

Commuter

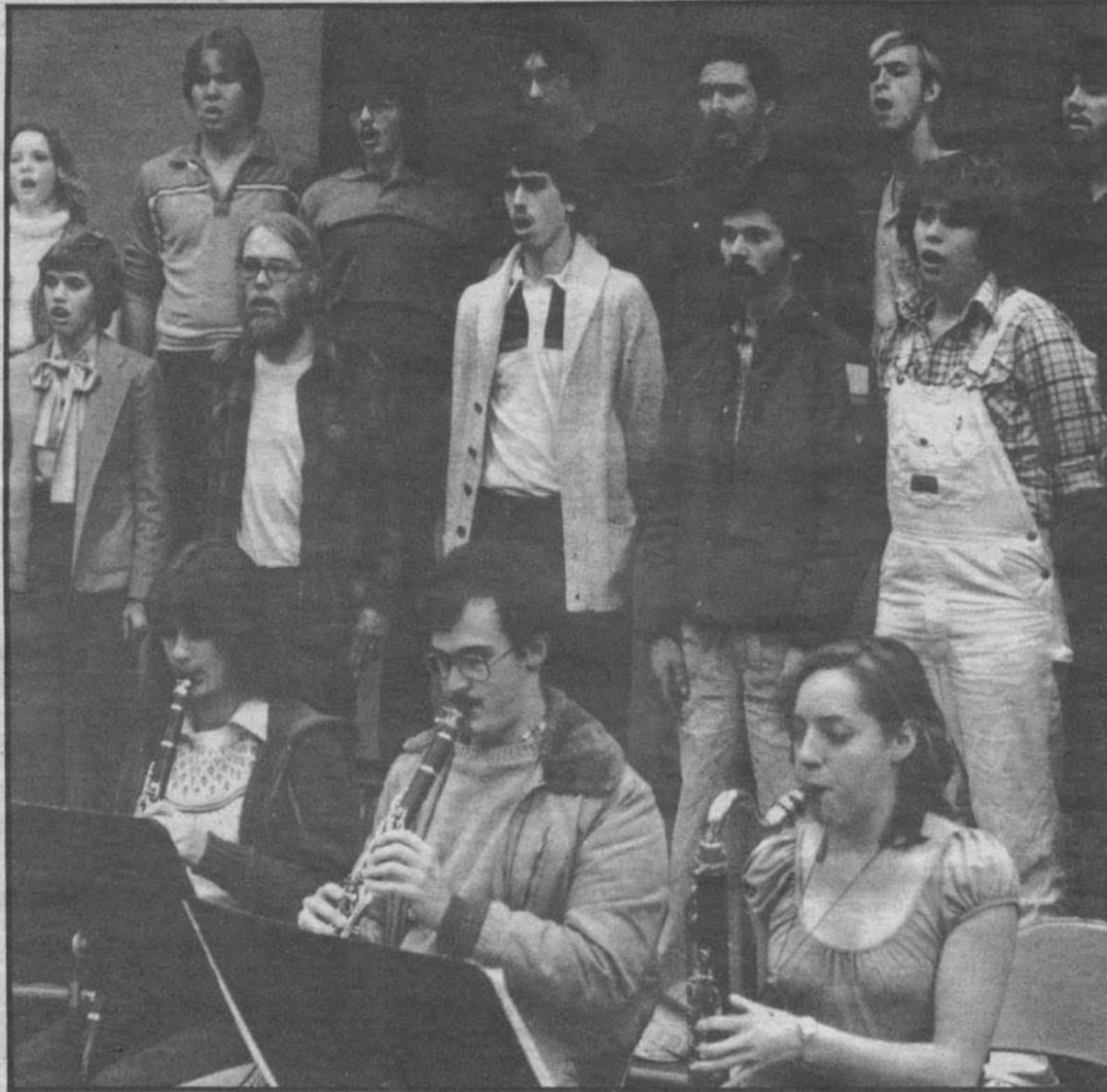
VOLUME 11 NUMBER 10

DEC. 5, 1979

LINN-BENTON COMMUNITY COLLEGE ALBANY, ORE. 97321

Shades of Christmas...

appear around Linn and Benton Counties lately. But LBCC personnel aren't exactly known as Scrooges either. Festive decorations have decked the campus halls all week and even Santa made his rounds to the Commons and the Parent/Child Lab yesterday. Below, Danny Danforth helps trim the lab's Christmas tree. At right, the LBCC Concert Choir and some members of the Brass Choir rehearse for tomorrow night's Christmas Choral Concert. The program will be held in the Takena Hall Theatre at 8 p.m. and is free to the public. Directors of the show are Hal Eastburn and Gary Ruppert.



LBCC sued for \$5 million after spring explosion

A welding student paralyzed in an accident last May at LBCC has filed suit against the college and a chemical manufacturer for \$5 million.

Per Hansen, 19, 1535 N.W. Oregon St., Corvallis, was injured May 31 when sparks from a welding saw apparently ignited fumes in an empty 200-gallon fuel tank nearby. The resulting explosion ripped open the steel tank, blowing pieces of metal and breaking three windows in the shop.

Hansen was 12 feet from the tank when it exploded. The shock fractured Hansen's spine, bruised his spinal cord and severed his fifth vertebra, at least leaving him a quadriplegic. He has regained slight use of the muscles in his upper arms and hands.

The lawsuit was filed Nov. 23 in Lane County Circuit Court by Hansen's mother, Sue Fisher. In addition to LBCC, named in the suit, was the O'Brien Corp., a business as Fuller-O'Brien.

In a report after the accident, LBCC Facilities Director Ray Eastburn said the inside of the 200-gallon tank had been coated the

day earlier with a flammable industrial flushing compound. The tank had been built in the shop and was intended to be used to store diesel fuel. It contained no diesel at the time of the accident, according to re-

ports.

An investigation by the State Accident Insurance Fund supported the theory that a spark and tank fumes caused the explosion.

Hansen's lawsuit alleges that

negligence in the manufacture and use of the slushing chemical caused the explosion. It also contends the negligence caused him permanent personal injury, including head and neck injuries, coma, vertebra fractures, quad-

riplegia and pneumonia.

LBCC President Ray Needham said the school's insurance company, the Insurance Company of North America, based in Portland, is handling the suit. He declined further comment. □

Winter term registration to begin Monday

Just when one term is about to be licked, there's another to start worrying about.

Advising for winter term classes at LBCC is taking place this week. And starting next Monday, registration for students enrolled fall term will begin.

Monday is also the beginning of the three-day "finals" week for fall term.

Faculty members are responsible for advising this year.

Registration—and more advising—will take place in the mall of Takena Hall Monday morning.

Schedules of classes for winter term are now available and have been distributed throughout campus.

Next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday have been set aside for registering students enrolled fall term. This is to assure proper classes for their programs, according to Jon Carnahan, LBCC registrar.

Continuing students will also

be allowed to register Dec. 13 when registration begins for new students and students returning from an absence.

New full-time students have been assigned a time and date to attend a new-student orientation program prior to being allowed to

register, said Carnahan. The programs have been set for 8:30 a.m., 10:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. on Dec. 13, Dec. 14, Dec. 28, Dec. 29 and Dec. 31.

New part-time students may register any time beginning Dec. 13. □

Inside...

- A new quarterly feature, *Tableau*, is in this week's *Commuter*. Creative writing, calligraphy, poetry and artwork by LBCC students and staff make up this pullout magazine-within-a-newspaper... Center
- An LBCC reader's theater production of adult fairy tales is reviewed... page 2
- Sports Editor Rick Coutin finishes his two-part series on Roadrunner basketball... page 14

Editorial

Decade saluted with relief

As the end of the last term of the 1970's approaches and the last *Commuter* of the decade rots in the stands, a brief overview of recent campus events confirm that no sentiments should be wasted while pondering the last ten years.

When fall term officially ends next Friday students will not have a school nurse, they will not have a cooperative bookstore nor will they have a more efficient registration system.

Not surprising. In fact, it's so typical of the 70's. A one word description for the mood might be "a pathetic," but perhaps a better one would be "cynical".

Shifting from the 60's to 70's, the changes came little by little—not in large enough quantities to notice all at once. But they came.

Causes became less and less frequent after the Viet Nam War ended and thoughts turned elsewhere: to pollution, figuring out what to do with physically and mentally disabled soldiers, keeping up with inflation and soaring energy costs, in short, just surviving.

To survive, people had to become more selfish and after the Watergate scandal, they became a lot more wary.

The general consciousness of youth rose—pot got to be as necessary as water to some. The country went through three (well, maybe three) presidents. Ain't that somethin'?

The 70's served as a time of transition to reevaluate some of America's lifestyles. Energy awareness became a lot more widespread and so did wiser eating habits.

The 80's may reveal that the internal combustion engine can be used as a fairly efficient flower planter; they may see the start of a "great new war."

Goodbye 70's; it was nice while it lasted.

Review

Adult tales are witty, fun

by Julie Trower
Staff Writer

Every adult who has ever been a child should enjoy at least one—if not all—of the 12 fairy tales presented in "Transformations."

The beloved fairy tales we all heard as children take new forms in this reader's theater presentation directed by instructor Jane Donovan. Red Riding Hood is accosted by a transvestite wolf; Sleeping Beauty is rescued by her prince only to become an insomniac; the frog is no longer content with a kiss, but desires to sleep in the maiden's bed. These are only a few surprises in store for those who attend this off-beat, humorous and somewhat grim performance.

While a storyteller narrates each tale, the actors contribute the action and voices—but act like they are reading the story, by accompanying each line with "he said" or "she said." The effect is at first charming and adds to the flow of the stories, but eventually becomes tiresome and distracting.

The actors' obvious enthusiasm makes up for the flaws in performances and the total effect is one of skillful storytelling. Each actor plays a variety of parts as the 12 tales unfold, so by the time the last story is told, the audience feels a kinship with each new character.

The Gold Key opens the performance and the audience is introduced to actor Kevin VanSlyke who displays his talent again and again throughout the play. VanSlyke portrays Rumpelstiltskin, one of the dwarves, a prince and even a narrator with lively artistry.

Jane VanSickle, LBCC English instructor, shines at playing the virtuous virgins Red Riding Hood and Snow White. While she lacks the force required for some of her more serious roles, VanSickle's charming portrayals of naive young maidens are utterly above reproach.

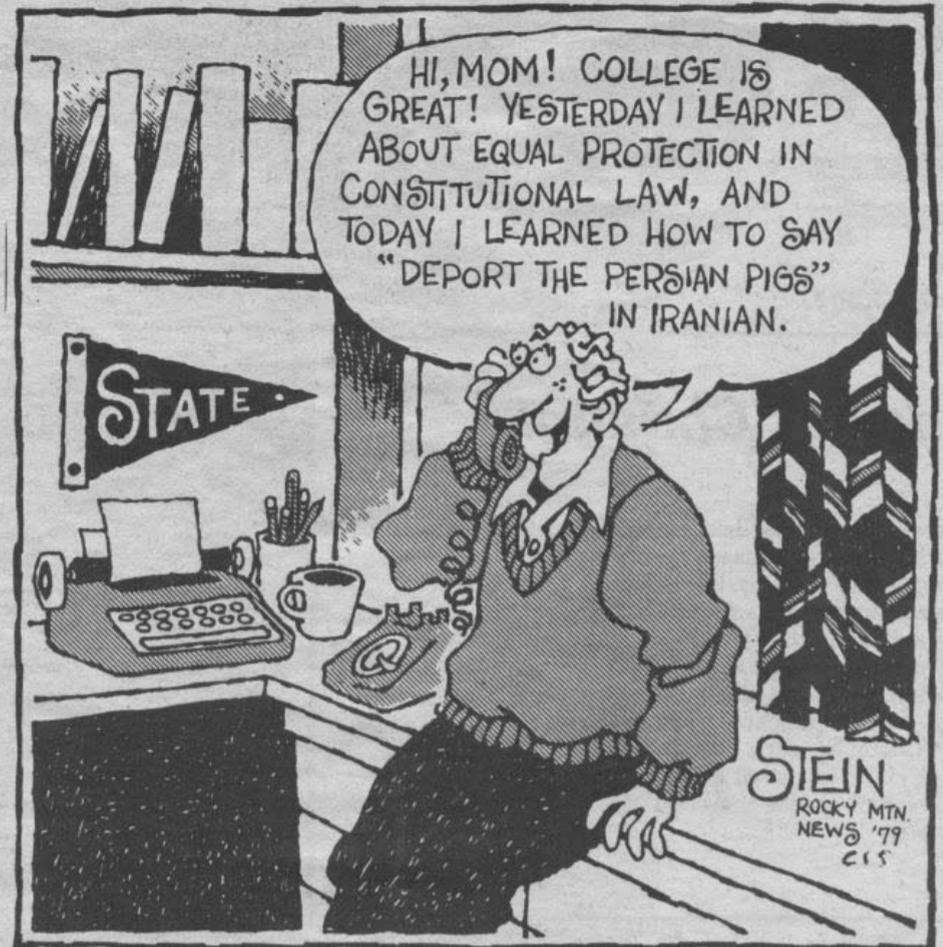
Other actors, too, were stunning in some roles, while ineffective in others. Bill Hill, who was less than credible as Snow White's prince, appeared in the next tale as a very believable frog. Later in the performance, Hill delighted the audience with his remarkable portrayal of an eccentric adulterous parson.

