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Maine Campus December 08 1978

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Weekend

Maine Campus

Vol. 84, No. 24, Friday, December 8, 1978

Students plan housing forum

by John Donnelly

Several resident assistants described UMO's housing proposals as "unjust" Thursday and have called for students to get involved in a public forum next week.



Thomas Aceto

The forum, which will be held in 101 English-Math building at 4:30 p.m. Monday, will be the last opportunity for students to express their views on the housing situation before a final recommendation will be made by Thomas D.

Aceto, vice president of Student Affairs, to President Howard R. Neville.

The RA's said they were upset with numerous aspects of the housing proposal, including a recommendation that Aceto estimated would displace 300 to 400 upperclassmen to other campus locations next fall.

A Penobscot RA said Thursday, "They're trying to railroad it through at the last possible moment."

Aceto said, though, while supporting the measure, which main purpose would be to house all incoming freshmen in equal percentages on campuswide, he is open to suggestions.

In a letter sent to the Maine Campus Thursday, Aceto said, "My position at this point in time is to recommend to President Neville that we adopt the committee's proposal as the most reasonable, rational and equitable way of accommodating all new and continuing students, who desire housing at the University."

About 1,800 freshmen are expected to live on campus next year, which translates into 600 designated triples.

UMO, which has had a housing crunch for more than five years, will be able to make room for all freshmen to be placed in triples on campus mainly because of the additional 208 beds in the apartments behind York Hall, Aceto said.

The apartments, which are presently under construction, will be completed by next fall.

The recommendations, which were made

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Gutted

A fire of unknown origin did extensive damage to the residence of physics Professor Paul R. Camp, authorities said Thursday. The fire was reported at 12:46 p.m. and Orono firemen were on the scene at 12:47. The house was "well involved" when the firetrucks arrived (Photo by Doug Bailey).

Illness hits dormitory residents

by Nancy McCallum

A flu-like illness characterized by nausea and vomiting swept through Stodder and Chadbourne halls Wednesday and Thursday. At least 35 students were reported ill.

Dr. Robert A. Graves, director of Cutler Health Center, said the illness is not serious.

"It's a 12 or 14 hour bout with nausea and vomiting, and some diarrhea," he said. "It's probably a viral inflammation of the stomach and intestines, which is passed from person to person."

Stodder's complex coordinator Douglas R. Miller estimated that 20 to 30 people in the complex were stricken ill. "There are 12 people in the infirmary that I know of," he said.

The number of ill students was reported by others to be higher, however.

A Stodder Hall resident, Charlotte McAttee, said, "At least 20 or 30 people in Stodder were sick."

Dan Lafleur, Chadbourne's resident director, said approximately 15 to 20 people had been ill within the past two days.

Penobscot Hall reported a few cases, and figures from Balentine were unavailable. Wells, Hilltop, York and Stewart com-

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Fraternity co-op debts inhibit lower prices

by Dan Warren

After a 1972-73 school year start marked by financial and community relations problems, a buying co-op made up of 12 UMO fraternities is on sound footing again and is offering the Greeks better food and fuel prices through quantity buying, says its executive director.

The Fraternity Buyers Association (FBA) is offering member fraternities better prices and services, says Executive Director Donald R. Mondor, a Masters in Business Administration (MBA) candidate from Biddeford. But the group's credit and purchasing power is still suffering from the financial and publicity problems brought on by a still-unpaid debt incurred in 1972-73 by Phi Gamma Delta (Fiji).

"Fiji still owes us about \$12,000, including interest," Mondor said in a recent interview. "FBA was really poorly managed back then. It let Fiji run up that big debt and it let Phi Mu also. Phi Mu (now-defunct) owed us about \$15,000 and we settled out of court for about \$7,000. We're still hurt by that."

"Because we didn't have the money then, we couldn't pay our bills to vendors and other companies on time. They still remember that. We've straightened out and have improved our position with everybody now, but occasionally, we run into a firm that doesn't realize that we're under new management now. They still think the incompetents are running FBA and they're hesitant about doing business with us until I explain."

Mondor emphasized that the \$12,000 debt is owed by "the old Fiji." He said that house was shut down by its national headquarters shortly thereafter. He said the current Fiji is "a good bunch" and not responsible for funning up that debt. FBA's lawyer, William McDonald of Bangor, is negotiating with Fiji for payment of the debt, though, Mondor said.

Mondor, a resident and member of Beta Theta Pi, has been executive director of FBA since May. Before that, he served two years as president of

(continued to page 13)

Outbreak of false alarms 'dangerous'

by Andrea Cronkite

A series of false fire alarms at Chadbourne Hall has residents "really upset" and could cost Stodder Complex as much as \$2,700.

Eleven false fire alarms have been pulled in Chadbourne since Nov. 9, said Duane P. Brasslett, Department of Police and Safety assistant director in charge of fire safety.

"Another smoke detector alarm also went off when someone blew smoke in it to make it go off," Brasslett said.

Dan Lafleur, Chadbourne's resident director, said that in one instance, an "eye witness" allegedly saw two students, one from Chadbourne and one from another dormitory, pull one of the false alarms. Brasslett said he believed these students would be brought before UMO's Conduct Committee next Thursday.

However, Sharon D. Dendurent, conduct officer and assistant dean of Student Affairs, would not verify when the students will come before the committee. Dendurent said she cannot comment on education records, under the Buckley Amendment. Brasslett said making a false report of a fire is a Class D crime under Maine law, punishable by a fine of \$500 to \$1,000 or

(continued to page 13)

Residential Life budget still tight

by Scott Austin

Residential Life is recovering from its \$400,000 deficit during the 1977-78 school year, but money, especially for maintenance, will remain tight, says director H. Ross Moriarty.

"I don't foresee anything getting better. We're in for a long hard period of tight money," Moriarty said.

Moriarty said last year's budget was overspent because a number of projects originally planned to come due this fiscal year were completed early and paid out of last year's budget. In addition, Residential Life did not receive all their projected income because University Park was used to house only married students, not single students, as originally planned by Residential Life.

He said UMO's problem was no different than many other universities and attri-

buted it in part to the upcoming years of declining enrollment.

"This year we received all our projected student income and have as much as is necessary to cover expenses, so we'll manage alright," Moriarty said. "After the beginning of next semester, we'll know for sure where we stand."

Some of the maintenance programs that have been delayed are the complete renovation of Hannibal Hamlin Hall, new bathroom facilities for Estabrooke and the repair of Cumberland Hall's third-floor study lounge windows.

Moriarty said his department has cut costs considerably by doing only the bare minimum in maintenance and that he intends to put \$250,000 back into the reserve fund that was overspent last year.

"We are concerned over heat, lights, telephone and food bills," Moriarty said. "Next semester we intend to keep the

thermostats down and watch the lights carefully, something students have been doing a good job of already. But we don't want to cut the quality or quantity of food."

Another policy that helps to generate income is the tripling policy. Moriarty explained that overcrowding during the fall semester helps keep spaces filled during the second semester.

"There are 400 fewer students in dormitories spring semester," Moriarty said, "but because we begin in the fall with an occupancy rate greater than 100 percent, we can maintain that figure during the spring semester. If we got down below 100 percent, then we might have a problem, but I don't see that happening."

Residential Life has been helping complexes stay within their budgets by keeping them informed and advising them on economical methods of doing things, Moriarty said.

Blackout due to defective relay switch

Thursday morning's 13-minute power failure was caused by a defective relay switch in the 345,000 volt New Brunswick to New England line at the Orrington sub-station, as a crew worked there, said a power company spokesman.

Robert N. Haskell, chairman of the board of Bangor Hydro-Electric, said the system-wide blackout occurred on campus and the whole Bangor area. The relay was bypassed by the crew, which "simply threw switches" to correct the failure, he said, and it took 13 minutes to re-energize the deadened line.

At the time of the failure, the power flow was from Frederickton to Wiscasset, as it usually is, he said.

LOWDOWN

Friday, December 8

7 and 9:30 p.m. MUAB movie "Little Big Man." 101 English-Math Building.
7:35 p.m. Men's basketball vs. Towson.
8 to 11 p.m. Ram's Horn, Diane Gallagher and friends.
8 to midnight. Damn Yankee, The Fargo Bros.
8:15 p.m. Downeast Chamber Players, Scholarship Benefit Concert. Lord Hall Recital Hall.
9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Dance with "Spunk," Lengyel Gym.

Saturday, December 9

9 a.m. to 3 p.m. Classified Employees' Scholarship Committee Fair, Damn Yankee.
1 p.m. Wrestling vs. UNH.
7 and 9:30 p.m. MUAB movie "A Touch of Class." 101 English-Math Building.
7:30 p.m. Oratorio Society, Methodist Church, Orono.
8 p.m. Cider and Song coffee house, Damn Yankee.

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Semester break saves fuel dollars

by Kim Marchegiani

Economics played a major role in the decision to extend UMO's semester break from four to five full weeks, but economics does not seem to have had the same effect at other schools.

Of the six New England land grant universities, only the University of Massachusetts reopens later than UMO in January, by one day.

UMO finishes finals later in May than any of the others, but all of the universities hold graduation the same week, due to a one week lapse between the end of finals and graduation at the others.

"Economics was one of the major factors in UMO's case," said Earsel Goode, assistant registrar and director of space and scheduling.

"The dollar amount saved in heating costs goes up each year," Goode said. "We save by missing almost all of January, a peak heating month, and by having to close down only once for a break during the semester."

UMO will close this semester on Dec. 22 and reopen on Jan. 29. Spring break will be from March 24 to April 2, and graduation is tentatively scheduled for May 26.

The story is somewhat different at the University of Vermont according to Charles Howe of UVM's Registrar's Office.

"The Student Association felt that a six

week break, which UVM had last year, was much too long, and they conveyed these feelings to the faculty," Howe said. "They felt much of it was wasted time and that they weren't getting out of school until almost June."

This year, UVM closes on Dec. 22 and reopens on Jan. 16. There will be two breaks, and graduation is set for May 12.

"As for the economic impact," Howe said, "the general feeling seemed to be that we did not save as much as we thought we were going to." Most buildings had to be kept heated anyway, he explained.

UMO faculty prefer the longer break, Goode said. They spend it doing research and preparing course outlines for next semester, he said.

"As for the students, I think they would opt to come back as soon as possible," he said. "Five weeks is a long time, and some complain of being bored, of not having anything to do and of losing a break in the spring."

UMO is one of the few New England land grant universities where students are represented in calendar planning.

Winn Brown, Student Government president, said he had not heard any students discuss the length of the break, either pro or con.

Goode said everyone has to make some concessions.

"This year we had a very successful fall break," he said. "That was one trade-off. Another may be that if a student knows he has a guaranteed five weeks off, he might be able to find a job, say at one of the ski resorts."

Another factor in the decision was the handicapped, Goode said.

"People rarely consider how hard it is

for the physically handicapped to maneuver in bad weather," he said. "January is usually colder and stormier than most, but things seem better later on."

In comparison to other University of Maine campuses, UMO reopens the latest in January and holds graduation the latest in May.

