspired. It sounded much better than usual. While she was playing, a tall young man walked into the room. He was six feet tall and slender, with curly brown hair and hazel green eyes, behind wire air-force glasses. His clothes were rather unusual, though—an Australian bush hat, an old mailman's winter jacket and blue jeans over brown boots. He carried a few books and a bunch of albums in a plastic bag. He stared quietly at her, absorbing the music. It took her a while to realize that someone was in the room. When she finally felt his presence, she lifted up her eyes and they brightened up with happiness.

"Oh, Jake." She put her guitar on the couch and jumped up to hug him. They embraced and kissed each other.

"How are you?"

"Oh, I'm fine. How long have you been standing there?"

"A couple of minutes."

"And how are you?"

"Freezing." He kissed her again.

"I know. It's cold out."

"You better believe it." He took off his hat and coat and put them on the coat rack. Jackie stared at the hat for a moment.

"Jake, where do you get such weird hats like that?" She picked it up and put it on her head.

"That's my grandfather's hat."

"Your grandpa's hat? You're crazy!"

"Maybe. You look cute with it."

"I do? Gee, I didn't think anybody would look cute with this. Let me take a look." She ran out into the hall and into the ladies room to look at herself in the mirror. She tilted it to the front a little and then ran back into the club. She walked in very elegantly, put her hands on her hips and imitated drawing a gun. "Bang!"

"Ha, Ha. Where did you get that hat?" cried Leroy, who was now in the club room. "You look like a broad from Texas."

"It's Jake's." Jake was still laughing.

"Jake, I think you're an asshole. You don't wear hats like that in New York."

"I don't give a shit. I wear it 'cause I like it."

Jackie didn't particularly like Leroy, who always insulted others.

"Leroy, you think you're such a big shot, but let me tell you

something. Just because you disagree with something or someone, it doesn't mean the whole world has to do the same!"

"I just think it's a ridiculous hat. Now, look at mine . . ." He took out a baseball hat and put it on his head. It was two sizes too small.

"I hate it. It looks horrible," Jackie said.

"Well, I don't give a shit about what you care or like."

"Well, me and Jake don't care what you like either!" Jake was getting uptight, but didn't know what to say just yet.

"Why can't you just speak for yourself Jake, can't you talk for yourself?"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Jake, "Why don't you two calm down. You're acting like a couple of little kids over some fuckin' hats."

Just then, Albert and Lenny came walking in and started talking to Leroy, who forgot about the argument. Jackie was still mad.

"But Jake . . ." she pleaded.

"No buts, I have a class. Wanna take a walk with me?"

"O.K."

He grabbed his books and the two walked out of the room.

It had been a month since Jackie had that little fight with Leroy. Now finals were over and he wasn't coming back in the spring. He wanted to be a cop.

Jackie's parents were in better terms with her now, but she still planned to move out. There were times when things were pleasant, but Jackie realized that it wouldn't last forever. She had also been working for over four weeks, serving hot dogs and coffee behind a counter in a big-name department store on Hylan Blvd.

She woke up at ten, folded her bed and put it in her closet, got dressed and turned on the radio. John woke up and walked into the living room, still in his pajamas.

"Good morning, John."

"Good morning. You have breakfast yet?"

"No, not yet."

"I guess I'll have some milk and crackers . . ."

"You don't want any coffee," she asked.

"No. I don't like that shit." He opened the refrigerator and took out the milk container. Jackie warmed up some coffee for herself and put two slices of bread into the toaster.

"Y'know John, I must've done lousy in my physics final."

"You're stupid. You should've asked me for help."

"I don't know. I don't really like physics."

"There you go again. What's gonna be your next major? Let's see . . . first there was Environmental Health, then Bio, now Physics . . . now what's next?"

"Oh, shut up, John. E-H was a mistake. I was supposed to be a Bio major from the beginning."

"Oh, sure. My sees-ter, the doctor. I don't think white becomes you. Anyway, then came physics . . ."

"Well, I do like astronomy, but not really as a profession. They sit around all day in an office and do calculations. I want something exciting and challenging."

"There you go again. 'The Lover of Excitement.' I bet you'll pick English next, because that's what Jake is doing. Then, a week later, you two'll break up and you'll go into Language. Then music or drama; at least that's exciting. Then, finally, you'll become a secret agent, because that's more exciting yet. And then . . ."

"That's it!"

"What's it?"
"What you just said."
"A secret agent? You gotta be out of your . . ."
"No, no. Music!"
"Music?"
"Why not?"
"Well, you're going to sing, I suppose."
"Yeah."
"Sing what? Opera?"
"Ah no, I don't think so. Actually, I prefer Broadway."
"Suppose you don't make it. What are you going to be, a beggar?"
"No. I'll think of something."
"Yeah, I could just see you. Here you are, in the middle of Broadway, playing your guitar and singing 'If I Were A Rich Man.' That's a Broadway singer for ya."
"No, stupid. If I can't make it as a singer, I could always teach."
"Well, I guess it's o.k. When are you going to tell mom and dad about it?"
"Tonight. And if they don't like it, the hell with them. I'm sick and tired of listening to their advice."
"I don't think you're going to tell them that last part."
"No. I don't want to be crippled before I become a singer."
"I know. Gee, they're really fucked up!"
"Yeah, but it won't bother me for long. I'm moving out as soon as I can."
"You are?" His eyes bugged out. "When?"
"I said, as soon as I can. I got some money saved up."
"How much?"
"\$150."
"Already? Wow! Hey, I can go too, right?"
"Well, I have already chosen my roommates."
"Florence and Jane."
"Yep."
"Well, mom and dad are going to be mad at them—and you, of course."
"Yes, I know. But I have to do it."
"Well, best of luck. Let me get a joint for myself."
"Do you have to, John?"
"No, but I want to, sister." He went to his room.
"Go ahead if you want to, but close the door. You know how I hate that smell."
"Yes, I know," he said, laughing.
The phone rang and Jackie picked it up after the first ring.
"Hello."
"Jackie?"
"Hi Florence. How are you?"
"O.K. And you?"
"Pretty good. Y'know, I finally decided what I'm going to major in."
"Oh yeah? What's that?"
"Music."
"That's good! I think you'll do good in that. You've got a good voice."
"I think it's good enough. And what's up with you?"
"Well, guess what? My friend Ellen is going to move out with her family to California and they want us to rent the apartment with all the furniture!"
"Good! How big is it?"
"Three rooms."
"How much?"

"Well, the first four months we pay \$180, then after that it's \$150 a month."
"That sounds pretty good. This way, I'd be paying \$60 the first four months and then \$50 after that. It's sorta heavy on me, but since it includes the furniture . . . Let me talk to Jane and then we'll take a look at it."
"O.K."
"Thanks for calling, Florence."
"O.K. Bye!"
"Bye." Jackie hung up and dialed another number. "May I have extension 557 please? . . . Thank you . . . Can I speak with Jane please? . . . O.K., thank you."
"Hello?"
"Hi, Jane."
"Oh hi, Jackie. How's life?"
"Great. I have two items of interest for you."
"Good or bad?"
"Good. Here's the first one. I've decided to go into Music."
"As a major?"
"Yeah."
"You shouldn't do that, it's going to be hard. Your school has a lousy music department. Besides, most music courses are one credit. Do you know how many music courses you'll have to take?"
"I don't care. It's what I'll like, so I'm gonna go thru with it."
"Well, it's o.k., if that's what you want. What's the rest of your so-called good news?"
"Florence has a friend who's moving out to California and her family is renting out the furnished apartment. It has three rooms."
"How much?"
"Well, it's . . ." and Jackie proceeded to explain all the details to Jane, who was going to have a half a day off from work. They decided to see the apartment that afternoon. When she put the phone down, John came walking out of his room, stoned, with his eyes half shut.
"Who was it?" he asked.
"It was Florence who called me. I'm going to see an apartment."
"Already."
"Yeah." She grabbed her coat and started down the stairs.
"Bye, John. And don't smoke any more."
"I won't. I'm too stoned already. That was damned good shit . . ."
She just caught the bus down the street and was at Florence's house in less than an hour. It was 12:30. She rang the bell. Florence came to the door.
"Jackie! What a surprise!"
Jackie walked in and they kissed. "Y'see Florence, I figured that since I didn't have anything else to do and Jane had only a half day's work, she's coming down and we're all going to see that apartment."
"That's great. I'll call up Ellen and tell her." Just before she picked up the phone it rang. "Hello . . . Oh Hi! . . . heah . . . She just got here . . . O.K., and you? . . . O.K., bye. It's for you Jackie."
"Who is it?"
"Jake," she said, winking an eye.
"Hello, Jake."
"Hi. How are you?"
"O.K., but I miss you."
"I miss you, too. I hope intersession ends fast."
"So do I."
"What is this your brother told me about an apartment you

got?"

"Oh no, it's nothing yet. We're going to look at it, but we're not decided yet."

"I think you deserve a good spanking. You should be a little more patient and have a talk with your parents. I bet that if they knew that you were moving, they'd change."

"Don't worry, Jake. I said that I'm not sure."

"I just hope that you think before you do things. I don't particularly care for the idea."

"I will."

"Well, no more arguing. When can I see you?"

"Day or evening?"

"I want to spend the whole day with you, if you don't get sick of me."

"How about Sunday?"

"That'll be nice. Where do you want to go?"

"Wherever you want. I just want to see you."

"Would you like to come over here?"

"I'd love to."

"Well, you come through Manhattan. I'll pick you up by car, right by the bus stop in front of the ferry."

"What time?"

"Hold on . . . Is ten in the morning o.k.?"

"Sure. Isn't that early for you?"

"No. Mom wants you to have lunch with us."

"O.K."

"See ya then."

"Yeah. Take care, Jake."

"I will. You do the same, o.k.?"

"O.K. Bye!"

"Bye!"

Jackie hung up. She knew Jake didn't want her to move out, but she didn't know why and wasn't about to find out. She would have to tell Jake all that was going on and she didn't want to. He had enough of his problems to attend to. Sometimes she wondered how come he was so straight. At one time, he had been very deeply into the drug scene and was a heavy drinker to boot. But he gave it all up. Still, it seemed that nothing ever worked out for him. Jake was the kind of person that had bad luck following him all the time, yet he was much more mature and not as screwed up in the head as some other people that she had met before. Jackie was beginning to fall in love with him, but she was afraid to admit it. She had been badly hurt before and was afraid of falling into another trap that would cause more pain.

"Jackie, would you answer the door for me?" yelled Florence from upstairs. Only then did Jackie realize that the bell was ringing. She opened the door.

"Hello, Jane."

"Hi, sis."

"Gee, what time is it?"

"It's almost two. Why?"

"Oh my! Time flies. I thought I had just gotten here."

"You were daydreaming all this time, Jackie," said Florence, who was coming down the stairs.

"Oh, and you didn't even call up your friend."

"Yes, I did. But like I said, you were daydreaming and you didn't hear me."

"I wish I was."

"What's the matter, Jackie?" asked Jane.

"I've been having problems at home, that's all."

"So have I," said Florence.

"All of us have problems. That's why we're moving. So let's get going," ordered Jane.

"Yeah."

"O.K."

They left in Florence's car. The apartment to be rented was on a small street in the middle of the Willowbrook area. It was a two-family house, one story high, built in the modern style. Florence parked her car in the driveway and they all got out. The three of them walked to the door on the right side of the house and Florence rang the bell. An attractive Chinese girl answered the door. She had long black hair, parted in the middle, and a pretty good figure, too.

"Hi, Florence," she said with a smile.

"Hi."

"Come on in." As she closed the door she turned to Jackie. "I know you, don't I?"

"Yes. You're Ellen Wong from the Asian Center in school, right?"

"Yes, but I really didn't go to the club much."

"Yeah. Y'see, she doesn't like Chinese too much," explained Florence.

"That's right," Ellen agreed, "I like Americans. By the way, I still don't know your name."

"Oh. I'm Jackie. And this is Jane."

"Hi."

"Hi, Ellen," said Jane.

"How come you don't like Chinese?" questioned Jackie.

"I don't know. I guess I just don't like their type," replied Ellen.

"And I worried myself for nothing," mumbled Jackie.

"Worried? I don't understand," questioned Ellen.

"Oh. Do you remember Gene?"

"Gene? Oh yes, the Chinese guy."

"Right. Well, I used to see him a lot. But I remember he sorta liked you."

"I know. That's why I didn't go into the Asian Union that often."

"Oh, Jackie, you're not going to start in with him again, are you?" asked Florence.

"No. I don't see him anymore."

"Did you ever go out with him," asked Ellen.

"No. We were always good friends, but nothing more."

"Oh . . . O.K., do you want to see the place?"

"Yes," they all agreed. So they toured the house.

The living room was average-sized, with soft-green walls, white draperies and a green carpet. There was a green sofa, two beige easy chairs, a center table and a couple of lamps on the corners. The kitchen was fairly big and the walls were in soft yellow. On one side there were brand-new, white cabinets and a big, modern stove next to the sink. There was also a refrigerator and a dishwasher. On the other side of the kitchen there was a dining area with a big table and four chairs. There was a small hall from the kitchen, leading into the back rooms. The first door to the right led to the bathroom, which was painted in lavender and yellow. It was small, but pretty. The last door led to the bedroom. This was a huge room in sky blue, with white curtains and a deep blue wall-to-wall carpet. There were two dressers and a mirror, but no beds.

"No beds?" asked Jane.

"No, my parents gave the bed to a friend. The sofa in the living room is a sofa-bed. That's where I sleep."

"That means one of us is gonna have to get a bed," said Jackie.

"I'll buy one," said Jane. They knew that Florence would bring her own bed.

"When are you leaving, Ellen?" asked Florence.

"In one week."

"Well, gang, how do you like it?" Florence said. Just then, the phone rang.

"I'll be back in a minute," said Ellen, running into the living room.

"I like it," said Jackie.

"So do I. It's a real bargain," replied Jane.

"I know," said Florence. "It was going to be \$200, but since Ellen and me are friends . . ."

"Shall we take it?" asked Jane.

"Why not," replied Jackie.

"O.K. Since we all want it, it's decided," said Florence. Just then Ellen returned.

"Well, you don't have to decide it now," she said.

"Oh no, we decided that we want it," said Florence.

"Good."

"Do we get to keep the phone?" asked Jackie.

"Yes."

"How much is the deposit?" asked Jane.

"One month's deposit."

"That seems fair," said Florence.

"Yeah," said Jackie and Jane in unison.

Now that they were all decided, they said their goodbyes and went back to the car. Florence invited them to supper, but none of them had too much time remaining, so they went to her house for some coffee and cake. After the snack, Florence drove them home.

Jackie was home by 5:30. Her parents came in at 6:00.

"Hello," said her mother.

"Hi," answered Jackie.

"What have you done all day?" asked her father.

"Oh, I studied a lot."

"Studied? But your finals are over, aren't they?"

"Yes, but I just felt like studying."

"O.K., but you didn't do anything in the house. Look at this mess."

"John did that, mom."

"You didn't do the dishes, either."

"Oh, but that's so little. I'll do them now."

"And you didn't even start dinner."

"You didn't tell me to, mom."

"I didn't think I had to. For once, I figured you'd start it without me telling you. Do I have to tell you what to do all the time?"

"No, mom."

"How about you, John?" He was just coming from one of the rooms. "Look at that mess."

"Don't worry. I'm going to use those books. I just went to the bathroom."

"I don't need to know when you go to the bathroom."

"Your mother is right," began her father. "We work like slaves all day while you two do nothing. What do I have for children . . . a couple of lazy bums?"

"No, dad," John answered.

"What do you mean no. We sure as hell do, the way this house looks."

Jackie was now by the sink, washing the dishes.

"And look at all these dresses on the bed," the father yelled from the bedroom. "Jackie!"

"Yes, dad?" Jackie ran into the bedroom from the kitchen.

"Why do you have to leave your clothes all over the house, may I ask?"

"I don't have any clothes laying around, dad."