Grimm's Fairy Tales have definitely been spiced with lively language in Anne Sexton's version. Her narrations are spruced with metaphors that cascade over the audience and turn the simple tales into literary treasures. But under the author's hand, the tales abound with adult twists of incest, adultery and insanity.

A true Grimm's fan may be affronted by the transformation of these cherished children's tales, but most will find "Transformations" a charming, witty production played with exuberance and skill.

Other actors included Stephanie Geil-Fitchett, an accomplished veteran of LBCC plays, Kristine Smith who is an invincible omnipresent narrator in *The Frog Prince*, Stephen Martin who slides easily from play to play and Nick Passeggio, an impressive wild man in *Iron Hans*. Music and sound effects are provided by Michael Cooley.

"Transformations" plays Friday and Saturday at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$2 and are available in the Campus and Community Services office. □



Business club busy with travels

by Russ Fromherz
Staff Writer

LBCC's business club, a chapter of the Distributive Education Clubs of America (DECA), recently returned from a regional conference in Salt Lake City.

LBCC's 11 members and staff advisor Jay Brooks attended the conference on Nov. 17 and 18, said DECA member Don White. The conference, he said, was a leadership training seminar rather than a conference for competition.

White said DECA deals with all stages of marketing a product through competition at state and national conventions. All projects are handled in a business-like manner, so club members can gain hands-on experience with marketing.

Travel expenses for the DECA club members were paid for by the club treasury, said White. DECA has some major fundraising projects, he said. They are presently acting as "wholesaler and retailer" for a giant Christmas coloring book. The club is supplying local high school DECA clubs with coloring books to retail in their areas, he said.

Capital earned from the coloring books will help chapter members attend a state convention in Portland in February and to a national conference in Florida in June.

Dan Dempsey, another LBCC member, said DECA chapters are divided into three levels to include high school, community

college and university students.

Three Oregon community colleges have DECA chapters: LBCC, Mt. Hood and Central Oregon, with a total of 34 members at this level, said Dempsey.

Dempsey said the low number of DECA members is due to the fact that students are unaware of the club and don't know what DECA can do as a job reference.

Businesses around the country have been impressed by DECA's track record, he continued, and are impressed when they find

DECA membership on a job application.

Dempsey said DECA chapters are encouraged to get involved in community service projects just like a business would. Future projects for the LBCC chapter are wood cutting for senior citizens and a bicycle safety program, he said.

Dempsey said the chapter hopes to increase their membership with their present membership drive. To get in contact with the LBCC DECA chapter, call Brooks at extension 167. □

Financial aid hassle cleared, says office

by Bryon Henderson
Staff Writer

A bottleneck in hiring students for work study has apparently been cleared, according to officials in LBCC's Placement office.

Earlier this term, requests for work study positions were "frozen" because the demand for workers was greater than the number of students eligible.

Marlene Seth of the Placement office said that of 218 jobs requested, all but seven are filled. The 218 jobs available this term were trimmed from the 300 jobs requested by faculty and staff members.

"The reason we had to trim the number of jobs is because of the amount of money we have for the year," Seth said. "We had

too many jobs and not enough money."

She said that eliminating some of those jobs was not difficult.

"All of our jobs are prioritized so we just eliminate the bottom jobs," Seth explained. "Academics and division heads got together and prioritized the jobs they had."

But there are still seven jobs left. The Financial Aid office is still taking applications.

"To qualify, you must first qualify for financial aid," Seth said. "Then you come down to the Placement office and look through our jobs. After you do this, we send you out to an interview and you get hired—you're right for the job." □

THE COMMUTER

editor Kathy Buschauer □ managing editor Julie Trower □ photo editor Julie Brudvig □ sports editor Rick Coutin □ reporters Lori Ashling, Doug Chatman, Greg Mason, Denise Potts, Linda Varsell Smith, Charlene Vecchi, Russell Fromherz, Betty Windsor, Bryon Henderson □ photographers Jon Jensen, Steve Tapp □ production staff Sakyham "Nou" Prachansithi, Linda Varsell Smith, Lanette Maher, Dolores Mittfelder, Michael McNeil, Mary Soto, Gloria Ludington, Starr Hume, Steve Tapp, Jon Jensen □ advertising manager Dale Stowell □ office manager Mary Soto □ advisor Quinton Smith

Former student awarded honor after his death

by Russ Fromherz
Staff Writer

Robert Geisert, a former LBCC student, recently received a fifth place award of \$100 from the James F. Lincoln Arc Welding Foundation.

Geisert's entry was a study problem of field welding of high strength low alloy steels. Put simply, his entry told how to make low weight steels as strong as heavy steels. Low alloy steels are used in aircraft construction, where weight is important.

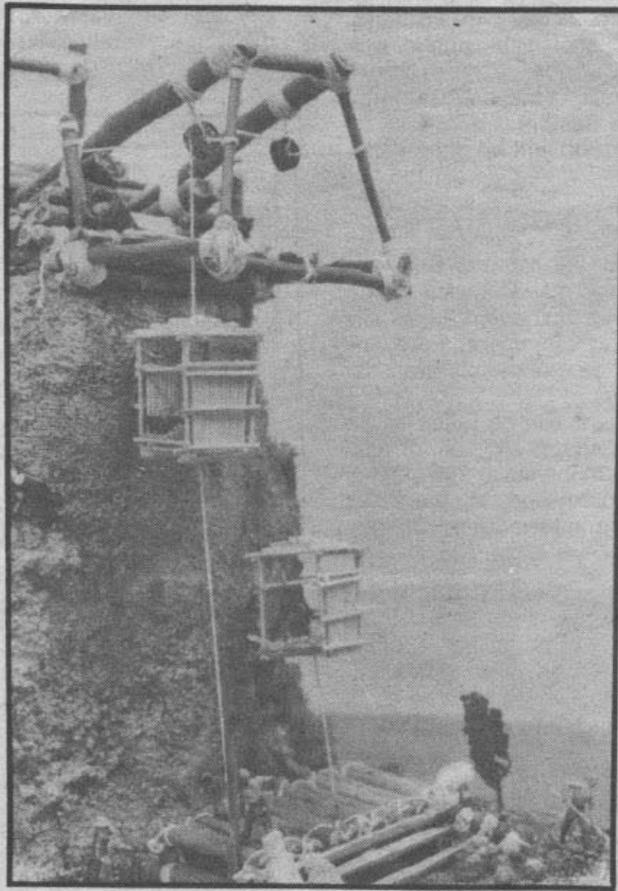
Geisert's wife Marion picked up the award because the contest results were announced after Geisert died in a skin-diving accident on the Willamette River in August.

Geisert was the first LBCC student to enter into a contest like this, according to Carl Love, LBCC instructor in metallurgical technology.

"I have had a few students want to, but Robert had that extra drive to get the job done," said Love. "He set the example for other students to enter the contest in the future."

Tom Hogan, counselor in the Cooperative Work Experience (CWE) office, said Geisert was "our first success story for CWE." Geisert's CWE project at Oregon Metallurgical, Hogan said, "was a crossing of the roads where both industry and student matched very well." □

Finished projects mean a finished term



photos by Julie Brudvig

Above, Dan Potter (bearded) and Rick France stand by the van they worked on this term at LBCC. Owner Potter, rebuilt the vehicle in two terms. France painted the van and spent a week decorating the rear quarter panel (bottom).

At left is a project constructed by 11 Drafting-Engineering Practices students in response to a problem posed by teacher Jim Reynolds. The problem: enabling pygmies to move supplies up a cliff, using less than \$1500. The students spent 36 hours on the system which has miniature elevators that move.

Christians prove themselves a lasting club

by Doug Chatman
Staff Writer

In a well-lit room with the pictures of former LBCC board members on the wall, there's a long, rectangular table in the middle of the room. Eight people are seated at the table casually dressed in warm clothing, chatting quietly before beginning their meeting. They start with a

prayer, asking God to watch over them. This is the way LBCC's Christians on Campus club looks before starting its meeting each week.

After the prayer, members pass around their pamphlets and discuss their religious beliefs under the supervision of Bob Ross, the club's advisor. Ross, a biology instructor at LBCC, says the club's main objective is to

bring other Christians and any other students together.

The club meets at noon each Wednesday in the Willamette Room. During meetings they sometimes schedule activities for on and off campus. These include going to luncheons, watching movies, plays and distributing pamphlets on campus.

Contrary to what some may think handing out religious pamphlets on campus is not against the law or school rules, according to Bob Miller, director of campus and community services.

"Students on and off campus are allowed to pass out any pamphlets of information," Miller said, "but they can't force literature or stay on campus continuously and hand out pamphlets."

Although any kind of club can be formed at LBCC, there are some rules involved. One of the rules says a club must be nondiscriminating.

And that is the problem a Mormon group is having. They are trying to get a club organized. The group says it will not

deny consideration for membership to any student "because of sex, race, religion, creed, national origin, handicap or marital status, except those qualifications of sex directly relevant to the organization's purpose."

"A club must have eight members and an advisor who is on the faculty or staff at LBCC, Miller said. A club must also be accepted by the Student Organization Council of Representatives after it has evaluated all of the information about the proposed club.

There have been other clubs that have met the requirements of the Council. But Ross said that none of them have lasted as long as the Christians on Campus club. The club started in 1971, he said, when they were first called the Jesus for Lunch bunch.

The boardroom clock shows the noon hour is almost over and the club members finish their lunch. Talk slows down in anticipation of the meetings end. Ross tells students they will pick up their discussion again this Wednesday. □

Concert set tonight

LBCC's annual Christmas Choral Concert will be held tomorrow night at 8 p.m. in the Takana Hall Theatre.

The LBCC Concert Choir and Vocal Jazz Ensemble, conducted by Hal Eastburn, and the LBCC Brass choir, directed by Gary Ruppert, will present a variety of Christmas music.

Look over this list of Science-Tech courses for something different Winter Term!

TLN	COURSE	COURSE TITLE
4359	AE-111	Agricultural Economics
4906	AS-101	Rudiments of Meteorology
4427	BI-102	Human Body (Introductory Anatomy and Physiology Class)
4867	CH-104	General Chemistry (Start chemistry sequence at night)
4461	GS-199	Marine Mammals
4899	GS-199	Rocks and Minerals
4903	GS-199	Environmental Radiation
4675	GS-235	Applied Hydraulics
4858	GS-199	Energy — Problems and Solutions
4467	GS-199	Basic Protozoology (Introduction to microscopic organisms)
4813	MT-173	Microcomputer—BASIC (Learn about microcomputers)

Registration begins Monday

For more information go to ST-182

Chorale group to perform 'Messiah' on Dec. 13

Handel's "Messiah" comes to campus in a yuletide debut of a new Community Chorale group recently formed by Hal Eastburn, choral music instructor at LBCC.

Under the direction of Eastburn, the Chorale will perform the Christmas section, 10 choruses, solos and other portions of the oratorio.