All campuses reopen on Jan. 15 or 16, except the University of Maine at Farmington, which begins Jan. 23. The University of Maine at Fort Kent has one spring break and graduation on May 12. The University of Southern Maine has two spring breaks and graduation on May 19. The University of Maine at Farmington has two breaks and graduation on May 20.

A spokesman at the University of Maine at Presque Isle said the energy crunch was probably the biggest factor in delaying the return in January. UMPI has one break and graduates on May 19.

The University of Maine at Augusta has two breaks and graduation on May 12. "The break here has always been three weeks long, and no one has really thought about it," said one spokesman there.

Elsewhere in New England, the University of Connecticut reopens on Jan. 22 and graduation is on May 15, with one break. The University of Massachusetts (Amherst) starts on Jan. 30 and closes on May 23, with one break. The University of New Hampshire opens Jan. 16 and graduates on May 17, with one break.

At the University of Rhode Island, a spokesman said the "cost of heat" and the "cost of physical maintenance to keep the roads and walks cleared" caused a longer semester break.

URI closes on Dec. 23, reopens on Jan. 16, and holds graduation one day later than UMO.



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UMOSG independence suggested

by Tammy Eves

Chancellor Patrick E. McCarthy aired his complaints to UMOG representatives Tuesday about the group's past lobbying efforts, and UMO Student Government President Winn Brown offered a plan to ease the situation.

The chancellor met with student government representatives from all seven campuses and members of the University of Maine Organization of Student Governments.

The chancellor has said in the past he does not approve UMOG's lobbying in the Maine Legislature and is against funding the organization for that activity.

Brown suggested UMOG "go financially independent," with each senate of the University's seven campuses paying a portion of UMOG's expenses.

"The trouble with that," Brown said,

"is Orono could probably come up with the money, but the smaller campuses could have a problem."

He said the plan has been altered since the meeting with the chancellor, so that each campus would fund UMOG on a per capita basis-- on the ability to pay-- which would call for UMO to pay the largest share.

"I think that's the only way," Brown said, "but then the problem becomes-- if we fund ourselves and continue to lobby, would the chancellor still accept UMOG as his advisory council? There is some question as to whether he would."

McCarthy could not be reached for comment Thursday.

The concern of UMOG members, according to Brown, is the possibility McCarthy could set up and fund another organization to act as his advisory liaison to the students.

Last week McCarthy said he had no plans to form a parallel organization to circumvent UMOG, and Jon Smith, UMOG representative for collective bargaining, said University students would not lose their collective bargaining and Board of Trustees representatives even if an organization to replace UMOG was created.

Smith said, by law, the board has to select those representatives.

"The board has to select them some way. Board policy has been to let UMOG select them. (The chancellor) would have to convince the trustees to change their policy."

UMOG Chairman Rita Laitres, said McCarthy proposed continued meetings with representatives of the organization, including two meetings with the chancellor in his office.

For the time being, Brown said, the group will do no lobbying and McCarthy will continue funding UMOG.

Thieves thwarted in pizza heist

by Bob Granger

They must have thought stealing a pizza delivery van would be the heist of the century.

And when Brian Sutherland parked the Pat's Pizza delivery van outside of Knox Hall Tuesday night during his rounds, he probably thought it would be a routine delivery. But when Sutherland came back outside, his locked van was gone. Vanished.

After the police were notified, Sutherland searched the area and found the van parked and locked in the Oxford Hall parking lot. The pizza storage box was open.

But the 'perfect heist' probably resulted in complete frustration for the would-be thieves. The only thing they could have found were a few crumbs. The last pizzas in the box had just been delivered to Knox.

But bizarre events weren't uncommon this week, according to UMO police reports.

Thursday, police stopped a Winterport woman on Illinois Ave. at BCC because her tail lights weren't working.

When she failed to produce a driver's license and registration, the report said, she was asked to sit in the police cruiser while the officer wrote a summons.

Perturbed, she got "mouthy" and refused to sign the ticket. After several minutes of persuasion, however, she gave in and then stomped back to her vehicle.

On the way, she hit her trunk, and on popped the taillights.

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Funding not complete

Opinions vary on arts center

by Natalie Slefinger

Although funding for UMO's Performing Arts Center has not been completely obtained, the building is the target of conflicting opinions.

Donald P. Stratton, assistant professor of music, recently charged that the new center will be merely an auditorium, a performing hall capable of holding 1600 people, and not a teaching facility as originally planned.

Stratton said he didn't believe a hall of that size was necessary. "We just about fill Hauck now," he said.

He said needs of the new building should be focused on teaching, since performance could always be improved.

"We desperately need a teaching

facility," he said. "Our recital hall in Lord is directly underneath the rehearsal hall. You can't use both at once, musically. I try to give lessons in my office, and from down the hall I hear a trombone practicing, an orchestra tuning up and someone playing the piano."

John M. Blake, vice president of finance and administration, said recently that plans for the center are not completed because funding is not completed.

The building has a price tag of \$2.4 million, and approximately \$700,000 is needed to complete the funding drive.

Murray North, School of Performing Arts director, agreed that the music department "feels the need for the studio and office space." However, no definite

plans have been drawn up yet. There are no working drawings available, because, I understand, funding is the problem."

North said he was sure compromises would be made in the final plans. "Most likely, we won't have everything we want, but the center is very much needed."

James S. Bost, theater professor, would not comment on the plans for the center. "I haven't seen the latest plans, and I don't know if the plans for rehearsal rooms are completely scotched."

President Howard R. Neville said he knew nothing of the complaints and dissatisfaction with the plans.

"If they don't want it, they won't get it," Neville said.



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Something Super Coming to a Theater Near You.

Editorials

Housing dilemma

The housing proposals offered by two UMO committees provide a Jekyll-Hyde answer to our housing woes.

The medicinal value of placing all freshmen on campus has its merits.

But immediately after swallowing that sweet-smelling solution, the horrendous side-effects of upperclass relocation begin to appear.

Housing freshmen on campus will help alleviate the adjustment period every newcomer goes through. Until now, that disruptive and unsettling period was only exacerbated by the distance between campus and classes.

Freshmen housed at Bangor, the barracks, are forced to live a Walter Mitty existence: UMO students by day, BCC outcasts by night.

Those freshmen have enough to worry about between getting good grades and sporadic acne attacks. They don't need the additional headache of memorizing bus schedules and drooling over the non-existent social value that is believed to accompany campus residency.

But the flip side of the housing coin is that upperclass students will be forced into arbitrary relocation to accommodate freshmen.

Such a move is undesirable.

Under the proposal drawn up by Residential Life's committee on student housing, anywhere between 300 and 400 upperclassmen could fall victim to the fickle finger and receive orders to

pack their bags for a new domicile.

It's all so unnecessary.

The key lies in the committee's distinction between random tripling and designated tripling of rooms.

The committee advocates designated tripling, a more orderly form of deciding which rooms are to be freshmen triples. An even balance of triples throughout each wing, floor, dormitory and throughout the desired floor.

To attain it, however, rooms must be whisked away from hoarding upperclassmen, who are sent to an area of the campus less congested.

Random tripling simply puts three students in rooms formerly occupied by only two residents.

Of course, the openings depend entirely on chance and conceivably could be clustered in one particular wing or dorm. Not surprisingly, that possibility has drawn disdain from officials who place a neat desk and calculatable charts before student satisfaction.

But random tripling is manageable and, over a period of time, could yield the same result as the designation method—a proportionate number of triples spread throughout the campus.

All that's required is the logistically desired conversion of triples through natural attrition.

If the vice president of Student Affairs and Residential Life threw their support in that direction, students would be more than willing to embrace housing changes.

Alarming subject

The rash of false fire alarms at Chadbourne Hall has raised the dander of both students and officials. And rightfully so.

The sobriety of the matter can best be measured in terms of potential consequences. The chance for disaster and death resulting from something as innocuous as the flip of a switch receives credence from several recent events.

A fire at Providence College last year killed 10 students who, according to one fire official, may have been accustomed to false alarms and probably "dragged their feet" when confronted with the real McCoy.

And in Bangor two years ago, three persons were killed when their car was fired by a fire truck answering a false fire alarm.

The decision to set off a false fire alarm probably is spontaneous and therefore the possible repercussions are not considered.

Yet each person must be responsible for his actions, whether pre-meditated or spur-of-the-moment.

What this community, as well as most others, needs are stricter penalties for those caught pulling false alarms. But to impose a penalty, one first must catch the culprit.

And one of the reasons behind the popularity of the perilous prank is the impunity that seems

to encourage the action.

Of the 11 false alarms pulled in Chadbourne since Nov. 9, there has been only one instance where the persons were identified. They are scheduled to appear before UMO's Conduct Committee next week, according to sources.

It's disheartening to hear UMO's fire official say that, if found guilty, the students would "probably be punished within the (University) system."

That's a diplomatic way of saying the pair can expect little more than a wrist slapping.

Those students should be treated as any other citizen charged with a Class D crime and pay a fine of \$500 to \$1,000. In addition, they should pay for the cost of answering the alarm, which could amount to a couple of hundred dollars.

As it is, the money comes out of Residential Life, which means students pay for the trips through room and board.

Students have just cause to be "pissed off," as one resident director said.

Because of a practical joke, an entire dorm is inconvenienced by a hurried evacuation and ensuing wait to re-enter their rooms.

Given the angry reaction by most students to false fire alarms, perhaps the best method of justice would be judgment by peers.

Guest commentary Colleen Kieffer

While going through the latest issue of Time, I was appalled at the number of articles that interrupted my reading of the liquor advertisements.

One might get the impression the main purpose of the magazine is to inform the public on current events. However, I wasn't fooled. My attention was not distracted by these meaningless words, for I know that the true mission of this magazine is to sell liquor, and what better time than Christmas?

Everyone knows that the holiday season is the time of good tidings and cheer, so after opening the gifts "that we always wanted," let's get drunk and pass out under the Christmas tree. Christmas spirit is reaching an all time high, especially since it has been distilled, aged, bottled and how even packaged in a decorative Yuletide box, which is generously added at no extra charge to the consumer.

Yes, Christmas is truly the time of year to rejoice in the birth of the fully stocked bar.

Christmas is highlighted by choosing the correct brand of liquor, either for one's private stock or as a thoughtful gift to a friend, and this decision requires much discrimination and taste. Each brand's advertisement must be examined intensely for the catchiest slogan, the best-looking model and the classiest label.

After finding the right ad, the consumer must decide if he is ready to take on the lifestyle that comes with his choice of liquor. If a man prefers Puerto Rican rum for that dry martini instead of vodka or gin, he must be ready to meet the challenges of being a successful corporate leader, far ahead of the crowd, with a harem of beautiful women and the best of everything life has to offer.

For the rugged, daring adventurous man who is willing to brave the heights of the Canadian Rockies and has strong, definite tastes, there is Lord Calvert or Canadian Club. The woman who wishes to be seductive and daring may wish to sip into something more comfortable, like Southern Comfort.

For the worldly traveler who has seen most of the sights, there is Passport Scotch, guaranteed to send the traveler on a totally different trip. Then there is always Cutty Sark to send one sailing through the Yuletide.

For the classical lovers of Tchaikovsky and Tolstoi, there is 90 proof Smirnoff Silver. This bottle is so full of history that you can almost taste it, aside from the alcohol.

