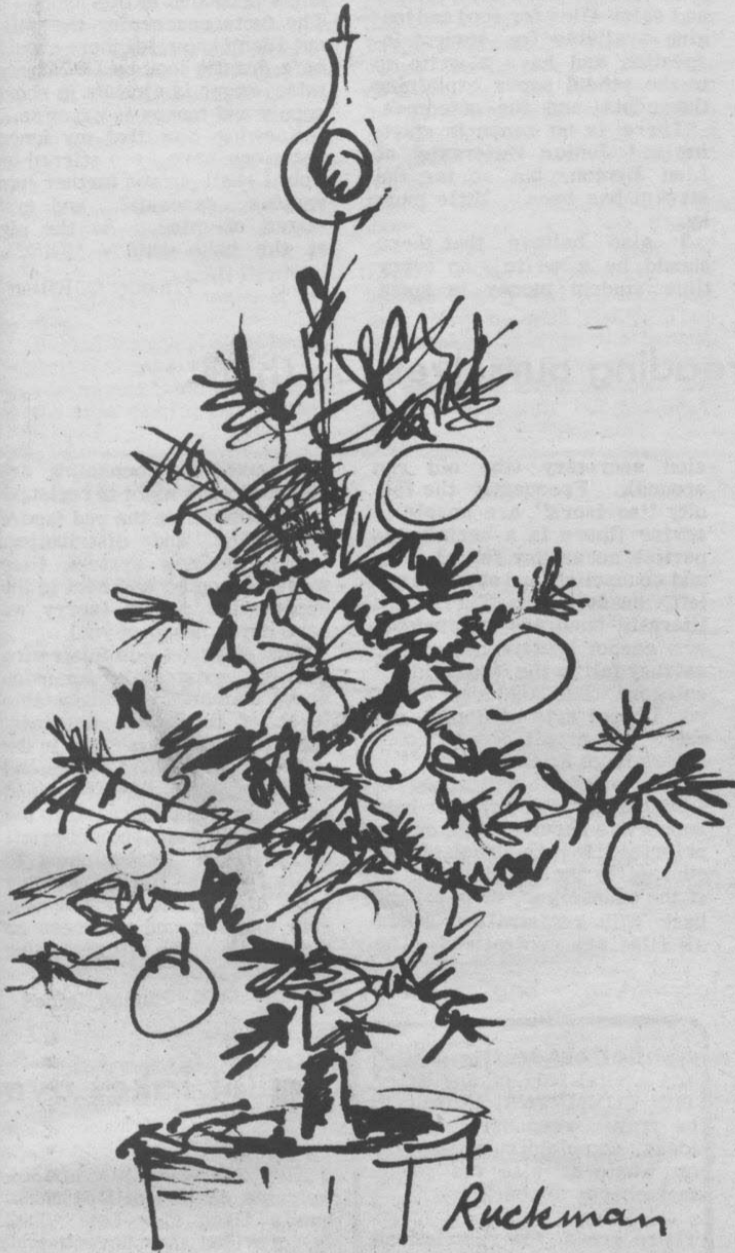


"Matchmaker" makes good



Don't kill a live tree this Christmas.

Bustles swished in the Forum last week as The Dramatists Play Service enacted Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker" with enthusiasm, professionalism, and a rare sense of spirit.

The lead was shared by Horace Vandergelder (played by Art Burke) and Dolly Levi (played by Jenalee Santos). Mr. Burke's complete stage presence developed Vandergelder's personality and projected it forcefully and humorously to the audience. While his was the commanding voice of Conservatism Mrs. Levi was the perfect, fast thinking "arranger," a very human, likeable person under her dominating ways. Mr. Vandergelder was portrayed as a ludicrous, rich, miserly man who proclaimed his own good sense while loudly berating the rest of mankind as fools. Mrs. Levi, while presumably arranging his marriage with someone else, had her eye on the old goat herself—but not entirely for the crass motives you might expect: her philosophy is that "money is like manure; it's no good unless it's spread around so young things can grow."

The supporting cast did a most able job lead by Pete Lawson (playing Cornelius Hackl) and Leola Dolin (playing Mrs. Irene Malloy). Mr. Lawson did a particularly good job of characterizing his character, though occasionally his words were hard to understand. Ms. Dolin did a good job of dramatically projecting her feisty Mrs. Malloy and totally captivating the unassuming Cornelius.

Gene Collins (as Malachi Stack) did an excellent job as

grassroots moralizer. He was hampered somewhat by Irish dialect, so it was easy to miss some of his pithy observations. However a philosophy of: "have one vice and clasp it tightly to your bosom," can't be ignored. Fortunately for the play's development this moral scoundrel had given up thievery for whiskey.

Miss Flora Van Huysen, played by Mildred Gonzalez, depicts the ageless wisdom of the very old with such fineness that one is totally convinced when she says that all but love is illusion. While throughout the play Dolly Levi is the 'arranger,' it falls upon Miss Van Huysen to make the matches work.

She is an old spinster and knows love as only those who have been deprived of it can. Miss Van Huysen, dressed in lavender, in a lavender room, and surely wearing lilac perfume, is aptly named Flora. She is one of the hardiest flowers in the play.

There are rare moments when one feels that Miss Van Huysen's role is slipping from characterization to caricature, from high comedy to slapstick, but they are saved by the quick wit of Wilder and the excellent characterization by Ms. Gonzalez, when slapstick turns on itself and becomes great comedy.

Mr. Vandergelder's niece, Ermengarde, was convincingly portrayed by Karen Hunter as a spoiled, shallow, frilly young lady of her time. Her would-be lover Ray Valentine (as Ambrose Kemper) was somewhat bland in his role, but the part left little room for much dimension.

Joe Scanlon (played by Preston Onstad) and Gertrude (played by Maurine Ruzek) both received good characterizations for the brief time they were on stage.

The set designed by Phil Hornbrook was intentionally sparse; the bareness of the stage, with just enough furnishing to create the mood, balanced nicely with the startlingly colorful and extremely appropriate costumes.

Directing a production such as the Matchmaker is far from a small job and it was done superbly by Connie Onstad. Throughout the play, there is almost constant state of controlled chaos and control is the keyword here. Good direction brings life to a play, and this play lives from the first curtain (in this case, the actual curtain was missing) to the final blackout.

Two supporting roles of special note were Gary McFarlane as Barnaby, Cornelius's young, reluctant sidekick in stolen adventure, and Harry Sackett as Rudolf, Harmonium Garden's very correct maitre'des.

August (played by Chris Sackett), the Garden's other waiter had his high moment when he got tangled up in the screen and was thoroughly beaten on, in the most action packed scene of the play.

Bob Hutchins as Cabman underplayed his role a bit at times, while Kathy Collins occasionally overdid her comic flounce as Cook.

Judy Couch as Minnie Fay (a Minny Mouse kind of character) excelled in her moments of mime, as when she found the strange man in her mistress's closet.

COMMUTER reveals energy contest winners

Dual winners were announced in the contest for "the best original idea for conserving energy." ARCO distributor D. E. Roisen and Pacific Northwest Bell contributed a total of \$20 to the prize fund. The two winners will each receive \$10.

Winner: Bob Myers

"To conserve oil, instead of cutting back on the obvious products such as gas, fuel oil, and propane; we might start thinking of all the by-products of petroleum: plastic, cellophane, etc. We could reduce the wasteful packaging of products in plastic wrappers and go back to bulk packs. We could consume less plastic products and use recycleable sources such as glass..."

Winner: Gary Williams

"I have plans for a wind generator which produces .3 kw in an 8 mph wind, 1.6 kw in a 20 mph wind, and about 5 kw maximum. Minimum cost about \$200 and about 150 man hours to assemble. I am also working on a commercial unit which hopefully will produce 15-18 kw at a cost of under \$6,000, enough power to maintain a medium size home and provide a source to recharge an electric car."

The Commuter may print more specific plans for the generator in a later issue.

Dwain Wright submitted his ideas, such as using solar energy to extract hydrogen from seawater; wind generators, and methane converters. Dwain is currently designing a two-frequency self-sufficient geodesic dome. Dwain's ideas will be printed in the next issue of the Commuter, but since he is an instructor, he is not eligible for the cash prizes.