The program begins at 8 p.m. Thursday, Dec. 13 in Takana Hall Theatre. The public is welcome. There is no admission charge. □

Etcetera

Iranian crisis discussed tomorrow

Three professors from Oregon State University and the president of the Iranian Student Association in Eugene will present a panel discussion concerning the Iranian crisis tomorrow evening at 6:30 p.m. in the Alsea/Calapooia Room.

The panel appeared in a similar forum at OSU last Thursday and they plan to focus their discussion on the events that led to the current conflict. The presentation will be an "open forum" with a question-answer period is free to the public. □

Crafts sale starts today

If you're fretting about what to buy for Mom, Dad or maybe even the mailman for Christmas this year, a special just-in-time-for-Christmas sale that starts today in the Commons might provide some inspiration.

The Arts and Crafts Sale features stained glass, pottery, macrame, Christmas decorations and more—all made by LBCC students and instructors.

The sale will be open today, tomorrow and Friday from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. On Saturday, the sale will be open from 9 a.m. to noon. □

LBCC instructor displays photos

Black and white prints by Bradford Ness, an LBCC community education photography instructor who also teaches at Oregon State University, are now on display in the President's Gallery (the foyer outside President Needham's office, CC100).

The mounted prints can be viewed through December. □

Prints on display

An exhibit of intaglio prints by Liza Jones of Portland is on display in the Humanities Gallery.

Jones conducts an etching workshop and teaches at the Arts and Crafts Society in Portland. She has shown in public and private galleries in the Northwest, New York, Washington D.C. and Boston.

The exhibit will be open daily.

Bikes sought

The annual campus Bike and Trike Christmas Program is now accepting donations of bikes and trikes that can be repaired and donated to needy children for Christmas.

Donations can be taken to the welding shop, IA 105 or call either Tim Shanks at 258-4805 or Doug Huddleson at 928-8202. For more information call ext. 129. □

Information officer quits

by Lori Ashling
Staff Writer

LBCC will lose Rich Bergeman, public information coordinator at the end of this month.

Bergeman is leaving to go back to school at Oregon State University and get his M.A. in interdisciplinary studies. He wants to study broadcasting, journalism and teaching.



Rich Bergeman

Bergeman has been here since January of 1976 and he feels it is time for a career change.

Bergeman is leaving because, he admitted, "I'm kind of tired of it. I write but the workload of it makes it impossible to do without interruption."

Bob Adams, LBCC vice president, has not begun interviewing new candidates for the position. Bergeman was hired as a media relations person to handle press releases. His articles for LBCC news are sent to newspapers.

When Bergeman came to LBCC he was "astounded by the family-oriented people. People at LBCC were concerned and made me feel I wasn't a P.R. man," he said.

Bergeman will teach a shop in public relations at LBCC's Albany and Eugene centers. The classes are intended to show people how to get their stories used in the media.

Eventually Bergeman would like to teach journalism at the community college level, and he has had editorial writing experience at weekly small-town newspapers.



UNIVERSAL PICTURES and COLUMBIA PICTURES Present

DAN AYKROYD · NED BEATTY · JOHN BELUSHI · LORRAINE GARY · MURRAY HAMILTON · CHRISTOPHER LEE
TIM MATHESON · TOSHIRO MIFUNE · WARREN OATES · ROBERT STACK · TREAT WILLIAMS

in An A-Team Production of A STEVEN SPIELBERG FILM



NANCY ALLEN · EDDIE DEEZEN · BOBBY DICICCO · DIANNE KAY · SLIM PICKENS · WENDIE JO SPERBER · LIONEL STANDER Director of Photography WILLIAM A. FRAKER, A.S.C. · Screenplay by ROBERT ZEMECKIS & BOB GALE
Story by ROBERT ZEMECKIS & BOB GALE and JOHN MILIUS · Music by JOHN WILLIAMS · Produced by BUZZ FEITSHANS · Executive Producer JOHN MILIUS · Directed by STEVEN SPIELBERG Read the Ballantine Book

Copyright © 1979 by UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS INC. · COLUMBIA PICTURES INDUSTRIES INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

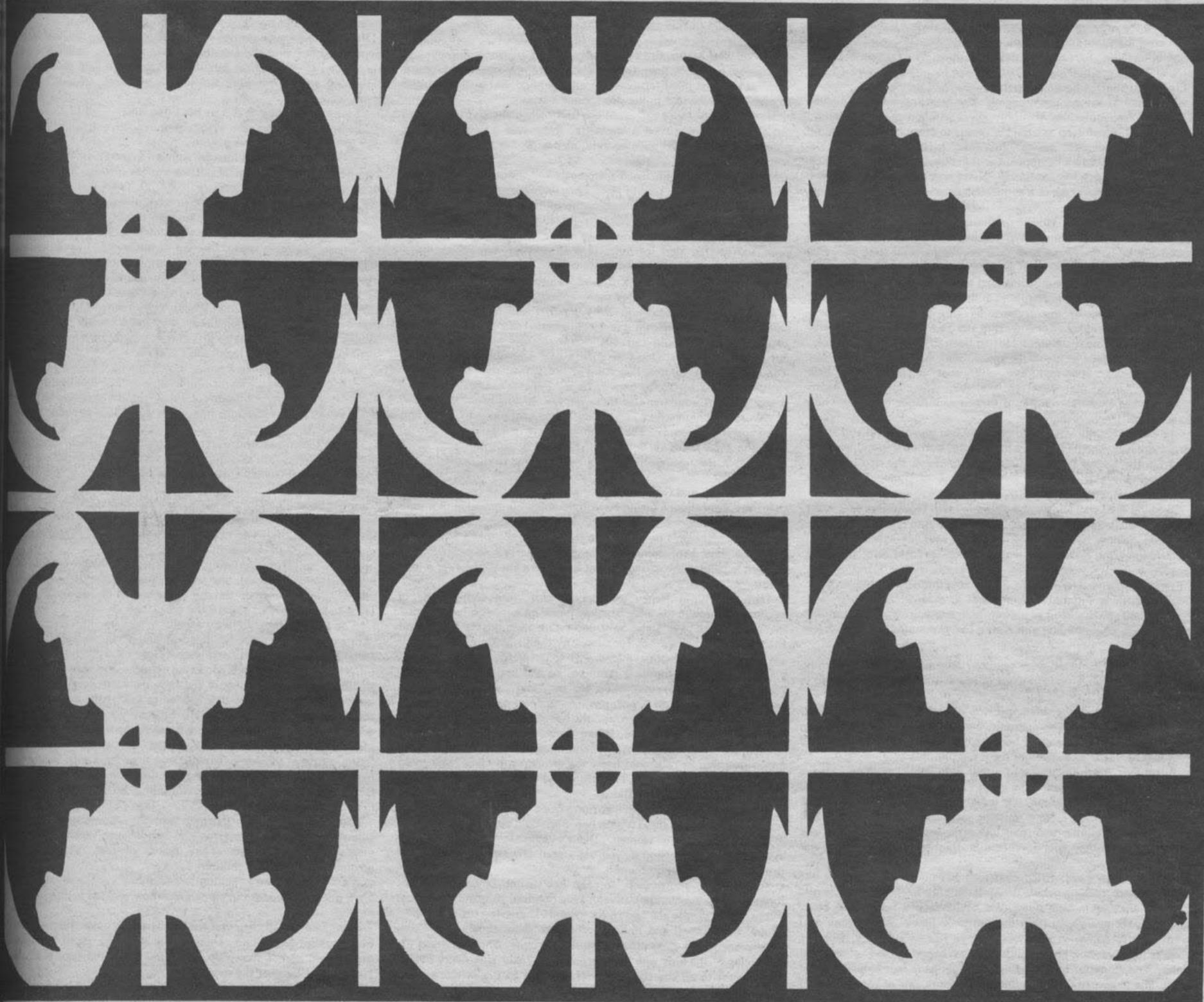
Original Soundtrack Album on ARISTA Records and Tapes

COMING FOR CHRISTMAS

ts
ng his
d fra
it. I like
of the
to
vice
inter
r the
red
n to
icles
t to
came
ted by
ople
conce
ishn't
h a
ations
d Be
e inter
o get
dia.
an
sm
el, try
g or
space

Tableau

December 5, 1979



Gloria Ludington

Linn-Benton Community College
Albany, Oregon 97321

TEN-YEAR REUNION

by Charlene Vecchi

Out of misty silence his voice came, riding the years gracefully, as a figure skater drifts across newly surfaced ice. The voice was just as deep as Erica remembered it. Seductive. Luring her away from childhood. He had been gentle. Yet his hands had probed a little lower with every date.

He was back in the car with her again. She could see the field: velvet hills waltzing away from indigo valley. That rutted track leading to the little grove of trees. No one else went there—they had discovered the place together one night.

She blinked her eyes and the field was gone. The farmer had sold out; the hills were bulldozed away to make room for a trailer court.

Eight years buried his voice as she awoke; but its memory lingered as she stared at the bedroom ceiling. Her husband slept on beside her. How frequent, she thought, these dreams are becoming. Sometimes, I'm not even asleep. He seems to drop in on my mind at the most inconvenient times. Just like surprise company. He interrupts my day when he appears at the door, but somehow makes it more exciting once I invite him in. There was that one day, when I was washing a diaper. All of a sudden his face was there, smiling up at me from the toilet.

She began wondering. How many times had she wondered in eight years? What is Dean doing now? He was still in St. Paul. She had looked him up in the phone book on a visit home some time ago. Did he still work at Midwest Linen? A supervisor by now? Hardly a visit went by anymore that she didn't expect to see him somewhere on the streets of the East Side, or shopping in the stores downtown. He must have camped around the country by this time. He had loved wilderness. She smiled, remembering the beard that emerged with him from the Boundary Waters. He had been so proud of it! Actually, it looked out of place on his small, square chin. And it grew in patches on his cheeks. She told him only that it made him look "different"—until that night in the car, when the new beard scratched her cheek so roughly it turned sandpaper red. Dean had shaved it off the next day.

She thought of the little cedar chest he had given her. It still stood on her dresser. She had torn up his picture, burned it along with the one from the Spring Formal. But the cedar chest, the necklace, the onyx elephant—she could not part with any of them. She hadn't wanted to part with him.

How long did I stay angry, she asked herself. How many years was it before I wished him happiness in my mind? And Karen. Is she the "walking, talking baby-machine" he once said his wife would be? No, remembering Karen, she would object—at least after the third baby.

Erica wondered if they were happy together. She used to wish their marriage a suitably vengeful end in divorce. How long, she thought, had she dreamed of seeing Dean and Karen together at the 10-year class reunion? She and Karen had graduated together from North High.

Would there be a 10-year reunion? She hadn't heard anything hopeful from Nancy yet. No word of reunion plans had circulated in St. Paul.

Nancy was the one, old friend Erica still wrote to once in a while. Their correspondence was sporadic, yet each letter stored something basic to them both: a touch of home, a bit of hallowed ground. Nancy was just as eager as Erica was for a reunion this year.

But it was April already, and didn't high school reunions always take place in the summer? Why wasn't anybody, out of a class of 500 people, planning a reunion? Or were they planning one, but just inviting select people? No it must be just terribly disorganized, like that five-year reunion they had had after seven years. Nancy was living in Denver then. Her parents in St. Paul had gotten a phone call about it.

I wish I was there, Erica chastised herself. I would figure out SOME way of tracking people down. It isn't fair to exclude people just because they've moved away. We could have a book—like other classes, with everybody from the yearbook listed. Where they are, what they're doing, experiences they've had in 10 years, whether they're married, how many children. What happened to Dennis? And John? And Annette? and Carol? Carol must have four kids by now at least. She imagined Carol nursing twin infants, one at each bountiful breast.

What would I read in that book about Karen and Dean, she wondered.

Erica closed her eyes. I must stop this, she told herself; I must get some sleep. But her unruly brain resurrected their last quarrel.

"Don't hurt Karen," she had hissed at Dean. "She's a nice girl—don't add her to your conquests!"

His anger boiled over. "You jealous bitch!"

She winced. But this time she would have her say. "You got all involved with Peggy and you got all involved with me. You said you loved me, and you probably told Peggy that, too."

He was still.

"I don't think you know what love is!" she lashed at him.

"Maybe I'll marry her!" he yelled.