"Bullshit," he said. "What is this?" He picked up a dress and

threw it in her face. "And this and this?" He threw a couple more dresses at her.

"They're not mine. They're mom's dresses."

"Oh . . . Naomi, Naomi!" He went to the kitchen. "You should see all the dresses in there. Why don't you put them away?"

"Because I didn't have time to this morning, that's why."

Jackie was standing behind her father.

"Y'hear, Jackie? Your mother don't have time. Put them away!" He grabbed her by her hair and pushed her back into the bedroom.

"Owwwwwwww!"

"Shut the hell up! Just put them away!"

Jackie picked up every single blouse and dress and hung them in the closet. There was a whole pile of them and she took a long time, still trying to fight back tears. When she was finished with that, she went back to the kitchen and continued to wash the dishes her brother had used. He was in the living room, studying from his books. When Jackie finished the dishes, she went to the living room and turned on the TV. It was night-off from her work and she wanted to enjoy it. It seemed her parents weren't going to let her.

"Jackie!"

"Yes, mom?"

"Turn off that fuckin' TV and help me here!"

"Yes, mom," Jackie said disappointedly. She turned off the TV and went back to the kitchen.

"Get me an onion."

Jackie opened the refrigerator and took one out.

"Here, mom."

"Peel it."

She peeled it. "There," and she gave it to her mother and stood there, waiting for the next order. Her mother was quiet and she got impatient, so Jackie walked away to the living room to get a cigaret.

"Jackie, don't run away."

"I'm coming right back, mom." She came back with her cigaret and stood up for another ten minutes. Then she sat down.

"Why are you sitting down? Come here and help me!"

Preparing supper with her mother was always like this. Jackie loved to cook, but not like her mother. And when Jackie cooked she wanted to cook alone.

"What were you studying today?"

"Music."

"Music? I don't call that studying."

"Well mom, I decided to go into it seriously. I mean . . . I'm going to major in music."

"You what?"

"You heard it right."

Her father came running into the kitchen, yelling "You what? Did I hear you say . . .?"

"Yes, dad."

"But why?"

"Listen. I tried going into medicine like you wanted me to, dad, but I couldn't take it. I tried going into physics like you wanted me to, mom, and I like physics and I love astronomy, but I can't handle the math. So I've decided to go into something I wanted. And music is my choice."

"Well, it's sure a poor choice, Jackie," said her mother.

"What sort of music do you intend to go into?" asked her father.

"Voice. You've heard me singing."

"What? A singer?"

"I can TEACH voice, mom. Like I was going to teach

physics, I can teach music and voice, too. It's the same profession, but just a different subject. The pay is the same, if that's what you're worried about."

"Yes. But it's so . . . so vulgar. I wanted something more for you."

"What do you mean 'so vulgar,' mom. Last month you were so proud that your nephew, Tony, is going to be a maestro. That's music, too."

"Sure, that's fine for him. But not for MY kids."

There was a long, silent pause. "I know why you chose music. You did it because of Jane," said her mother.

"Jane?"

"Yes. She was a music major. Thanks to her you got yourself in that summer play."

"Mom, she advised me against taking music."

"Why would she do that?" asked her father.

"Because she gave up music. It was too hard. Not only that, you have to take fifty million courses for one credit each."

"Bullshit."

No one said anything more about it. Jackie really didn't care what they thought about it anyway. But how was she going to tell them that in one week she would be out of the house and they would be out of her life?

It was Sunday and Jackie woke up early to meet Jake. She took a long, hot bath, washed and blow-dried her hair and really pampered herself. Everyone else in the house was asleep, so she didn't have any interruptions. She decided to wear a dress, since it was the first time she was going to visit Jake's parents, and she wanted to make a good impression. Her parents knew that she was going out, so she left at 8:30.

She took three buses and a ferry to get to Manhattan. It was an unseasonably warm day, sunny and springlike—49 degrees. The weather made her feel good. Whenever it was warm her whole being glowed, her eyes were brighter and her cheeks turned a brighter shade of pink. She knew this always happened, but Jake didn't and he would be very surprised when he saw her. He was waiting for her when she walked out of the terminal at South Ferry. She saw his pale yellow car and immediately ran to it and got inside. As she sat down, she turned at Jake and kissed him affectionately. Then they stared at each other for a few moments.

"Good morning!" she said, with a big smile.

"Good morning!"

"Why are you staring at me like that?"

"You look different. What have you done to yourself, put on different makeup?"

"No. You wouldn't believe what it is, even if I told you."

"I'll believe you. Tell me."

"It's the weather. I feel Spring in the air. The temperature is warm, too, and that alone makes me look better."

"Spring? You're definitely crazy. It can't be, not in the beginning of February." He started the car.

"Maybe you're right, but you can't deny the Spring feeling in the air."

"True, True. How are things with you?"

"The same as usual."

"You look a little worried to me."

"How do you always see through me? . . . I am."

"Why?"

"I'm worried about meeting your parents."

"Don't worry about it. I think everything's under control. But I can understand how you feel. I'm a little nervous, too!"

They were silent for a moment. Jackie looked out the window and enjoyed the view. Then she turned towards him. She felt uneasy with the silence and knew there was a reason for it.

"Y'know, you seem nervous. Why are you so quiet today, anyhow?"

"I was just thinking. Well, I'm worried about you moving out."

"Well, Jake, I guess I never really wanted to talk about it. But the truth is that my parents are weird. I honestly think my father is crazy. I want to lead my own life. I'm twenty-one. Sometimes I want to travel on my own, go places with friends or have parties over at my house, with lots of people having fun. Sometimes I would like to sleep over at a friend's house and maybe even live just a plain normal life, like most other people can. But if I continue to live with them, I won't be able to. They don't let me do anything. My whole life is nothing but school and home and occasionally going out somewhere, but I have to be back before nine in the evening. It's not my life I'm leading, it's theirs."

"But do you think you're going to solve your problems by leaving? You won't have money to travel then, not to mention that you're gonna be sweating to get some bread. School is gonna go down the drain right right away. And you're gonna have to watch out for the people you know. Who knows? Maybe you'll go the wrong way in life, if you know what I mean."

"I don't think you know me that well yet, Jake. You think I'm going to turn into a vulgar woman or something?"

"Perish the thought, but it might be possible."

"Oh Jake, that's silly."

"I hope you're right."

Jake stopped the car in front of his house. As he pulled up, his mother was looking out of the window. Jake and Jackie didn't talk anymore about the subject. But Jackie knew why he was worried now—it wasn't about her meeting his parents. He was afraid of losing her.

Jackie didn't tell him about the 'partment. She was afraid. "I'll tell him tomorrow," she thought.

Meeting his parents wasn't as bad as she thought. They were very nice and pleasant to her. Jake drove her home. She got back at 9:00. Her parents were there when she walked in.

"Is that you at the door, Jackie?" asked her mother.

"Yes, mother."

"You're really sneaky, aren't you?"

"What? What do you mean?"

"You know very well what I mean. Sneaking out of the house early in the morning without even waking us up. All you ever do is go out and you never do anything in the house."

"Hold it! But you knew I was going out, we had agreed . . ."

"Yes! But it's nine o'clock at night! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" said her father, who just walked into the living room.

"What's wrong with nine o'clock?"

"You left the house before nine this morning! That means that you've been out of the house for over twelve hours!"

"But I haven't seen Jake in a very long time," Jackie pleaded.

"You're going to see him tomorrow."

"No I'm not. I've got straight classes all day and he has to leave early."

"You might as well not see him again. I don't want you to see him anymore. You've been going out with him for too long."

"Father, how the hell are you going to keep me from seeing him?"

He slapped her hard across the face, leaving a red mark on her cheek.

"You do what I tell you for as long as you're living with me."

If I find out that you're still going out with him, I'll lock you in this house permanently."

Jackie felt like telling him that she was moving, but she was afraid of being beaten up again. The phone rang.

"Hello," answered her mother. "Yes. Just a minute. It's for you." She gave the phone to Jackie.

"Hello . . . O.K. . . . and you? . . . Already?"

"Yes, I have everything here. When are you coming?" said Florence.

"I don't know. Things are rough."

"You didn't tell them yet?"

"No. I couldn't."

"Well, when are you going to?"

"Maybe tonight."

"O.K., I'll let you go. By the way, if you tell them tonight, when do you move?"

"I don't know yet!" she said impatiently.

"O.K. Bye, sis."

"Bye."

"Who was that?" demanded her mother.

"Florence."

"What did she want?"

"Something about school."

"Yeah, I'll bet. What do you mean by 'things are rough.'?"

"She wanted to see me tomorrow, but I have a rough, busy day of work."

"Now you heard what I said before," said her father. "I meant it, so you listen."

"Sure, daddy," Jackie said with a sick smile.

They all went to sleep. Jackie decided that she was too scared to tell them about her leaving, but she wasn't afraid to run away. Everything else was ready. She had switched jobs and half of her clothing and belongings were in the new apartment. As soon as everything was quiet in the house, she got up and lit a candle. She went to her closet and took out two suitcases and her big pocketbook. She put her remaining clothing in them, along with notebooks, school textbooks and a couple of stuffed animals she had. She stuffed the suitcases under her bed. Then she wrote a note to her brother.

DEAR JOHN,

I'VE DECIDED TO LEAVE TONIGHT. I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT. I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN AT THE DRAMA CLUB IN SCHOOL, BUT PROMISE ME THAT YOU'LL NOT TELL MOMMY OR DADDY WHERE I AM OR ANYTHING. HIDE THIS LETTER. BETTER YET, DESTROY IT. LOVE, JACKIE.

She folded the letter and slowly walked into his room. He was already fast asleep. She closed the door and quietly turned on the desk lamp. She stuck the letter in his wallet and left a piece sticking out so that he would see it in the morning. As soon as she did that, she turned off the light and crept back to her room. She changed and put the rest of her clothes in the suitcases. She blew out the candle and carried everything downstairs. She opened the door and stepped out. Out into freedom.

She woke up at seven in the morning, tired and confused. She meditated for a while. Stared up at the ceiling. Last night was rough. After she left the house, she walked to the corner phone booth and called up Florence. Forty-five minutes later she spotted Florence in her car and they both went to the apartment. Since she hadn't bought the new bed yet, she slept on the sofa-bed.

She felt sick. "Why do I feel this way?" she thought. "I know it isn't my fault. My father's a bastard. but I'm worried about mom. She's going to suffer, all because of that bastard . . ."

"Jackie!"

"Yes Jane, I'm awake."

"You look sad. Are you o.k.?"

"Yeah. I'm just worried about mom . . ."

"It's too late to worry now, Jackie. You've chosen your life and it's better to live it all the way."

The bell rang. It was Jimmy, Florence's boyfriend. He had long and wizzy brown hair, parted in the middle of his head, and he wore a pair of patched blue jeans and a faded blue denim jacket. "Typical hippie," Jackie thought.

Florence walked into the living room with a sleepy look in her eyes, hair all over her face and her pink flannel gown in disarray.

"Oh shit, I'm tired," she said.

"What did you do last night, kid?" said Jimmy.

"Well, I drove this girl here at one in the morning," she said, pointing to Jackie.

"Oh, so this is Jackie," said Jimmy.

"Yes, I am. How are you?" said Jackie.

"Life's treating me fine. How are you?"

"O.K., I guess."

"I'm gonna prepare breakfast," said Florence. Jane followed her into the kitchen and Jimmy was left alone with Jackie.

"I don't really think I'm hungry," said Jackie.

"Oh, come on!" said Jimmy. He sat down next to her on the sofa. "You have your life to live, so enjoy it."

"I know, but I don't feel good about what I've done. I'm afraid . . . Well, it's my mother's health that I'm worried about."

"Don't worry about it. When I moved out a year ago, I thought my old lady was going to kick the bucket any minute. She had heart trouble. Even though she suffered a lot mentally, she got used to the idea of me not being around and is still in perfect health."

"That's good. I just hope my mother's the same way."

"Like I said, try to enjoy your new life. Worrying ain't gonna help you any. If you don't plan to see them again you'll never know what happened and you'll be worrying yourself for the rest of your life."

"Yeah, you're right. I chose to have things this way, let me enjoy it while I can. Thanks, Jimmy."

"Yeah, sure. Anytime."

"I think we better eat some breakfast and get going," said Jackie.

"Far out idea!"

Jimmy drove Jackie to her swimming class at the 'Y' and then took the other two girls to school. Jackie really did have a busy day and didn't see John or Jake at all. She didn't dare go into the Drama Club, because that was a sure place for her father to go to look for her. After finishing her last class, she went back to the apartment and called up-the DRAMA CLUB.

"Hello, Drama Club," someone answered.

"Who is this, please?"

"Liz."

"Oh hi, this is Jackie."

"Jackie! How are you?"

"O.K. . . . Is Jake around?"

"No. He left. But he was looking for you."

"Do you know if he went home?"

"No, but I'd assume that he did. He got a phone call a while ago, got very upset and then just left."

"Did you see John?"

"No. I don't think that he was in school today."

"He wasn't?"

"No. I didn't see him at all. Is there anything wrong?"

"Uh . . . no . . . I don't think so. If you see Jake tomorrow . . . no, never mind. Just don't tell anyone you heard from me."

"Yeah, O.K."

"Bye."

"Yeah, so long."

Jackie hung up the phone slowly. Then she dialed Jake's number.

"Hello?" a heavily accented female voice answered.

"Hello. Mrs. Williams?"

"Yes."

"This is Jackie."

"Oh. Hello dear. How are you?"

"O.K., and you?"

"Fine, Fine."

"Did Jake get home yet?"

"No. In fact, he called up about five minutes ago and said he was going to be late. Maybe he won't even be home tonight, he said."

"Oh"

"Is there anything wrong, dear?"

". . . No. I had a busy day and just didn't get a chance to see him. Did he say WHY he was going to be late?"

"No, he didn't."

"O.K., O.K. . . . Thank you, Mrs. Williams."

"Do you want to leave a message?"

"No, that's o.k. Maybe I'll call up later to see if he got home."

"O.K., bye dear."

"Bye, bye," Jackie hung up. This was getting more confusing for her by the minute. She decided to call home. She cautiously dialed the number and put her hand over the receiver.

"Hello?"

"Who is this?" she whispered.

"John."

"Don't repeat my name. This is Jackie."

"Oh"

"You can't talk?"

"No, not really."

"Gee, it's only four. What the hell are they doing home already?"

"They didn't go to work."

"Did you go to school?"

"No."

"Is mom alright?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Can you get out of the house?"

"Maybe. I'll try."

"Listen, in case they ask, tell them that this is some guy from school."

"Who is it? asked someone in the background.

"It's Joe, ma Yeah, go on."

"Good. Tell her that Joe owes you money and that you're gonna pick it up, while he still has it."

"O.K., that sounds good."

"She gives an awful lot of importance to money."

"Yeah, I know."

"Meet me at Jeanne's Place."

"The old hang out, eh?"

"Yeah, the one we used to go to during high school."

"O.K., but what time?"

"As soon as possible. I'll be there in about an hour."

"There's a problem, though."

"What."

"Well, someone is coming over here."

"Not Jake?"

"Yeah."

"I can't do anything about that. Don't wait for him, whatever you do."

"Right."

"Bye."

"See ya."

She hung up and ran out as soon as she put on her coat. She just caught the bus in time. It was a quarter to five when she got to the coffee shop. Jeanne recognized her immediately.

"What are you doing around here, Jackie? I haven't seen you in years."

"Yeah, I know. How are you?"

"Fine. And you?"

"O.K., I guess."

"Good. Make yourself comfortable." She sat down in the last booth in the back corner and ordered a hot chocolate. About five John came in with Jake.

"Hi, Jackie."

"Hi, John. Hi, Jake."

"Hi," Jake said, with a look of disappointment.

"Just as I left the house, Jake was coming, so he came along, too," explained John.

"Well, why don't you two sit down?" said Jackie.

There was a moment of silence after they sat down. Each party seemed to be waiting for the other party to start the conversation.

"Well," Jackie finally said, "Tell me what happened."