Indian prophecy related

Gilbert Walking Bull speaks

Gilbert Walking Bull, great grandson of Sitting Bull, talked to an attentive crowd in the forum last Tuesday.

Since much of the Sioux religion cannot be revealed due to taboos, he concentrated more on history and custom.

Basically the Indians believe that all is one under God and therefore, all are equal. It is as bad to kill the earth as it is to kill a man.

Gilbert told how White Buffalo Cow Woman brought the peace pipe to the Sioux people and that she is due to return again next year.

He was kept out of school until the age of 16 by his grandfather, Chief Move Camp, who wanted to keep him pure

for he was destined to become a holy man. The reservation agents came and arrested his



Gilbert Walking Bull

grandfather, forcing Gilbert to turn himself in to go to the mission school.

Until this time, he could only speak Sioux and was punished for speaking his native tongue.

He expressed great hope that the white man and Indian could come to live as brothers and that each be allowed to follow their own beliefs.

Gilbert Walking Bull performed several love and honor songs. It is taboo to sing sacred songs in front of anyone but Sioux.

He also told the audience of an Indian prophecy, that next year (when White Buffalo Cow Woman returns) the white man's government will begin to crumble and that the whites will either learn the Indians respect for the land or die.

Opinion

Page 2, December 10, 1973

Editorial

Slickered again

Those slippery salesmen selling oil have slickered us again. Having had to remove the fox from the chicken coop (Agnew) we are now face to face with a pack of wolves running things in the White House.

Several mild problems aren't enough for Nixon to create alone so in a time of crisis he asks for help. But here again we find those who have been the cause being placed in the position of eradicating the problem.

Placing oil men on an oil committee designed to stop the exploitation of consumers may sound alright to you but to me it suggests more harm to come, not an end.

The idea of several major members of any corporation meeting together leads me to think about the power structure not the power shortage. The potential power held by the oil oligarchy is devastating. They are able to cut allocations to independent dealers, retain the highest sales profit in the nation, and are now assigned to review policies, to outline and suggest ways of dealing with a fuel problem directly related to actions taken to protect the company instead of the consumer.

The consumer is now being put upon the chopping block. Prices that may grow due to taxing will cut the bottom out of many, maybe too many pockets books. Prices along with rationing will create a blackmarket for those, like the oil companies themselves, to profit at the cost of those left sitting along the way.

Private business, kept that way, allows profits to be bought at the cost of the people at large. The only people asking that things remain the same are those people wanting or making any and all they can from the way things are now. To allow major corporations to continue this course is to force those that pay to keep right on paying.

Until the records of these companies are brought into the open, the consumers, that's you and me, are going to be exploited.

Take action to stop the ration. Write letters to the papers; to the major media outlets; or even to me here at the Commuter. To be heard you have to say something. Let the silent majority listen and only a few will control, help the silent majority yell and all hell will break loose. If everyone of us tell it like it is, the majority will control. For a better way, have something to say.

Wes Hofferber

THE COMMUTER

THE COMMUTER is a weekly publication of the Associated Students of Linn-Benton Community College and students of Journalism 9.026. Editorial views are expressions of the individual staff writer and do not necessarily reflect the views of either the Associated Students or the Administration of LBCC.

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Merry Christmas to all and to all a good life.

Tailfeathers

Byington spurs reaction on AS- LBCC retreat issue

To the Editor,

I would like to express some unused energy at this time and congratulate Bob Byington on his slam at the 'Spanish Head Incident' in the Vol. 5 no. 9 issue of the Commuter.

I feel as strongly against the waste of funds as Bob does and this would be a prime example of that waste, both in time and money.

Any sane person would certainly not devote a great amount of time revising the student constitution while relaxing at the Spanish Head. What would lead a person to believe that there are less distractions at the Spanish Head than at Dr. R. Miller's house? I just couldn't imagine that social dig-

nity would enter now or a sense of 'ruling class' power would either, oh no.

Possible solutions:

1. Have the people participating pay their own sweet way.

2. Knowing massive objections are to come my way about number one, have all receipts and sales slips for food and lodging available for student inspection and have a write up in the school paper explaining the costs and the outcomes.

There is no sense in starting a 'Junior Watergate' at Linn Benton, but so far the stream has been a little murky.

I also believe that there should be a write-up every time student money is spent

because I certainly don't want my money going into somebody else's cup of coffee without at least knowing the brand name.

One final point I would like to inquire about. Lane Community College recently pulled out of OCCSA for lack of products produced by this machine. The facts concerning the pull-out I don't know, but there should be a drastic look by LBCC into this. Paper is already in short supply and money is paper so...

Knowing now that my inner reactions have been stirred by Bob, I shall pursue further into various sarcastic and evil states of mind. As the pig at the bake said - "Oink".

Timothy C. Kilian

Are we spreading ourselves too thin?

To the Editor:

The new policy on counseling, established evidently to cut costs, is taking its toll on students. No longer can we request a counselor or advisor. We must find a pink sheet, match up our major, follow the dotted line, and seek out the secretary on the other end. Once the desired secretary is located, we are then directed to a faculty member or administrator who will advise as best he or she can. There have been problems with this new system. Frequently the secretaries are at a loss as to what to do with students asking for appointments, and refer them back to Student Personnel Services who refer students BACK to the particular divi-

sion secretary (the old run around). Frequently the faculty "advisors" are unable to advise (there is a certain expertise necessary for advising and counseling) and students are left, unadvised. There are literally hundreds of students who cannot be seen by anybody as they fall in the "undecided" category (this includes all of you liberal arts students), and there just aren't enough counselors to go around.

The original philosophy of LBCC under Dr. Schaffer held supportive services high on the priority list. Evidence of that concept is the physical set up of the counseling center back to back with registration, where all files are centralized. The

files used by counseling are returned each night to registration, eliminating the red tape of duplicating and distributing. Under the new system, files must be copied and sent to the appropriate people (sorry we have never heard of you).

The present administration places program expansion above maintaining a respectable level of supportive services. With five new programs in the offering, enrollment rising, and job descriptions for faculty and administrators increasing; the students have somehow been left out. LBCC is beginning to appear more like a wedding cake, ostentatious on the outside and flat and tasteless on the inside. Are we spreading ourselves too thin?

Susan Haines

Right your wrong

To the Editor:

What a shame it is! People ripping off stuff. Last week someone thought it a good idea to steal some pots and art supplies from the art rooms. Pots that people have worked on all to make, many of them for grades.

I guess you could get into the psychological trip that a thief is into, but right now that doesn't seem to be very important. What we really need is the pots and art supplies back. If YOU took them, bring them back. Just leave them somewhere in the humanities building and split. Right your wrong.

Jeff Harper

Letters to the editor are a vital part of any paper. THE COMMUTER, in order to be truly responsive, needs ideas, complaints, suggestions or whatever else the reader may choose to share.

There are a few restrictions:

1. All letters must be signed with the author's legal signature.
2. Letters that contain slanderous, libelous, defamatory statements or character assassination will not be printed.
3. Letters should be as brief as possible.

THE COMMUTER exists to serve its readers.