"I wish you would!" She slammed the car door, ran in the house, stumbled to her room, shut the door. She heard Dean, the sensible, steady driver, roar down the street in a scream of tires. She crashed on the bed, and set the tears free.

She and Dean never spoke to each other again. There was only a moment, just before they both got their A.A. degrees. He brushed by her quickly, and shoved her cap down over her nose.

In September, Erica's mother sent the wedding picture from the St. Paul Society Page. So he really did it, she had said to herself. But it didn't matter anymore. She and Peter had found each other by then.

It was strange, Erica thought, that she and Peter had met just when she most wanted to stay unattached. She wanted to play then. She had wanted to flirt, to drift from one man to another, to protect the fragile scar tissue of her emotions. But Peter was honest. And he loved.

Her mind went back to the reunion. Tomorrow, she decided, I will write to the Review. She began plotting the words: ATTENTION... NORTH HIGH CLASS OF '67!

Several weeks later, Erica still had not heard anything. Sometimes, Nancy saw a few of their former classmates. No one had heard a word. It sounded like everyone wanted a reunion, but no one wanted to plan it. Erica wrote to the newspaper again.

Then a long-distance call came one night when she and Peter were out. The babysitter took a message: there was a reunion being planned. But the caller gave no date, no place... and no, she did not leave her name.

Something rose from Erica's stomach and lodged in her throat. What if she and Peter couldn't go? They were planning a vacation in July—what if the reunion turned out to be then?

She got on the phone to Nancy right away. Nancy was ecstatic. "That's the first positive thing we've heard!" she exclaimed. Nancy promised to stay alert for news of a date. Then the two of them started talking excitedly about familiar names. It was as if they were discovering the past, present and future at once. Until they remembered the long distance meter ticking away.

May was turning into June. Why did that woman even bother to call, Erica wondered. Now I'll feel even worse if that reunion happens and I'm not invited. Old "left out" feelings came rushing back from her adolescent years. Don't be such a fool! she upbraided herself. You've found out by now how little any of that matters.

"Why do you want to go back so bad?" Peter asked her. She could scarcely talk of anything else these days.

"Because in high school I was nothing but a little worm. Now I feel like a butterfly, poised... I can fly almost anywhere. And I want to go back and show them all!"

"What if they decide to have it when we're supposed to be in Tennessee?"

Train, motel, and Grand Ole Opry reservations had been made for their trip. Cancellation would be unthinkable. The question of a date tormented her.

"Then I just won't be able to go to the reunion, that's all."

As the days kept going by, she forced herself to accept what seemed to be inevitable: no reunion. It was all a big mistake, or a nice dream.

Then one night Nancy telephoned. Her voice sent sparks of excitement through the wire. She had heard an announcement on the radio today, she said. Date: Saturday evening, August 5. (Peter and Erica would be home from Tennessee by then!) Place: Peirre's. Call Teresa DeLonni for reservations, 739-4853. Nancy was catching a plane to California the next morning, so she had no time to talk. "Could you make a reservation for me, too?" Nancy asked. Of course! Erica would do it with joy.

She and Peter, the children, and the babysitter left a few days later for two weeks in Tennessee. When they returned home, they had spent a month's supply of energy, and many months' savings. Peter announced that Erica should make the reunion trip alone. She could stay at Nancy's apartment. The trip would be cheaper. Peter would remain at home with the children.

Frightened of the prospect at first, Erica protested. But later, a secret thrill began to build within her. She could see herself dancing, a sensuous, mature woman, Dean's eyes following her from sidelines, yearning. Stop it, you big stupe! she scolded herself. He probably won't even be there.

She made an effort, then, to calm her reeling fantasies; to look forward to the evening objectively. Five hundred people in her class. Many, many people she had never known. There had been the "in" clique: the football and hockey jocks, the cheerleaders, the Prom queens and kings, class officers, student council. And there was the other clique: the kids who hung around the roller rink every Friday night, went to all the rock concerts, smoked in the lavatories and laughed about their drinking parties.

She had not fit in with any of them. Never had a date until she was almost ready to graduate. But there had been some good friends.

She might find many old friends—or she might find indifference. Suddenly she felt an overwhelming reassurance that Nancy would be with her. And she knew she couldn't have faced the ordeal alone.

There was so much to do. She had to decide what to wear. She studied her closet. Nothing seemed suitable. There were two long dresses, but they seemed childish. She needed something sexy. Buying a new dress was out of the question; there wasn't any money for it in the checking account. Lucky there was enough money for the trip.

She ran to her sewing cupboard; pulled out one pattern after another. There it was. Just the right dress. Low-cut with skinny spaghetti straps. She dug through her piles of fabric. Most of these she'd had for a long time, before the children were born. Lots of beautiful material here. Here was the perfect fabric! Soft cotton knit, Eastern-type print, wine against white. The magic of the sewing machine could make it cling in just the right places and flow where a dress should flow. It would be enticing, yet subtle.

Oh, damn! What would she wear underneath it? She didn't own a strapless bra. A good one would cost at least 10 bucks. And going bra-less in front of all those people made her feel uneasy.

She went back to her closet. Both long dresses were pink. She

settled on the creamy knit with the scoop neck. At least, it was better than lacy ruffles and dotted swiss! The neckline was pretty low, after all. It hinted at something there beneath it.

A few days later it was time to leave. Peter said something about her meeting "her old flame." She looked at him. How much had he guessed of her thoughts lately? He knew about Dean. She had blurted out everything one night a long time ago, trying to explain why she didn't want to get involved with anybody again.

Peter's tone was teasing. But his eyes held no laughter. They penetrated her, and she saw the uncertainty there. Suddenly a tear threatened to escape from her. She hugged him hard and his arms tightened around her until the wind was nearly trapped between them.

"I love you!" they said it at the same time.

She held and kissed each of the children again and again. Then she was in the car and on her way to... what?

She and Nancy walked into the reunion together. On the way, they had nearly turned and gone out for a pizza instead. But their long dresses didn't seem appropriate.

Even with Nancy beside her, Erica felt alone. Nancy used to play the French horn and she had found an old friend from the school band. But Erica didn't recognize any friends yet. In that instant, from her left side, a male voice came out of the crowd.

"Erica! You beautiful thing!" two arms grabbed her a joyful kiss landed on her lips. When she got a chance to look, there was Jim McHugh. He was still freckled and strawberry-blond, but not nearly so shy as he had been in high school. They hugged each other again, and he was off kissing somebody else. Erica smiled. If this is how people changed in 10 years, this evening might be a lot of fun. She wouldn't even mind if Dean didn't appear.

Then she saw him. He was just a blur among the milling waves of people. But she knew him instantly. Strange, she had forgotten how short he was. But the breadth of shoulders and the curly hair were still there. Her eyes sought him again and again as human shapes crossed in front of him.

He was looking around. Karen was there next to him, talking to a familiar-looking girl. Vaguely, Erica recalled seeing the two girls together in high school corridors. Dean was holding a drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other. His face turned suddenly, and there were his clear blue eyes, staring full into her own.

A slow smile came to his mouth and he raised his glass to her. Ever so slightly, she felt her head nod. Then the waves came together again and closed between them.

She realized there were tremors passing through her body and she felt very warm. Quickly, she sought Nancy. Going to her side, she asked, "Nancy, are you thirsty?" and pulled on her arm urgently. They walked together toward the bar.

"Did you see him?" Nancy asked.

Erica could only move her head up and down. Nancy put her arm around Erica's shoulders and stayed close by.

Cocktail hours always made Erica nervous. She never was good at small talk; she spent most of the time drinking, because when she sipped at something she didn't have to talk at the same time. She stayed close to Nancy, said "Hi, how-are-you-what-are-you-doing-now?" when anybody happened by that she was acquainted with. Most of the people seemed to be of the "in" clique.

She sat down thankfully when it was time for dinner. Some of the old hockey and football jocks were at the table with her and Nancy. But nothing had changed. She still didn't fit into their realm. She listened to their conversation.

The men talked with the men and the women talked with the women. Yet, possessive arms and hands were visible all over the men's arms and knees. They talked of jobs, possibilities for advancement, houses, children.

It didn't sound very exciting to Erica. She used to envy them and their glittering world, but somehow it now seemed to have left them behind.

She looked at all the other tables. The faces seated around them. She couldn't see Dean. Dennis, the guy she dated just before graduation, hadn't shown up. Suddenly she found some of her and Nancy's old gang at the next table.

"Hey, Suzanne, Joyce! Nancy, look over here!" At last, here were old friends. A feeling of comfort washed over Erica. She and Nancy heard all about Suzanne's twins and Joyce's planned marriage. They tried to find out about all their old buddies. Joyce and Suzanne knew about some people, and not about others. They talked about the seven-year reunion. Most of the people at that one had been from the old roller-rink clique. It sounded like the night had turned into a brawl and Erica decided it was a good thing she never knew about it in time. It didn't sound like much fun, watching people pass out and throw up on the floor. She wondered if Dean and Karen had gone to that reunion.

The thought of Dean sent her eyes around the tables again. She saw him this time, just three tables over to her right. His gaze was already on her. Suddenly embarrassed, she turned back to her food and ate until it was all gone.

But she couldn't stop herself from peeking at him again and again. Sometimes she caught him when he didn't see her. Then she could study his face as he listened to his wife's conversation with her friends. He didn't seem to be talking much. Other times, he would catch her eyes on the line of his mouth, the shrug of his shoulder—or the ring on his finger. She would look away then. But the next time she looked in his direction, he would be watching the crash of her heart against her breast. His eyes would move up slowly, resting on her shoulder, then meeting her full on once again.

(Continued on page 3)

(Continued from page 2)

Erica couldn't stand it anymore. Abruptly, she gathered up her dishes and took them over to the dirty-dish window. She wanted to lose herself in the crowd by the bar. Maybe she could find a place to hide.

She went over to the bar and felt the waves of bodies close around her. Oh, for someone to talk to! She didn't want to go back to that table again.

Then she felt a hand grip her elbow. Funny. She remembered his touch so well. It seemed the most natural and right thing, that hand on her arm. His arm came around her waist.

"Let's get out of here," he said in her ear.

"What about Karen?" she asked him.

"I told her I needed some air. She's all wrapped up in her old girlfriends. She won't miss me. Just stay in the crowd. That way," he pointed towards a door.

Outside, the night was one of those hot ones that happen in a Minnesota summer. Something about a warm night, Erica thought, that's like a caress.

The two of them kept walking through the parking lot, weaving through the cars. He was leading the way, pulling her by the hand. Was he really heading for that cornfield on the other side of the lot? Her blood heaved and her face felt like a sauna bath.

Dean was practically running now. The corn was in front of them, above them, now it was all around them. His arms grabbed her in to him and she hit his chest with her own. Their mouths sought one another in the dark and caught hold. How long it had been, she thought. She was there against him and he felt better than he ever had. Could this be real, this touch? But she knew the urgency rippling through him. She wanted only to know him again, to feel every current to open up and absorb him completely for this kiss.

When they pried their mouths apart, he was murmuring between wispy kisses. Her hands stroked the curly mass of hair.

"I've been wanting to do this all night!" he muttered.

She just wanted to hold him as long as he could stay. He rubbed his cheek against her throat, she felt a little scratch of sunburned beard. Then his face was resting on her breasts. His body grew taut. They

closed whatever space was left between them until she knew again every tender place and every muscle in him. Their centers touched and heat pierced their clothing.

She knew before he started pressing in this couldn't be. Peter's last look was burning in its way into her. Last time, it had only been her virgin spot of blood. She had spent it well, and washed it out of the sheet. This time, the look in Peter's eyes might bleed.

She tightened, or Dean picked up her thoughts by some vibration—or did he think of Karen back there with her friends? Erica didn't know. She only saw the space between them, maybe forever this time.

"Hey, you didn't tell me what you've been doing for eight years," her voice came out in a croak.

"I've got three kids," said Dean.