"I read your letter," John began, "Anyway, first they woke up. Mom went into the living room at six in the morning and screamed when she saw no one there. Pop woke up, ran into the room, and was shocked, too. Mom cried for a long time. I walked away, but I spotted the paper in my wallet and went into the bathroom to read it. Don't worry, I got rid of it. I flushed it down the john. When I came out, mom started screaming at me and tried to get me to tell her where you were. Dad got real mad when I told her I didn't know. We had a fist fight. Mom was totally hysterical. When he finally gave up on beating me, everything got pretty quiet. He called the police, but they refused to do anything because you're over twenty-one. Then he called the Drama Club, but they hadn't seen you. He called up all of your friends that he had the number for. He called Florence's house but noone was home. He didn't have the number for Jane's house. He wants to find you badly and he just might be successful. He's going to try the shopping center tonight, but he doesn't know that you've quit that job."

"Oh shit But mom is alright?"

"Yeah. No heart attacks."

"Why Jackie?" said Jake finally.

"I told you yesterday, Jake. What I didn't tell you was that when I got home last night he threatened to lock me up in the house if I didn't break up with you."

"Where are you staying at now?" asked John.

"If I tell you that, both of you have to swear not to tell anyone."

"Don't worry, I won't," said John. "I might move out myself."

"O.K., Jackie, I'm not going to say a word, either. I don't want to lose you now."

"Alright. I'll write it down." She did.

"I suggest that you call the police and have them put a watch on you. They'll be on your side anyway."

"Yeah. I hope Jake doesn't open his big mouth." Jake was in the phone booth making a call.

"He won't," said Jackie.

At that point, Jake came out of the phone booth. He still looked depressed.

"Oh, Jake. Cheer up, will you."

"I'm not sad," Jake said. "It's just the effect of the shock."

"Where are you going to sleep tonight?"

"I don't know. Maybe I'll go home."

"Ah, the hell with that. Why don't you sleep over at my place?"

"Huh? What are the other girls going to say?"

"Oh, they won't mind. I'll call them up." She called up and they didn't mind. Jackie and Jake left John sitting there in the booth, but they didn't go over to the apartment house right away. They went to a fairly fancy restaurant for supper. They finally came to the house at 11:30.

It had been four months since she had moved. She knew that her father had tried many times to find her but never could catch her. He went to the Drama Club, but she never went there again. He tried her job many times, but she switched them before he could find out where she was. He called up Florence's house, but her mother knows what was going on and never said a word. Jane's parents were impossible to find anyway and he didn't know her last name or where she used to live. A few times he came very close to spotting her, but Jackie would see him first and hide from him. Jackie did keep in contact with John, who was moving himself, in several weeks. So far, her mother was fine.

Jackie's life had changed quite a bit. She had managed to graduate in May, which her parent's didn't know. She had a full-time job in a private club as a lifeguard. She was also a singer for a group and had bookings with them, twice a month. Whenever she didn't have any work on Saturday nights the three girls would hold parties. Saturday mornings were spent playing tennis and Sundays involved water skiing. It was now June. She didn't have too many chances to see Jake anymore, who was working at a hamburger joint in Brooklyn.

It was a rainy Saturday and she was tanning herself under a sunlamp, when the phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Jackie?"

"Yeah, hi John. How are you?"

"Fine. Listen, Daddy is getting desperate. Mom got sick about two hours ago and was rushed to the hospital. Pop says he's gonna find you no matter what."

"If he did find me, what could he do? The police say that he can't do nothing."

"Be on the watch for him, though, he might get violent."

"Great. Thanks for telling me."

"I got to go now. See ya."

"Yeah. Bye." She hung up. While she was talking on the phone, Jake came over. She opened the door.

"Hello, love."

"Hello, honey. What was the conversation about?"

"John tells me my father is going to find me no matter what. And mom is sick . . . Oh shit! Why can't things work out for once?"

"They will. Don't worry . . . Why don't we go out?"

"Yeah. Where do you want to go?"

"We could go see a movie."

"That sounds nice. I'll prepare lunch first."

She made him lunch and they talked for a while. As it turned out, the rain stopped by one o'clock, and they decided to go to the park on their bikes, instead of the movies. After the long ride, they put their bikes against a tree and walked around.

"Oh Jake, I'm tired."

"So am I, but it doesn't bother me too much."

"Let's rest," Jackie said, as she threw herself on the grass. She rolled down the hill for a while, finally stopping. Then she just lay still for a moment, looking up at the sky and the trees that shaded her.

"Y'know Jake, I wish I was a little bird, so I could fly up there. It's so beautiful!"

"I wouldn't like that."

"Why?"

"Because then you could fly away from me."

"Oh, don't be silly. You could be a bird, too. Couldn't you?" He didn't answer. "Jake . . . Jake! What's the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing . . ."

"What is it?"

"I just had this cold feeling that went through me. I felt as if I was going to lose you very soon."

"Oh, don't be silly. Come here, next to me." He laid himself next to her. She kissed him on the lips. "Now, how can you lose me?"

"I don't know. With your newly found freedom, you might meet someone else and leave me."

"I promise I won't leave you, Jake. You know I love you. Believe me, I love you."

"I love you too, Jackie. I want you forever."

"I want you forever, too, Jake."

"No, but I really mean it."

"So do I."

"You don't understand. I want you to be my wife."

"What?!?!?! . . . Do . . . Do you really mean that?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Jake . . . I don't know what to say."

"Well, do you accept it or not?"

"Accept what?"

"The proposal, my dear."

"Oh, but of course! . . . Jake, I'm the happiest person in the whole world! . . . Oh Jake!"

"You accept it? You really want to be my wife?"

"Yes Jake. I'm all yours." They embraced passionately. "At last things are working my way," she thought. "At last I'm happy. Oh Lord, thank you. I'll do anything to thank you for the happiness of this moment." She closed her eyes and felt the sun shining on her face. But suddenly the sun went away. There was someone standing over her. She opened her eyes. It was her father. He looked angry, terribly angry.

"How is life treating you, my dear?" he said.

"Oh no!" Jackie gasped. She and Jake sat up. Jake was still holding her, like a child holding a toy.

"How did you find me?"

"It was easy. I threatened Florence's mother with this." He pulled a gun out of his jacket. "I also went over to your apartment and threatened Florence with it. She wouldn't tell me where you were. But Jane accidentally let the secret out . . . Don't worry, it hasn't been used yet."

"What are you going to do with me? You can't kill me. You're my father."

"Father? No, I'm not your father. Because you're not my

daughter anymore, you're a criminal. My wife nearly died because of you, and I'm going to kill you for that, nothing more."

"I don't think you have the guts to kill your own daughter," said Jake.

"I said, she isn't my daughter. My daughter is as good as dead to me. This is an insane girl sitting there. Right now, my daughter would be full of gratification for all I have done for her, in her twenty-one years of life!"

"Look mister, I'm your daughter, whether you like it or not. If you think that there's anything wrong with her, it's all your fuckin' fault."

"Bullshit, woman. I have been the best father in the world . . ."

"Hold it right there, mister." A cop appeared from behind the trees. It was Leroy. Jackie stopped crying and spotted him.

"Leroy, don't shoot my father. Please." Just as Leroy was about to answer her, her father turned all of a sudden and shot at his legs. Leroy shot back and a couple of shots hit her father. As he fell, he pulled the trigger with both hands and shot Jackie in the heart. Jake became hysterical.

"Jackie! Jackie! No . . . No! Don't die! . . . My God, don't let her die!"

"Jake! Hold me tight, please . . . please." He held her in his arms. "I want to tell you something . . . I believe in a life after death. I'm saying this because I know I am badly hurt. I know I'm going to die. Look, if it does exist, I'll be waiting for you there. I'll be your wife in our future life." She coughed heavily.

"No, Jackie! I can't live without you!"

"Please Jake, live. Live no matter what, live for me if you want to, but enjoy life. Oh Jake, I loved you so . . ." She became limp.

Jake knelt there for a few minutes. Holding her in his arms, he cried and kept mumbling, "I love you, Jackie. Don't die, don't die."

Leroy was on his feet, limping a little and bleeding from his right leg. He walked over to the two.

"Come on, Jake. There's no more we can do. She's gone forever. Let her enjoy her final rest." Jake put Jackie's body down and stood up.

"How did you know where we were?" Jake asked.

"Well, as soon as her father left Florence's house, her mother called us up. We went over to the apartment and then here . . . Hey look, I'll give you a ride home."

"No. That's o.k. Thanks anyway, but I'd rather walk."

"Ya, sure. Do what you feel is best. Jake . . . I'm sorry."

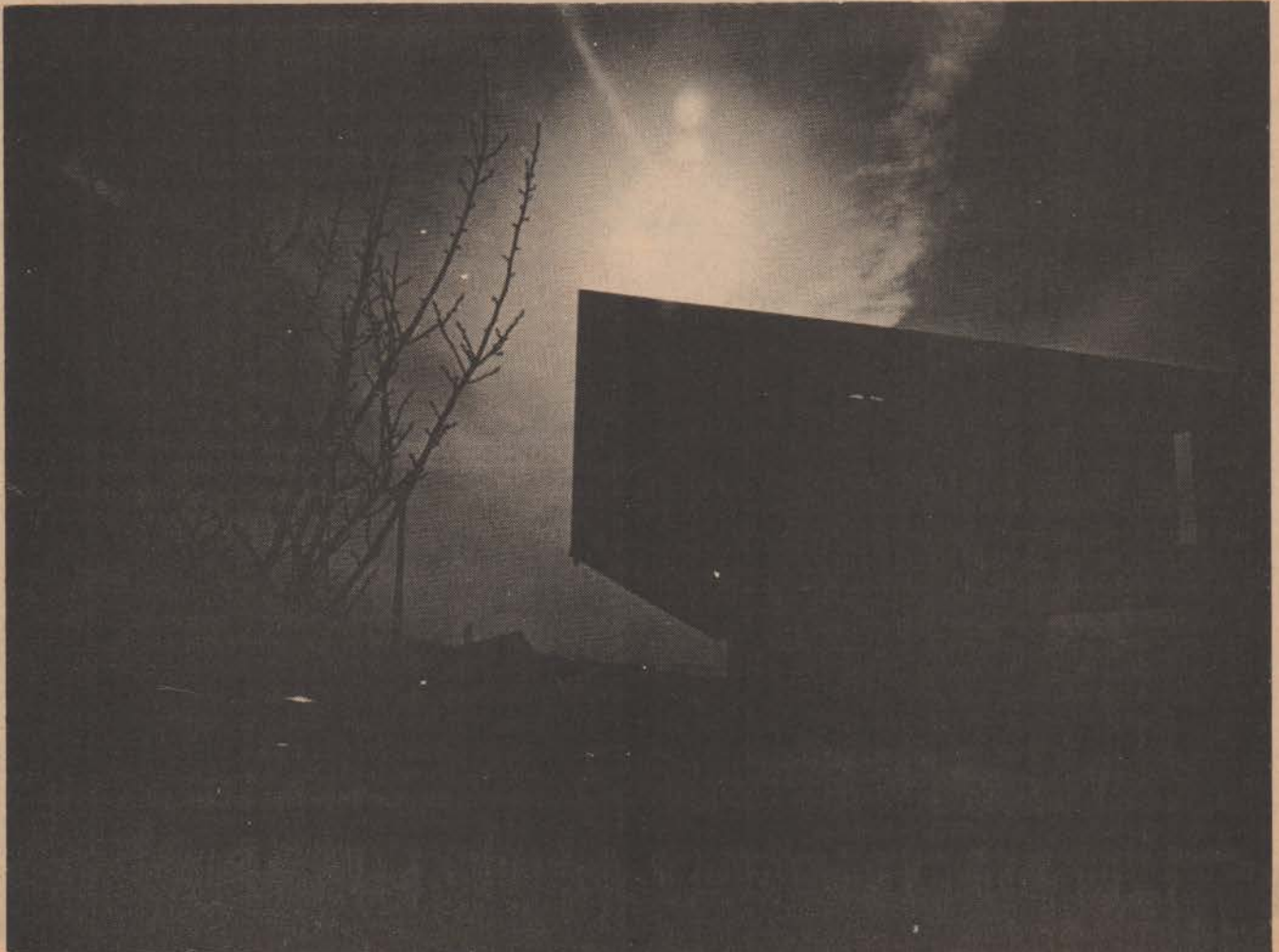
"Thanks. Take it easy, Leroy."

"So long."

Jake knelt next to Jackie and kissed her on the lips.

"Goodbye, my love," he said, crying uncontrollably. He stood up again and started walking towards the woods just as the rest of the police were appearing at the scene.

"Why . . . Why, my God . . . Why did it have to happen? She had everything to live for. I would've given her everything. She was going to be my wife. Oh, God, God . . . Why?" He looked back at the place where Jackie was killed, now lit up by flashing lights. "I'll never forget you, Jackie. I'll never love again. Just wait for me. I love you."





“ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN”

By MARK G. ZAWADA

Space is a vast, infinite vacuum where planets, moons and asteroids revolve and rotate around their Sun in the Solar System, the Milky Way. The nuclear space ship, ATHENA, has been travelling twenty weeks or 140 days at twenty miles per second towards the planet Mars. Our mission is to explore the Sabaeus Sinus near the doldrums. The Sabaeus Sinus is the dark region of the planet Mars.

There is an astronautical crew consisting of four men on the ship. Each assigned man has a responsibility in his field to guide the ATHENA to Mars. Introducing the crew, there is Skip, the captain, who helped to construct the Athena and planned the expedition to Mars; Jim, a mechanic and communications specialist; Leonard, an astronomer; and myself, a photographer and research technician. In the ship we have at least a dozen computers, each serving a purpose and a need for our mission. In the next room there are four glass caskets for the human body. These caskets are used for prolonged journeys. These so-called glass caskets are computerized, timed and temperature controlled for suspension of the body. There are electronic, lighted counters for fuel, time, time began and time elapsed.

As we traveled toward Mars, Skip would have his doubts about our destination. He would press a button, which immediately lights up and gives the following information:

MARS: SEVENTH LARGEST PLANET

NAMED AFTER THE GOD OF WAR
DISTANCE FROM THE SUN: 156 MILLION MILES
APHELION: 155 MILLION MILES



PERIHELION: 128 MILLION MILES
DISTANCE FROM EARTH: 35 MILLION MILES
LENGTH OF YEAR: 387 EARTH DAYS
AVERAGE ORBITAL SPEED: 15 mps
ROTATION PERIOD: 24 HOURS, 37 MINUTES
TILT OF AXIS: 25 DEGREES
DIAMETER OF MARS: 4,200 MILES

TEMPERATURES:

(1) DAY: -10 degree fahrenheit equals -23 degree centigrade
(2) NIGHT: -150 degree fahrenheit equals -101 degree centigrade
ATMOSPHERE: .15 LBS-SQUARE INCH (SIMILAR TO EARTH'S IN SOME RESPECTS)

GASES:

CO₂ CARBON DIOXIDE
N₂ NITROGEN
Ar ARGON
H₂O WATER VAPOR
? $\frac{3}{8}$ OZONE

IMPORTANT FACTORS:

ONE equals EARTH
ONE equals WATER
 $\frac{1}{8}$ equals MASS
4.0 equals DENSITY
3-8 EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL PULL equals WEIGHT
NUMBER OF SATELLITES OR MOONS: TWO (2) PHOBOS, DEIMOS

After the information was given the board would turn black as if it was never turned on. Today was 127, 17:45 earth time (Eastern Standard Time). James and I went to the gym for our daily workout. Our daily workout consisted of:

- 20 jumping jacks
- 15 pushups
- 15 situps
- ten minutes of stationary cycling
- three minutes of jumping rope.

Skip and Leonard would stay in the control room for calculations. Leonard would begin by calculating how far the ATHENA was from Mars and Skip would check the automatic pilot. Then Skip and Leonard would compute the figures into the memory bank of the UniTape as a diary. The computer would record the data and send a duplicate tape to the permanent files.