Car lot takes over

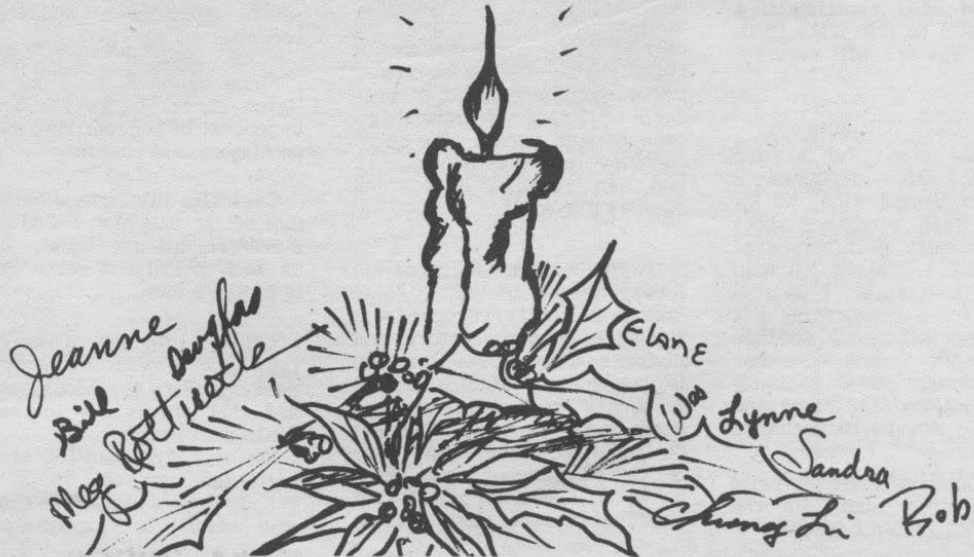
To the Editor,

All students of LBCC are now welcome to Honest Doc Needham's Used Car Lot. That is, provided they haven't broken their necks getting to the library during heavy traffic. It's great buying your car during lunch break, but who needs it? Not me, I can't afford the gas.

Monique Bourandas
Mardell Harvey

MERRY

CHRISTMAS



THE COMMUTER

RHIP OFFS

Trio tames dame

Douglas McLeod

During the afternoon of December seventh, a sleek low-slung 70 Pontiac fourdoor, slowed, and turned into the LBCC parking lot. A ray of sunshine flashed on the windshield as the car swung around the corner, momentarily hiding the blatant trio inside. The menage-a-trois had just arrived on campus to carry out their fiendish plot to kidnap the student body president and hold her hostage until Dr. Needham promised to make it stop raining.

Behind the wheel of the bronze "Catalina," was an amatorial banana named "doctor D," and as the slow moving car suddenly

high-centered on a speed bump, the banana turned to the person in the back seat and said, "you're gonna hav'ta get out Big Leg so's we can get off this speed bump. Besides, we're holdin' up traffic, an the guy behind us looks like Lee Archibald."

The notorious "Big Leg Emma" stepped out, and the car came up about six inches. "Start walking towards the door Big Leg," said Ultracakes, "the banana and I will park the car and catch up with you." Then Ultracakes said to the banana, "say man, how come we brought ol' tons-a-fun along anyhow? She ain't been nothin' but trouble."

The banana replied, "me and Big Leg use'ta work the 'big apple' together, and since she's an old friend of mine, I couldn't hardly say no. Besides, we're gonna need a little muscle in case we hav'ta rough somebody up." "You mean that Haines dame?" Ultracakes asked. "Naw," said the banana, "I think we can con her into walkin' right out the door with us like there was nothin' happenin'. But just in case she gets wise and tries to start somethin', Big Leg will knock her socks off with her 'snooker'. You grab the centerfold of the naked cowboy hanging behind her desk, and we'll dump them in the gunnysack and haul 'em down to F-105. Nobody'll suspect nothin'. They'll just think it's a sack of groceries we're haulin' in there."

The exotic Ultracakes and doctor D had caught up with Big Leg Emma, and as the threesome strolled up the sidewalk, Big Leg said to the banana, "Too bad we can't take her through Lincoln City to the Spanish Head and brainwash her." "Ya,"

said the banana, "but we'd never get out of the parking lot with four people in the car. Let's just take her down to F-105 and have some fun with her. That way, we'll be closer to Dr. Needham's office, and when he gets our Christmas card and hears her screamin', he's bound to make it stop rainin'." "How we gonna brainwash her?" asked Ultra. "We won't have to," said Big Leg, "the banana's got friends in that room, and they'll probably do it for us." "Good plan," said the banana, "first Elane will take her 'don't californicate oregon' bumper stickers away from her, and while Wes blows hot air in her ear and paints an eroteme on her forehead, Meg will draw red stars on her palms with her tube of lipstick. If that don't do it, we'll make her sit on a stool in the middle of the room and eat a gallon of Sandy's goose-berry yogurt, and while Mike censors her centerfold, Jean and Chung Li will draw her a new picture and tell her what size to make it. And if all else fails, we'll stand her up

against the wall, and while Debbie cheers them on, the rest of the staff will blast her with lemon meringue pies and shoot her with their squirt guns. Bob will get it all on film." "Hey, wait a minute," said Big Leg, "what's Bill Sweet gonna do?" The banana replied, "Bill and Mr. Cheney are gonna take the Christmas card to Dr. Needham." Then the banana added, "and if anybody gets 'cute,' we'll send 'Shy,' the staff's mascot, out to the parking lot to write "Merry Christmas" on their tires."

Will this fiendish trio be able to get away with their sleezy plot? Tune in to Tuesday's Communicator.

In a final burst of energy, Myrna Peña-reyes has out-classed all competitors, and won the Kohoutek Award hands down. Along with their Congratulations, the COMMUTER staff will deliver Bill Sweet, sitting in a bathtub full of raspberry jello, to the blushing bride's doorstep on Christmas Eve.

Untitled

Here we are, our task; Radiography
The x-ray beam, and machine geography.

X-radiation measurements. angstrom units and devices
With radiologic rumors adding spices.

Protons, Neutrons, Electrons, excitation
Homo and Hetero geneous waves; and ionization.

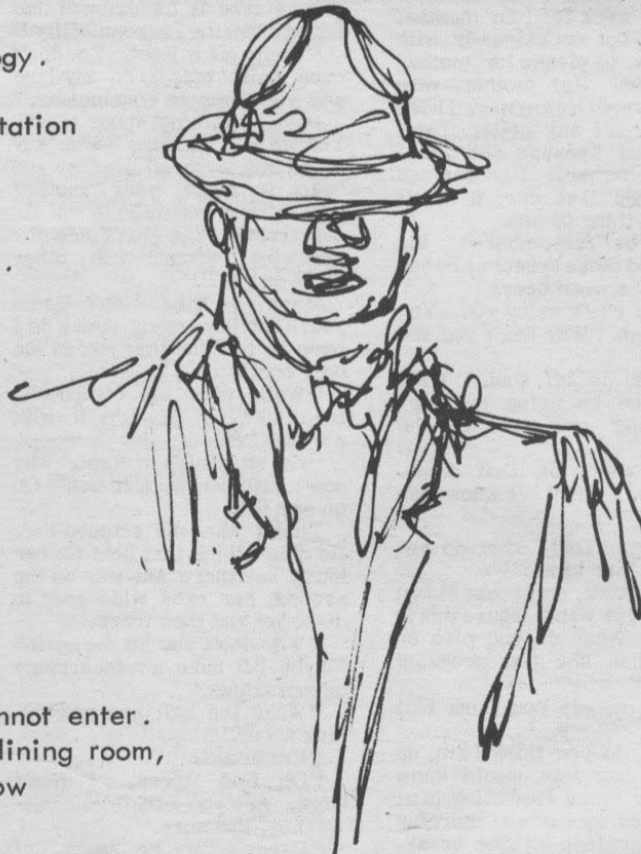
Radiographic landmarks and osteology
Somatic and genetic effects. and symptomatology.

Intra-oral techniques and radiographic interpretation
Clinical practice - film identification.

Processing techniques - solution chemistry
Problems to test one's arithmetical competency.

We're off - in our orbit; off to play
With Alpha, Beta and Gamma X-ray.

Vera Collins



Haunted

There is a secret panel
in the center of my mind,
where my closest friends cannot enter.
The opening button in the dining room,
where thoughts feed and grow
is behind volumes of ideas
collected through my life,
grown musty from lack of use.

Behind the secret panel though is the secret place
full of cobwebs and mystery,
A room full of forgotten despair.
A ghost of a heartbreak rattles its chains.
A ghastly childhood memory of a friend's death
lies, a gruesome figure by itself.
The phantom of an unhappy thought
and the spriit of a childhood prank
all are hidden in the haunted room
behind the secret panel of my mind.

By Chris Dawkins

Give To My Dove

give to my dove
a pair of wings
to fly so high
to find the sky.

give to my dove
eyes to see beauty
in everything seen
from deep blue cries.

give to my dove
time to find love
from all around her
even from me inside.

give to my dove
the light of youth
to see all through,
yes, please be kind
to my dove,
love her truly.

life be to her
all that is beauty.