Deciding on the size can be a harrowing experience. A list of friends must be composed first off. Then one must decide how much there is in the wallet. Impress friends and influence people, that's the true Christmas motto. According to Canadian Club, a friendship is worth the amount of whiskey in their bottle.

For good friends—the .750 millilitre bottle, for very good friends—the quart bottle, and for the nearest and dearest relatives (or those whom one is dying to impress)—the 1.75 litre size.

This year everyone will feel great about giving and receiving that true sign of quality, the brown bottle. And isn't it comforting to know that everyone will be having an intoxicatingly merry holiday season?

Colleen Kieffer is a UMO freshman.

Maine Campus

The University of Maine at Orono's student newspaper since 1875

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Unbalanced representation

To the Editor:

There are a few items that I believe Maine Campus readers have a right to know concerning the handling of the recent attack on Alpha Tau Omega fraternity involvement in Student Government.

1. It is my feeling, and that of others quoted in the story with whom I spoke, that an unbalanced representation of our remarks was given in the story. I made several positive remarks concerning ATO's involvement, which were not quoted, and I know this is the case with at least two others who were interviewed.

2. One student's remarks were

quoted without his knowledge that he was being interviewed for a Campus story. He was later called by Donnelly for further remarks. His picture was taken by a Campus photographer who, according to witnesses, would not tell him why it was being taken.

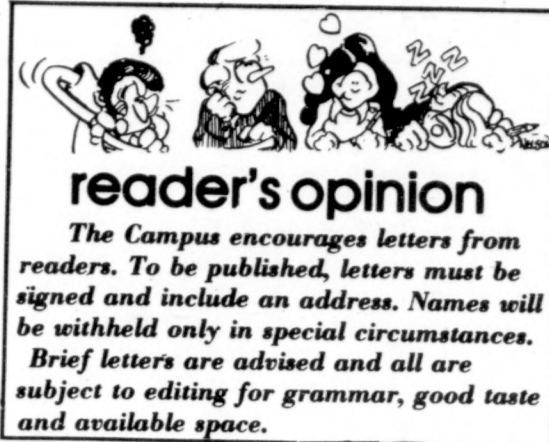
I know that most Campus stories are not handled as shabbily. It is my opinion that News Editor John Donnelly, in his zeal to take a cheap shot at Student Government, intentionally omitted positive remarks made about ATO's involvement. It is unfortunate that the otherwise valid concern when any special interest group gains a "power bloc" in Student Government was reduced to mudslinging.

I personally will not trust Donnelly again to report my views accurately and fairly. I feel that this reflects poorly on a paper that is generally respected for its high journalistic standards.

In the future I hope Donnelly confines his yellow journalism to the editorial page.

Susan Leonard
Vice President,
Student Government

Editor's note: The article was not intended to infer or imply any wrong doing on the part of ATO members in Student Government. It was simply an investigative story based on the numerous positions of power held by members of that fraternity.



More letters on page 12

Guest commentary

Winn Brown

Presenting the 'other side'

Student Government is running so smoothly that all the Maine Campus can find to criticize is ATO's involvement within Student Government. The major issues seems to be my alleged abuse of appointment power, which has seemingly gone "unchecked" by the senate.

Because Mr. Donnelly did not see fit to report both sides of the issue, it forces me to present the side he neglected.

Donnelly's attempt to play the role of a Bernstein or Woodward and uncover an ATO-gate was rather feeble. From the outset he was interested only in reporting the negative feelings generated by the situation. Why weren't the positive aspects expressed brought out along with the negative? Several people have expressed to me their Disappointment in Mr. Donnelly's inability to report quotes accurately and to convey both the positive and negative attitudes discussed during their interviews.

Also, why after lengthy interviews with Vice President Aceto and Dean Lucy were their opinions not included with the article? I might suggest, they were too positive in their response. In the future I will have a real problem trusting the abilities of Mr. Donnelly as a reporter.

It always seems that those who criticize the most are the ones most vulnerable to criticism themselves.

Sen. Doug Hall asked, "How can they get input?" I ask, "How can Doug Hall give input when he has missed four out of eight senate meetings?" Two of the absences were unexcused. Of the three fraternity senators from ATO, two have perfect attendance and the third has one excused absence.

I wonder why, in Kurt Anderson's smug letter to the editor (Dec. 5, 1978), no reference is made to his connection to the Maine Campus and the environment in which he has had opportunity to deal with me and other Student Government staff? Anderson is the advertising manager of the Campus.

Could it be that his reference to Phil Spaulding's "consistent communication with students" consists of Spaulding's supplying ads to the Campus from Student Government? Could it be that his "dealing

with Brown" refers to his one telephone conversation with me, in which I told him I had no advertising, at that time, for the Campus, because the New Edition would be coming out soon and would take care of Student Government's present needs?

Could it be that Anderson is grumbling because that hurt him where it hurts the most, in the pocketbook? Could it be that Anderson's anti-fraternity tone "frat rat" is the result of this ousting from Theta Chi Fraternity?

The president of Student Government appoints 11 positions within Student Government. Of the 11 people I appointed, five were ATOs, two were from the dorms and four were off-campus students. Women hold three of these positions.

Let's look at why I appointed the five ATO's to positions in my administration. Scott Inglis was appointed assistant treasurer by Mike McGovern. The office of assistant treasurer is used as a springboard to the job of treasurer because of the familiarity necessary to perform the treasurer's duties. Naturally, I appointed Scott treasurer (under the constitution, his title is now vice president for financial affairs).

David Groves, Concert Committee chairman, had served on the committee under Susan Leonard and was recommended for the position by Leonard. The chairmanships of the Academic Affairs and Fair Election Practices Committees were advertised in both the Maine Campus and the New Edition. At that time, no appointments had been made, dispelling the supposed "fraternal" atmosphere, scaring people from applying for those positions. Still, no one applied for those positions. A couple of brothers had expressed interest in working within Student Government. So, with no one else to turn to I knew these two, Mark Boynton and Bill Morris would do an excellent job; which is to advise and assist the president and to represent his views when he is not available and because Hall was extremely supportive during the campaign, serving as campaign manager, literally organizing a campuswide drive. Knowing the importance of being able to work together closely, Sue

and I decided to appoint my good friend Pete Hall. He had already proven to us a willingness to work long hours for Student Government.

Concerning the rest of the ATO's involvement in Student Government, I think the Campus' quote by Mike McGovern summed it up: "Every student and fraternity has the opportunity (to be a member of Student Government). It just depends on whether they take it." Those from ATO who are involved have, clearly, taken the initiative.

I feel the Maine Campus has a responsibility not just to themselves but also to the community they serve. They are dodging their responsibility. There is no question that investigative reporting is a necessity today, but that particular focus demands a responsible attitude on the part of the organization and its employees.

Someday someone is going to force the Maine Campus to become responsible for what it prints. This includes the "half truths" that seem to be the paper's focal point. I question the "quality or type" of professionalism that is being promoted by the Campus as part of a journalism major's education in reporting.

The Campus' success depends upon this community's acceptance of its focus. That acceptance isn't "given" not is it "institutionalized" or etched in stone. They (the Maine Campus) have to earn and constantly renew this community's acceptance, but for some reason they "seem hell bent for an election" at destroying their own credibility and acceptance.

I do not deny their right to "go after the news," but I do strongly question the irresponsibility in reporting that seems to have gained control of the Maine Campus. I have difficulty in trusting people who fail to see the good side of any situation, and my feelings are being shared by more and more individuals. Maybe the time has finally arrived where this community will, because it is our prerogative to do so, force the Campus to take a more responsible attitude toward the University community that it claims to serve.





Gary Merrill, a well-known actor, tells a poem of fingers and thumbs in the Bangor Lounge Thursday afternoon [photo by Arthur Kettle].

Senate resolves support of student ambulance corps

by Crilly Ritz

A resolution to continue Student Government support of UVAC was passed by the General Student Senate at Tuesday night's meeting.

"The university should maintain an ambulance service on campus," said Student Government President Winn Brown, sponsor of the resolution.

Brown said President Howard R. Neville will buy an ambulance for the University Volunteer Ambulance Corps if the GSS would continue its funding of the organization. Cutler Health Center will provide supplies such as bandages for the new ambulance, he said. The Student Government funds will go mostly to training equipment, as in the past, Brown added.

Brown said he would meet with Neville Thursday to "wrap things up."

A sales and solicitation policy was also passed that will prohibit organizations not directly related with the University from soliciting door to door in dormitories. The resolution also contained an amendment to include University Park.

The previous policy was enforced by two campus organizations, Residential Life and Student Activities and Organizations. The new policy will only be enforced by Student Activities and Organizations, with input from Residential Life. The new centralized policy will also have a more involved background check on solicitors who wish to sell on campus, said Dean Dwight L. Rideout of Student Affairs.

A committee who will investigate prospective sellers will have student input, unlike before, Rideout said. Legal advice will also be available from Student Legal Services, who will serve as consultants when legal review is needed, he said. The resolution still needs final approval from Thomas D. Aceto, vice president of Student Affairs.

Also passed was a resolution to allow the International Club to ask for Student Government funding. The International Club was granted an exception because it has not received final approval from Student Government as a club. A group that has not received final approval cannot ask for funding without an exception granted by the GSS.

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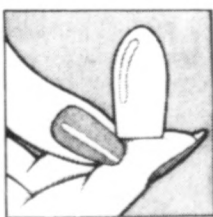
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The most talked about contraceptive since the pill.

Fund provides \$50,000 for theater-in-the-round

by Crilly Ritz

A theater-in-the-round will be part of the UMO community, tentatively by next fall, thanks to the Brackett Fund.



Ready

Old stock judging pavilion behind Winslow Hall, soon to become a theatre-in-the-round (photo by Arthur Kettle).

President Howard R. Neville said the fund was an endowment set up about 30 years ago for use at the president's discretion.

The fund will provide \$50,000 for the renovation of the octagonal stock judging pavilion located behind Winslow Hall. The Physical Plant is installing utilities, sewer lines and more efficient heating in the buildings.

James Bost, theatre professor, said, "Hopefully a design will be decided upon by Dec. 1." The design, to be drawn by Ames Engineers of Bangor, will be a new stage concept in comparison to the "proscenium" stage at Hauck Auditorium, Bost said.

"Hauck has an antique type of stage where the audience looks in one direction," Bost said. "This is fixed and limited. The new thrust stage will be good as an experiment tool for students as well for productions."

The new theater will seat 150 persons when finished, Bost said, a capacity that will not lend itself to large productions. He said he believes the theater will serve more importantly as a tool for drama students.

Bost said theatre students "need an opportunity to be in intimate space, to be surrounded and to be in close contact with the audience."

He said UMO, with Hauck, is 15 years

behind the times. "I think the theater-in-the-round can be an exciting addition."

However, in comparison with the "pit" in Hauck, the theater will be one step closer to what the theatre department is

striving for. They are waiting for the Performing Arts Center to be built.

Murray North, director of the School of Performing Arts, said the "pit" in Hauck has problems. He said the need for time and space in Hauck has increased while the space has not.