Day 177, 08:15 am. The crew gets up and has breakfast and while the three of us eat, Leonard checks with the automatic pilot. Leonard observes that the planet Mars can be seen with the naked eye. Both North and South Polar Caps can be determined by their snowy, white craters and frozen canals.

Within 76 hours we entered Mar's slight gravitational pull. Retrojets are fired and the ATHENA is completely stopped. At 14:36, Day 179, the crew assembles for instructions. Skip arranges the crew in the proper positions. Leonard would stay in the command ship, while Jim, Skip and I would go to the Martian surface.

I would help Jim set up the equipment, while Skip explores in a twenty-one point-seven (21.7) foot radius. Meanwhile,

Leonard, in the command ship ATHENA, would send communications to Mother Earth. "This is Leonard Moore of the Spaceship ATHENA to N.A.S.A. -- Headquarters, do you copy me?," said Leonard. For every question, it would take five and one tenth seconds for Earth to receive the message. Suddenly a clear voice came over the receiver and the computer automatically began to tape all conversations made between Earth and the space ship ATHENA.

"This is N.A.S.A. HQ. How is Mars? And was your trip a safe one?...Over, L.M."

"This is L.M., we had a pleasant trip and Mars is a bloody mess from 129 miles above the surface." Suddenly Skip interrupted.

"This is United States Sabaous Sinus Station Number One, ground control reporting. All calm, camera will be sending pictures in three minutes."

"We'll be waiting, Station USSS Number One. L.M., could you clarify the description of Mars, 10 - 4."

The camera started working and began probing the area with its one eye and photographic memory. During the next twelve hours, Jim, Skip and I built a foundation for station Number One. It was easier to work because the gravitational pull was only three-eighths of the Earth's. We were able to work twice as fast and would not tire so easily. Jim was always stationed by the radio.

The next day we had the foundation completed and one quarter of the dome finished. N.A.S.A. radioed in and commented about our progress. Skip told N.A.S.A. that water was available, but not much. I took samples and performed simple tests on each sample. I found out that some soil and cosmic dust could produce life. Within the next day-and-a-half we completed the dome and set up three other cameras. All cameras were fit with 1000 millimeter zoom lens. The atmosphere of Mars is .15, whereas the Earth's is 14.7 pounds per square inch, also meaning that man could live four times as long on Mars as he would on Earth.

Day 182, 13:29. Skip found an unusual rock, that weighed four-and-one-half pounds, Earth Weight. Immediately I began tests and told Jim to radio N.A.S.A. about the find. In the background, while I was testing the rock, I heard N.A.S.A. ask for any immediate results. We only had eight days or 192 hours to start back to Earth.

Day 183, 08:00 am we had breakfast and our daily workout. Jim contacted Leonard.

"Station USSS Number One is ready to leave Sabaous Sinus and return to the Mother Ship, ATHENA." Before we left, Skip placed the United States flag and collected more samples of rock and soil near the water vapors. I sealed the samples in a vacuum so they would not be affected by the artificial atmosphere we created for our benefit. At 12:01:42, we blasted off the surface of Mars to join the Athena.

After we joined the Mother Ship, we wasted no time in returning to Earth. While Leonard and Skip enjoyed the stars, I began to test some of the soil. I began to scan the samples with the infrared red and ultra yellow light of the Blitz computer. I waited a few minutes and pressed a button for the results. The board lit up and read:

Co 2 48percent
N 2 23percent
O 3 19percent
H 2 10percent

TOTAL 100percent

H 2O, H 2O 2, HNO 3, CO, Co 2, NO 2

Carbon Dioxide, Nitrogen, Ozone and Hydrogen -- all gases that were in the soil. The computer also gave the percentage and different combinations of chemical bondings. With these combinations, life could exist on Mars as well as Earth.

Day 199, we are making our final orbit around Mars to gain speed and lose the gravitational pull of Mars, thus giving us a

chance to gain velocity from centrifugal force to give an extra push towards home.

Within days 200 and 214, I tested the samples of the rocks and soil. I noted that the artificial atmosphere made the rock crack every time I examined it. The soil gained weight, which reduced my calculations and computers to the level of trial and error when the results were completed. The cosmic rock is measured in area by an air-gram scale. This particular computer will measure any rock or any objects in area by volume and pressure. While the measurement is being made, the computer will register a picture on the board. The computer has two boards, each one of a different structure, inside and out. At the same time, the computer will analyze what the substance is composed of. The elements are on another board with different compounds. The board read:

CA - is needed for plantlife with Earth's atmosphere.

Au, N2, O2, H2O vapor and a small amount of O3.

Another test was made by using the UltraSonic Infrared Radar Scanner. The rock is placed inside a vacuum tight compartment where the test begins. The computers scan the substance or substances using ultra-sonic sound waves. These highly-pitched sound waves make a drawing on an electronic lamp board and a piece of paper for reference. This test gives me an idea how to solve any problem referring to its structure.

After scanning, I discovered that there was something inside of this cosmic rock. Every two hours I had a test performed and noted that this unknown interior substance was increasing in size by 3.15 microns-centimeters squared.

As I rested for the next day, I dreamt that I was in Jules Verne's submarine, NAUTILUS, traveling through the Seven Seas of Earth, searching for treasures. The ATHENA traveled very smoothly through the Solar System. Suddenly, my dream was interrupted by a warning signal. This warning signal was not part of a dream and it told us that we were approaching a cosmic storm. We confirmed the position of the storm by our laser-maser radar. The particles were dense and their size ranged from two microns to one-eighth-of-an-inch in diameter. As we entered the cosmic storm, it reminded me of the hail storms on Earth, only this one was more spectacular! After the storm, the results to my experiments were not worth remembering any more, for the cosmic particles had damaged the retro-beam rockets of the ATHENA. Immediately Jim and Skip went to the damaged areas.

They radioed Earth and said that the damage done was created by the cosmic storm and an unknown fungus. We notified N.A.S.A. HQ that we would have some delay and to plan for another future landing. While Jim and Skip were trying to repair the retro-beams, Jim noticed that the trouble went to the nuclear source, the turbo rods, that generated the ship's electricity. This meant that repairs would take longer and require extra care. The rods and the turbo generator were covered with an unknown fungus.

After the excitement died down, I went back to my experiments that I had started before I took my nap. I noted that the tests were taken accurately, but the size of the samples had increased by 2,147.4 microns per centimeter squared! The rock was so large in volume and density that the fiberplex container began to crack because of the intense pressure. The soil also increased in size, to my knowledge, from the small amount of radiation from the cosmic storm. A mutation had occurred. This mutation that occurred in the rocks and soil could be beneficial or dangerous to mankind and the animal world. I wrote down the two sides of this dilemma:

MAN BENEFITTED BY SOIL:

- Would be able to turn desert into fertile land,
- Since land would become more fertile, it would be possible to grow more plantlife,
- Could also build more apartments and houses for the growing population.



DANGEROUS TO MANKIND AND THE ANIMAL WORLD:

a) The source of growth is still experimental, may be dangerous to the human body on Earth's soil and atmosphere,

b) For plantlife to exist, Ca would be needed

1) CA is costly over vast areas

2) This natural resource (Ca) would be placed out of existence

3) Would the plantlife healthful to humans and animals instead be harmful?

c) Experiments on humans would be immoral and unsafe

1) If experimentation was performed on a human, could this human turn into a talking time bomb for the human and animal world?

Before Jim and Skip would retire into the spaceship itself, they would take a shower. The shower did not work with water. Instead, multi-chroma-spectra rays are used. These rays proved to be harmless to the human body but dangerous to any virus. The rays conserve water and keeps the shower room clean and sterile for the next person.

Days 242-261. During experimentation with the samples, I discovered that each of the samples grew in size and there was a necessity for Nitrogen, water vapor and small amounts of Ozone. In return, the samples would not require any carbon dioxide. (CO₂)

I took more interest in the rock and still wondered what was in the circular sub-atomic aurorian sphere and if it would benefit mankind. I ran the rock through the infrared Radar System. The scanning showed the structural view and composition of the rock. On another board it also showed the circular aurorian sphere. I continued my experiments with the rock and the strange sphere inside of it. I examined the microscopic fungus particles and noticed that there were ultra-microscopic particles moving on each sample of fungus. The conclusion drawn was that living things can live in a vacuum. Then I placed a specimen into our artificial atmosphere and noted that the samples could live in Earth's atmosphere. Still the question remained: Can these specimens be beneficial or dangerous to mankind? The question became

an enigma after the rock was transferred from the vacuum into the Earth's atmosphere.

Day 262, I carefully removed the sub-atomic circular aurorian sphere from the rock's casing. Nine hours later, the sphere looked like a colorful kaleidoscope. Within another hour, the sphere began to sprout antennae. Within another four hours the antennae grew two inches more with a flashing light travelling around the sphere. The computer analyzed this light between normal light and the laser-maser. From observation, this sphere began to project itself. Another conclusion was taken into thought, that during the majority of the sphere's time, it was protected by the rock casing. Now the antennae became its protector.

Day 289, Jim and Skip were still trying to repair the beams. The turbo-generator needed one extra pellet and the repair for electricity would be completed. In my experiments I made an error in mixing the soil with the fungus. Quickly, I noticed that the fungus was being dissolved by the soil. I accidentally stumbled on the solution of how to rid the retro-beams of the fungus. Within 17 minutes, it was removed and the loops, rods and beams were released.

Day 308, sphere is being probed and scanned totally by the Blazer. The computer analyzed the amount of electricity produced and given off by the sphere. The electricity that was being given off by the sphere was one million amps and the electricity produced around the sphere was eight hundred volts.

Day 317, we again started for home and without the retrobeams it would have been difficult to make reentry into the Earth's atmosphere. As for the sphere, its antennae grew to eight-and-one-half inches and the production of electricity increased 16 volts.

On our 380th day, Mother Earth was only 30,000 miles away but could just barely be seen with the naked eye. Leo began to make the proper calculations so that we could reenter the Earth's atmosphere. While we were travelling home, James or Skip always watched the camera screen. The camera had been focused on the damaged area. With a constant watch on the retro beams, we could foresee any further trouble. I kept a few

small samples of the unknown fungus and was analyzing it. It did not contain any substance or elements that I knew of. The sphere continued to grow in size and increase in voltage.

On schedule, we entered the Van Allen Belt, and simultaneously, an explosion rocked the ship. We rushed from our seats and found that the sphere no longer existed - in its place were ashes. We informed N.A.S.A. about the sudden explosion and there would be a minor repair. Leo levitated our ship back on course and Jim began to work on the computer memory clip N-MOS (N-Channel Metal Oxide Semiconductor). I began to vacuum the mess created by the sphere. I kept the ashes for further examination and I noticed that the fungus grew, but the soil was not affected.

Immediately, I started tests on the soil and fungus with the automatic fingers. My conclusion was that the electricity in the 'Belt' affected the sphere and fungus and caused the damage to the N-MOS clip. I let the automatic fingers continue the test while we went back to our seats.

Day 400, at 07:00:49, we landed on Earth. Before we could exit the ship we took a shower and dressed with another set of clothes. As we entered the SWR studio we were greeted by the President and some of the top brass and scientists. A week later, the samples were removed from the ATHENA to Ripley's Lab at Marsh Island, Louisiana, U.S.A. Within a month, the fungus went under observation. Analysis of the fungus was made. The results were the same - no elements were found.

The next day, a thunderstorm crept over the laboratory. As the storm commenced over the lab, the scientists and technicians weren't worried if it rained, snowed, hailed or if the sun was shining. They knew that they had a job to do and it had to be done. While the crew had lunch, the clouds continued to darken the sky and wet the ground. When the work crew returned to the laboratory, a sudden astonishment overwhelmed each man and woman. Each sample was glowing as if they had been working with radiation. A young physicist rushed over and turned on a Geiger counter, but unfortunately, it didn't register any radiation. All samples were sealed in a vacuum, therefore, any harmful elements given off would remain within.

Professor Blitz and Doctor Danke were called on the photophone about the sudden development. Other specialists were called by their tele-electro unit from the computer. This sudden incident was not mentioned in any newspaper because fear and panic might begin and occur all throughout the world.

A couple of hours had passed and people began to complain about static interfering with their photon-television, solar-photon and most, or all, of their photo-phones were out of order. It was decided to evacuate all people in a twenty-four mile radius. This was to create a safety factor. When the people were asked to evacuate their homes and cottages, they were very curious and wanted to know the reasons why they should leave. One citizen cried out: "The STATIC! That's the reason!" Soon the statement became such an outrage, that the truth or at least some of the truth had to be announced over the photon-televisions and solar-photons. The following announcement was made international:

THERE HAS BEEN SOME SLIGHT DIFFICULTY AT THE RIPLEY LAB OF TECHNOLOGY AT MARSH ISLAND, LOUISIANA, IN THE U.S. EVACUATION WAS NECESSARY AS A SAFETY FACTOR AND THERE IS NO NEED FOR ALARM. MEANWHILE, REMAIN CALM, DO NOT WORRY, THE SITUATION IS IN CONTROL OF THE BEST EQUIPPED BRAINS. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION.

Meanwhile, at the laboratory, a slow-growing, but potent virus was forming within each vacuum that contained the

fungus. It also registered on the computer that each vacuum was increasing in volume. As the volume increased, the virus became more potent. When the virus increased to one liter in volume, a buzzer gave a warning to each scientist and specialist. A study was made in each chamber of the fungus. They did not notice any difference from the first examination. Careful tests began immediately to find out what suddenly caused an extra liter in volume.

At noon, most scientists and technicians went to lunch while a few stayed to finish experimentation and tape each result. In a rush, one specialist accidentally left a hood cover ajar. As they were taping, the vacuum dissipated and the virus crept out, killing them immediately. When the others returned, they had noticed that their fellow companions were dead. They, too, had been intoxicated by the substance and at this instant were being contaminated. They hurried to the showers, still leaving the hood ajar. As they approached the showers a general alert was sounded.

Only two of the seventeen specialists survived. They were the only ones to reach the showers in time, before the virus did. It was calculated that, in seven hours, Marsh Island would be totally infected. In the time calculated they had to figure out an antidote for this killer virus. If they failed the world would panic quickly but die slowly.

Six hours passed and Marsh Island was almost completely intoxicated. Within those six hours, each specialist looked for a solution but none affected the virus. Each solution fell unsuccessfully like rain.

"RAIN!", cried out a specialist. Here was a compound simple and plentiful on Earth. A fiberglass container was prepared with a sample of the virus inside. With care, three milliliters of water was prepared. As soon as the water was exposed to the virus a sudden flash travelled within the bottle. This reaction was similar to the electronic flashes of the early 1970's. This experiment was repeated several times to insure safety. Each time the virus was completely destroyed.

It was then decided to send planes over Marsh Island and spray the land with water. It was seven hours and four minutes since the accident. That meant that the virus was already past the island. The planes were prepared and took off immediately for Marsh Island. Within a few minutes, they were spraying the whole island with water. The leaders of the squadrons contacted their base. They saw bright flashes of light which meant that the water had destroyed the virus.

Relief was given to the world. The following day, a squadron of H.O.H. jets flew over the Island to check if any virus still existed. The leader instructed his planes to release the water for a confirmation. As the water was released, the land and sky lit up again. There still was some virus existing on and in Ripley Lab. Another problem had to be solved. Where was the source of the virus?

After seeing the film of Marsh Island taken when the planes sprayed it, it was suggested to send a crew of three men to explore the lab inside and out. The following day three men were selected. One of the men was a technician that would parachute down near the lab. He would perform the tests and see if it was the source of the virus or not.

The same day, planes circled over Marsh Island and three men parachuted safely to the ground. Each man checked his equipment, which consisted of a Polarizer, first aid kit, commu-tele, helioglases, and then continued with their work. As time past they did not find anything unusual. As the entered the Lab, the equipment of the laboratory was in their place as the specialists described. Bob, the technician, noticed the hood was ajar. He checked the hood and nothing was unusual, so he closed it. Within the container were samples of the fungi. As the day grew old, Bob noticed that his gloves had become infested with the material inside of that container. What he had touched was the source! Another alist contacted Swamp Base that something strange had been found. About fifteen minutes later, they were greeted by

Professor Alexander Speilmann. He asked Bob what he had touched when he was in the Lab. The professor and Bob retraced his steps and actions. The Professor tested everything Bob touched, except the 'hood.'