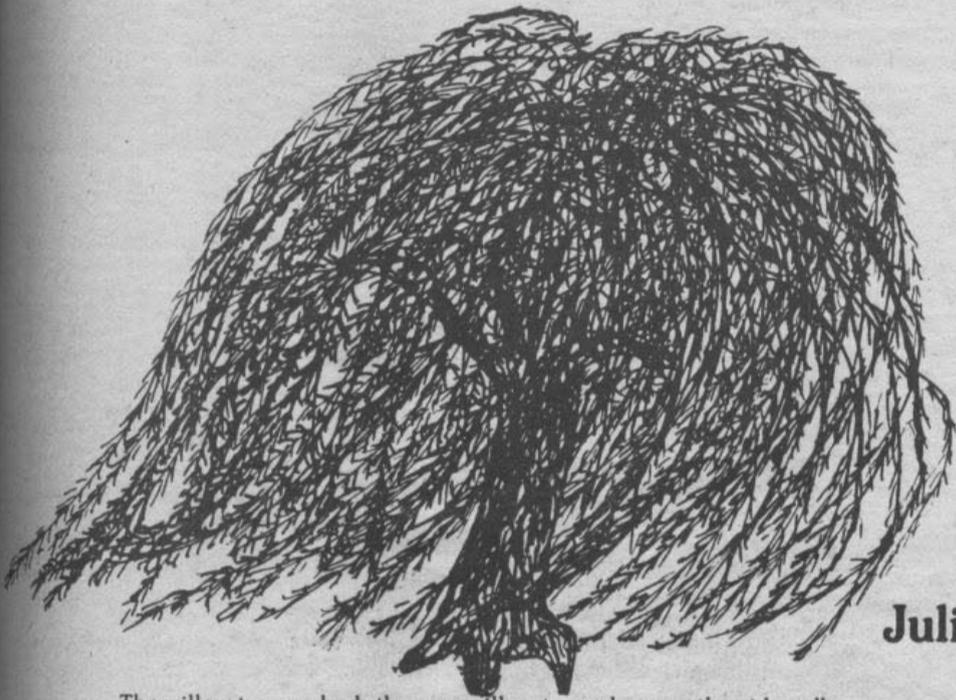
"I've got two."

"Well, I always knew you were meant for having babies."

"But you had more than I did."

He stroked her cheek and turned to go. But she grasped his hand.

"Let me be the first to leave this time."



Julie's Tree

The willow tree arched, the way willow trees do, over the sidewalk leading up to her new house. Julie Crandell slid out of her parents' car and turned to lift a box of fruit jars out. She glanced at the house and turned her gaze to the willow tree. Julie smiled. She had been praying for just such a tree since she'd heard her parents talking about moving again. They moved every time her step-father got a new job or lost an old one. The last house had been barren of trees. She had ached for a climbing tree in that place. Quickly she pushed these thoughts to the back of her mind and let reflections of her tree flow in.

This tree was hers: it beckoned her with every breeze that set the slim branches swaying. Julie put down the box of fruit jars and scrambled up. Once hidden in the branches from the world below, she crept slowly and deliberately out over the sidewalk. She tried not to disturb the sighing limbs but shivered with delight when slender-fingered branches brushed up against her.

Thoughts of deep roots holding her and her tree firm in the earth comforted Julie. She began to feel content and accepted.

"I'm glad, tree," Julie whispered to straight, slim branches. "I'll let you see who I am up here and I'll leave me with you when I go back down. I trust you tree."

The tree shimmered and the young girl relaxed drifting with it, listening to its sad, sweet music. Through half-closed green eyes she saw the moving furniture on the sidewalk below them.

She watched sunlight glance back up at her from polished tables and chairs and from the white-coated backs of the movers. The procession, piece by piece, bobbed through the door of her new house. Julie turned her eyes away from the door and back to the tree. She hadn't been in there yet. She had things to do first and would stay in the tree until they were done.

Crisp and green with spring, its leaves were still whole before the chewing bugs and diseases of summer tore into them. "It's good you're fresh tree," sang Julie softly, "you'll need your strength to hold onto me." Then, methodically, she let her thoughts and dreams float through the branches. She began to hide bits of her here and there. She decorated the limbs with thoughts which were hers alone.

Leaving herself hadn't been so easy in that last house—so void of trees. Julie remembered closing her bedroom door every night and

drawing trees. Ms. Bremmer, her art teacher had commented on one drawn at school.

"Why, Julie, the form and color in your tree is wonderful! I can't place quite why—but it almost looks—alive." Then she'd taken it and hung it on the wall. Ms. Bremmer hadn't any way of knowing that to Julie, the tree was alive—alive with her own real self.

Everything was alright now, though. Finished, she waited, emptied and vacant for the thing that must happen next.

Finally, they came. Two girls—about Julie's age, sticking close together, walked up the sidewalk. They arrived as they always did—pointing, giggling, chattering and watching-watching the moving.

Up in her tree, Julie's cold, green emerald eyes memorized every detail of the clothes-uniforms they wore. Jeans and t-shirts. Her sharp ears snatched at phrases they repeated: "Just incredible" and "Can you believe it." She tensed until the sharp edges of bark etched her body.

The girls below tired of their game and ambled down the sidewalk. Above in her tree, Julie relaxed and began fabricating a new Julie.

"I'll need some new clothes but I've saved all my allowance since our last move." She paused and fingered her long amber hair, "They're wearing it short here, it'll have to go." She closed her eyes and mumbled phrases stolen from the two girls over and over like a litany. Slowly she filled her mind with a new personality.

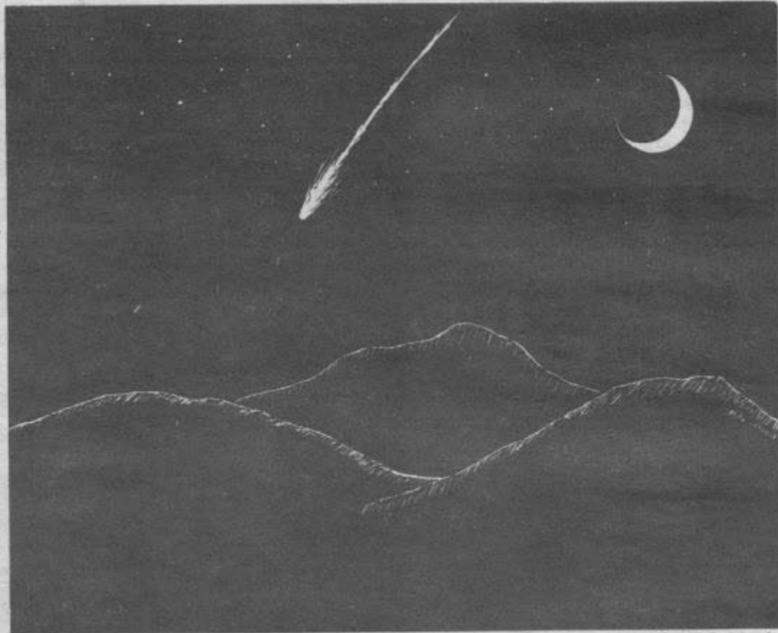
Her lips formed their secret smile when she thought of how amazed her Mom always was at how well she adjusted. "I don't know how you do it," she would marvel, then "within a week the house is full of new friends. I'm just thankful you're so adaptable." Then she would smile a puzzled smile the way mothers often do and go away.

Julie stroked the bark beside her. "It's going to be good with you and me tree. I can tell you're really going to hold on to me. Now I'd better get going; I've got an incredible lot of work to do."

As she clambered stiffly down, a fickle breeze tossed pencil-thin branches about and they brushed frantically against her. "I'll be back, don't worry. I'll have to come back," Julie smiled up at the sun-speckled leaves. She turned, picked up the box of fruit jars and joined the moving procession towards the new house. Above her, the willow tree sighed once more and pointing its finger-tipped leaves at her shuddered ever so slightly.

Chris Allard

4 Poetry



Mike McNeil

SHOOTING STAR

One night I saw a shooting star, That wishing on a fleeting beam,
Flash brightly through the skies, Was elusive from the start.
Although I saw it from afar,
It twinkled in my eyes, But shooting stars are lucky charms,
Or so I once was told,
A single flash was all I saw, Long before I learned the harms,
A moment long gone by, Of wasting time and growing old.
It fell without a single flaw,
I wondered where it lie. But deep inside I harbor yet,
Still one unspoken thought,
Before me lay a hopeless dream, That I'd do well to not forget,
For I knew within my heart, The lessons time had taught!

Kendra Cheney

SHOPPING

She was coming up the Street that he was going down
It was quite unusual that they would both be found out on a cold day
With the sounds of tires and slush with the rush that was on
The weather wasn't right for shopping, but the shopping must be done.

Both noticed the snow in the others hair and quickly looked away
Wondering how they should act, if they should smile, what they would say
And as they passed, she gazed in a shop window, he looked at his feet
Until she was gazing at a brick wall and he, at the street.

He looked at the street and snow
More slush was being born
And it did nothing for the looks of the street
But the air was getting warmer.

There were other things to think about and always heat at home
And when the shopping was done he'd go there alone.

Aaron Alan

TO BE MARRIED

I knew you better than any other person.
Knew you forever: one lost seed found warm
Earth at last.

Our lives, our bodies
Joined. Your spirit
Nurtured me; you soft blanket
protected me and my seed
Germinated:

First a timid, shaky little shoot wanting warmth,
I longed to stay in your safe darkness.
But you split away.

Empty spaces needed filling. My seed
Stretched outward, reached groping toward
Some new thing. One day, my head
Felt a different warm.
Bright. Dazzling. Tanta-
Lizing caress.

I shot through your firmament.
Opened new leaves to throb in probing sun
Light fingers.

You seem so far at times from me.
Then you touch me in the root—
Remind me I need you yet.

If I rip loose from you,
Tear out to meet the sun,
Bask in his attentions, will some great
Achievement spring out of my stem?

I thought I knew you once. Your black eyes
Tingled me in fecund promise. Now you
Seem a sedentary mass; inscrutable.

I search your sighs,
Lift my tiniest hair-ends to
Sense your buried tremors.

Each meaning I uncover bares another layer of stone beneath.
While your sticky loam clings tighter to my trunk, I
Admit I shall never know you. But perhaps
You won't know me, either.

Charlene Vecchi



FRIENDS

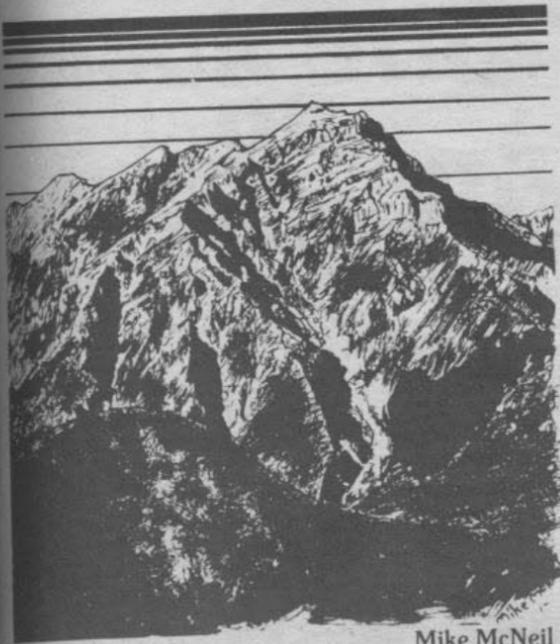
Rose Burnett

Finest words of mice and men
Are valueless if they pretend.

Intricate plans with untrue smiles
Have false substance; and can beguile.

I have my love to give a friend
No mice. No men. I don't pretend

Mike B. Lester



Mike McNeil

There is a mountain miles away,
But my eye holds a speck of dust
So I cannot see it clearly.
When I reach it I will climb it,
And peak over its pinnacle
Perhaps I will cross.
As I walk along the way,
I will invite others to go with me.
Some will far the trip
And if no one else will join me,
I will walk alone.

Mike B. Lester

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

The screen assumed its place
Between the viewer and any trace
Of what was real and what was fake

All about an ambush and death.
They had been warned
Though they never expected to die
They had never died before

Perhaps they thought they'd been hit with a brick
And as a Blackness enshrouded them
They expected to wake up—
A bit sore

They were the right people
And no one lost identity
The screen got something real
With help to prove its sanctity

But the brief was brief
Back to half-time festivities
Green astroturf fields of smiles and scores
And grown men gamefully playing and loving and hating and slugging

The audience did not complain
Because the screen simply refrained
From taking too much time to give them pain

Aaron Alan

While the sky grows dim
Loneliness fills up inside.