Russel G. Osborne

Personally

I like this poem
because it hides
what I wanted to say
so well

Pat Mittelstaedt

When Ripples Make Waves

Joan Kropf

Kent Fowler sat on the bridge throwing a handful of stones into the mucky waters below. He noticed the trees beside the water. They were so naked and stiff, as if God had forgotten them. He wondered if there was a God; maybe God was dead too. Well it didn't really matter anyway, he thought. If I were God I wouldn't come to a funeral either.

He pulled an assortment of pictures, notes, and odd things from his bulging pockets. He knew that he was doing the right thing. He had to kill her before she killed him.

He looked at his favorite picture of her. God, those eyes—those mischievous green eyes. She always did look like she was getting away with hell in that picture, he thought, ripping it into shreds. He looked at a picture of them together. Her face was gentle, her mouth soft, her dimples so playful. And then him. His crude face with those close set eyes and that nose shadowing a toothy grin. Goddam, I hate that picture he thought, disposing of it.

He studied a brown plastic bottle that still held a half dozen wheat germ tablets. He unscrewed the cap and mashed each one with a rock. He recalled her voice....

"Kent will you stop eating those greasy old sunflower seeds. Those, and that chocolate, some breakfast. It's no wonder your complexion..."

"But I only eat them because they're supposed to have potent vitamins for men in them."

"Come off it Kent. If you wanted vitamins for potency you'd take vitamin E."

"And since you're such an authority on the subject what's

vitamin E in?"

"It's in wheat germ, but quit the B.S. If you had all the wheat germ in the world you wouldn't be any better and you'd go on eating that crap."

Now he wondered why she had always had the last word. He remembered how she had laughed when he told her that he had swallowed twentyfive of those wheat germ tablets at one time. He threw the bottle and the cap into the water and stared as it gurgled and sank.

The rain began. The drops spattered softly, bouncing in the water. How many times did he walk over this bridge and sneak into her house, dripping wet and shivering with fear? It wasn't his fault that her parents didn't like him. He would have joined their church. He threw the rusted key into the water while the click of that key unlocking the door reechoed through his mind. Goddam her anyway. She never had to do anything but go to bed and wait while I was sneaking around and sweating it out, he thought remembering her voice again...

"What took you so long? I've been waiting for hours."

"I thought I saw a light in your parent's room."

"I was afraid you weren't coming like that time when..."

"Please Darcy, don't remind me. I'll never do that again. I'll come no matter what. I love you."

"I'm just glad you're here," she'd whispered.

That's the way it was two nights a week for four months. She'd go out occasionally with some guy, to please her mother he thought. Her mother, wow what a hypocrite anyway. Those guys weren't any better than I am. Just because she didn't like my father. Her damned money and that car, it didn't mean anything to me.

Then he remembered his father and those speeches he had made in between beers.

"Kent, she's using you. You stupid fish. Why can't you see it?"

"Knock it off Dad. What would she be using me for? She's the one that has the money."

"You can't be that dumb. Don't be a fish! I know her kind."

"Dammit Dad, what do you mean by 'her kind'?"

"Godammit, don't cuss at me! Don't forget whose house this is either. What do you plan on doing when she gets pregnant anyway?"

"What makes you think that we...?"

"What do you think I am, an idiot? Any fool would know when you come stumbling in at sunrise every other morning and fall asleep at the breakfast table. You go over there one more time and I'll kick you out of this house on your ass so fast! After all I've done for you too. You really know how to show appreciation. I shouldn't have agreed to take you. I should have left you with your Goddam mother."

"You've never done me any favors Dad, don't pretend to be saving me from any fate now. I love her and I don't care if she does get pregnant, then she'll marry me."

"Hell, you don't know what you're saying! How would you support a family at your age?"

"You did Dad."

"Don't ever throw that in my face again! I made a mis-

take and I don't want you to make the same one."

"I don't think I'm making a mistake. I'm eighteen; I'll join the Army. It's my life. I have a right to live it with whoever and however I want to, don't I?"

"You're throwing your life away. Go to school, get an education. I know what's best. I was young too, you know."

"I know Dad. I know too Goddam much," slamming the door and counting the hours until he'd be with her again.

He wadded up a note she had written about her parents forbidding her to see him. Then he started playing with a ball of string. The senior outing—he had already tried to forget that day on the beach many times. He had bought a cheap kite and she had gotten the string—some special nylon kind made for kites. They put the kite together using her socks for a tail. He got the kite up and flying and then handed it to her. It made a nose dive, smashing into some rocks.

"Oh well, it's just a kite," she said, "we'll do it another time with the kite I brought."

"Darcy, I was supposed to get the kite, not you."

"I know, but I brought one just in case."

"Just in case what? That I happened to forget?"

"You have been known to do human things like forgetting."

"That's what I like about you Darcy. You never expect anything from me do you? You always take it for granted that I can't handle responsibility."

"Come off it Kent. You don't even trust me; I do anything and you jump to conclusions."

"Who's talking about trust? You go out with the same guy twice in a weekend because you 'want to make your mother happy', and you talk to me about trust? You don't see me screwing around with other girls do you?"

"And you think I do? Damn you Kent how many times do I have to tell you that you're the only one?"

"Well, what am I supposed to think? If you do it with me then..."

"Go on, finish it Kent. Why don't you just spit it out? Go on say it!"

That's when he slapped her. He didn't think that he'd hit her hard, but there she was on the ground, her eyes wide open in disbelief and then tears.

"Why don't you hit me again? Maybe I'll have a miscarriage or something."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"I'm pregnant!"

"Oh God Darcy. I didn't know. Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"Darcy, I'm so sorry. I didn't know. Don't move; I'll go get help."

"Don't be silly Kent. I'm OK. I couldn't be so lucky."

"Darcy, you didn't mean that did you? You couldn't have meant it. I want the baby. I'll join the Army; we'll be a family. Everything is going to be just fine and I'll be able to provide for you, and the baby."

"No Kent, I can't. We're too young to get married and have a family and you're not ready to face responsibility either."

"Dammit, who are you to tell me I'm not ready for responsibility. I think I'm mature enough. Are you sure it isn't you?"

"Kent, I can't do this to my

parents. Look at everything they've done for me. They've given me a home, a car, a piano, education, everything. I can't leave..."

"I knew it'd happen this way, but I kept telling myself that you really cared for me more than those things."

"I do Kent, but my parents, and what about a college education?"

"Well, what do you want me to do? What do you want, money? How do I know that the baby's even mine?"

"Kent how many times do I have to tell you?" she said with tears flooding down her cheeks, "Besides, the doctor said that I'm almost three months pregnant. He also said that he could arrange to get me into a clinic this Friday."

"How can you do this to me? Is that what you really want, to kill my baby?"

"Do you really give a damn what I want?"

"Darcy I never wanted to hurt you. I just wanted you to be happy. Do you really want an abortion?"

"I don't want the baby if that's what you mean."

"Darcy, I never meant to hurt you. I'm so sorry. I thought that everything would be so..."

"It's too late Kent."

"Wait Darcy, don't go," knowing that he'd never touch her again.

He looked at the ball of string again. He hurled it through the air with the loose tail flapping behind. It landed in the entangling briars along the bank.

He looked at the note he had found when he was cleaning out his locker at school for the last time. He read it again before he lit a match to it. The flame burned the words:

How should one feel after the wind has blown the sand into different piles, as each grain has been shifted into a new unique situation? Can one grain ever return into the exact same position? The wind goes on blowing and the tides continue their undulations as the sands continue to shift. And what regard do the winds and tides have for the microscopic grain of sand? Maybe it's some small consolation to that one grain of sand, but it happens to all the sand. It would seem rather unlikely that two grains of sand should meet again in the same

situation. But then, it is more likely to happen with one grain that cares and will stand the beating of the storm, than if the two grains drifted apart with no feelings toward one another. Who knows the wind might once again sing and tides go on their way to a different shore many miles away.

He knew he must go. His plane would be leaving in several hours and he couldn't keep the Army waiting.