"Is there anything else you may have touched?" Dr. Speilmann asked.

There was a long silence. While Bob and the Professor were meditating, the other specialists continued a search for any clues. Suddenly a voice cried out, to the surprise of everyone.

"The hood!!" shouted Bob. "I closed an open hood after checking it!"

"Which hood did you touch and close?" asked the excited Professor.

"This one with the fungus samples." Bob pointed to the hood in question. "It was slightly open, so I made a check and saw nothing unusual. Then I closed it."

The Professor took careful and close notice of the hood. He opened his 'bag of tricks' and began to test and analyze. He exposed water to it and a flash occurred, revealing the virus. The Professor waited three hours and repeated the experiment. The area of the fungus gave a flash and it confirmed the fact that the virus existed. He was convinced that it was the source. He asked Swamp Base for a particular apparatus and two complex acids, Deoxyribonuclei and Ribonuclei.

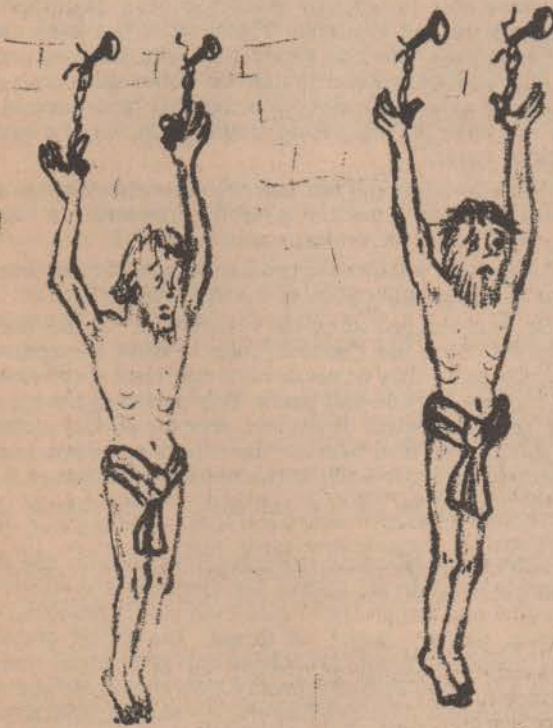
While the specialists set up the apparatus, the Professor prepared the acids for the fungus.

After the fungus was saturated with the solution a small gleam of light could be seen. The gleam of light meant a chemical reaction was progressing to completion. Professor Speilmann waited several hours after the reaction took place to perform another experiment. He exposed some water to the source and no flash occurred. The source was destroyed. The good news was radioed to Swamp Base and everything was under control.

On a still, calm night with the wind blowing through the trees with a full moon lighting up the land, a Federal car came into Bob's driveway and parked. The agents asked him to come with them to Ripley's Lab, Marsh Island, Louisiana, United States of America, on Earth in the Milky Way. Before Bob got into the car, he left LETTRES DE MEMMIUS III on the front steps to answer the door. As the car pulled away, a minute breeze turned a page in Voltaire's book. A beam of light from the moon gleamed on the turned page. It read:

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS AN ACCIDENT. WHAT WE CALL BY THAT NAME IS THE EFFECT OF SOME CAUSE WHICH WE DO

NOT SEE.



"Act Nonchallant"



THE MAKING OF AN ASTRONAUT

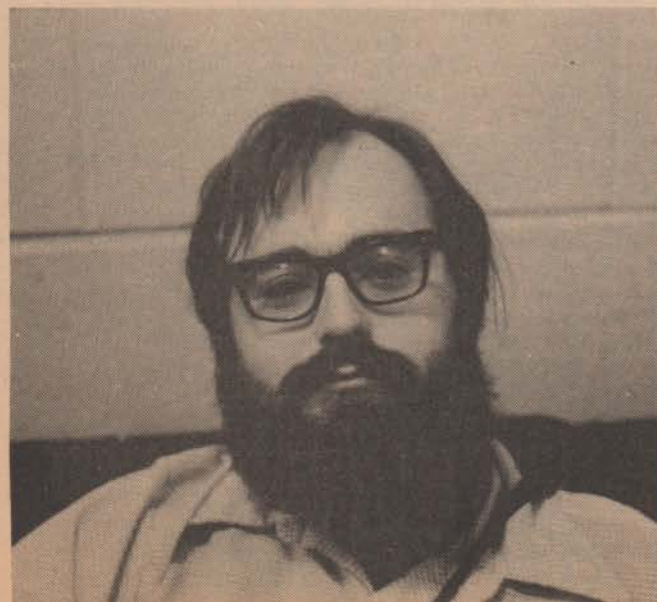
by BASIL McDONNELL

In any profession it is necessary to prove oneself capable. The Astronautical Service is a profession where both risk is anticipated and calculated. What is considered routine in space exploration must be practiced for in space, because there is no environment like space. A novice astronaut gets a thrill that later becomes a routine feeling, almost blase for some, but a never ending struggle for most. Bert had to spend a long period of time on the space station to prove his own skill in carrying out his mission in space. A feeling of excitement held Bert in its grip. It was like a soldier's first battle. His training showed its worth in his actions; he acted with the skill he had showed in training.

Time passed by and the Moon shuttle took people to the Moon many times. On a relatively uneventful day, Bert was ordered to the Moon for his first flight in space as pilot of the Moon shuttle.

Upon arriving on the Moon, Bert was struck by the Earth reflecting light back on the Moon. What an incredibly beautiful sight to behold—a blue globe shining with an adamantine luster. The second thing he noticed was the jaggedness of the moonscape; there are no forces of erosion on the Moon except micrometeorite showers. The horizon line was considerably shorter than that on Earth; so, in order to see a lot, you just had to climb one of the lunar mountains—relatively easy, considering the low G environment. It had only been a scant few minutes since he arrived, yet he gathered in an impression that would stay with him for the rest of his life.

The silence was broken by the sound of his two-way radio. "Hello, Descartes Base to landing party. Descartes Base to landing party. Respond for briefing at Base Officer's Briefing Room."



As he entered the Base Officer's quarters he was struck by the Earth-like surrounding of the Moon Base's interior—much greenery and building structures as on Earth—but there was no time for sightseeing.

He boarded the monorail to the briefing room and got off with two minutes to spare. As he passed through the portal he saw some familiar faces from the Academy. There was a big turnover in crews for work in deep space. The meeting began when the Commandant entered the room.

"I am Colonel Baker, Base Commandant. Gentlemen, please be seated. As you know, in the past, the size of the spacecraft we were able to put into space has been dependent on the boosters we had available. The Nova N has been used with some success. We had hoped that with construction of the Urania multiple-booster system the entire spacecraft could be launched as one unit. But our budget has been cut and we find we will have to freeze construction of the Urania system for lack of funds."

"An alternate plan has been used for the Martian mission, using the Nova N booster to put the spacecraft in Earth orbit piece by piece for orbital assembly."

"And now I will turn the briefing over to Dr. Nue who will fill you in on the intricacies of the spacecraft."

Dr. Nue stepped up to the blackboard. "It has been found impractical to use chemical fuels to drive the spacecraft to Mars because they do not develop sufficient speed to make the trip in two-and-one-half years. This period of time is too long for practical space flight, on account of the physiological problems and also because the supply problems necessitate the construction of a ship with a new source of power."

Dr. Nue pulled down a wall chart. "This, then is the Electra."

"The name 'Electra' is appropriate because the ship uses electric (ion) drive; that is, the electrons are removed from the fuel and the protons repel each other, releasing out of a nozzle, thereby giving off thrust. The thrust given by the electrohydrodynamic propulsion unit gives much more thrust with a far greater fuel economy than chemicals and is not as contaminating as such a fusion unit would be. With this electric propulsion system we can afford to have long periods of time in acceleration. This will cut down the time en route dramatically and thereby cause less psychological strain on the crew. I will give out mission assignments after coffee break. This assemblage is dismissed."

Bert slowly wandered about, looking for familiar faces. Since he was still in training, he wondered why he was told to report to the mission briefing. Then he spotted Colonel Baker at the coffee station. "Colonel, could I speak with you in private, please? I'd like to know why I was chosen to attend."

"Because your psychological tests show you to be unusually fit for this mission."

Bert said, "Please, Colonel, be frank with me."

"Alright, Lieutenant. The man scheduled to make the flight, an environmental scientist, has died in an accident, and that position is vital to us. You are next in line as his replacement."

We are going to accelerate your training, so that you will make the first mission to Mars."

Bert replied, "Thank you for your frankness, sir."

Bert slowly walked away to the observation deck and stared out into space. So an accident had caused all this. Well, nobody said that this was a particularly safe business. In fact, there was once a plaque he once saw in the Hayden Planetarium, back on Earth, which contained a statement by Astronaut Virgil Grissom: "If we die, we want people to accept it. We are in a risky business and we hope that if anything happens to us it will not delay the program. The conquest of space is worth the risk of life." Grissom died in an accidental fire along with Roger Chaffee and Edward H. White at Cape Kennedy on January 27, 1967.

After some coffee and a bun, Bert returned to the briefing room. The room was still empty, save for Dr. Nue, who was calculating figures in a notebook. "Dr. Nue, may I speak to you? My name is Anderson, Bert Anderson. I am to be the environmental specialist on the Urania mission to Mars. Why has the launch date of this mission been postponed?"

"Where did you hear that it has been postponed," the Dr. said, "you just arrived."

"I have been following the Mission from the news in the Journal of Space Exploration. It had a timetable in one of its articles, which said that the mission should have left at the end of the year. That was three months ago. The year has ended and the mission still hasn't departed. It hasn't been delayed because of the death of one specialist, has it?"

"No, it's more than just one specialist—it's all the specialists who were part of the military, still in the reserves, who were called back to Earth to serve in the crisis. The Chinese have attacked Australia and the Soviet Union, both members of the Federation of Nations. With about half of the world's population they think they have a chance to overrun the area of Russia, which is a sparsely populated, rugged country. And they've already attacked Australia from Indonesia, where they had three-hundred-million Chinese immigrants of those islands revolt and take over. They think that, as long as anti-matter weapons are not used for fear of the extinction of mankind and by their sheer weight of numbers, they can overrun these areas and acquire land for their ever-growing population, food from the added farms and more metal ore, which is becoming so scarce on Earth right now."

"Why couldn't the Chinese continue to allow their excess population to emigrate, as per international agreement, and use free trade to obtain food and metals?"

"The Chinese have always looked upon themselves as living in the center of the world and regard it as their rightful place to dominate it and spread their ideology. As for obtaining metals, they are in short supply, as our mining operations on the Moon are still in its infant stages, and, as you know, the Chinese could not mine their own, since they are not allowed in space after that time they unsuccessfully tried to orbit nuclear weapons. The Federation shot all their rockets down and did not allow any Chinese craft in space after that, telling them in no uncertain terms that space was no place for weapons and war among mankind."

The PA system sounded the voice of Colonel Baker, calling together the crewmen for a continuation of the briefing. Bert returned to his seat and sat down. The rest of the meeting continued without incident.

Later that evening he was reading the latest news from Earth. On page one, the headlines read: "Four men shot in the head with bullets made from meteor. Men survive operation to remove bullets. These four men develop different EG than previously. Three of the men developed IQs of over 200." It also said in the story that the four men had disappeared after being released from the hospital.

Bert's training and the work on the Urania were completed on schedule. Again he read something about the four geniuses. One had made a fortune in the stock market and gave one

million dollars to each of his three companions—one a physicist, one a biochemist and the other a meteorologist. What these four men were up to was anyone's guess.

The Urania departed from the Moon for Mars as scheduled. Bert relaxed for most of the journey. His job would be after landing on Mars; he would make an environmental survey of the planet. Mars is more Moon-like than Earth-like, it has a gravity about one-third that of the Earth's and has a very thin atmosphere. Bert kept himself very busy and time passed quickly, since he had to fill in for a sick crewman.

The ship took up an orbit around Mars and Bert went down with a landing party to conduct a survey. They returned to the ship and sent the results of the first survey back to Earth. Some of the specialists in the crew began to examine core samples from the area of the "strip mines." Bert proceeded to subject the microbes to tests and he found that the microbes were almost unaffected by radiation which would have killed any Earth-like organism.

Later, Bert sat back and relaxed; he pondered his findings. How could a thing like that possibly originate on Mars? How did those "strips" get there? Perhaps it was the work of intelligent beings. The computer was typing out the news from Earth. Bert would be able to catch up on the latest Earth news. He read the front page headline; "Security Agents Trace Four Geniuses to Mountainous Area of Arizona." The article read: "Shipments of scientific equipment, prefabricated parts of a new alloy, rare herbs and something that remotely resembles a drive system; undoubtedly they are constructing a spaceship of a radically new design. Security agents are unable to interview because the area is surrounded by some sort of force field."

Meanwhile, on the Moon there was an imposition of a news blackout on the results of the Martian surveys; all news which could lead to the conclusion that there was extra-terrestrial life was censored. Back on Earth, the military were awaiting the President's order to drop a small anti-matter bomb on the spaceship the geniuses had built. The people from the area were being evacuated for fear of residual radiation if the vessel was atom-powered.

While all this was going on, Colonel Baker, the leader of the Mars Mission, was notified by the radio that the signal-to-noise ratio was decreasing and soon all contact with the Moon would be lost. He called back for orders but none were forthcoming. All contact had already been lost. On the Lunar end of the radio link, the static coming from Mars was considered to be a sign of possible alien intervention, since no known phenomena could cause the radio blackout. This was cause for alarm.

In the Martian orbit, the survey ship was losing altitude; something was pulling it down. Colonel Baker had the ship's main drive turned on but there was an energy-dampening field and the engines wouldn't start. So, it was decided that a landing party be sent down in order to trace the feedback to its source. Bert was among them in his capacity as an environmental specialist, who would be needed on this mission.

They landed near the Martian equator and proceeded to take measurements and collect samples. There was microscopic life of a peculiar kind, resembling nothing on Earth. But how could Mars have any life on it? This was astounding. But the most startling thing was the condition of certain areas of Mars that looked as if someone had conducted a strip-mining operation. There was no way they could give a plausible explanation for these two phenomena.

This was a big change for a rookie astronaut—the chance for a command of a landing party, because Bert's skills as an environmentalist made him eminently qualified to lead the search for life on the planet Mars.

The landing party lost all contact with the ship by radio, so they set up a phone-modulated laser beam which kept them in contact with the ship. They discovered an elaborate set of caves which crossed many of the strip mines. Then they lost

contact with the landing party and the Electra via the landing craft. When the crew returned to the landing craft, they found the rest of the party dead from suffocation. Someone or something had disconnected their air hoses. There were tracks all about them like those of a multilegged arthropod. The laser was smashed beyond their ability to repair. Bert was on his own. They followed the trail of the creature back as far as the caves, where it stopped, as the bottom of the caves were solid rock.

They followed the cave until it branched off into two separate tunnels. Bert took the tunnel on the right and Lieutenant Nielson took the one on the left. Bert went down the tunnel to where there was a single solitary globe of some sort of plastic glass with marks where something had tried to tear it apart. At the bottom of this globe's stand was something like a jigsaw puzzle. As he put in some parts of the puzzle contraption together, the globe lit up and showed a picture in three dimensions, and the thoughts of an alien voice filled his mind—telepathy produced mechanically. It told of a distant planetary system upon which war, famine and the forces of nature had long since triumphed, and the humanoid race has set about to explore space and fertilize the seeds of life. Where it went it warned of other rival races which would come to live with the aboriginal inhabitants for control of the living space. Now that man had reached the point of space travel, contact would be made with the races in the form of an ambassador exchange. The globe was now communicating with its masters in the cosmos: "Earthmen, we give you this warning: there is a form of life on this planet you call Mars which is inimical to you and your species. We have sent a meteorite to your planet and, as chance might have it, have injected beings of your kind with the power to rid your people of their enemies, and assist them in any way you wish."