"This is the main campus," said North, "and things should happen here. The University has an obligation." He said the University is making an effort, despite its money problems, to help the performing arts. "This is good," he added.

North said if it weren't for Neville's enthusiasm, the theater would never have become a reality.

The target date, for completion of the new theater, according to North, is next fall.

Bost said the new theater will only take some of the pressure off Hauck.

"Hauck is not an adequate facility for our needs. What we really need is the Performing Arts Center," he said. Combined with unprecedented growth in the dance program and increasing enrollment in theatre and music, facilities are crowded, he said.

"The theater-in-the-round is an idea that has been kicking around for many years," Bost said. "Due to lack of money, it never got off the ground."

"The \$50,000 will go some distance,"

Bost said, "but it may not be enough to get precisely what we want."

The heating of the pavilion is currently unsuitable, Bost said. "Insulation is needed badly," he said, "and the electricity will have to be jacked up. When all these things are completed, the actual stage redesigning will begin."

Bost said involvement in theatre at UMO will mushroom with the new theater. "We need a new dimension in theatre" he said, "a new thrust. Perhaps the pavilion will do this."

Neville said the pavilion "will be used by others but will be primarily for theatre." Neville said theatre at UMO is "underated" and that the students who perform in the dramas could be called "unsung heroes."

"If I weren't enthusiastic," Neville said, "I wouldn't have recommended that we go further with the theater-in-the-round idea." Neville said theatre at UMO is done well and that Maine Masque performances are received well by the community.

Neville said more emphasis has been put into the arts at UMO in the last few years but "how much more we'll do will depend." He said he hopes to bring some balance to the community.

Neville said no other funds, aside from

the Brackett Fund, is planned for the theater.

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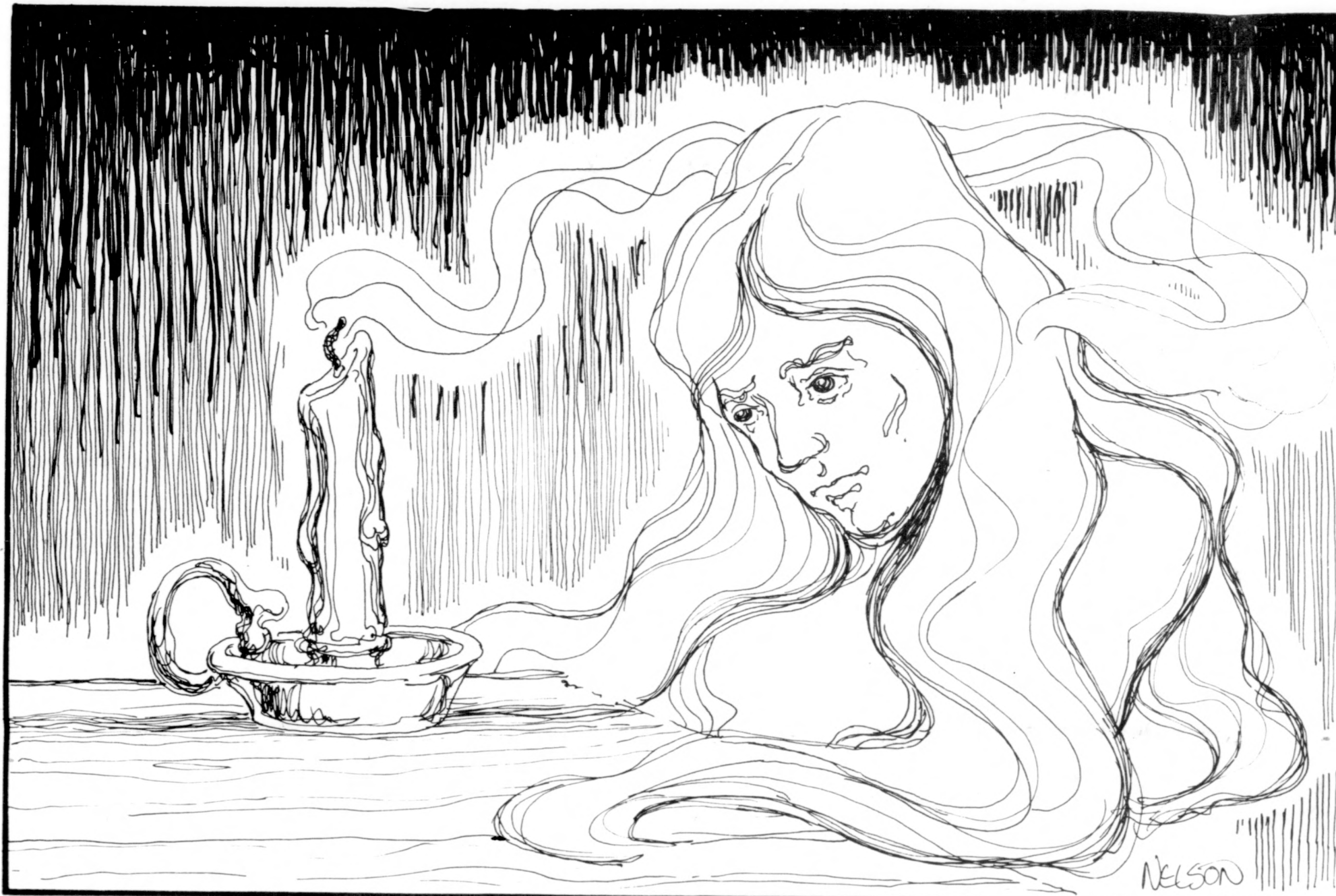
Dec. 12, 3-4p.m.
Woodwinds, Horns

Dec. 14, 2-4p.m.
Saxophones, Trombones, Trumpets

Auditions will take place in
Lord Hall, Rm. 220,
Rehearsal Hall.

Sign up sheets and audition forms
are available in lobby
or Lord Hall, Music Dept.

Abortion: The choices after unw



'All choices are equal; it depends on what the female deci

Text by George Burdick

Suzanne [fictitious name], who is now married, was single when she had an abortion in Boston several years ago. Suzanne felt she had only one choice but is remorseful about the abortion.

"It was wrong but there was no choice. There was no choice other than to have an abortion. At that time, to have a child would have been a real social statement. That would have been too much to handle."

To terminate or continue a pregnancy is an "individual decision" for a woman in college who has ideas about a career or other plans. To avoid these conflicts, a majority of UMO women who become pregnant chose to have an abortion.

The number of abortions obtained by UMO women will be about the same as the 1977 total, according to Dr. Robert Graves, director of the Cutler Health Center. Last year more than 100 students had abortions.

In September and October this year, 27 women tested were pregnant compared to 30 in the same period last year, Graves said. However, by the end of the year Graves expects the number of pregnancies to reach the 115 mark of last year.

For those 115 University women found to be pregnant in 1977, more than 100 chose abortion. Dr. Marc Miter, a counselor at Cutler, said these women chose abortion because they "feel it is the best alternative."

"None of the alternatives are good," Miter said. "Abortion is seen as the least negative one."

Miter said attitudes have changed, giving women greater freedom and control.

Rae Mathieu, co-coordinator of the Peer Sexuality Program at UMO, also believes the times and attitudes have changed. She said the women's movement has helped college women realize they have choices, "as many choices as men do."

"The question, should I have this baby or shouldn't I, makes them realize that they have choices," Mathieu said. "One of these choices is abortion." But women have other choices, Mathieu added.

"Either they want to have sex, or they don't want to have sex; either they want to become pregnant, or they don't want to become pregnant. If they choose the latter, then some type of birth control is needed. If that type of birth control fails, then they have choices. The choices are—to have the baby, to have the baby and keep it, to have the baby and give it up for adoption, or to have an abortion. All choices are equal; it depends on what the female decides."

Barbara [fictitious name], a student at UMO, became pregnant when her diaphragm failed. Confronted with an unwanted pregnancy, we decided to have an abortion.

"Even as I planned it and made the decision to do it, I

hadn't really thought about it. It was purely a 'You're pregnant. Do something about it!' After the appointment and knew I was scheduled to go, I started thinking about abortion. I started to think the right thing to do."

Miter said women usually think out the alternatives before they see him. He gave the same alternatives Mathieu did but said adoption is the least desirable. "Emotional and physical commitment to the child make it hard to give it up."

For women who choose adoption as the solution to an unwanted pregnancy, there are several problems.

In addition to giving up a child, the mother goes through an unwanted pregnancy, which according to Dr. Anders T. Netland, a gynecologist at the Practice Clinic in Bangor, would cause psychological problems.

Ocean plant used in abortions

Seaweed, a relatively common ocean plant, has found a practical use in the doctors' office—performing abortions.

A pencil shaped object composed of Japanese seaweed, dilateria, is used by Drs. Anders T. Netland and Vance A. Aloupis in Bangor to expand the cervical entrance for insertion of the aspirator tube. Dilateria can be used instead of expanding the opening "mechanically" with a dilator, according to Dr. Robert Graves, director of UMO's Health Center.

"That (mechanical dilation) can be painful, in that

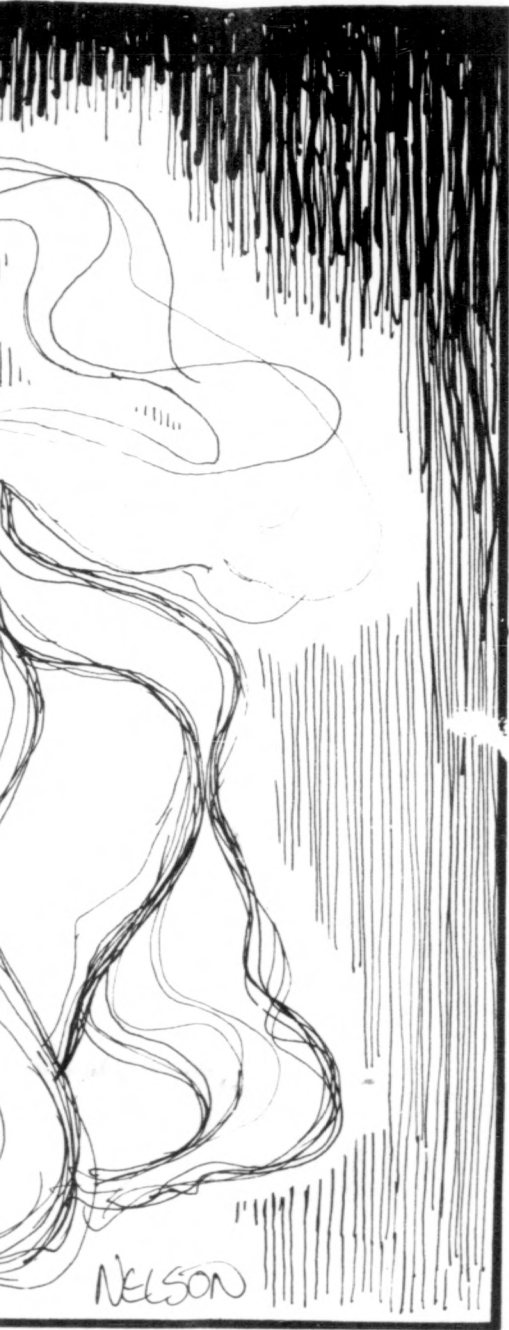
it is like a menstrual cramp," Graves said. "It is like having two or three bad menstrual cramps."