He ran his fingers over the last symbol of her. It was a smooth heart-shaped rock on which she had painted the words, "You have my heart." Holding it in his hand he wondered if he had ever come any closer to holding her heart. He wrapped his hand around it, raised his arm, and threw the rock into the water. He felt relieved; it was all over. But as he watched the water he saw ripples. The words to an Elton John song entered his mind.

"Cast a pebble on the water watch the ripples gently spreading"

Tiny daughter of the Camarg, we were meant to be together.

We were made for one another, in the time it takes to grow up

If only we were old enough then they might leave us both alone."

"No," he screamed, "It's not true. It can't be true. I can't be thinking about that song. It was her song. I can't be thinking about her. I destroyed her."

Frantically he searched, trying to find what he might have neglected to destroy. Finding nothing, he began kicking gravel and screaming, "Why me? Why did she do this to me? Why, oh why did my mother hate me?"

he grasped the nearest object, a "No Fishing" sign and still screaming, he tore it up and beat it against the bridge, splintering it into slivers.

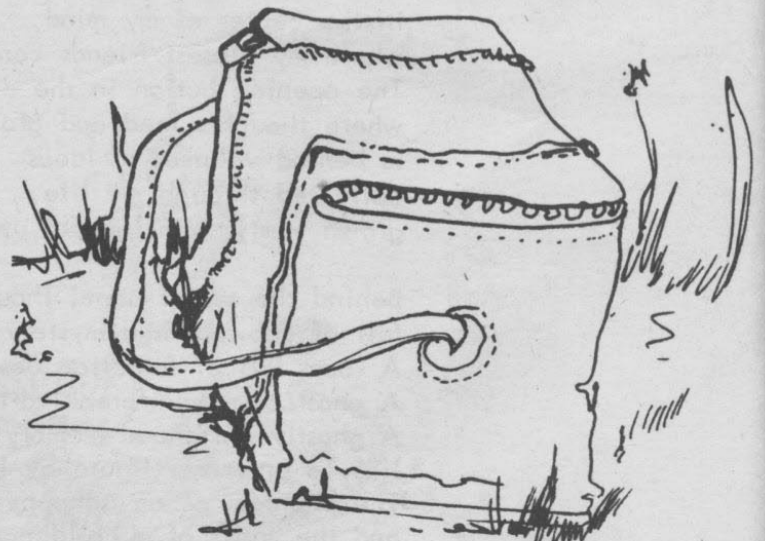
He fell to the ground beside the remains of the sign. "It was a stupid sign anyway," he sobbed. "You'd have to be a fool to fish here. There aren't even any fish."

He got up and wiped his nose. His head ached and his eyes felt hot and bulgy. He licked his lips and the taste of bitter tears remained on his tongue as he turned and walked away.



PLEIADES BOOK STORE

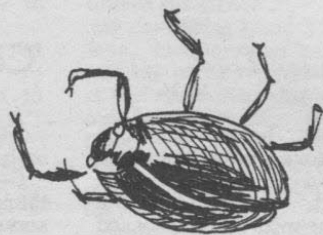
110 Ferry Street
Albany
928-7197



TO A MARSHMALLOW MASON

Love comes in the morning
not a creeper
but bouncing wide awake
on a bumpy sunshine mattress
love's inner outsides
worn like magic make-up
two luniform faces
when love comes in the morning.

Monique Bourandes

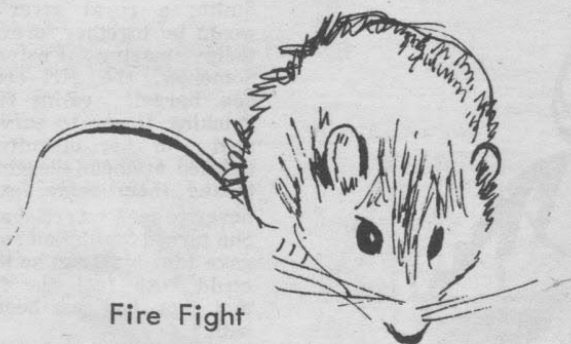


The ballet

big black beetle
upside down
hungry bluejay
deadly frown
devil's triangle
dance of death
ebony legs
dance to death
upside down
dance of death
no eye blinks
nothing moves
do you feel
beetle's shoes
ebony legs
upside down
do you feel
bluejay's frown
devil's triangle
dance of death
upside down
dance to death
Doug McLeod

State Hospital

Agony screams in the quiet-room
Plastering my existence
On indifferent quilted walls,
Throwing me against layers of silence
Tearing at raiments of sanity
Exhausted awareness scattered to nowhere
And everywhere.
Useless struggle collapses to impotent weeping.
Despair oozes down from one bare window.



Fire Fight

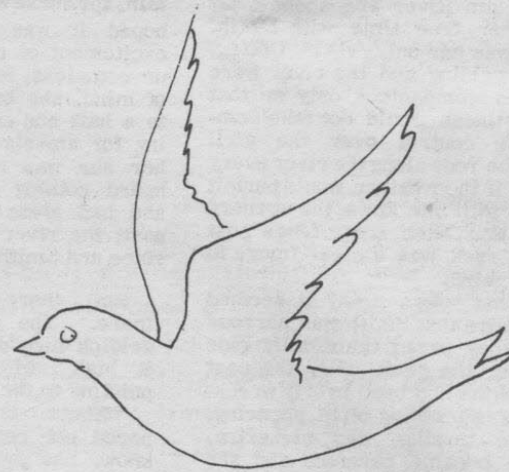
Black smoke oozes
from a smoldering hut,
fouling the jungle air,
greased by burning flesh.
Rythm and thunder have gone;
rain stays away.
Mosquitos are bloated:
Blow-flies plant their eggs.
The earth doesn't care
and a three-legged dog
licks his master's blood.

A.A. Freeman

Wasp eyes glance their superficial cave
Through the peep hole in my door,
Bringing sleep in sterile stingers
Bathing my nakedness with disapproving smiles
Leaving me gowned in the strange strangle of propriety.

Stern faced retired foot doctor,
It is not my disconnected feet
That speeds the pulse of anger,
Rips the nipples nourishment
And fouls the breath of giving.
It is the scarlet letter lodged in my vagina,
The green of an ever bearing uterus,
The jaundiced love transfusions
Strapped to a jerking writhing bed,
Electrodes at my temples brain,
Explode memory into confusion.
Reason into submission,
Or up the voltage
And crush my spine
For I squash doctors between my fingers
And lick my fingers clean

J. Kuntzelman



Chapel in a Salt Mine

The place echoes silent light.
A white woman kneels in salt
Holding a son.
A dove stopped in crystalline flight
Looks over mother and child.
The woman raises her eyes.

T. Magee

Droppings



A bird
sits on the sidewalk waiting
for the noon;
or a slow-mouthed suitor.

A fearful old woman
steps on the grass, around the concrete.
"Nobody's safe anymore" she mumbles
crossing the street (her backward glance furious).
A car swishes forward,
wings crumple.
The suitor is here.

Kathy Powell

Untitled

I discovered love
in the front seat
of a '56 Ford.
Hitting my head
on the steering
wheel. banging my
elbow on the gearshift
I hardly knew what
had happened.
She asked me softly
"Am I your first"
and as I answered
she held me close
like a mother holding
her first born

Bob Byington



The River King

PART I

She was called Cotton, the sort of name that fit the silent person she was. She blamed her name for her shyness which in turn accounted for the fact that she had had only two males in her life. The first, a brief affair with a boy who came to her when she was seventeen and left her with a feeling of coldness toward her opposite sex. She barely had time to straighten her tear bruised mind when she found a married man, someone with whom she saw no future. Somehow, she remained pure, and, retaining herself she sought companionship from her light gray Arabian gelding named Smith.

Cotton loved horses, she always had. She found the only peace she'd known in being with them, riding or just talking to them. She loved to ride Smith along the Santiam River, where she found the sun, the trees, and the calm chatter of the water comforting. The view wasn't special, not beautiful, yet pleasant. There was little to see, only the trees and bushes, an auto worn dirt road, an uncountable number of no trespassing signs, the huge steel train trestle a few miles upstream, and the river.