Upon that last message, Bert removed a piece of the puzzle, which deactivated the unit. Since the dampening field precluded the use of radio communication, Bert waited for Lieutenant Nielson's party at the fork. When they failed to return within the time limits previously specified, he went after the party with his men. He found specialist Faber with his arm broken and with leaks in his pressure suit. Bert had him revived with oxygen. Faber said that all the others were dead, they had been attacked in complete darkness, meaning the creatures must have infra-red vision.

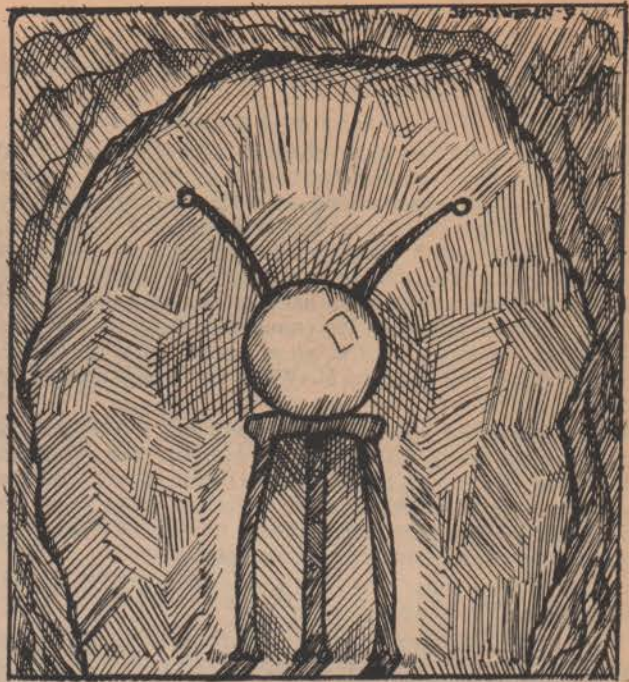
In the meantime, the strange spaceship on Earth was allowed to take off after the President had been convinced of the urgency and the sincerity of the mission the four geniuses were on, which was to save the Earth from creatures on Mars and to act as ambassadors between planets. In the end, each man was given the choice of whether or not to go, but each man was already sure of the vitalness of this mission.

The ship the men were on was powered by matter-antimatter, so it could attain speeds of over half the speed of light. They were given a laser beacon from Mars by the sentinel which Bert had contacted and was sending landing coordinates to the ship with the four, who were the Earth's last hope of heading off an impending invasion of the arthropods. Long ago had the bugs strip-mined Mars. Now they would attack the Moon and Earth to get what they wanted.

The distance between Earth and Mars was traversed in minutes at the speeds the ship could attain. They landed right outside the tunnel system.

Specialist Forbes told of a hidden army of the arthros which had let him escape to tell the Earth to give up the attempt to survey Mars for resources and go back to Earth. But Bert was determined to continue in spite of the threats of annihilation. Earth needed the resources that Mars had desperately. It was then that he met the four brilliant men. They had disembarked from their ship and headed right for the sentinel. He met them as they reached it.

The leader reassembled the parts of the puzzle according to his mentality in seconds. He was not only given news of the invasion but a possible way of peacefully solving it: "Destroy



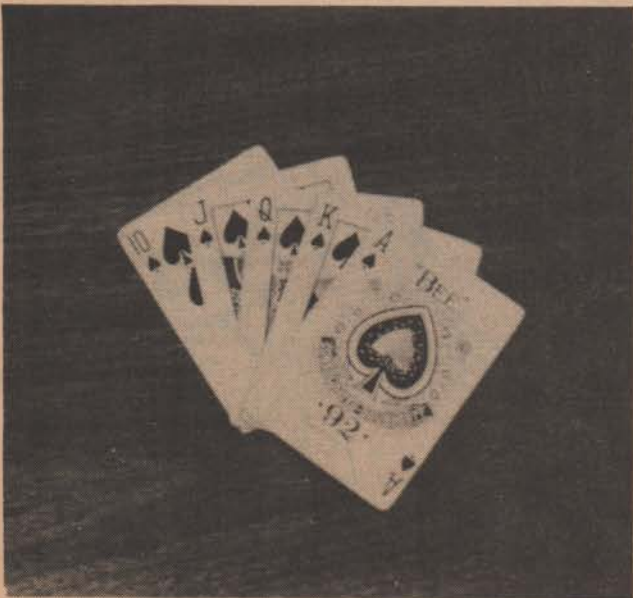
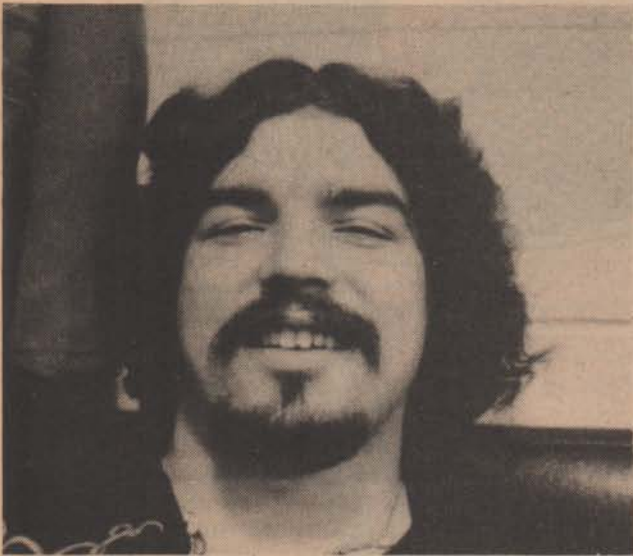
the Brain Bug." It was revealed by the sentinel that the arthropods had, shall we say, a 'queen' which had the capacity to think for all the soldiers and workers. Destroy the Brain Bug and you kill the whole colony. But before such a rash idea to attempt an attack, Bert decided, at the suggestion of one of the brilliant four to try peaceful communication. One of the four, named Briant, converted part of the sentinel into a two-way telepathic communicator. Because telepathy has no language barriers and has no physical limitations, as do sound waves, it would be possible to communicate with the Brain Bug right from the place where the sentinel was. The machine was put into operation and it was discovered that the separate consciousness which comprised the Brain Bug could each be separately tapped and communicated with. The creature itself used telepathy to communicate its orders to each one of the workers or soldiers. The humans had it artificially what it had naturally.

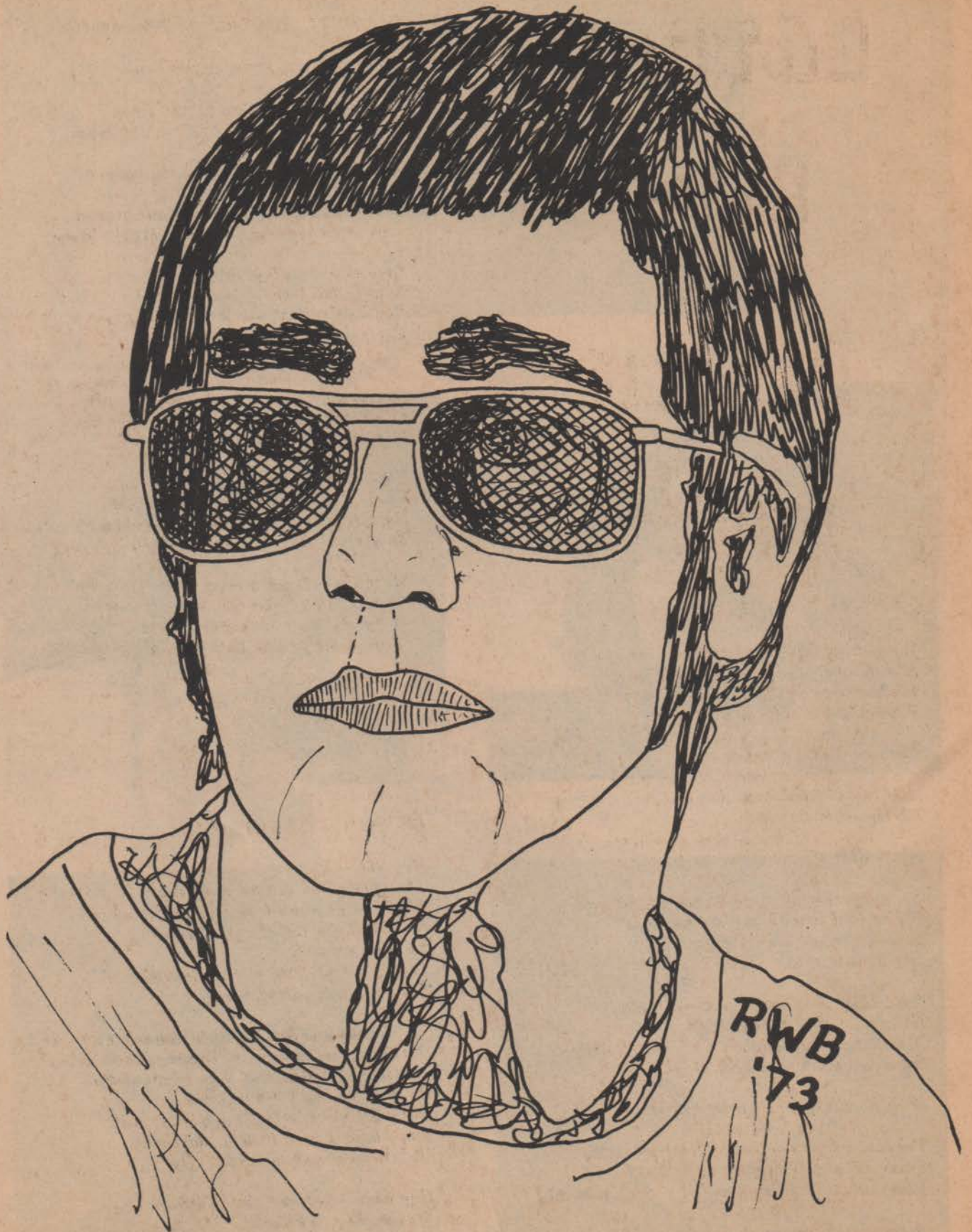
The use of telepathy gave the creature such control over the masses of its species that an organism (or group of organisms: take your pick) could have. Such single-mindedness of purpose gave them the power to sweep aside many obstacles which would seem impossible to us. Since the creature could learn from all the members of its kind at once, it could know at once far more than any human could encompass if he were as smart and lived as long as is humanly possible. But with only one brain really thinking for the whole colony, the creativity was limited to this one mind which did not rest and therefore could not dream. Man, even the least intelligent of our brothers, dreams. Bert often wondered what purpose dreams fulfilled. Now he knew the answer to that question: for progress, for imagination. These were things the Brain Bug didn't have—it was limited to a simple stimulus-and-response type of learning. Truly then, this was an alien mind, one that saw only the way in which a thing could be done, while having no real communication with anything competitive.

This creature did not have free will in the human sense. It had no aspirations, it had no culture. The alien horde laid waste to many planets with no goal other than survival. This time, it was going to settle it peacefully.

And now I have gone full cycle in my story, it is not for me alone to make judgments on the value of space as a natural resource, but it is for each man, woman and child to judge where mankind will go. I just thought I would talk about it through the eyes of one who spent a lifetime in space.

C-127A
CHINESE CULTURE CLUB





LATEST

HITS

BY

ELTON

JOHN

SATURDAY NIGHT'S ALRIGHT

*It's getting late have yer seen my mates,
Ma tell me when the boys get here,
It's seven-o'clock and I want to rock
Wanna get a belly full of beer.*

*My old man's drunker than
a barrel full of monkeys
And my old lady she don't care,
My sister looks cute
in her braces and boots
A handful of grease in her hair.*

*So don't give us none of yer aggravation
We've had it with yer discipline,
Saturday night's alright for fightin',
Get a little action in.*

*Get about as oiled as a diesel train
Gonna set this dance alight,
'Cause Saturday night's the night I like
Saturday night's alright, alright, alright.*

*Well they're packed pretty tight
in here tonight
I'm looking for a dolly who'll see me right,
I may use a little muscle to get what I need
I may sink a little drink and say "She's with me!"*

*A couple of sounds that I really like
Are the sound of a switchblade and a motorbike,
I'm a juvenile product of the working class
Who's best friend floats in the bottom of a glass.*

GOODBYE YELLOW BRICK ROAD

*When are you gonna come down?
When are you going to land?
I should have stayed on the farm,
I should have listened to my old man.*

*You know you can't hold me forever,
I didn't sign up with you.
I'm not a present for your friends to open
This boy's too young to be singing the blues.*

*So goodbye yellow brick road,
Where the dogs of society howl.
You can't plant me in your penthouse,
I'm going back to my plough.*

*Back to the howling old owl in the woods,
Hunting the horny back toad.
Oh, I've finally decided, my future lies
Beyond the yellow brick road.*

*What do you think you'll do then?
I bet that'll shoot down your plane.
It'll take you a couple of vodka and tonics
To set you on your feet again.*

*Maybe you'll get a replacement,
There's plenty like me to be found.
Mongrels, who ain't got a penny,
Sniffing for tit-bits like you on the ground.*

BENNIE AND THE JETS

*Hey kids, shake it loose together,
The spotlight's hitting something
That's been known to change the weather.
We'll kill the fatted calf tonight
So stick around,
You're gonna hear electric music,
Solid walls of sound.*

*Say, Candy and Ronnie, have you seen them yet
But they're so spaced out, Bennie and the Jets,
But they're weird and they're wonderful,
Oh Bennie, she's really keen
She's got electric boots a mohair suit,
You know I read it in a magazine,
Oh! Bennie and the Jets.*

*Hey kids, plug into the faithless,
Maybe they're blinded,
But Bennie makes them ageless.
We shall survive, let us take ourselves along,
Where we fight our parents out in the streets
To find out who's right and who's wrong.*

THE ENTERTAINMENT SECTION

**CAUTION: STREAKING MAY BE HAZARDOUS
TO YOUR HEALTH**



THE CARE AND FEEDING OF THE HARD-ON

by "THE DEALER"

Part One: Your Hard-on

WHAT IS AN ERECTION? Basically, it is a mental signal from your brain to your cock that a nice piece of ass is in sight or thought. Chemically, it is nothing more than blood rushing to the penis, forcing it to elongate. This is informally called getting it up, popping a boner or, if you wish to be elegant, Penis Erectus, which is the Latin name for it.

HARD-ONS COME IN ALL SHAPES AND COLORS. Some races have claimed the false statement that they have the biggest rods. To this, I say phooey. A good cock is not measured by its size, but by how one uses it. The sweeter the meat, the better the treat.

A HARD-ON IS MAN'S BEST FRIEND, second only to dogs, of which I might add, the doggie position in copulation is a hell of a lot of fun, if you are so inclined. The basic hardon is round and cylindrical, with a dense forest of hair at the root. The hair, at times, can become a problem, if stuck in one's zipper. It can also be quite painful, if not removed immediately....

Part Two: Use of the Hard-on

The use of the hard-on doesn't just boil down to urinating and sex. There are many uses that the erect penis can be used for. For example, the average penis is about six inches long. The average car is 23 feet long. Therefore, in penis length, which is different from the metric system as a form of measurement, the average car is 46 cocklengths long.

The penis while erect can also serve the purpose of a

catapult in a nudist colony. How, you say? Simple. Put a small pebble on the head of the cock, pull down, and release. Voila! The ancient catapult reincarnated. Where else is there a force strong enough to drive a man through the storms and fires of hell, just for a rendezvous with love? Who knows better than scientists? And who can deny the statement that a hard cock has no conscience?

Part Three: Clothing the Hard-on

The hard-on, when not in use; should be clothed in soft, protective undergarments, occasionally fragranced with Brute or Old Spice.