On the other hand, dilateria dilates the cervical canal slowly over a period of 12 to 14 hours. The seaweed swells up as it absorbs the moisture, stretching the cervical tissue in the process.

"Half of the women have side-effects with the dilateria," Graves said.

The symptoms are similar to moderate menstrual cramps over a long period of time. The mechanical dilator method causes two or three severe cramp-like pains for a shorter duration.

After unwanted pregnancy are not easy



female decides'

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Leslie Smith, a counselor at the Family Planning Center in Bangor, described the trauma of going through an unwanted pregnancy.

"It would be a huge lifestyle change for college students to continue a pregnancy," Smith said. "But college students have more exposure to choices and more support. If you don't plan a pregnancy, there is no good choice."

During an 11-month period, from May 1977 to July 1978, Smith said she gave pregnancy tests to 704 women from ages 18 to 24. Of these women, 362 were pregnant. She said she did not know how many were college students but said she did not know how many were college students but said she had tested "a fair amount" of UMO women.

Smith said she also gave pregnancy test to girls under 15 married women and to several women over the age of 45.

Smith believes women find themselves with unplanned pregnancies "a lot more than people realize." She said not many women go through life without encountering the problem.

"The average woman has two unplanned pregnancies in a lifetime," Smith said. "A lot of women feel comfortable with an abortion, but it is not an easy choice."

Bonnie Bisiar, registered nurse at the Cutler Health Center, said the initial reactions vary among those who learned they were pregnant. "Some of them cry, some have already thought about it and some just want to get to

**If a UMO woman does
get pregnant and needs
money for an abortion,
two organizations
provide funds**

over with," she said.

Smith said it is important for women to get support after they learn they are pregnant, as well as throughout all phases of the abortion.

"Financially, emotionally and physically, an abortion is really hard on a woman," Smith said.

"Knowing that they will have to have an abortion is probably quite overwhelming," Bisiar said. "They have got to find \$180 in cash, and usually they feel like they are the only ones that have gotten into this situation."

If the woman decides to terminate her pregnancy from seven to twelve weeks after conception, a procedure called vacuum aspiration can be performed by several doctors in Maine. However, past 12 weeks the Health Center encourages women to go out of state for an abortion, because the procedure is more complicated.

However, early abortions can be done simply, Netland said. "Some women only experience mild cramps," Smith said. "While others think it is the most painful thing they ever experienced. It depends upon the individual's threshold of pain."

Since abortion was legalized in 1973, as part of the "right to privacy" clause in the 14th amendment, aid for abortions has become more available.

One resource that has become available is aid from student insurance will pay for 80 percent of the medical costs associated with abortion. However, if the student does have other health coverage, such as Blue Cross or Blue Shield, student insurance will take care of any expenses prior to the abortion.

If a UMO student becomes pregnant and needs money for an abortion, both the emergency loan fund in Wingate Hall and the Student Government Population Control Fund are available.

"I think it is used quite a bit, six or seven times this year," said Peggy Mills, the student government fund coordinator. "It started out in September with \$1,000. At this point it is down to about \$400. People are pretty good about paying it back, although there are some people who don't pay back."

According to Mills, the fund began in January of 1971, when the Student Government voted it in. Since then the fund has been serving students based on need. Once the student receives the money, she can pay it back without interest.

As additional financial resources open up for college students, federal funding through HEW is being cut down due to legislation passed in February. The number of medicaid-funded abortions "is almost down to nothing," said Ray Bow, HEW director of plans and policy at Augusta. There were only two medicaid-funded abortions from June 4 to Sept. 30, he said.

Priest reflects church's view

Caught in a tide of liberalism, the Catholic church has managed to maintain its traditional views on abortion and other controversial issues affecting its 600 million followers throughout the world.

The official church position does not sanction abortion under any circumstance.

An example of this stance is seen in Father James Gower, a Catholic priest at the Newman Center.

"If you don't want it, then don't have intercourse," he said. "Casual love outside of marriage is games."

When asked if he would condone an abortion if the woman was only months away from obtaining a college degree, he replied, "There are probably 50 percent too many degrees given out anyway. It will not change the pattern of their lives that much."

"My own feeling is that it is developing and there are circumstances in which if the mother were absolutely in danger during the beginning stages of the pregnancy, then the child should be allowed to die. But as far as direct abortion is concerned, in most cases I would say no."

In the event that the birth of the child could lead to the death of the mother, Gower said they would try to save both.

"In the 65,000 births in New York City, there was never a question of either-or," said Father Gower. "If such a question evolved, then a moral program for affirming life would have to be worked out; both for the life of the mother and for the life of the child."

Gower said the question of abortion boils down to the question of when a fetus becomes a human being.

"This is the question around which most of our theology revolves," said Gower. "Most churches say don't take a chance."

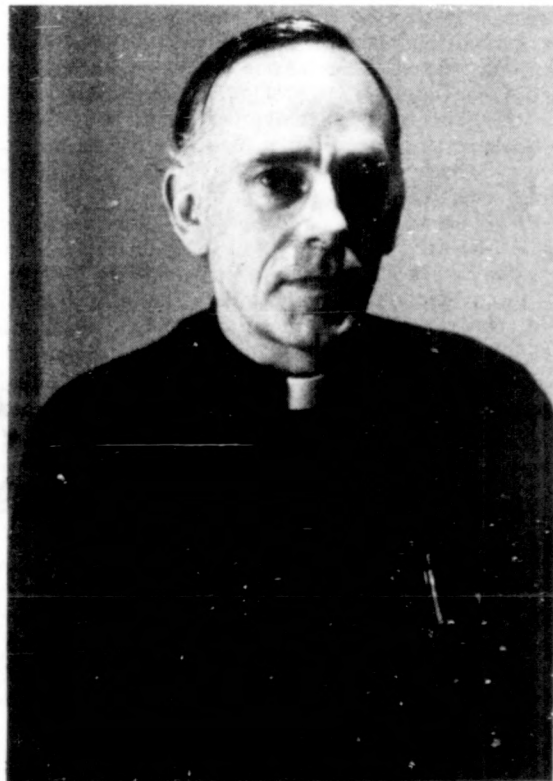
He suggested that any student on campus who did not want the child should come to term regardless of the inconvenience.

"They can't take nine months off? That is the point. What is more important, the life of a child or the inconvenience of a mother? What kind of education will she have if children are not worth four months of inconvenience?"

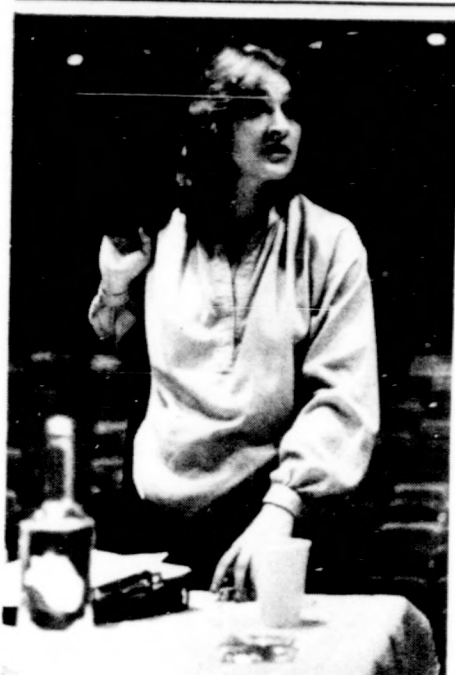
"The girl is giving herself and doesn't know what she is getting into except a night of fun. Recreational love is not a new practice, they used to charge for it."

Gower said couples who are deeply in love and committed to each other are not engaging in recreational love. In this case love outside marriage is permitted when the couple finds they cannot get married.

"They shouldn't consider themselves lost souls," he said.



Father Gower



Judith Curran

Woman alumnus to direct Maine Masque production

by Debbie Zeigler

The first guest woman director in 17 years will be directing the Maine Masque production of "A Resounding Tinkle," by N.F. Simpson, to be performed Dec. 12 through 16.

Judith Curran, from the Bangor Community Theater and a University alumnus, said guest directors are "an innovation" at the University.

"I'm honored to be asked to direct," she said.

James Bost, theatre professor, said, "Guest directors are a means of introducing students to new methods and techniques of direction. We felt it was a good idea to open up to as many ideas as possible."

"She was one of the finest actresses when she was here as a student," Bost said. "This young woman is extremely

talented.

Curran graduated in 1971 with an English degree and received her masters in theater in 1975.

"This is the first time working with teachers as colleagues," she said.

"The question of sex bothers me. In any creative endeavor, it's intelligence that's important," she said.

She said the students are not used to a woman's way of looking at things. But they're "intensely interested and dedicated. They really work hard at it," she added.

It is hoped that other guest directors will be brought in, depending on resources, Bost said.

"It takes money to bring in name directors. We'd like to have one for a whole semester and also have a directing class taught by him," he said.

College merger to 'benefit student'

by Scott Austin

The Board of Trustees has approved the systemwide consolidation of the College of Education, a move that will save money, be more efficient and provide greater coordination among the separate branches, but each campus will still retain its own autonomy said trustee chairman Francis A. Brown.

Brown said the change, which took effect in July, came about because the trustees felt the system was not as responsive as it should have been to the state of Maine.

"I had heard a great deal of criticism that there was a need to train teachers differently than in the past," Brown said. "We were turning out surpluses of teachers in areas such as elementary education, while areas such as special education were deficient. Now we should

have a coordinated system for teacher training."

Harlan Philippi, director of the College of Education at the University of Southern Maine, said "There was a great deal of fragmentation in the old system. Now we can find ways to capitalize on the strengths of each campus—it will help us get a handle on what's happening."

The consolidation recommendation was originally contained in the "green book," a study by an ad-hoc committee on ways to improve the university system. That study was completed in 1977.

Robert A. Cobb, dean of UMO's College of Education, said a great deal of planning went into the present system.

"I wasn't happy with the original plan, but I did support the plan the trustees approved," he said.

Under the original concept, there was to

be more of a pooling of resources under one roof, Cobb said, but this idea was not enacted.

"This plan will place teacher education in a visible position within the structure. Our needs will be recognized," Cobb said.

He said the consolidation will also provide better representation in the University system, the state, the Maine Teachers Association and other educational branches, but the college will still be no stronger than other colleges on the campus.

Cobb said the new consolidation will allow the entire system to be scrutinized so changes may be proposed where necessary.

"There should be no duplication of efforts," he said. "The new system won't change much, but it will add a coordinating dimension to it."

80-space trial parking lot to be made behind Jenness

by Susan Kadezabek

A trial parking lot, creating 80 parking spaces, will be made this winter behind Jenness Hall by plowing snow off the land south of the paved parking lot.

"We got the hint when we saw cars parking there this fall," said Alan Lewis, director of the Physical Plant.

He said this will determine if there is a need for more parking on campus. Lewis said if the trial parking lot only serves to attract cars from the Steam Plant parking lot, nothing will have been solved, because there would then be empty spaces in the Steam Plant lot. However, if both the steam plant and trial parking lots are filled, this will demonstrate a need for constructing an additional parking lot, he said.