The girl lived a lonely life. She kept an apartment in the city, sharing it only with her desires. She worked part-time in a bookstore. She boarded her horse two miles from the Santiam River and spent most of her free time with Smith. He was her only friend. Cotton, the gelding and the river were often companions only so that loneliness would not take complete control over the girl.

She rode along the river every day if the weather would permit her to. She knew the scenery so that each tree, fence post and rock was a clear image in her mind.

That was why it seemed strange that Smith was nervous as they paced their daily ride along the bank. For the past week he had been overly reckless, stumbling often, prancing, head tossing, and nickering. She became paranoid and she found that she had begun searching the ground already covered as they rode. She would have thought nothing of it had it not been for Smith's persistence. She knew better than to mistrust the senses of her horse. As

time passed and the gelding's nervousness continued throughout each day near the river, Cotton was aware that someone was watching her. She stopped riding near the water's edge.

As winter bit, Cotton missed the rides very little because of the cold and wet weather. She went to the stable where she boarded Smith and, as always, brushed him and talked to him. Occasionally, between rain showers, she'd walk him up the road a ways for exercise and for something a little different to do.

Spring drifted back with the new life in the leaves and flowers and Cotton felt a freshness; a freedom, remembering that this was the time of year she could again return to the river. On the first sunlit day, she put Smith's bridle on, mounted and left the stable area. Trotting the gelding along the path that took them to the water, Cotton recalled vaguely how

spooky the horse had been shortly before winter had come down. She no longer thought much of it. She accepted the possibility Smith had been bored by the river rides. Now with the spring air flinging itself at them, she thought his boredom forgotten.

At the river's edge, Cotton again became familiar with the scene. It seemed more lovely than it had the fall before, and she knew it was because of the wild iris that was blossoming at each side of the dirt road. They added color to a picture where the color seldom changed.

Cotton was excited, almost happy. She didn't know why, but she thought it was because of the coming of the new season. This was the only time of year she ever felt any gaiety, she recalled. She enjoyed it now, knowing that it would only last as far as the day. That night loneliness would press her again as always. She listened to the peaceful conversation the river gave to her and hummed to the tune the wind in the trees sang her.

Smith was also glad of his new freedom with the warmer season's arrival. He jogged easily with a slight pull on the bit waiting for the girl to give him his head so he could stretch the muscles that had begged for release all winter. But though his pace was steady and certain, the horse was nervous. She hoped it was only from the excitement of the spring. But, nevertheless, for her own peace of mind, she brought the gray to a halt and sat silent, listening for any sign that might tell her she was not alone. She heard nothing but the sounds she had always known in the past; the river's single songed voice and Smith's heavy breath.

But there was something there. The girl knew. The gelding turned his head holding it high with pricked ears pointing to the bushes.

"Who's there?" she whispered not really wanting to know. She squeezed Smith with her knees urging him forward.

A sound, well known to Cotton, though frightening, came from the river. It was no louder than a stone being tossed in the water, but it told her that there was someone hiding nearby and Smith, also startled, hesitated as the girl urged him forward. The hesitation wasn't for long, but it was long enough for the grubby little man that smelled of fish and bourbon to flash from his camouflage and grab the reins to prevent the horse and girl from fleeing.

"Let go!" the girl cried and kicked the horse desperately in the sides trying to push the man out of the way.

"Not until we talk," Cotton eased up on Smith and sat staring defiantly at the little man.

"Do I know you?" she asked forgetting her shy self for the moment.

"No, my dear, but I know you."

He released the reins, stepped back, and brushed himself off as though he could get any of the dirt from his ragged, musky clothes. Cotton waited patiently for him to reveal to her who he was and how he knew her.

Connie Whitaker

"I am Festerfisher," he finally said, "king of the river."

Cotton stared at him, at first thinking the statement to be some kind of a practical joke. But the man was serious, she saw this as she watched him closely and she could not help but smile down at him.

"Really?" she said sarcastically.

"You are Cotton," he continued. "And your horse is Smith."

Cotton was astonished. "How did you know that?" she asked, softly.



"The River King knows of all who wanders along his waters."

"You sure you're not the River Troll?" Cotton said bitterly. "Shall I pay a toll so I can go now?"

Festerfisher ignored her and turned to scan the river with his small, gray eyes.

"I am a lonely man," he said and there was a restlessness in his voice. "The River King needs a mate." He paused. Cotton sat peacefully on Smith who was no longer nervous. Festerfisher continued, turning back toward her and forcing her eyes to meet his. "I have chosen you, Cotton."

"You're kidding," the girl said even though she knew he wasn't.

Festerfisher was solemnly still. He gazed at Cotton with a somber face and the girl's returned expression was one of coldness and fear.

"What makes you think that I have chosen you?"

"You have no say in the matter. I want you and that is all that counts."

Cotton thought a moment.

"You're crazy!" she told the little man.

His face did not change as he reached for her hand to bring her down from the horse. Cotton slapped it away and kicked Smith into a gallop leaving the dirty little man who called himself the River King to eat the mud thrown up by the horse's hooves. Smith ran, she let him, but she strongly felt the urge to pull him up and look back at Festerfisher, then laugh at him, until he shrank back with shame. Knowing that running would not satisfy her, she brought the gelding to a stop and turned to look behind her. She expected to see Festerfisher, crouched near the earth, with his face buried in his hands as he wept. Instead she saw noone. The grubby little man had vanished

and she wondered if it all had not been an illusion.

PART II

The spring turned warmer with age and then changed into summer. The monotony of Cotton's life was evident. She was contemplating suicide. Now even the rides along the river did not chase away her loneliness. She cried often and spoke to Smith little. She had completely locked herself inside her own world and would let noone attempt to help her get out. Her job at the bookstore was gone now.

Suicide was her only answer. She gave up her apartment in the city, paid the rent at the barn, put Smith's bridle on him, and rode off to the Santiam River. She had a vision of the huge train trestle; a perfect death. Smith would have true freedom for she planned to turn him loose to become a river horse. She would be free too. Free of her lonely life.

looking for an easy lay. But the more he tortured her head the more she realized that there was more purpose in him than that. She tried not to think about it for she did not believe in God or destiny. Soon she began believing that there had been no Festerfisher.

She was drawn back to the river. She walked Smith through the drying mud, her eyes searched the scenery for any sign that would give her the River King's presence. There was no sign of him. The gelding paced evenly without a trace of nervousness and Cotton began to think her last ride along the river as an amusing experience. She saw herself trotting behind the grubby little man along the rocky banks of the water dressed in dingy, smelly bush torn clothes. She imagined herself hearing the hoofbeats of an approaching horse as she hid amid the trees, and popped up in front of a boy child on a liver chestnut pony, telling him that she had adopted him to be her only offspring.

Cotton, the River Queen, and Smith, a royal river horse, would be together forever with their master Festerfisher. Somehow, the girl could not see herself eating fish and drinking liquor to survive the rest of her eternity. She laughed at these thoughts, then tossed them aside, expecting never to see Festerfisher again. She turned Smith homeward and gave him his head so that they could both feel the freedom that they had just been gifted with.

PART III

Cotton dreamed. She was at the river, Smith was not there. She was hiding in the trees completely out of sight from another girl who rode along the dirt street on a chestnut Arabian mare. The horse was nervous and the girl was too. She was starting to turn around when a grubby little man jumped out in front of the animal and latched his hands onto the reins.

"Let go!" the girl screamed. "I want you!" cried the grubby little man.

"No, no, I'm a virgin!" "I want you! I want you! I love you!"

The girl stopped. "Love?" she said. "I've never been loved."

The girl climbed down from the mare and hand in hand the man and girl drifted into the bushes.

"I've never been loved either," said Cotton.

She buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

"You are loved, Cotton," a voice said. "I love you."

Cotton opened her eyes. The dream was gone and she sat up to stare into the river. Her loneliness was gone and she found a smile on her face. Smith walked up behind her and nuzzled her shoulder. She patted his head and looked around. She and the gray Arabian were alone. She was not surprised and she was certain now that the River King had been the dream image. But, oh, how that dream had changed her. She felt so wonderful, so alive. She wanted to live forever. She wanted to talk to everyone, make friends with the world. She got to her feet, then swung up onto the gelding and turned him back toward the barn.