Chilling emptiness creeps within
As the winter wind blows

Send thoughts flowing
Crying for someone to hear

Wondering what warmth will come
Hanging on... Wil it be too late?

The time passes so soon
Loneliness seems like infinity.

Rosemary Burnett



Steve Tapp

Freedom flows like the shadow
of an eagle circling above a hill;
the shadow touches everything
in its path, yet it touches nothing.

Mike McNeil

A NASTY TOPIC

I thought I heard my mother say
A girl I knew was killed
And I feared I would be asked
Had I known her well?
So I stayed away from the news
And pondered her short life
Of seventeen years cut off so soon.
When I was sure dear mother was through with the Times
I snuck and snatched
And began looking for that headline,
While before I even found the piece
Her elegy took shape in my head
For I had never truly known
A person who was dead.
At first glance the paper yielded only black and white
Of land disputes and field sports
But the obituaries might give more
Except today they were for the old
And not where seventeen-year-olds were expected to go.
To the records and there she was,
Hit by a car,
but only broken bones.
My words would have to leave
A nasty topic alone

Aaron Alan

WIND BLOWN

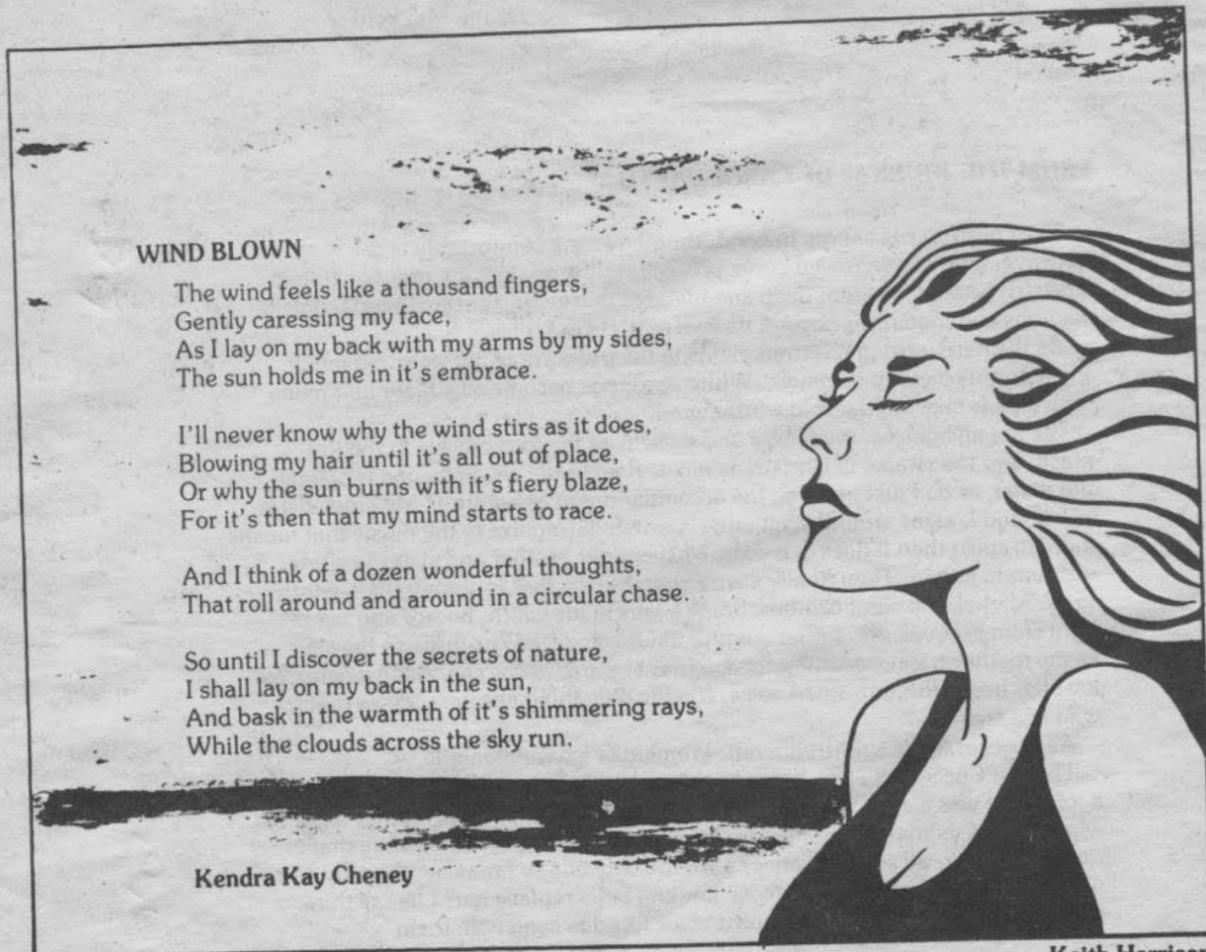
The wind feels like a thousand fingers,
Gently caressing my face,
As I lay on my back with my arms by my sides,
The sun holds me in it's embrace.

I'll never know why the wind stirs as it does,
Blowing my hair until it's all out of place,
Or why the sun burns with it's fiery blaze,
For it's then that my mind starts to race.

And I think of a dozen wonderful thoughts,
That roll around and around in a circular chase.

So until I discover the secrets of nature,
I shall lay on my back in the sun,
And bask in the warmth of it's shimmering rays,
While the clouds across the sky run.

Kendra Kay Cheney



Keith Harrison

REACTING 'IN GENIUS'

I am unable to perceive much of the public ado concerning our present energy crisis. After all, there are multitudes of engineers staying up late at night dreaming of electric automobiles, stoves, heat, light, etc. The only problem I can see is how to produce enough electric power to operate these gadgets and life support machines. However, living in this nuclear age with such enormous nuclear developments, I have managed to eradicate this small problem and become totally self-sufficient at the same time by constructing my own home nuclear reactor.

At first I thought that the cost and technology involved in such an undertaking would be mind boggling, but with a little research in the local library I soon found my fears were falsely based. According to a book I found and borrowed, the only required items were some pipe from the local hardware store, a few nuts and bolts from my now extinct 1966 Mustang (replaced quietly by my new electric automobile), and a few hundred pounds of cement.

With these few, inexpensive materials and the book, I constructed my reactor. Since some people are not avid Homer Formby fans, I compiled a list, available to anyone, of several small Italian construction companies with experience at building nuclear reactors at next-to-nothing costs. The opportunity to own a nuclear reactor is available to everyone.

My next problem was where to locate my reactor. Because buying land is so expensive, I turned to the Bureau of Land Management for help. With many "thank you's", I was able to purchase a small parcel of undeveloped land. Unfortunately, to my disgust, it was located in the desolate Oregon Coastal Range. It had a few faults to be ignored, but all in all, it was perfect for my reactor.

Obviously, it is impossible to erect a functionally stable reactor amid a flurry of nauseatingly green trees and a thoughtlessly meandering mountain stream. I simply undertook the task of replacing these eyesores with a most decorative and beautifully designed monolith, whose essence is viewable from many miles. The unmitigatedly cold stream turned out to be quite useful in cooling my reactor. I also discovered a delightful phenomenon about the stream. As the water flows from the reactor, it is warmed to a lusciously bubbling 105 °F—just perfect for heating my new whirlpool bath and swimming pool, thus contributing to my energy conservation program.

I believe that energy is best conserved when allowing a small amount of fuel to do a large amount of work. A nuclear reactor is indeed the answer to our problems. Unfortunately, my reactor does produce a small amount of nonrecyclable waste. This problem is easily rectified by placing it with the rest of my nonrecyclable waste and having my garbage man pick it up every Thursday.

Duane Maxfield

FROM THE JOURNAL OF CAROL VAETH

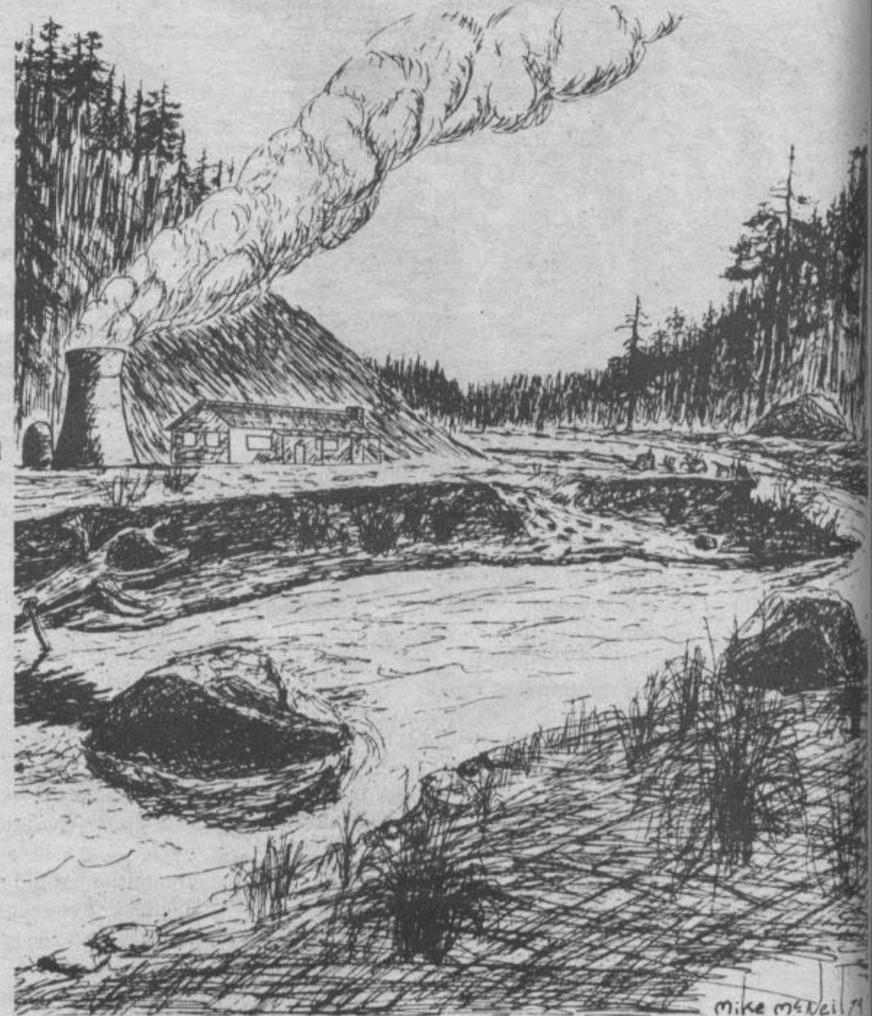
The chestnut fits snugly in hand, thumb resting comfortably in the concave, with the furrowed curve pressed tightly against my first two fingers. The rich browns, golden, deep and blended in tree ring pattern swirls, invoke feelings and memories beyond its own existence.

As the hard, strong chestnut yields to the pressure of my warming touch, my thoughts yield to its magic. White markings become a brilliant half moon with clouds chasing the cold winter wind . . .

We are all ageless, my family and myself, as the logs crackle in the fireplace, and the strains of Christmas music float in the air. Someone is playing the piano; or do I just imagine the accompaniment as we sing? My older sister, Mary, and I, arms around each other's waist, harmonize to the music that means more in spirit than it does in words. My younger brother and sister hesitate, wanting to join in. They finally succumb to the joy that is pulling them gently to us. Michel, my older brother, Santa Claus in his youth, ho-hos and pours light from his eyes. My father's aging tenor voice leads us through the chorus as my mother tries not to sing too loud, as she knows she can't hold a note. We love her beautiful, untrained voice. It's the only thing she possesses that is wild and free.

As I pocket the magic dream nut, I remain in a haze of family.

The last Christmas I was home to share chestnuts with them (maybe two years ago), there was a string of sleigh bells on the door, jingling a greeting to all who entered. Is that bell-song a replacement for the songs of a family that is rarely together, all seven at once? I am the only one so far away; the only one not there for the holidays. Do those jingling bells replace me? I like to think so. I am a carol at their door, a spirit voice lifted in song with them.