The area behind Jenness was chosen for its levelness and because "it won't damage any nice land," Lewis said. The area will support cars and could be filled in easily

with material, he added.

However, "Money is the big stumbling block," said Lewis.

The superintendent of grounds and services, Peter DuFour, said the present roads, walks and parking budget is \$191,000 this year—\$13,860 less than last year.

He said using grounds and services' own crew and materials, filling the new lot with gravel would cost about \$5,000. The extension would be half the size of the present paved lot, DuFour said.

If approved by President Howard R. Neville, the lot would be started in April and could be finished in one or two weeks, DuFour said.

Although his department is saving money wherever possible DuFour said, if there's a lot of plowing to do this winter, money could be short in the spring. Also, priorities change, he said, and by spring, road patching could be more important.

Classifieds

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Unity College is seeking qualified faculty and graduate students with teaching experience to staff its summer Institute program for 1979. Expertise in traditional curricular as far as innovative programs is desired. For further info call or write Dr. Colburn L. Currier, Box 307, Unity College, Unity, Maine 04988. 948-3131 ext. 220.

\$100 REWARD for information leading to the arrest and conviction of person(s) stealing Mettler Balance model 7400853 from Rm 221 Aubert between the hours of 12 noon and 4 p.m. on Wednesday Oct. 25, 1978. Contact Tim Ames or Robert Dunlap in Aubert Hall or UMO Dept. of Police and Safety.

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Housing

(continued from page 1)
by the Select Committee on Student Housing, would designate certain rooms for freshmen triples that would force some upperclassmen to move to another location.

"Students will be moving from their wings. They could be moving from a coed dorm to a single sex dorm," said Ken Norton, a Penobscot RA, Thursday.

Norton and three other "concerned" students talked Thursday night of coordinating a drive across campus to get students involved and attend Monday's forum.

"We're trying to make the whole thing hit home with people," said Norton.

The four students—Norton, Rita Laitres and two other Penobscot RA's, Charlie Edwards and Sue Swindell—said they will print flyers and distribute them Monday morning in campus cafeterias.

"We've got to deal with it constructively," said Edwards. "No one wants to listen to 500 people sit and bitch (at the forum)."

Aceto said the Monday forum would be a time where students can present alternatives. "I will be listening to rational arguments," he said.

"I don't want to do anything that will hurt any student. I don't want to create hassles for anybody," he said.

The proposal of having all incoming freshmen live on campus is supported by the four students.

"We agree with Neville's idea to get frosh on campus, but there are only so many places on campus," Laitres said.

"We just don't feel upperclassmen should brunt the burden," Swindell added.

Edwards agreed. "Howard's (Neville) admission of the almighty freshmen to spots is noble, but they're not considering upperclassmen," he said.

The students mainly objected to the fact that some upperclassmen will be displaced but also saw other problems in the recommendation—a "misleading" ballot distributed to students on housing, the timing of the decision and the assumption that enough students will either move off-campus or into the new apartments.

"Those are the kind of things that can come out at the meeting," Aceto said, when informed of the students' criticisms. "You've got to be sensitive (to the situation)."

"Myself and a lot of other students are counting on him (Aceto)," said Norton. "He's the only administrator that represents the students. It will be a test to see if his title should be vice president of Student Affairs or vice president for administrative Affairs."

The four students criticized the ballot on housing, which was sent by campus mail to every student on campus.

"From the ballot, they (students) were made to believe they would have a voice when, in fact, they didn't," said Swindell.

She said that of the ballots returned, 68 percent favored the status quo alternative, which would house all freshmen on campus, but the triples would be random instead of designated.

Administrative sources said recently, however, that while the ballot input was important, it would only be the one factor in the final decision.

Another criticism was the timing of the proposal. "I can't think of a worse time of year for everybody," Edwards said. He said with finals less than 10 days away, students would be more indifferent to the housing situation than in the middle of the semester.

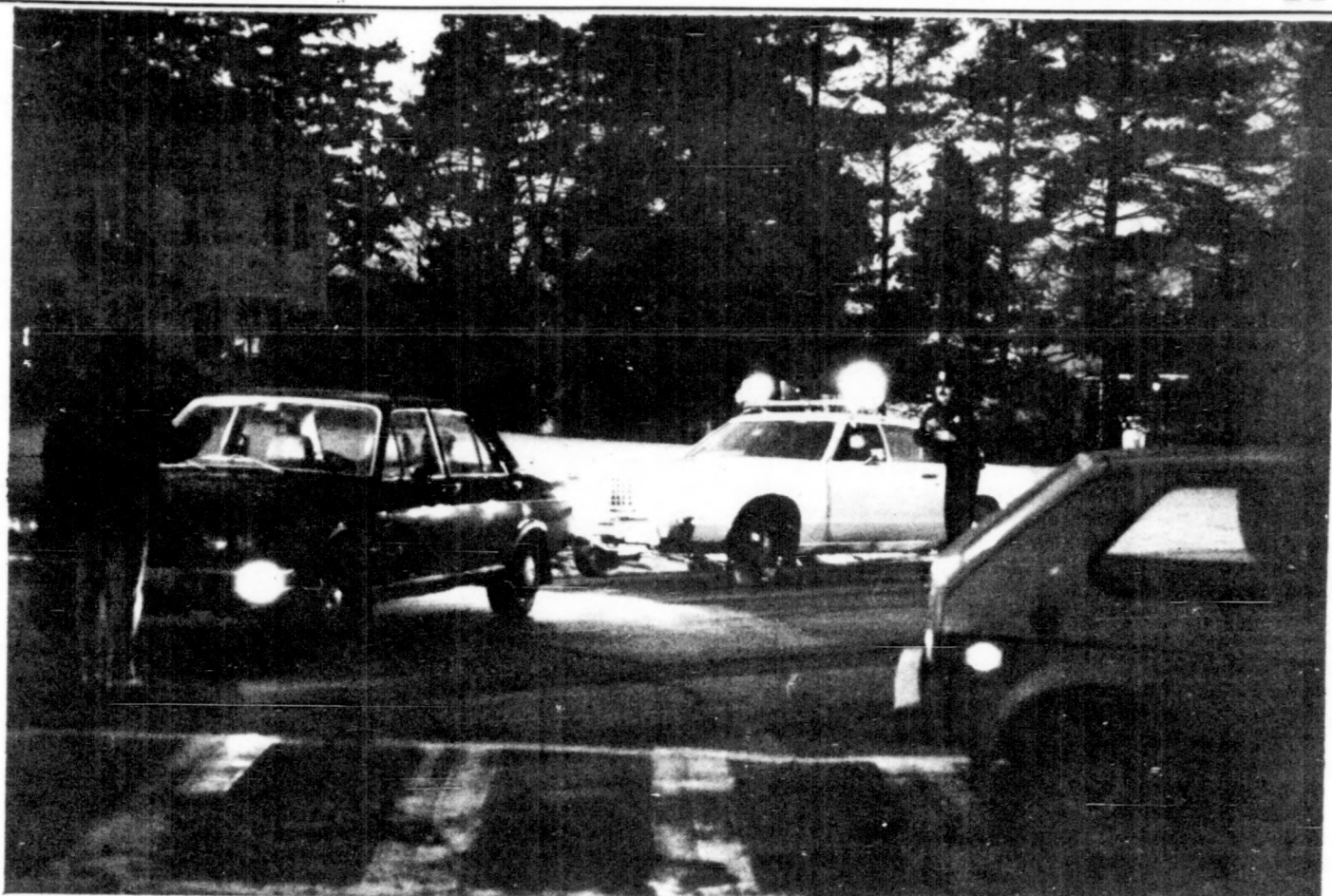
Another major beef the students had was the assumption they said the administration had that enough students would move off-campus or into the apartments next fall.

"What if there's a revert trend to stay on-campus?" Laitres asked. "On paper, there's plenty of spaces. But they're assuming that students are going to jump at the apartments."

Aceto admitted earlier this week, "This (the recommendations) is all assuming students will move into apartments."

The effort to get students to the open forum is being worked on by the resident assistants and Laitres.

"If we can fill English-Math," Edwards said, "let's see if Aceto listens."



Accident

UMO police inspect a two-car accident in front of Sigma Alpha Epsilon early Wednesday evening. Both vehicles received fender damage, but no cost estimates were available. No one was injured in the mishap (photo by Arthur Kettle).

Employees vote on union in March

by Natalie Slefinger

University of Maine professional employees will vote in early March on whether to allow the Maine Teacher's Association to represent their unit in collective bargaining with the University.

"The vote will probably take place in the second week of March," said Wayne Bayer, a member of the organizing committee and complex business manager at Bangor Community College. The group received approval from the Board of Trustees last week to hold the elections.

The University professional employees include about 425 persons, representing approximately 260 job titles. Included in the group are librarians, food service people, research associates, MPBN employees, business managers and assistant deans and directors.

The criteria for admission, Bayer said, "is whether one professional supervises another. If they do, they won't be included. It would be a conflict of interest."

The professionals are the only group on campus not unionized. The faculty chose The Associated Faculties of the University of Maine to represent them last May. Classified employees voted last March to all the International Brotherhood of Teamsters to represent them.

The professional employees, Bayer said, expect negotiations to deal with about the same issues as the faculty demands.

"We have no official policy yet," he said, "but the group will probably want better wages, job security, a grievance procedure, fringe benefits and a professional employees handbook. I'm optimistic."

Steve Pullikien of the MTA said, "The group will probably make job security and salary demands. They're pretty much forgotten people in the University. They're so spread out and don't share the same rank or job title."

Bayer agreed. "We're the most exploited group in the University system. We're human service people, and we're commit-

ted to long hours. The upper level often takes advantage of us."

Our concerns are very much the same as the faculty concerns," said Eric Flower, special collections librarian. "Our salaries are even worse than the faculty, and we want more money."

Flower said he would vote for the MTA, although he hadn't been greatly involved with the unionization activities.

"I couldn't guess how the vote will go," said Betsey Allin, assistant director of nursing services at Cutler Health Center. "I won't be involved, but professionals are by definition anti-union. But, they're caught in the middle and might vote union for the advantages it would offer them."

The professional employees have been involved in unionization with the faculty but became a separate unit last year because of scheduling problems with the Maine Labor Relations Board and problems in determining the composition of the group.

Discounts food poison

(continued from page 1)

plexes did not report a high incidence of student illness.

Gregg Stone, York's complex coordinator said, "We've had a couple people admitted (to the infirmary). There's been more of a cough and cold type of thing going around— it's around, but it's not overwhelming."

Although the illness was concentrated in Stodder complex, Graves discounted food poisoning.

"We've got the stuff analyzed, and we're concluding it's not food poisoning," he said. Examinations of individuals' food histories have shown no common food eaten by the afflicted students, Graves said.

"We've also gotten some cases from other complexes," he said. "People have also been coming in continuously, instead of one at a time," he added.

Students who become violently ill should go to the infirmary, said Graves, in case of dehydration. "Most everybody is back on their feet within a day, though," he said.