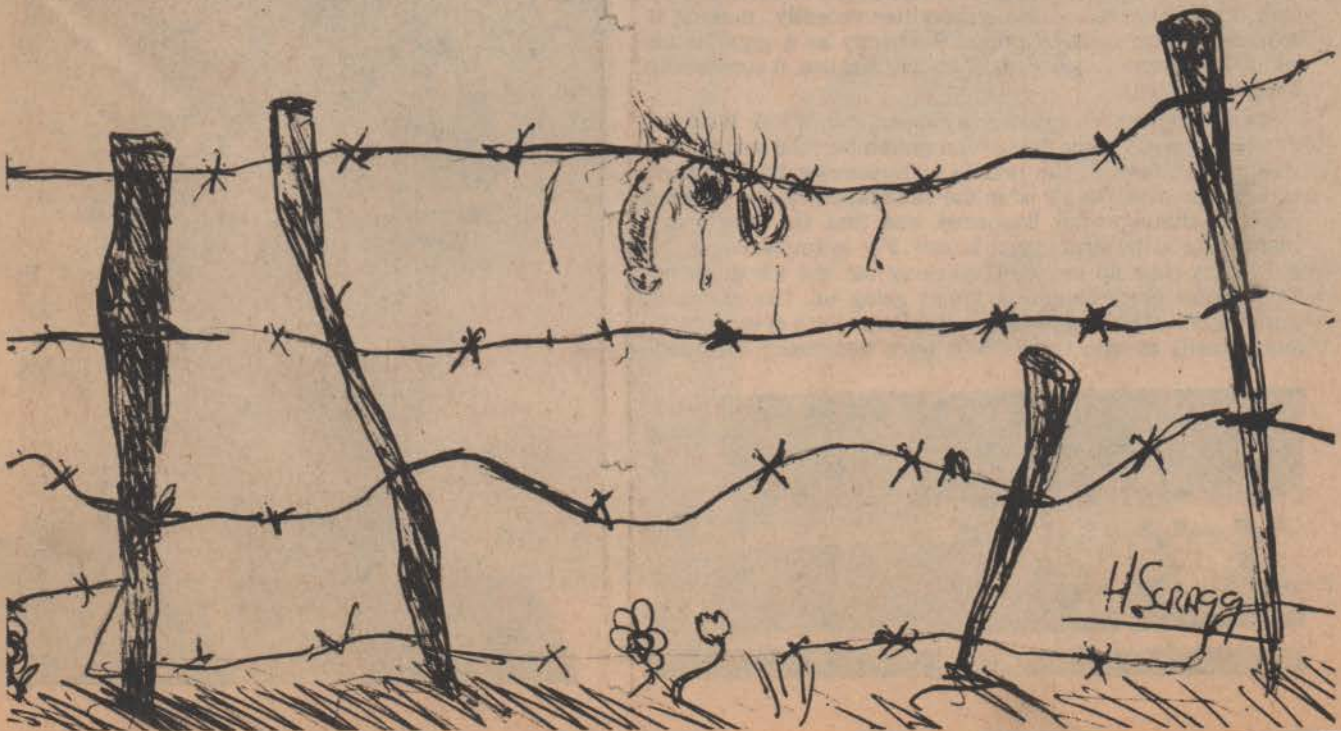
While the hard-on IS IN USE, a means of protection should be enforced. This is only for the protection of the male. Always use a bag, which in some circles has been nicknamed a raincoat, thus preventing the clap, or the maternity suit, whichever comes first, Fruit of the Loom is fine if you're only jerking-off, but to feel secure, use a Trojan. There are many types of bags, subdivided into two types of categories: Lubricated, by your own means, and Prelubricated, which means that the factory does all the work.

Part Four: The Castrating Bitch

WHAT IS A CASTRATING BITCH? She is the girl who will dry you out on the first date and leave you hanging limp and wrecked. You can tell her right away, from the way she walks. She'll usually swing her hips very rapidly, while walking very slowly. She also will usually wear halters that leaves half her breast exposed. You can always count on the third sign. In winter she wears jeans that are so tight that they look like they've been moulded around her. In summer, her hot pants are as tight as the winter jeans. In the office, where dresses are required, she might be in a mini-dress, with the hem up to her pubic hairs. These are all your signs of a Castrating Bitch. The rest are pretty much a.o.k.

Part Five: Conclusion

So men, in conclusion, I would like to say that you shouldn't be ashamed of your hard-on. It's a useful part of you It's the male identity. It's the male power. It's power to the penis!



BLEI ON ENTERTAINMENT

by ROBERT W. BLEI

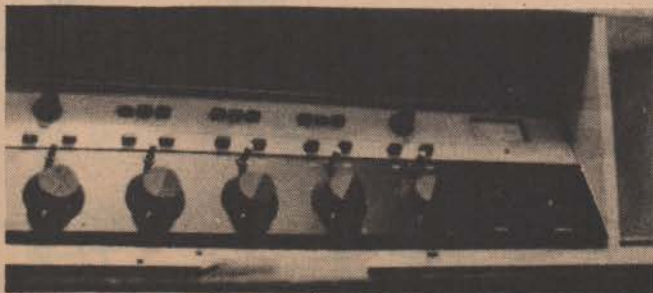
Whether the general public really cares or not, they are bombarded every day with one kind of entertainment or another. These attacks on the senses range from listening to Imus in the Morning on your car radio to watching the Mystery Movie on the boob tube at night. Of course, for people of refined tastes, there are musicals, concerts, plays, top-rate movies and other forms of entertainment one has to pay for. Then, for the social beastie, there are dances, coffee klatches and parties. SICC has its own varied means of entertainment, and mutated entertainment at that. Hard rock'n'roll is blasted in our ears through WVSI, some TV equipment is stashed in a closet in B-building, sick attempts are made at musical productions, good dramatic plays are presented but never attended, the last time there was a concert in the school the guards were left helpless watching the atrocities going on in the seats and behind the curtains, movies are presented in the auditorium but no one knows when, and finally, we have cute little things like Coffeehouses. Dances, and parties, other than pot, are left in the lurch on campus.

The most well-known (actually audible) entertainment medium on campus is the school radio station, otherwise known as 'The Voice of Staten Island.' Its name is WVSI, it is registered with the FCC, but presently has a transmitter that can just barely reach the far edges of the school parking lot on one side and the Campus Green housing project on the other side, if and when the transmitter is turned on, which it usually isn't. They acquired a new transmitter recently, making it possible to wire up the campus electricity as a gigantic antenna, but after a couple days of testing and use, it supposedly went on the fritz.

Great things were supposed to happen with WVSI. If one of the stoned people in the lounge can remember, the student-run station shut down in the middle of November 1973, with no explanation over the air or in the newspapers to the general public. Actually, what happened was that the machinery couldn't stand the strain much longer. For example, one of the amplifiers blew up one day, smoking out the whole room! There were other delightful things going on, like someone skipping off with a couple hundred dollars worth of equipment and records at one time (they were eventually returned,

though), people never showing up for their hour(s) as D.J.s and other assorted administrative hassles, but let's not get into that now. The faculty advisor of the station finally caught on to all this and ordered the place shut down until things were straightened out. Original plans had been that WVSI would be back on the air again that December, but due to the superb laziness of the students concerned and the insistent stubbornness of the advisor, nothing much was accomplished until intercession. During that vacation, one of the student engineers spent many hours putting together consoles and rewiring everything again, while other members of the organization concerned themselves with applying for nearly \$6,000.00 of new equipment. So, when everyone came back in February, there was music being piped into the lounge, but not on a regular basis and not by regular D.J.s.

Again, the King of Bureaucracy had the upper hand. There was enough red tape to cut through that a normally sane person would turn into a manic-depressive. If students could believe this, there were such things as 'Statement of Intent' forms, strict auditioning, selection and scheduling procedures in the club and, when it was all over, the 'new' WVSI was on the air. Supposedly. Even with new equipment coming in, things are still always breaking down and then there's silence.



In my opinion, things are just the same as before—only this time, the D.J.s and engineers know how to start the turntables and fiddle around with the controls. Most of the new equipment ordered still hasn't come in during the last weeks of April 1974 and even if it is received, the equipment wouldn't be installed by the end of the semester anyway. The quality of the music is still the same, if not worse at times, especially with such outrages as sick comedy records and promotional advertisements imitating WXLO, WPLG and WNBC on our FM dials. The same basic student administrative staff is still running the station, keeping in SICC just another bunch of people on head trips. These people are allowed to judge whatever music which pleases them that can go over the air. Anything that harks of late 60s and early 70s rock'n'roll is considered WPLJ-ish and not usually played by the station, yet some executives in this organization get kicks out of doing Top-40 routines and imitating Imus and other Pop Teeny-Bopper personalities, including an occasional Wolfman Jack or two. I'm sorry to say that WWSI hasn't changed for the better.



Then, of course, there is the sorry situation of plays and mod musicals. For example, since September 1973, there have been some nice cultural events like the Second Annual Play Tournament and other assorted dramatic plays. But then there are atrocities like CABARET. The dramatics and the musicals fall into two separate categories: the serious plays are hardly publicized and virtually unattended and the horrible presentations of musicals are well-publicized and a slightly better rate of attendance is evident. Either type of production never manages to ever get even near a profit—there are always losses in the thousands of dollars . . . Musical at SICC always show the biggest red ink. After personally seeing a couple of them myself (TOMMY and CABARET), I can see why. They are lavishly produced, but after people have seen a few clinkers from previous years, the only reasons people might bother to go to them anymore is because one of their friends is in it or they have to do a report on it for English class. Sometimes even that encouragement doesn't even work. Because students have seen a couple lousy musicals on campus, they definitely won't even bother to attend the dramatic plays on campus, despite the fact that serious plays are presently excellently here.

Dramatic or musical productions take a lot of hard work and money and the efforts of students and private people alike, but when the directors are inadequate and the majority of the

student cast isn't even concerned with dramatics as a career, it shows in the final performances. It's sad to say, but true. I'd really like to see what the school does with the production of NO, NO NANETTE! during the summer.

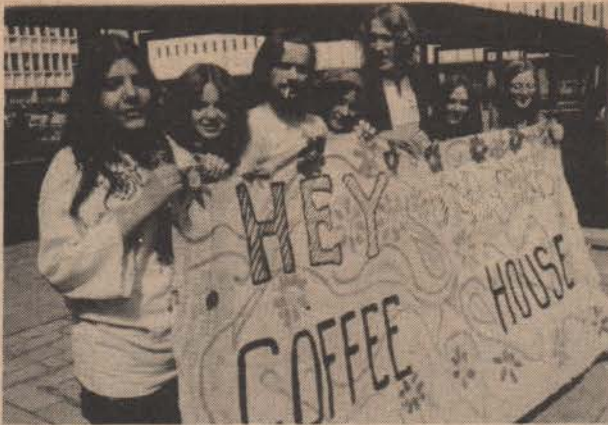


But because of the song-and-dance shows, serious and excellent acting is stifled in this school. In fact, during the Second Annual Play Tournament, two Broadway-like performances of HUGHIE and THE CAGE slipped past virtually everyone in the school except for a few teachers from the PCA Department and the parents of the actors. For acting of that caliber, there should've been a lot more than 100 people attending. I just hope that the budgetary problems of CUNY will not totally cut off the supply of quality actors that can really put together knockout performances on the Broadways of the future. But something also has to be done with the musicals, too.

Concerts and movies are few and far between. Quicksilver, which played here recently, was more trouble than the group was really worth. For one, they were paid too much for their services. For the type of music, local talent could do just as well. If you want good rock'n'roll'n'blues-type music playing, hire a group called the Eric Satie Memorial Band, a local group managed by a campus official. They can play one hell of a set. Among other things, though, concerts are messed up anyway, especially with inflated prices and inflated egos of the performers nowadays.

As for the movies, I remember that Kaleidoscope was showing top-rate two and three year old movies during the 1972-73 semesters. So far, I only knew about three or four movies during the 1973-74 semesters. Why aren't these things better publicized? Or is everyone so concerned with making this school like a circus with all those posters this year on racism and Shockley and venereal disease, that the entertainment posters are just buried? Man does not live by politics alone. Give relaxation a chance.

Finally, social activities should be discussed. At this time, for as long as I've been at SICC (two years), only Coffeehouse has been around to handle this wide field. Even though I have been an avid fan of the event, I still feel that listening to the same people play the same songs every other Friday night, with guys in the back serving munchies and coffee, is a waste of time after a while. Due to the lack of more socially entertaining activities on campus, most people end up with nothing better to enjoy than a nickel or two of Wacky Weed a day. There's absolutely nothing interesting going on at SICC.



Anyway, one thing that I definitely see as missing on campus are party-dances. With good local musical talent on the island, it would be no problem at all for Student Government or any other budgeting facility at SICC to allocate a budget to a Dance Committee, which would hold dances about three or four times a semester. One statement I have heard on this issue is that "dances are a high school routine, man . . .". It might be a high school-type dance if noone bothered to hire a decent band, but if things are organized decently, I think that the majority of the students on campus would really enjoy such an event. It has already been proven every time the Viet Vets Association held an affair. Why not have it regularly? And if Wagner College students can get their jollies with Beer Blasts, why can't we? And to hell with the legalities of "no booze allowed on campus."

So, in conclusion, it is my not so humble opinion that there is a definite need for improvement in all fields of entertainment at SICC. Why should students suffer from bad entertainment or no entertainment at all, because of the head trips or inadequacies of others? Those who are interested in communication, theater, modern dance . . . or just those who like to have a good time should get together now, before it's too late again, like so many other things in the past, and organize to insure that entertainment is not mutilated and stifled like it is presently happening to it on campus.



CAGED

I feel like a bird in a cage
 I can look out
 And see the beauties of the world
 But cannot move about
 I see the blue sky,
 I see the colorful flowers
 But I cannot fly
 Out: and feel the April showers
 That make the grass grow
 And make love grow
 In my heart, perhaps
 But out I cannot go.
 I feel the smell of spring
 Melting the cold white snow
 But what is spring?
 I do not know
 I only know,
 The four grey walls of my home
 And my little world between bars
 Of my small little dome
 T'is true I have food
 And nothing to fear at all,
 But I would rather have fear
 And freedom, the best feeling of them all.

CAGED IS FREE

I was caged behind bars
 Inside my jail, my home
 But I rebeled against my master
 And never sang a song.
 The angry man vociferated
 And yelled for me to sing
 But made me so scared
 That one note, I could not sing.
 He knew why I rebeled,
 And after a meditation
 He told me that from now on
 Some freedom I would have.
 Whenever I feel like flying
 Over the hills and mountains
 He'll open the cage for me
 As long as I promise to return
 Now I cannot fly out
 And feel the April showers
 But can feel the crisp air
 Of winter approaching.
 But when next spring comes
 To melt the cold white snow
 It will make the grass grow
 And in my heart, love grow
 And now I have food
 And nothing to fear at all
 But most of all, I have freedom
 The best feeling of them all.

by ALCIONE NEGRAO

THE WORDS OF AUDACIOUS ALEX

by ALEX P. SANTOS

REVIEW ONE:

LARRY CORYELL AND THE 11TH HOUSE

Guitarist Larry Coryell has long been in search of the perfect vehicle for his gusty, yet complex, fusion music. The quest has taken him through gigs with jazzmen Gary Burton and Herbie Mann, a temporary alliance with Jack Bruce, and innumerable musicians with his own bands. But now, the 30-year old guitarist has finally found the right combination of talent and personnel for the joyful, powerful, jazz-rock noise he's long carried in his head: the Eleventh House.

On their debut album, the Eleventh House consists of long-time Coryell colleague Mike Mandel on keyboards and synthesizer, former Blood, Sweat and Tears lead trumpeter Randy Brecker, Alphonse Mouzon, from Weather Report, on drums, and former Buzzy Linhart assist Danny Triffan. They are absolutely spectacular as they run down some of the ballsiest yet intelligent music anywhere. The only problem is hornman Brecker. His incredible use of the wah-wah trumpet is the highlight of both the album and the group's recent live performances. He's on the way to join ex-Mahavishnu drummer Billy Cobham's new band.