FROM THE JOURNAL OF LYNDA ITZEN

Isn't hug a cute little word. It is such a short little word for an action that means so much. I wonder if Mr. Hug invented the hug? Aren't hugs great! I wish I could hug all people I meet instead of a formal handshake or just a small "Hi". I wonder what size box you would have to have to mail a friend a hug in. I guess hugs come in all sizes—what is your hug size? Ever been fitted for a hug?

WOOD-PRINT

On the wall a knot rings
an eddy in a pine current

a dark whorl telling my finger tips
a soft reminder of our struggle

when my hands gripped an ax hard

and the knot
coiled mean

at the end of my fierce swing.

Barbarajene Williams

5
5
2
5-22-11

Black Star* on White Sky

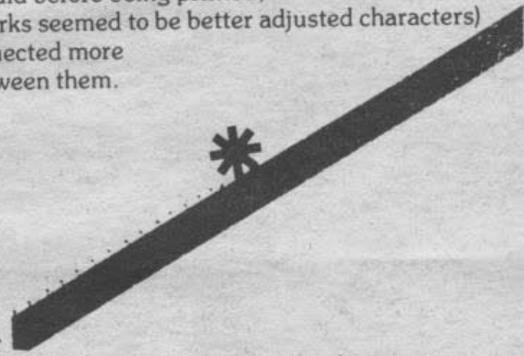
We are the hollow men
We are the hollow men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with ink, Alas!

Risk the asterisk had another migraine
from all the constant clatter.
He was placed above the well-used dash on the typebar.
To the typist it did not matter
that ink caked his unused limbs.
Thickened and listless from lack of exercise,
he looked around at the other characters,
quiet and meaningless after extensive use.
He was pushed and pounded too
but his imprint was never on the page—
always the dash. Risk was a fading star.
He felt like a hammer and anvil at once.
His migraine was just nerves
from his sense of uselessness.
Perhaps he could imprint himself on the page.
If imbedded deep enough... they couldn't erase.
Just think... on the page at last...
guiding people to important ideas.
This fading, flatulent star would twinkle as
a dynamic not dying star.
Risk squirmed off the typehead;
fell to the page with a thud.
A black star on a white sky.
He cartwheeled,
spun the rollers,
chinned the bar.
He paused to ponder the print—
quotes from Eliot's "The Hollow Men".
Such strange patterns of darkness on light!
He roamed letter by letter down the first line.



Risk rollercoastered over the "W"
and peeked through the "e"
He pulled the "a"'s tail.
He used the "r" as an arm rest.
When he reached the second "e", he played leapfrog on his bent back.
He played scarecrow with the "t" but found he had extra arms to
dangle over the cross bar.
He rested on the "h"'s hump.
He massaged another aching "e" who was very round shouldered.
When he reached the next "h" he sat down and thought. Many letters
needed his assistance. The "o" was dizzy in that position.
The two "l"
"l"'s found proximity a problem. Risk
tried to pacify arguments.
The next "o" felt caged in. Risk opened him for a
stretch.
The "w" felt bottom heavy,
The "m" felt top heavy, so they switched
positions for awhile.
The "e" wanted to be a capital E. Risk
explained his importance in the
scheme of things.
The line ended with the "n". n was well rounded and stood solidly
on his own two feet. He bent with
demands yet was flexible.

n urged Risk who was free to move on
to help the other letters on the page.
They were all printed
and had responsibilities to stay in their place.
There was no period at the end of the line.
Yes, Risk would make a shift in his freedom.
He would not imbed but provide others with marginal release.
He would be his own justifier.
Cheerfully, Risk walked
letter by letter
word by word
sentence by sentence
row by row
untangling double f's;
giving diet encouragement to p's and q's and the d's;
subtly giving vain s's a lesson in humility;
applauding the forward looking ideas of the k's;
prodding the sullen g's to be friendly with the jolly j's.
The c's were depressed
The u's were envious of the w's extra space...
Often only a kind or well-timed word, a new insight,
a gentle touch was all that was needed.
They were so engrossed in their own impression, they failed
to see how they blended with their neighbors.
They needed to realize their utility
as a group as well as their individuality.
Perhaps if they shared a bar like he did before being printed,
(the numbers and punctuation marks seemed to be better adjusted characters)
or if they were cursive type and connected more
more good feeling would flow between them.
Anyway, he tried.



When Risk finished his rounds
he walked, tightropishly, up the bar
careful not to fall in the typewriter's grooves... hollow valleys for dying stars.
He climbed to the top of the dash just in time.
The metal images were raised, receiving the supplication
of man's hand under the twinkle of a fading star.
The sheet rolled out—a new sheet rolled in.
Risk was no longer on the page, but he had made an imprint.
He smiled and chanted as the roller turned.
"Here we go round the prickly pear
Prickly pear, prickly pear
Here we go round the prickly pear
At five o'clock in the morning."
He sobered as he remembered another verse—
"This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper."
He would go on to other pages other days.
He would continue to bang not whimper... always.*

*He did. Risk became Eliot's perpetual star... the hope of empty men.

Linda Varsell Smith

**We are the
hollow men.**

Linda Varsell Smith

Eight a.m. the freeway breathes
right on schedule:

Tin cans heave in
to stream clouds of
Speed. Strain to stay
in line. Fragile
bodies ride safe
in metal shells.

A restless ocean's arms scrape against
the scheduled freeway.

It cannot be channelled through
straight yellow lines.

Boiling foam longs to overcome
confining banks, flood the

Freeway in depths, bury it forever
in wet sucking sand.

But silent waves yearn
to slip across pavement,
Seep through tin cans,
Lap at naked unsuspecting
skin, lick gently at open
pores, taste Sweet Perspiration.

Silent waves leave a taste of salt behind,
a trace of green seaweed,
a touch of dampness —

Then recede, to smile back at the sun.

Tin cans race the freeway yet: surface
people have important
Schedules.

Ocean currents seethe, unfathomed,
surging under tow.

— Charlene Vecchi

Tableau staff:

art directors Norma Newton, Mike McNeil,
Linda Varsell Smith, Charlene Vecchi □ editing
consultant Kathy Buschauer □ calligrapher
Charlene Vecchi □ process camera expert
Dolores Mittleider □

Iranian controversy stirs tempers on Texas campus

KINGSVILLE, TX (CPS)—Anti-Iranian sentiment on campus has boiled over into numerous demonstrations since the Americans were taken hostage in Tehran Nov. 4, but nowhere has violence been threatened more than at Texas A and I, a campus of 6500 students.

Simon Garza notes that "Things are very, very hot here."

Garza knows because his life was threatened after he told a campus radio station audience

that "The American people have finally come to the conclusion that we are not going to be pushed around. This time we are going to push back."

While Garza, who is production manager at the station, KTAI, concedes the remark was not altogether appropriate for a news reporter, he defends it as "an accurate commentary" on student sentiment.

Later that night, Garza got a call at his dorm room. "You are a Mexican puppet of the Shah," a

voice told him in broken English: "We are going to kill you, and we are going to kill the Shah."

Two subsequent calls that night contained threats against Garza and the radio station, which the voice promised to bomb. Garza was then escorted off campus, and temporarily housed at a faculty member's residence.

Since then, an Anti-Iranian Student Association has grown to about 300 members, according to Garza. He adds that classes are

being disrupted by anti-Iranian sentiment. There are some 200 Iranians registered here.

The tension, Garza reports, is "so thick you could cut it."

"The situation has been really overblown," observes Assistant Foreign Student Counselor Nathan Pierce. Pierce, who wasn't aware of the threats against Farza and the radio station, is more concerned about Iranian reaction to the Immigration and Naturalization Service

agents who arrived on campus last week to check for out-of-status students.

Thus far, "it's going as well as can be expected. The Iranians have acted in a tremendously mature fashion."

Garza agrees to a certain extent. "These are people I play soccer with. Some of them say that the people making trouble are 'Sons of S.A.V.A.K.' (the Shah's secret police), and they're just trying to stir things up." □

March ends with expulsion of 7

ITHACA, NY (CPS)—Seven students were expelled and four suspended until next fall from Ithaca College for participating in a cross-campus Halloween jaunt dressed as members of the Ku Klux Klan.

Despite reassurances from one of the students that "it wasn't meant to symbolize anything," the incident inspired the student Afro-Latin Society to demonstrate and submit a list of proposals. The proposals included the appointment of an affirmative action officer, the development of a black studies program, and the expulsion of the four white Halloween revelers who were suspended.

The controversy began Oct. 31 when seven students costumed in KKK garb went to a party in a dorm area and met three others who cut holes in sheets and joined in a night-long trek to other parties.

One of the students wore a card on his back reading "Dine at Sambos," a reference to a controversy over the name of an Ithaca restaurant about to open.

Along the way, the students encountered yet another student dressed in rags. The latter student was voluntarily led around campus, apparently as a slave, by the others for the remainder of the night.

Witnesses said the first sign that anyone objected to the costumes was in the student union, where "A minority student" seemed "quite upset."

The administration received many complaints the next day from faculty members, white student groups, the Ithaca Black Caucus, and the Afro-Latin Society, among others. Ithaca President James Whalen worried that it "Was not a spontaneous dress-up," according to The Ithacan, the independent student paper. □

Commuter takes break until Jan. 9

This week's *Commuter* is the last issue of fall term. There will be no paper next week because the *Commuter* staff must study for finals.

There will not be an issue during the first week of winter term either: not because the students who work on the paper are lazy bums, but because there will be a slight rearrangement of staff members. The first *Commuter* of winter term will be published Wednesday, January 9. □



The JERK

UNIVERSAL PICTURES PRESENTS
AN ASPEN FILM SOCIETY WILLIAM E. MCEUEN -
DAVID V. PICKER PRODUCTION
A CARL REINER FILM
STEVE MARTIN in
The JERK

Also starring **BERNADETTE PETERS, CATLIN ADAMS** and **JACKIE MASON** as Harry Hartounian
Screenplay by **STEVE MARTIN, CARL GOTTLIEB, MICHAEL ELIAS** Story by **STEVE MARTIN & CARL GOTTLIEB**
Produced by **DAVID V. PICKER** and **WILLIAM E. MCEUEN** Directed by **CARL REINER**

READ THE WARNER BOOK A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
61979 UNIVERSAL CITY ST. LOS. INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

Coming For Christmas.

-basketball

(Continued from page 6)

ever last year, tying for third in the OCCAA and finishing the season 20-11.

In the OCCAA post-season tournament finals last season, Chemeketa upset LBCC to advance to the regionals. LBCC had beaten the Chiefs twice in the conference. Chemeketa beat SW Oregon for third place at regionals.

The Chiefs are currently 4-0.

SW OREGON

The Lakers from Coos Bay are 4-0 thus far this season. But the defending champions, who were 14-2 in conference and 21-6 overall last year, will be hard-pressed to repeat as champions despite the nucleus of five returning starters.

"We're still weak in the inside position," said SW Oregon Coach Terry Stahel, starting his third season.

The biggest problems, says Stahel, are that his five returning starters are his only returning players. The remaining seven players on the squad are freshmen. And, the Lakers are hurting in size.

The returners are 5-8 guards Sam Scott and Gene Mock, 6-2 forward Larry Brabham, 6-4 forward Mark Leader and 6-6 forward-center Joe Nichols.

Leader made the all-conference first team and was a second team pick at regionals. He was third in the OCCAA in rebounding (9.6), ninth in scoring (16.5) and eighth in field goal percentage (53.4) and free throw percentage (71.3).

SW Oregon lost both its games in the regionals last year by two points. SW Oregon kept LBCC from sharing the OCCAA title last season by beating the Roadrunners twice.

PLAYOFFS

The OCCAA champion will automatically qualify for the four-team National Junior College Athletic Association Region 18 tournament. That will be held in Idaho the first week of March.

The second-, third-, fourth- and fifth-place teams from the OCCAA will play each other Feb. 27 and Feb. 29 to determine the conference's No. 2 representative to the regionals.

Umpqua of Roseburg, possessing only one returning starter this season, has advanced to the playoffs nine of the past 11 years. The Timbermen beat Chemeketa twice last season.