Pranksters may 'damage' University experiments

by Craig Peters

"Pranks" involving the kidnapping of ten chickens and a cow from the University Farm and hen houses could have done "a lot of damage."

"If animals are removed from their experimental conditions, it can so alter the results that the project is set back weeks and sometimes ruined," said Herman "Spike" Leonard, manager of the University Farm. The chickens stolen Halloween night, were between experiments, he said.

UMO Department of Police and Safety Sgt. LaForest A. Dunton, who investigated the thefts, said "We realize that pranks are pranks, but when people start messing around with things they don't know about, a lot of damage can occur." Dunton said all of the stolen hens were recovered the night of the theft in

dormitories all over campus.

A young dairy cow, stolen from the University Farm earlier this semester, was tied to a lamp post in Stewart Commons.

"The cow just appeared there one night," said Dunton. "Luckily nothing serious happened to it or it's cow-nappers."

Leonard said the theft of university animals has happened off and on in the past, but "it's never been a serious problem."

"The barns and coops are locked at night, but there is no way to stop people from breaking in," said Leonard. The people who stole the hens broke in through a ventilator system, Dunton said.

"We just want people to think about the effects their actions have on other people as well as themselves," said Leonard.

Still a game

To the Editor:

In response to the article "Blood on the tracks: The game's no longer fun," Nov. 17, I just happened to run across an old copy of the Main Campus the other day, when I spotted a warped commentary on the sport of football. Obviously, Crilly Ritz has no knowledge of the game whatsoever.

Football has not digressed to a point where it is no longer a game. It is more of a game now than it ever was before. Compared to when a pro football formally started in 1920, there are now more offensive sets, more plays, more intricate offenses and defenses, etc. The players of today are bigger, tougher and faster than those of 50 years ago, so, consequently, play has been harder. It isn't violent just for violence sake, except for a few exceptions. This is something few people recognize.

The fans who throw bottles are not always taking part in the "warfare" that Ritz mentions. It is implied that the violence of football causes people to throw bottles. Of all the people who fill the massive stadiums in the football cities, a minute amount resort to this activity.

It is ridiculous to blame football or sports in general for bottle throwing.

Now to the main thrust of my reply. How can a person who has any knowledge of the game whatsoever say that football does not entail a large degree of strategy, especially less than baseball? This has to be the most absurd statement anyone can say about football and obviously represents the fact that the person is totally unqualified to write an article such as the one that appeared in the campus newspaper.

A quarterback (and the coaching staff) does not just call any play that comes into his head. Any professional team has hun-

dreds of offensive plays and many offensive sets. There are a load of factors that have to be considered before the next play is called—time left in the period of the game, position on the field, type of defense he is facing, weather conditions...the list goes on.

The contradicts the view that football relies more on brute strength than strategy. If all football is brute strength, how does one explain the presence of players in the NFL such as Bobby Bryant of the Minnesota Vikings (5'10" 175 lbs)?

But the game as a whole entails more strategy than most sports today. The next time Ritz decides to degrade something, such as the sport of football, hopefully knowledge or insight will be reflected in the article. It seems ridiculous for a person to write a commentary on a subject he is uninformed about.

J. Denman
223 Corbett Hall

A 'minor crime'

To the Editor:

On the night of Nov. 11, I felt the need to talk to a friend, so I decided to call my close friend, who was attending school out West. I did this by charging the phone call to a number I got out of the phone book, as I'd heard from many people that this could be done. Naturally, I was the one to get caught.

Before I knew what was going on, I was standing there with a court summons in my hand, charged with theft of services. After seeking help from Student Legal Services and talking to the police chief at Orono, the charges were dropped as long as I agreed to pay for the call and write a letter of apology to the party to whom I charged the call.

The purpose of this letter is not to tell what happened but to show what could have happened. This may sound like a minor crime, but on the contrary, it could have gotten very complicated. First of all, I could have received a \$500

fine. Also, I could have gotten a police record for a federal crime (because it involved communications).

Several times it was pointed out to me that a record like this could haunt me for the rest of my life, especially when looking for employment. It might have exempted me from the Civil Service Exam, which could be important, as I am a forestry major. Also any other prospective employers would have access to these records; and even though pro-

hibited by law, the record could have affected their decision (to hire me).

In other words, it could have made the difference between getting a job and not getting one.

If what I have said makes one person stop and think twice before doing something illegal, such as shoplifting or vandalism, which may seem like nothing at all or just a harmless prank at first, then this letter has served its purpose.

Name withheld

Enjoys jogging

To the Editor:

I don't know what business Dan Warren had in reading a student's essay which was placed on his professor's desk, but I won't get into that. In his Dec. 1 commentary, Mr. Warren discusses his opposition to an essay written by a UMO freshman concerning jogging. Although her descriptions may have been over-saccharine, I agree with her. I love to look at trees, the big old fraternity houses and especially the Stillwater College Avenue can be very pretty, Mr. Warren, open up your eyes and look at it.

As for the cross country trail, I do a great deal of thinking when I run there and also enjoy the peace. I saw a herd of six deer out there one day about six weeks

ago. THAT was great. I was inspired.

Concerning my eating habits, I eat "like a pig." When test season began, jogging season ended for me. I am out of shape and getting fatter every day. In full agreement with my running freshman friend, I eat less when I'm in shape.

At any rate, if Dan Warren runs because he is eating more, and running makes him eat more, why does he run? He is writing in circles.

Of course, Mr. Warren has the right to his opinion, even though I disagree. People run for different reasons. If he doesn't like jogging maybe he should switch to racquetball.

James Thomas
Beta Theta Pi

Appalled

To the Editor:

We, the brothers of Tau Kappa Epsilon, are appalled that the Maine Campus would print a letter such as the one written by Nancy Kurt and released in the Dec. 5 issue of the paper. We cannot believe that you would not first check the source and validity of such defamatory material.

The incident this letter describes is somewhat true, but there is much in the letter that is inflated and grossly exaggerated. To compare anyone in our fraternity house, on this campus for that matter, to the Rev. Jimmy Jones, after the heinous chain of events he caused, is completely

absurd.

Nancy Kurt is obviously a dramatist. This is evidenced by the letter she wrote, which is full of overstatements and misrepresentations of fact. It saddens us to suggest that this "lady" and her extensive animal mentality campaign must certainly have more of an ax to grind with our house than just the circumstances presented in this letter.

We sincerely hope that Nancy, in condemning the entire fraternity, is not taking advantage of this isolated incident to vent her interpersonal frustrations.

Christopher Scontras
and the brothers of TKE

Inconvenienced, unhappy

To the Editor:

Currently there are two student governments for UMO students—one at the UMO campus and one at BCC. The students who are forced to live at BCC, because of overcrowding, pay their activity fees to BCC and benefit only from the activities put on by the BCC Student Senate.

The UMO students at BCC may not use Student Legal Services because it is a pre-paid legal service paid for by part of the activity fee paid to the UMO Student Government, and they are not entitled to student rates at concerts, movies and other events sponsored by UMO Student Government.

Many UMO Students at BCC manage to get student rates because they hide the BCC stamp on their i.d., but Student Legal Services has had to turn away an estimated 15 to 20 UMO students who live at BCC this semester. In other words, UMO students who are placed at BCC are not only inconvenienced, and often unhappy, with their living situation, but they are also forced to pay a

lawyer large fees, for advice and help UMO students on campus receive for less than \$4 per person.

It would seem to me the logical solution to the problem is to have BCC Student Government buy into the pre-paid legal program. However, because of political and economic problems between the two student governments, this has not been done, nor have any other solutions to the problem been explored in depth.

Perhaps it is time for UMO students at BCC and former UMO students who lived at BCC to put some pressure on the two student governments. These two representative bodies need to work together, not against each other, for the benefit of the students.

I am sure Student Legal Services or members of the administration would be willing to act as mediators, if it is necessary, to solve this problem.

Isn't it time to stop screwing the UMO students who live at BCC?

Susan Williams
Gannett Hall

More insights

To the Editor:

...and the obvious lack of critical freedom allowed the student-funded NEW EDITION. . . (Editorial, Maine Campus Dec. 5, 1978.)

Being the editor of the NEW EDITION, I found it extremely interesting that the Maine Campus has "more insights" at running our paper than we do. We have directed the paper in the direction that we wanted it to go, and we have done so in complete freedom. For you to imply to your readers that we are controlled in some way by a "Mafia" or interest group, or better yet, shackled by Student Government leadership, is a complete falsehood, half-truth, misrepresenta-

tion, of anything that resembles reality. But fully realizing that something can be said for consistency, you win, hands down.

It would seem that an "institution" such as the Maine Campus would develop some semblance of responsibility for what it prints, not just to itself but to the community that it serves. Of course not being associated with your paper, that is none of my business.

But please, if you are going to print anything about The New Edition in the future, please print the truth. From my perspective, that doesn't seem to be too much to ask of responsible journalism.

Cal Brawn
Editor
The New Edition

Defends jogging

To the Editor:

Please excuse my delay in responding to Dan Warren's commentary on jogging, but prelims come first.

After reading the article, I thought to myself what a shame it is that people run for the reasons they do. I feel that Dany and a vast majority of all the other runners in the world are missing a great enjoyment in jogging. Mainly this is due to taking yourself for granted.

Let me explain myself. Through events in my lifetime I have come to realize that walking, let alone running, is a gift and a privilege. When I go running, I, like everyone else, moan and

grunt and feel the pain that goes with pushing a human body, but believe it or not, I do enjoy this feeling, mainly because I am so thankful that I can experience it.

True, running has many benefits, including the ones pointed out in your article: weight control, a chance to "sort your thoughts," see the beautiful sights, etc. However, while you and the thousands of others are out pushing your bodies to their physical limits, between one grunt or moan, hesitate for one second and think how fortunate you are that you are blessed with the ability to be doing what you are doing.

Jim Sullivan
Dunn Hall

● Vandalism outbreak

(continued from page 3)

In other activity, police reported an outbreak of thefts and vandalism.

A class ring and diving watch, together valued at \$135, were stolen from an unlocked locker in Memorial Gymnasium, a set of small scales, "good for measuring grass," and valued at \$256 were taken from Aubert Hall Monday, a jewelry box worth \$184 was stolen from an unlocked Somerset Hall room last weekend, and two cassette tape

players, with a combined total of about \$225, were also taken in other incidents around campus.

A car belonging to Carol King of BCC was reported taken temporarily from the Belfast Hall parking lot earlier this week and later returned with a quarter-tank of gas gone.

Vandals Monday night drove a five-eighths inch piece of pipe through the radiator of a car owned by Carl Perkins, 35 Gilbert St., Orono, while it sat in the steam plant parking lot.

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● FBA 'saves each fraternity money'

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FBA, an "offshoot" of the College of Business. Mondor is paid \$3,200 per year for his job, which he said is year-round. The FBA gets advice from two business professors and is housed in Alumni Hall, Mondor said.

"FBA is sort of like a union made up of fraternities," Mondor said. "What we have is power in numbers. Every summer, we ask for bids from various food companies—bread or dairy products or meat, etc.—and we guarantee that they'll sell a certain amount of their product to UMO fraternities. In turn, they bid and end up giving us a better price than we would have gotten by going to them ourselves, individually."