It was evening, the mid-summer sun was going down. Cotton allowed Smith to canter briskly, the wind in her hair was pleasant and playful. She laughed at the trees that whipped the breeze, then sang back to the river with love. She wondered why she had let so much life pass by.

continued on page 7

River King

continued

"Cotton," he replied.
 The word hit the girl almost as hard as a death in her family. She was puzzled, yet the image of this man was coming back to her.
 "What is your name?" she asked, afraid of the answer.
 "You may call me the River King," his face was somber.
 Cotton stared at him.
 "I thought your name was Festerfisher."
 Still his face did not change.
 "If you wish to call me by that—"
 It was more than Cotton

could take. She started to turn the gelding, but Smith refused to leave the mare. In anger, the girl jumped from his back and started to run.
 "Why do you want to kill yourself, Cotton?"
 The question stopped her. She faced the man, tears were now wetting her cheeks. His expression was still unchanged.
 "What else do you know about me?" she screamed.
 Festerfisher said nothing. He simply stared down at her from the mare's back.
 "What are you!" the girl demanded.
 The man dismounted, let the

reins drop, and slowly came toward the girl. Cotton backed away. She was terrified. Her heart was jumping and her legs felt very useless.
 "Stay away from me!"
 The River King took her in his arms.
 "I want you," he whispered in her ear.
 "No, no," Cotton tried to get free. "I'm a virgin."
 "Cotton, look at your horse."
 She did. Smith and the mare were unafraid of one another. They scratched each other's withers and licked each other's shoulders.
 "Please don't fight," said

the man.
 Cotton relaxed a little. Festerfisher kissed her neck, then her cheek softly, tenderly. Cotton was his. His touch was warm and passionate. She returned his affection, kissing him and caressing him. They made love, in the open beneath the warmth of the sun with the music of the river churning and laughing beside them. The beauty filled the young woman with hope. She again wanted to live. She again had something to live for so she slept.
 Smith shied suddenly and Cotton nearly lost her balance. She reined him in very much

puzzled. The gelding's ears were forward, his head was cocked, his eyes were big and rolling. He nickered. There was an answer. Then a chestnut Arabian mare, riderless and tackless, trotted from the bushes. Cotton gasped. She watched the other horse and then smiled.
 "Oh, River King," she said. "I love you as you love me."
 The mare turned and cantered away. Cotton watched her go. She urged Smith on, life pumping her more than before. She would never see the River King again, but then, she no longer needed him.

The Hawker

the hot-dawg man cries
 hot dogs, hot dogs
 in the empty stadium

Susan Horvat



Glass Forest

A crystal tree
 leaves cold shadows,
 only to be broken
 by the woodsman's ax.

Hours spent alone
 reflect the wait,
 time has not given
 shallow depths—awake.

Glisten clear mirror
 lash out the tears,
 the glass forest breaks
 tall oaks live on.

Hofferber

Untitled

You'll notice, students, that this ring of paper only has one side. It isn't a trick: I'm not lifting my pen. It symbolizes the fourth dimension: time twists just like this. Everything is due to the twist factor

(I twist in my desk and)

You'll notice, students, that death is symbolized with black. Black faces and black carriages and black slowness and black blackness.

(my face darkens because

I notice that my memory still has black Grandpa's black finger tapping the black walnut piano as I play and play, preferring the black keys. He taps all black with silver taps on his wing-tipped shoes, though he's white and dead.

how can the dead dance?
 The twist factor.)

Kathy Powell

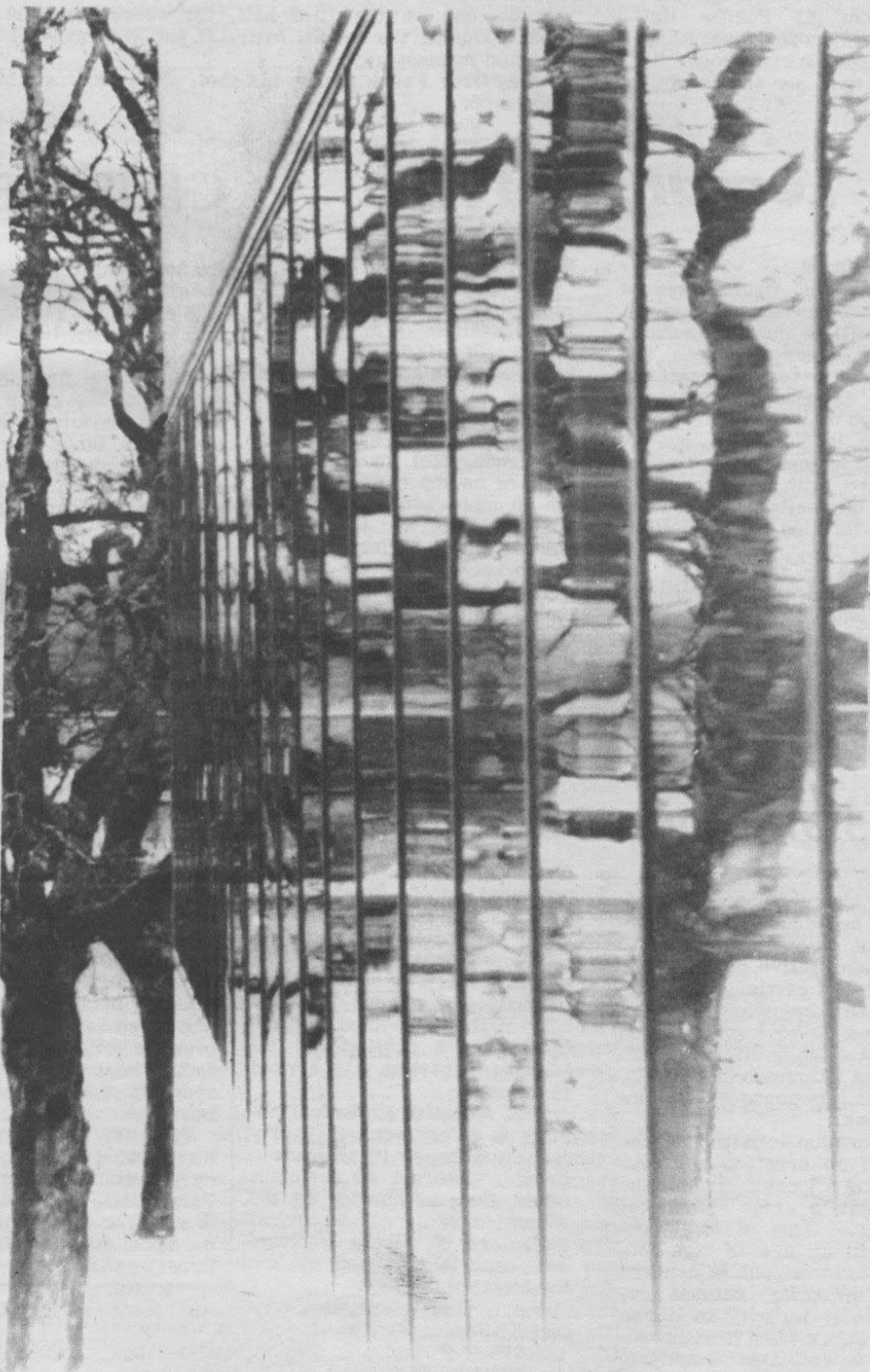
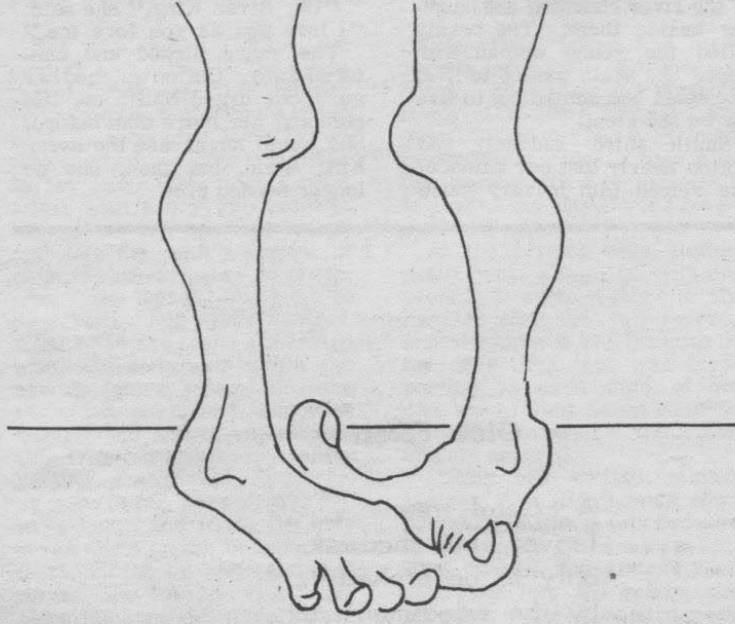