LBCC hopes to make the playoffs for the seventh time. □

1979-79 OCCAA MEN'S BASKETBALL (FINAL STANDINGS)

School	W	L	Pct.	GB
SW Oregon	14	2	.875	—
LBCC	12	4	.750	2
Umpqua	10	6	.625	4
Chemeketa	10	6	.625	4
Blue Mountain	8	8	.500	6
Lane	7	9	.438	7
Clackamas	4	12	.250	10
Central Oregon	4	12	.250	10
Judson Baptist	3	13	.188	11

LBCC men, women beat OCE JVs

The LBCC men's and women's basketball teams defeated the Oregon College of Education junior varsity Saturday night in the LBCC Activities Center.

The LBCC men won 81-70 to even their season non-conference record to 1-1. The Roadrunner women won 58-38 to open their 1979-80 season.

The Roadrunner men lost 61-60 to Northwest Christian College of Eugene on Tuesday, Nov. 27, at Harrisburg High School.

In the OCE game, Greg Leonard, LBCC's 6-3 sophomore forward, scored a career-high 26 points and pulled down nine rebounds. Leonard had 18 points in the first half.

The Roadrunners led 37-34 at halftime but pulled away in the second half due to the performances of reserves Ron Richardson and Bill Ray. In the second half, Richardson and Ray combined for 21 of LBCC's 44 points.

There was never more than a

five-point difference in the score in the first half. But in the second half LBCC led by as much as 18 points.

The Roadrunner women out-scored OCE 35-14 in the second half to rally from a 24-23 halftime deficit.

Debbie Prince and Jean Melson each scored 12 points for LBCC, while teammate Karey Poehlman scored 11 points.

In the season opener, Mike Petersen, a 6-6 senior, scored 32 points to lead Northwest Christian past LBCC.

Northwest Christian, a four year school with a 20-5 record last year, scored the last three points of the game to pull out the victory.

Jon Newell scored 12 points, while Doug Maahs and Matt Ricketts each had 10 points for the Roadrunners.

Three LBCC men's games have been scheduled to be broadcast over KHPE-FM radio (108) this season: Lewis & Clark at

LBCC MEN'S BASKETBALL SCHEDULE 1979-80

Day	Date	Opponent	Site	Time
Fri.-Sat.	Dec. 7-8	Centralia Tournament LBCC vs. Grays Harbor Tacoma vs. Centralia	There	7 p.m.
WED.	DEC. 12	LEWIS & CLARK	LBCC	8 p.m.
FRI.-SAT.	DEC. 14-15	ROADRUNNER TOURNAMENT CLARK VS. WILLAMETTE JV PACIFIC JV VS. LBCC	LBCC	7 P.M. 9 P.M.
Thur.-Fri.	Dec. 20-21	Lane Tournament LBCC vs. Mt. Hood NW Christian vs. Lane	There	7 p.m.
Fri.-Sat.	Dec. 28-29	Shoreline Tournament LBCC vs. Shoreline Judson Baptist vs. Grays Harbor	There	7 p.m.
Fri.	Jan. 4	Lane	There	8 p.m.
SAT.	JAN. 5	CENTRAL OREGON	LBCC	8 P.M.
WED.	JAN. 9	SW OREGON	LBCC	8 P.M.
Fri.	Jan. 11	Clackamas	There	8 p.m.
SAT.	JAN. 12	MT. HOOD	LBCC	8 P.M.
FRI.	JAN. 18	BLUE MOUNTAIN	LBCC	8 P.M.
SAT.	JAN. 19	JUDSON BAPTIST	LBCC	8 P.M.
Wed.	Jan. 23	Umpqua	There	8 p.m.
Sat.	Jan. 26	Chemeketa	There	8 p.m.
FRI.	FEB. 1	LANE	LBCC	8 P.M.
Sat.	Feb. 2	Central Oregon	There	8 p.m.
Wed.	Feb. 6	SW Oregon	There	8 p.m.
FRI.	FEB. 8	CLACKAMAS	LBCC	8 P.M.
Sat.	Feb. 9	Mt. Hood	There	8 p.m.
Fri.	Feb. 15	Blue Mountain	There	8 p.m.
Sat.	Feb. 16	Judson Baptist	There	8 p.m.
WED.	FEB. 20	UMPQUA	LBCC	8 P.M.
FRI.	FEB. 22	CHEMEKETA	LBCC	8 P.M.

LBCC (Wed., Dec. 12), South-western Oregon at LBCC (Wed., Jan. 9) and Umpqua at LBCC (Wed., Feb. 20).
Air time for each game will be at 7:55 p.m. □

Winter racquetball classes may fill early

by Bryon Henderson
Staff Writer

Baseball, hot dogs, apple pie and Chevrolet. You may have seen the television commercial. It says those are America's favorite pastimes.

This could change. Maybe someday the commercial will say, racquetball, hot dogs, apple pie and Chevrolet.

Racquetball has rapidly gained popularity in Oregon and the United States. It's no different at LBCC.

A great number of students began showing interest in the sport last year. So LBCC added two classes of racquetball to its curriculum, according to Dick McClain, LBCC athletic director.

"We started the program last winter by having two classes in the winter and two more in the spring," said McClain.

The classes are held at the Mid-Willamette YMCA, 3311 S.W. Pacific Blvd.

Both classes offered this fall were filled the first day of registration. And an over-abundance of people are expected to vie for the 48 spots

in the three classes to be offered winter term.

To accommodate all the students wishing to enroll in racquetball, LBCC would need five or six classes. But due to budget constraints, the school can only offer three during the winter.

What LBCC needs is racquetball courts of its own so it can have more classes and wouldn't have to pay the YMCA. McClain sees this as a possibility.

"The physical education staff has talked of racquetball courts in their wish list for quite some time now," said McClain. "I think it will be seriously considered in the future."

At one time, when the school was first being built, three courts were planned. But they were lost due to financial problems.

"When the initial building was built, three courts were planned but the bids were too high so they were eliminated," said McClain. "It would still be nice to have some though, we could have them out by the gym where there is nothing." □

**SIGN UP
for Accident Medical
Expense Insurance
at Winter term
registration**

Coverage from Jan to Sept 1980 — \$12

- ★ Pays up to \$5,000 for Medical Expenses for Treatment of Accidental Injuries
- ★ Pays X-Ray and Laboratory Fees
- ★ Pays Hospital Expenses Pays Doctor Fees
- ★ Pays Prescribed Drugs

**Pick up Brochure
at Counseling Center
or during Registration**

**COOPERATIVE WORK EXPERIENCE
(CWE)**



*"Everybody should do it.
It gives you on-the-job training
while you're at school."*

— Tricia Nickelson

Tom Hogan ● Liberal Arts / Transfer programs
Rich Horton ● Vocational / Technical programs
Pat Jean ● CWE Secretary

HO201 Ext. 191



photo by Lanette Maher

Calendar

Wednesday, Dec. 5

Piano and voice recital, noon, H213, free admission
 Pottery sale, 10 a.m.-4 p.m., Commons
 Chautauqua, "Heritage," 11:30-1 p.m., Alsea/Calapooia Room
 Christians on Campus, 12-1 p.m., Willamette Room
 Council of Representatives meeting, 4-6 p.m., Willamette Room

Thursday, Dec. 6

Small Business Workshop, 8 a.m.-5 p.m. Boardrooms A and B
 Pottery sale, 10 a.m.-4 p.m., Commons
 Movin' Up Club, 12-1 p.m., Willamette Room
 Christmas Concert, 8 p.m., Tadena Theatre

Friday, Dec. 7

Pottery sale, 10 a.m.-4 p.m., Commons
 Farm Energy Seminar, 2 p.m.-5 p.m., F104
 Transformations, 8 p.m., Loft Theatre, \$2 admission

Saturday, Dec. 8

Tax Seminar, 8 a.m.-5 p.m., F115
 World Gospel Mission Banquet, 3 p.m.-10 p.m., Commons
 Pottery sale, 9 a.m.-noon, Commons
 Transformations, 8 p.m., Loft Theatre, \$2 admission

Monday, Dec. 10

Finals week begins
 Continuing student registration begins, Tadena Hall

Tuesday, Dec. 11

Sign Language Club, 12-1 p.m., Willamette Room
 The Commuter staff celebrates because there will be no paper tonight and we can go home early just like normal folks...

Wednesday, Dec. 12

Council of Representatives meeting, 4-6 p.m., Willamette Room

Classifieds

FOR SALE

FOR SALE: 1968 Pontiac Catalina 2 door, maroon. Good condition, radio, heater, and air cond. \$550. Call Ray Miller ext. 320. (10,11)

'75 Husqvarna 360cc G.P. motocross bike, great shape! \$375. Bultaco 360 engine with extra sleeve and postons, \$50. TX500 Yamaha, basket case with extra engine minus head, \$195. 753-0942. (10,11)

For sale or trade: Man's diamond ring. Approx. 3ct., appraised at \$8,950, or for self contained travel trailer 24' to 35' of equal value. Call 327-1319 before 8 a.m. (10)

Be unique and give a hand woven rag rug for Christmas. They may also be used as wall hangings and are available in many colors and sizes. See at HO216 or call ext. 398 or 236.

XMAS TIME: Cannon Canonet 35mm camera with case, \$50. White Stag Alpine II backpack tent with rain fly, \$30. 2 sleeping bags—rip stop with hollifill and stuff sacks, \$10 each. Men's snowmobile suit-med., \$30. Women's snowmobile suit-med., \$30. 926-4608 evenings. (10,11)

SKIERS: Great for xmas giving, never used w.m. Nordica ski boots, Scott goggles and w.m. Libra ski bibs. 259-2369 (10,11)

I have an old Hartzell-Chicago oak piano that has broken hammers, a side-by-side refrigerator/freezer (Kelvinator), and a drop-in Tappan range that I would like to get rid of. Will take best offer. Call Becky at ext. 108. (10,11)

Christmas special: 1977 Yamaha YZ 100 Dirt Bike. Six hours on rebuilt engine. Lots of extra parts. \$350. Phone 928-6190.

FOR SALE: Gibson Hummingbird acoustic guitar with hardshell case, \$550. See at Apt. #31, Colony Inn. (10)

Avocet Used Bookstore, open 11-7 Mon-Sat. 20,000 quality used books. Buy-Sell-Trade. 614 S.W. 3rd, Corvallis. 753-4119

Vacation Special: Going on vacation? Stor-N-Lok in Albany will rent you a 4'x10' storage unit from Dec. 1, '79 to Jan. 31, '80 just \$13.50 per month. Reg. \$15 per month.

WANTED

Help Wanted: Part-time telephone work in your home. Earn \$4-\$6 per hour. Call 754-6674. (9,10)

Wanted: Person (male or female) to share old farmhouse in Cottonwoods area. 928-8708. (10,11)

PERSONAL

Carpooling Saves!! Pick up new application forms at the Student Organization office (CC213) or when you register for Winter term. (9,10)

Chrissy-poo, Polly-pop and Margo-mack — YOU'RE THE GREATEST!! Love, Becky-bop. (9,10)

Congratulations to the LBCC Women's Volleyball team members for their achievement in receiving the following awards: Most Valuable Player—Kelly; Most Improved Player—Suzie; Most Inspirational Player—Darca. Full of Pride, Your Secret Admirers. (10)

To Wayne the pain; Pam the scam; Pinkcheeks Patty no-no; & Mom: MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR. Don "D'Angelo!"

SKIERS! Interested in forming a mid-valley ski club to save on costs and meet new people? Then attend organizational meeting Mon. Dec. 17 at 7:30 p.m. at Brad Smith's, 2256 Garfield, Corvallis, 754-7033. (10,11)

Approximately one-year-old mixed coyote, husky and shepherd free to good home. Friendly and good with children. Needs running room and attention/training. We have no time and hate to see him tied up all the time. Does have problems with chickens. Doesn't have tags or shots. Beautiful markings. Call 928-5634. (10)

Next "Buckle Watchers" meeting will be Dec. 12 at usual place. Important ALL members attend. (10)

Jane, oh Jane: The tone of your last message made me think that I'd been snubbed. But Jane, oh Jane, I see that I haven't. I saw the stripper article. I could give a better show. What d'ya think? Signed: Herc Honey (oh, that sounds good).