Turned up to high volume, their music is dancing music. Loud yet controlled, this band plays hard and fast. Larry Coryell's jazz-rock dream has finally been captured on vinyl.

REVIEW TWO:

CARLY SIMON'S HOTCAKES

Whatever happened to that wonderful biting edge of irony that marked "You're So Vain"? It's been lost in their new album, or maybe laid aside. Carly seems preoccupied with her marriage and her baby (much of the record was made in the final months of her pregnancy). The album reeks of family.

One song's called "I Think I'm Gonna Have a Baby." Another is "Mind on My Man." Another is "Forever My Love." But who wants to hear the Simon-Taylor family air their clean laundry?

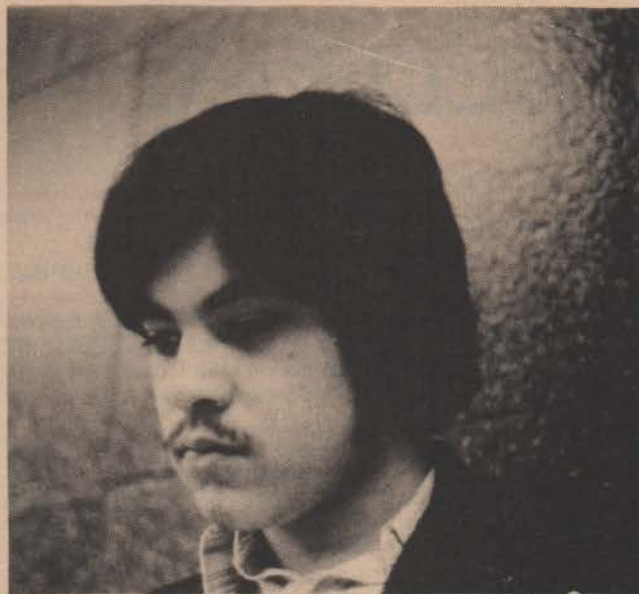
Actually, "I Think I'm Gonna Have A Baby" is a fine song, a good-time song in the best sense, a celebration of all babies, and it rollicks along with Carly's light and happy singing and Dave Spinozza's impeccable guitar backing her up. But Carly's songwriting often falls short of its goals. Some attempts begin perceptively, only to stagger off fitfully into cliché-like solutions. "Older Sister" is a case in point: the first verse hits the nail on the head, catching one of the great childhood frustrations; "What does she do...that makes her so great?" But by the second verse, Carly runs out of ideas and the song disintegrates. "Grownup" has a similar fate.

Carly and James get together on "Mockingbird," the old Foxx hit, and it's amusing, but when compared to the original one, it's lame. Even Robbie Robertson on guitar and Dr. John on keyboards can't save it. In a way it sums up the whole album: it sounds like they're having fun, but it's not very entertaining.

REVIEW THREE:

SOUND + POWER = E.L.P.

When Emerson, Lake and Palmer go on a major tour, they



require the planning of an electronics engineer. In rounded-off numbers, E.L.P. totes about 36 tons of equipment and their new quad equipment is modestly valued at \$300,000.00.

Keith Emerson is not your run-of-the-mill keyboard musician who alternates between piano and organ. Emerson uses 13 different keyboard units, four of which are Moog synthesizers and one of which was expressly designed for him by the instrument's inventor, Robert Moog.

With Emerson's impressive array of keyboards, Carl Palmer's expensive hand-crafted drum set, and guitar-vocalist Greg Lake's Persian carpet, added to the most sophisticated quadraphonic PA system today, logistics and strategy are necessary pre-requisites for going out on town. Moving from city to city takes some rather shrewd maneuvering on the parts of managers, truckers, promoters and the group's 30-man crew. Before E.L.P. even touches down to play a gig, the road crew has already preceded them by a day in order to set up equipment and test it properly. Approximately seven hours are needed to get everything in working order.

Emerson, Lake & Palmer's strength rests solely on the freedom of each musician in welding his musical ideas into the framework of the band. For example, E.L.P.'s latest album, Brain Salad Surgery, alternates between massive bursts of electronic sound and sections that are abruptly soft and self-reflective in character. Behind that powerhouse of energy are three extremely talented young men. As long as Keith Emerson, Greg Lake and Carl Palmer can harmoniously work together as a musical team, their music will continue to be a vital, energetic mix of expert musicianship and technical wizardry that has few equals.

CONCERT REVIEW:

TRIPLE TREAT AT THE ACADEMY

by BILL TORPEY

At the Academy of Music, on March 23, there was what was promised to be an all-time great concert. It fulfilled its promise seven times seven. The billing was Renaissance and Soft Machine with Larry Coryell and Eleventh House as special guest stars.

Due to a lack of foresight that night, on the parts of myself and two friends, we trucked on up to the Academy at 10:30 to get tickets for the special midnite show, only to find ourselves in the middle of a sold-out concert. I am not going to relate our miscellaneous adventures in PROCURING (and that's the perfect word for it) some tickets, suffice to say that it took two hours, along with a lot of blood, sweat and money. However, it was worth every drop, bead and penny.

The show opened up with Soft Machine, a British group that has been making excellent jazz-rock type music for many years and who are finally been listened to in America to some degree, thanks to John McLaughlin's groundbreaking. Their lineup consists of Mike Rutledge (the only original member left) on organ and Moog, Roy Babbington on bass, Allan Hollingsworth on guitar, Karl Jenkins, who played electric piano and various saxophones during the show, and John Marshall, formerly with Jack Bruce and Colosseum, on drums. They played a very short set, going off stage after two long numbers, which lasted about 45 minutes, without doing an encore, although the audience gave every indication of wanting one. But they definitely deserved the ovation they got. Their music is more jazz-influenced than many "jazz-rock" bands, with several free sections within a song for their excellent improvisations, all of which is held together by Marshall, who I think may be the best drummer in the world, and that includes people like Carl Palmer, Clive Bunker, et al (I'm waiting to hear Colham before I make my final decision). Allan played with more technique than McLaughlin and, when he lifted above the jazz guitarist's trap (that Larry Coryell was to fall into that same night) he sounded like an educated Alvin Lee and got into some really fine playing. Although the format of their music is a bit too free for my tastes, all in all, I'd say they are a really good band.

After an exceedingly long intermission, on came "special guest" Larry Coryell and Eleventh House, consisting of Mike Mandell on keyboards, Denny Triffin on bass, Mike Lawrence on trumpet and Alfonse Mouzon on drums. Mandell did some excellent playing, supporting Coryell, a la Jorn Hammer. Alfonse Mouzon is an animal, playing FAST and HARD (at-

tested to by big chunks broken out of two of his cymbals), and is really a gone drummer. Coryell fell into that same trap that has snared so many jazz guitarists (the prime example is McLaughlin), of proving how fast he is. Wonderful, I say, that you can play fast, but show us once, though, if you must. Unfortunately, Coryell got hung up on it, breaking free once in a while into an excellent phrase, but quickly falling back into cliché. He also seemed to have an obsession with introducing "his" band and serving notice that "his" album is "on Vanguard records and tapes," each of which he did about four times. I think a shrinking of his ego would benefit both his playing and stage presence.

And then there was Renaissance, about whom I can't say enough good things, but I'll try a few. Their music is neither so simple that it's boring, nor so complex that it's indecipherable. Although many groups are around that play good music, which I enjoy (like Soft Machine and Eleventh House), it's very rare when you not only enjoy the music, but when it makes you ecstatically happy. From the first chord of "Can You Understand" through "Kier," "Let It Grow," "Ashes Are Burning," to their encore, "Prologue," I felt as if I was falling in love. (Which I was, but more of that later.)

The group is made up of Michael Dunford, author if most of the songs from "Ashes Are Burning," who lays down a quiet and unobtrusive background, as he himself was very unobtrusive, hiding behind the PA columns all night; John Camp, one of the most tasteful and original bass players I have seen in a long time and who has a fine voice to boot, singing harmonies and even a lead on one song; John Taut plays the piano, organ and clarinet, giving the group much of its unique sound, his playing having a distinctive classical flavor; Terence Sullivan, tasteful and clean on the drums, never intruding himself on a song, but always making himself a welcome addition; Annie Haxlam, the magic element of the band. She sings with beauty, grace and power, her voice becoming part of the song, unlike many other singers, where the singing and the instrumentals seem to be separate pieces. She is beautiful and charming. (How many people play top billing at the Academy and get the giggles at 4 am?) All night long this beautiful combination of music and great vibes kept me happily spellbound.

Renaissance has two albums out, "Prologue" and "Ashes Are Burning," along with a new album to be released at the end of the month. Buy them all. See all their concerts. Renaissance is a total joy!



VAN MORRISON: ULTRA-FINE ROCK



by BUCK ZIEMELIS

Not many rock artists can match Van Morrison's talent. He is a rock poet, one of the best rock and soul singers, holding his own playing the guitar, sax or blues harp. The loyalty of his following is comparable to that of Dylan's. He is a perfectionist who has created some extraordinary works and this is evident on his new LIVE album that captures the memorable moments his music has produced over the years.

Van was influenced into music by his old man, a Leadbelly fan. He listened endlessly to American blues and R&B, and quickly learned to imitate the singing style of his idols. Among his favorites were Ray Charles, Bobby Bland and John Lee Hooker. He also listened to jazz and country.

In 1964, he became the lead singer of an Irish group called Them. They had a string of hits that was highlighted by the legendary "Gloria," which Van Morrison wrote. "G-L-O-R-I-A, Glorée-a," booms Van, now backed by the splendid Caledonia Soul Express. After the group Them disbanded, Van moved to the U.S.A. and recorded for Bang. His best cut for them was "Brown-Eyed Girl," a smoldering summer-of-love classic. By 1968, Van hooked up with his current label, Warner Brothers, where he began to unveil his ability to blend rock with lyrical poetry. Van was now a resident musician at Woodstock. He became friends with the many fine musicians in the area, which included members of The Band. Van appeared as a guest vocalist on one of their albums and has also written lyrics for them. Van now lives in California with his wife, who has done backup vocals on one of his albums, and his two children.

Unlike many "live" albums that fall flat for various reasons, Van's newest effort, recorded live at the Troubador in L.A., the Santa Monica Civic Center and the Rainbow in London, is just another jewel for his golden crown. The two album set is an anthology of past waxed wonders. "Ain't Nothing You Can Do" is a prime example of the high-gear driving of Van's new orchestra. It is followed by "Warm Love," a slow sizzler which captures his voice in a different mood. This album, which was produced by Morrison, is a nice mixture of various tempos. There is a song by Sam Cooke, "Bring It On Home," and a blues burner by Sonnyboy Williamson, "Take Your Hand Out of My Pocket," which proves that Morrison can handle that idiom better than most whites. "I've Been Working" is a tribute to the nine-to-five stiff, and "Domino," are old Morrison works that haven't lost any zip in their new versions. The superb jazz orientated horn lines are arranged by saxman Jack Schroer and the strings section is put together by ivory presser Jeff Labes.

Van has a rep for being a temperamental performer. I consider this as a sign that he will not drift into mediocrity, as so many musicians who are satisfied with half-done jobs are. I witnessed Morrison perform at the Orphanage, a rock bar in San Francisco. He has been a Bay area favorite since '66, when he first invaded the Fillmore with Them. Van is not the type of performer who expects you to get it on. He wants his audience to listen closely and get into the musical content of his band. With his wide spectrum of sounds and love ballads, it is impossible to limit him into just fast boogie-bouncers, which is what the youthful punks demand. What Morrison gives you is a well-rounded education on all aspects of the rock genre. He is clearly the "boss" man of his band. The set at the Orphanage was one of the best I have caught. And he exited through the crowded bar and left, showing that he isn't the type who hangs out and waits for accolades from the patrons. He is a pro who knows where it's at—he needs no ego fodder. Van Morrison is also not into concerts and prefers to put out new verse in albums, which is unfortunate, since his trips to New York City are few and far between. His recent show at the Felt Forum had its tickets gobbled up pronto when they were circulated, but two or three shows in the Metro area aren't ample dosages of Morrison for one year. His commercial success does not reach the dizzying heights of lesser artists, but true Morrison followers hope it remains that way, because one day the others will pick up on this PhD of rock, with the quality his music has and will maintain.



RECORD REVIEW:

RICK DERRINGER

by ROBERT W. BLEI

A couple of months ago, a few of my friends at WVSI kept constantly rapping about the latest "superstar" of rock'n'roll, a Mr. Rick Derringer, guitarist from Edgar Winter's White Trash group. One of the first things I heard about the guy was that he sat in a bar in the Village once and watched the drummer from Trash get stabbed. Mr. Derringer didn't even make a move to help the poor guy out. Whether that story can be verified or not, I don't know. What is known is that I had this unexplained hate for Rick Derringer. I promised myself never to buy his album, despite fairly good reviews from the gang at SICC—but, then again, I said the same thing about Jim Morrison's Doors a few years ago and ended up buying every one of their albums because I liked their music so much. Anyway, I cannot say the same this time about Rick Derringer.

Ricky's been around for years. His first connection with the music world was in 1966, when the McCoys made Number One on the charts with "Hang On Sloopy," with Rick as the lead man for the group. After that hit, he stayed behind the footlights, producing and playing for the Winter Brothers, and he was a player on the recent Edgar Winter hit, "Frankenstein." But until last year, he never felt that he could do a solo album.

He made an attempt in 1972, trying to contact "Mountain" Pappalardi, Todd Rundgren, the Who's Peter Townshend, Chicago's producer J. Guercio and Rick Perry, who produces Ringo, Carly Simon and Chuck Berry. Unfortunately, it didn't work out.

Last year, he got together with a few friends and a couple of producers and started work on his album. On the first tracks he laid down most of the guitar work on his own, with Bobby Caldwell drumming. The basic rock'n'roll tracks were done in a couple of weeks. In the space of about two months, he finished the rest of the tracks, one layer at a time, with people like Joe Walsh on electric guitar, Joe Lala on cowbells and congas, Kenny Passarelli on bass, Edgar Winter and Paul Harris on Keyboards, and Joe Vitale and the aforementioned Caldwell on drums. Rick did acoustic, electric and pedal steel guitars, some bass, tambourine, electric sitars, marambas, hair drums, cowbells and about 90 per cent of the backing vocals and all of the lead singing efforts. The final result is the album now hiding in the record shelves at Korvettes, called **RICK DERRINGER: ALL-AMERICAN BOY**.



The album runs down as follows. "Rock and Roll, Hoochie Koo" is supposed to be the big hit of the album. I've heard it played on the AM only about three times and not much more on the FM. Even though the song was written for the Winters a few years ago, in a slower version, this new version is more cute than rock'n'rollie. Another mediocre-type hit song is "Teenage Love Affair." That song and "Teenage Queen" are merely cute, not much in the rock'n'roll style that I personally favor. The instrumentals, "Time Warp" and "Joy Ride," are nothing to speak of at all. Even Lou Reed, the so-called Rock'n'Roll Animal (?), could do better acoustic work. "Jump, Jump, Jump" is cheapie rockin' music and "Slide Over Slinky" (a takeoff on the old "Hang On Sloopy"), "Cheap Tequila" and "Uncomplicated" are really bad. What's worse are the songs Edgar Winter played on ("Hold," "Airport Giveth," and "It's Raining"). One begins to wonder why he would have his name hooked onto lousy songs, with horrible playing on it. Furthermore, the appearance and voice of Mr. Derringer turns me off totally. If you ever look at the album, he just gives the impression of being a wise-assed 14-year-old brat who thinks he's the biggest thing in rock'n'roll. And he sings like he's just about reaching puberty.

Simply, **ALL-AMERICAN BOY** is a real clinker. Fortunately, Rick Derringer produced it himself. I surely wouldn't have. Then again, I wouldn't have promoted it either. This CBS record is one of those albums that sounds like it was made to carry one or two hit singles and a few other mediocre filler-songs in a 33 and one-third form. The only trouble is that Derringer's single died, album or no album. Poor little Rickie Derringer's star has gone out before it even was lit up. Too bad





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