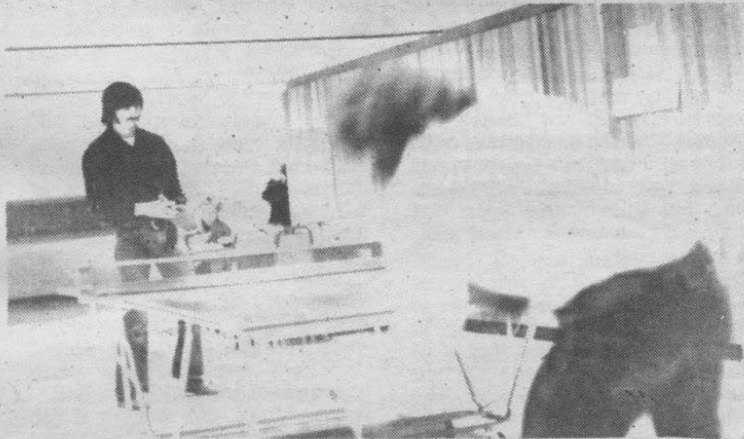
Photo by Bob Byington

Sports

Page 8, December 10, 1973



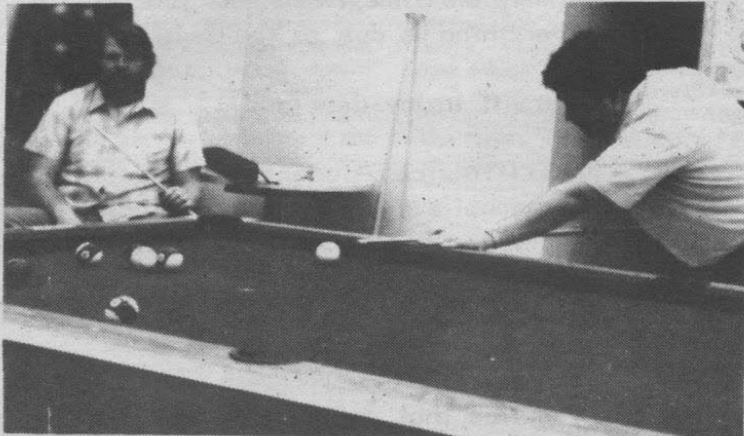
LBCC Tournaments end



In ping pong tournament action, Yvonne Lee captured the women's single's trophy. Winners of men's single's division and the double's division had not been determined at press time.

Another tournament, for LBCC students only, will be held in January to determine LBCC's participants in February's ACU-I tournament.

Dan Eckles, left, and Bob Allison, right, are pictured ping pong paddling early in the recent tournament.



Winners of the recent pool tournament were Frank Bitterman in the men's division and Susan Haines in the women's division.

The two men and the two women with the highest total number of points in continuing playoffs will go to Hood River to represent LBCC in the ACU-I tournament to be held in February.

David Gillespie, left, and an unidentified staff member were photographed in action early in the recent inter-school tournament that was open to both students and staff.

Roadrunners run Panthers ragged

LBCC Basketball Team

Linn-Benton basketball team utilized their fast-break offense to outplay Portland Community College Tuesday, winning the game 99-82. Gary Frank led the scoring attack, with 31 points, followed by Mark Peterson with 17, Bryan Coyne with 13, and Randy Bishop with 12. The Roadrunners hit 46 field goals out of 80 attempts for a 58 percent average, compared to 41 percent for the Portland Panthers.

Randy Bishop pulled down 16 of the team's 51 rebounds. Some team strength was lost, due to a sprained ankle suffered by Curt Leonard during the Saturday nite OCE game. And Ken Anderson was out of action completely because of a leg injury.

However, Coach Kimpton stated, "It was our best overall game of the season. We shot exceptionally well." Looking ahead to the December 6 and 7 tournament at Pacific University in Forest Grove, Kimpton was not too concerned. "If we play well, we should win... obviously."



LBCC Roadrunners opened their home season on Saturday, December 1 with a smashing win over the OCE Frosh 103-64. This makes their record 2-1 for the season.

Six hoopsters scored in double-figures for Linn-Benton, led by Gary Frank with 25 points. Mark Peterson added 16, Bryan Coyne 12, Randy Bishop 11, and Ken Anderson and Curt Leonard put in 10 each.

At the end of the first half, the score was 46-30 for Linn-Benton. During the second half, LB put in 60 more points while OCE could manage only 34.

Above, Gary Frank makes his shot, while teammate Matt Wahl, 44, looks on.

Lemans returns

Dick Collinson

During the first week of winter term, on January 9, LBCC will be showing Lemans, starring Steve McQueen and 45 of the fastest international racing drivers in the world.

Filmed on location in France, Lemans is a movie about the world's fastest, most exciting car race, with McQueen combining his acting and driving talent, forming a FANTASTIC movie.

Lemans is the 24-hour endurance road-race held annually in Lemans, France. It's matched only in recognition with the Grand Prix of Monaco as one of the world's most important sporting events, and is the most important and exciting event on the European calendar

of happenings.

The grueling 24 hours of racing is full of sensational visual excitement as you sit in the cockpit with the drivers and hurl down the straightaways at speeds well over 200 mph, tingle as the engines upshift and downshift with an ear splitting crescendo, feel yourself lean forward as the cars brake for the 40 mph corners, then pull yourself back and lean to the side as they accelerate out of the corners.

The filming techniques used include cameras mounted in the car, slow motion sequences of the crash sequences and what you, the average spectator may see on the sidelines in the carnival atmosphere, that is Lemans.

CLUB NEWS

Women's Consciousness

The Women's Consciousness Raising Group is now forming into a club. This group has been meeting for a year. The purpose of the group is to raise women's consciousness and support each other in becoming liberated, educated, self-reliant, and to develop trust among women. The group meets each Tuesday at noon.

All women at LBCC are invited to attend meetings and join the club. For further information, contact Sharon Decker or Jackie Kuntzelman.

Join the restoration

The Monteith Society, Albany's organization for restoration of old houses, plans to encourage active public membership and participation. Barbara Asai, membership chairman, and the society have begun a drive which is offering memberships to private individuals, students, businesses, and institutions.

Restoration activities will be focused on creating and perpetuating a local center for the community's rich historical heritage. One of its objectives, in an age of high consumerism and public concern over dwindling natural resources, is to bring to life an older culture when prudent consumption, and creative artisanship and a strong family culture

reflected man's humility and gratitude for the gifts and fruits of his natural environment.

The society held a meeting on Tuesday, December 4, in the council chambers of Albany City Hall. The meetings are open to the public, and all interested parties are invited to attend.

The Monteith Historical Society is a very worthwhile project, and hopes to generate a greater interest in restoring other fine old houses in the Albany area. All historical collectors of Albany heritage are especially urged to join the Monteith Society.

For further information, contact Ernie Heassler at: 926-5841 Business 926-3312 Residence

Make appointments for advising

The Humanities and Social Services Division has asked that students majoring in that area who need academic advising over the holiday period make an appointment with the division secretaries before the end of the term.

Fine art, language art, and music students should make an appointment with Annie Farrington in H-101. Social Science students should make an appointment with Bridget Cross in O-201.

LOST

Oregon State Library book, "Adventures in Advertising", John Orr Young, no. 659. No questions asked - return to LRC bookslot. URGENT! My grades depend on it.

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