For its services, FBA charges each member house a "surcharge" of two percent of the house's total food, and fuel bill of that month. Mondor said he feels it "is well worth it," though, for the fraternities to become members.

"We provide a real service," Mondor said. "The houses do all the food and fuel ordering with the companies, and we pay the bills, which the companies like, since, now, they can come to one person, me, for payment. They don't have to chase around 12 different treasurers."

"We also take care of the payroll checks for the cooks in each house. We figure out the social security and unemployment taxes and everything. We also take out for federal and state taxes, FICA, health insurance and workmen's compensation."

"We save each fraternity money here," Mondor continued. "We get better workmen's compensation rates from our Bangor insurance company. If a house does its own workmen's comp payments, they'll pay more than they would with FBA. And they won't have to do all the paperwork. We save even more on the unemployment insurance, which comes in with the cooks who don't work in the summer."

Four fraternities on campus aren't members of FBA, though, and two treasurers, when interviewed, said they didn't feel it was worth it for them to join FBA. Non-member houses are FiJi, Sigma Alpha Epsilon (SAE), Alpha Tau Omega (ATO) and Delta Upsilon (DU).

"We felt our treasurer could do the work on his own and save us \$50-80 a month by not joining FBA," said R. Scott Sawyer, treasurer for FiJi. "We pay our treasurer \$270 a semester, plus (fringe) benefits, and it saves us a lot of money. It does take time, though; I'd say I put in about 15 hours a week, depending on the time of year."

Sometimes, it's busier than others, depending on when bills are due."

Sawyer, a senior from Wellsley, Mass., said FiJi is "trying to pay off that debt," but that it's a "big strain." He said the fraternity's alumni association is negotiating the payment. Sawyer said FiJi has had problems with the FBA management in the past, and he discounted Mondor's contention that FBA helps houses by keeping up with the "ever-changing" federal government regulations.

"They screwed us over a couple of times," Sawyer said. They overcharged us on a couple of bills. And as far as the tax forms, W-2 and the others, we've kept up. Nobody's gone to jail yet." Sawyer did not name specific instances in which FBA had overcharged them, but he did say that an oil man this year had demanded cash on delivery, thinking that FiJi was a part of FBA.

"I guess FBA was behind on payments to this company or something," Sawyer said. Mondor said he didn't recall any negative incidents with FiJi.

"I've been with FBA for three years now, longer than he (Sawyer) has been around, and I can say we've had no problems," Mondor said. He challenged FiJi to name a specific incident. He said he would welcome FiJi to name a specific incident. He said he would welcome FiJi into FBA again, but he speculated that it doesn't want to join, due to its large debt.

"Occasionally, we make mistakes," Mondor said, "but they're usually very small and can be corrected easily. If we were really screwing people over, why are the other 12 houses members of FBA? Besides, when someone owes you \$12,000 and makes little or no effort to pay, who's getting screwed over?"

Mondor said the oil incident "probably concerned the company we did business with last year." This year, he said, the FBA bid was awarded to another company, who he said "has made no complaints at all."

Richard Burton, a Westbrook sophomore who's treasurer for SAE said his house saves money by buying food and services on its own.

"They weren't helping us much at all," Burton said of FBA. "We were getting just as good prices and doing a better (administrative) job. Our cook helps a lot by knowing where to go for good deals. Plus, it's good training for us to do it ourselves."

Mondor criticized SAE's comments about its ability to get the same prices as FBA member-houses.

"Maybe they can get just as good prices," he said. "But what if every house said that? Then we wouldn't have any union, any strength in numbers. Then we

couldn't guarantee these companies the large volume that makes them offer all of us lower prices. SAE makes out good because they're physically situated right on College Avenue alongside all the other houses. I think they're taking advantage of the FBA member houses. They're not pulling their weight, but they're getting all the benefits."

"I wish that treasurers from non-member houses like FiJi and SAE would talk to me before making second and third hand statements. We've got the facts and figures right here."

TKE treasurer Steve Leackfeldt said TKE gets many advantages from being in FBA.

"I think it's a good deal," he said. "We get a lot out of it. This way, I only have to write out one check a month. They do all the salaries, all the paperwork for the cook, everything. And supposedly, they get us better prices for food. It saves a lot of time." Leackfeldt said he didn't know the statistics on food prices.

Mondor, who said he is "proud" at the stabilization FBA has seen in the past few years, may be stepping down in February to take a business management job. Should that happen, the directorship would be handed temporarily to FBA president, Timothy M. O'Neil, a senior from Portland and also a resident of Beta Theta Pi. An election would be held next semester. O'Neil's job has been to work with the fraternity treasurers, while Mondor works strictly with area businesses.

"We've finally got some continuity here," Mondor said. "We've established some sound business practices. We're stable. And it shows: now when we call up a company and say, 'One of our fraternity's milk dispensers is on the blink,' they step right on it. They're more conscientious when they're dealing with FBA, it seems. They know they've got guaranteed payment."

One of the biggest policies instituted by Mondor is a debt limit in which houses are charged one and a half percent interest on debts 30 days or older. Also, said Mondor, FBA cuts off service from houses that get either two monthly payments or \$5,000 behind.

"If the directors had done that a few years ago," Mondor said, "we wouldn't have those large debts that still haunt us sometimes today." He said payment of those debts could allow FBA to remove the two percent surcharge it requires now and get "even better prices and service" for member fraternities. He said he has instituted "wise and...needed" business practices to make the "best use" of FBA money.

● False alarms plague students at Chadbourne

[continued from page 1]

imprisonment for one year. However, he said, if the two students were found guilty by the committee, they would "probably be punished within the (University) system."

Lafleur said in all false alarms, "the alarm in the first floor east section was either the only one pulled or one of those pulled." In the cases where several alarms were pulled, Lafleur said, it was determined that the first floor east alarm was the first pulled.

Brasslett said that if all fire department personnel responded to the alarms, it could cost the complex about \$2,700, \$1,200 for labor and the remainder for the department's equipment and for replacing rods in the pulled alarms. However, the number responding and the cost of each alarm varies, he said.

Stodder Complex business manager Ralph F. Kennedy said the complex hasn't received a bill for the alarms.

"I just don't know how much we're talking about," he said. "It's the first time I've run into so many fire alarms in one

month." Kennedy said the bill will have "a lot of effect" on the complex's budget and that he will have to talk to Residential Life director H. Ross Moriarty to find out where the money will come from.

Lafleur said, "It is my understanding that the bill will come out of the maintenance budget. This could mean some maintenance would be postponed, although necessary maintenance would be continued as usual."

Lafleur said having Chadbourne residents pay for the false alarms is "a very remote possibility, one that I don't like." Kennedy, however, said this would be "ludicrous," because "if anything, there are only one or two students" involved.

Lafleur said the "psychological aspect" of the false alarms has made a "volatile situation" in the dorm.

"There are a lot of people in the dorm that are very pissed off," he said. "People have said that if they found out who was doing it they would take matters into their own hands."

"The psychological effects of being jolted out of bed are incredible," Lafleur said. A false alarm was pulled Wednesday at about 2 a.m., but most of them, he said, have been earlier.

"Some people have gotten to the point where, when the fire alarm rings, they pick their books up and go to the library," he added, because students aren't allowed to enter the building for some time after an alarm.

Brasslett explained that the fire department sometimes makes room-to-room checks for people who have stayed in the building, and all pull stations sounding an alarm must be reset. "It usually takes about 15 to 20 minutes if we don't find people in the building," he said.

He said he was concerned that students might "no longer treat alarms seriously when they get all these false alarms. They're (those persons pulling the alarms) playing a dangerous game."

In last year's Providence College dormitory fire in Rhode Island, Brasslett said, several people didn't leave the

building and 10 people died. "They probably dragged their feet getting out," he added.

Two years ago, he said, three persons were killed in Bangor when their car was struck by a fire truck answering a false alarm.

Stodder Complex coordinator Douglas R. Miller said that during the last few alarms, "students have cleared out very responsibly."


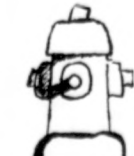
"They're getting very good at it," he added.

Dick Thomas, a Chadbourne resident assistant, said, "At first, we thought it must be someone from outside the dorm, so we changed the security card number. But we had a few after that."



Resident assistant Nancy Carter said, "It's been at so many different times of day that, yeah, it looks like it's someone in the dorm."

"It sucks," Carter said. Residents are "really upset," she added.

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Spectrum review

King's newest: An ambitious tale of disaster

The Stand by Stephen King
1st edition
Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday
1978 823 p.

by Burt Hatlen

"The Stand," Steve King's new novel, is in all respects—length, scope, imaginative power—his biggest treatment to date of a disaster-and-survival theme. The disaster here is far vaster than anything King has ever imagined. As the book begins, we learn that the American military has developed a flu virus that mutates as soon as the human body begins to develop antigens to it.

An accident permits the virus to escape from the underground laboratory in which it was developed, and the virus quickly kills about 99 percent of the earth's population. Everyone who contracts the disease dies; the only survivors are a few people who are mysteriously immune.

But if the disaster in "The Stand" is bigger than the disasters in King's earlier novels, it is also (paradoxically) less important. The earlier novels climaxed in disasters; this one begins with a disaster. In the earlier novels the disaster issued in some way from the actions of the central characters; but in "The Stand," while all of humanity is collectively responsible (in that we must all share responsibility for our government's mad search for new ways of destroying life), the principal characters are no more responsible than anyone else. The emphasis thus shifts away from the causes of disaster to the ways people cope with it.

While "The Stand" reveals to us the fatal flaws in society, however, the book also consistently suggests that a willingness to live within society is essential to a full realization of our humanity.

In virtually every episode of "The Stand," we can see both the creative and destructive tendencies in society at work. A case in point is the story of Nick Andros, the most interesting of the central characters. Nick is a deaf-mute; he is also a homeless orphan; and when we first meet him he is being assaulted by four savage young men, who nearly beat him to death.

Again and again in the course of his life Nick has met people who, freely and with no expectation of thanks, offer him kindness and love. Abandoned at age 11 in a church orphanage, rigid with fear and hate, virtually autistic, he one day finds himself confronted by a man named Rudy, who breaks through his hostility and teaches him to read and write.

After he is beaten by the four young men, he wakes up in the county jail—and over the next few days the sheriff and his wife adopt Nick as their surrogate son. So it goes. The world is full of senseless hate, but it is also full of gratuitous love. To which of these, to love or to hate, will we give our lives? Nick, battered by the world, remains capable of love.

As the superflu destroys the institutional structures that give order to our lives, the destructive and the creative potentialities of society become polarized around two figures: Randall Flagg, the incarnation of hate, and Mother Abigail, who draws to herself all those who hunger for the com-

How the forces of creation and renewal come together and prepare for the great struggle, and how this struggle itself develops and is resolved, I will allow you to discover for yourself.

The Stand demands a response from us... because it has something important to say to us...

"The Stand" is clearly an enormously ambitious novel. Apocalyptic novels and alternative world novels and realistic novels are all common enough. However, a novel that aspires to be all three simultaneously is unique. But does King pull it off?

My answer is an unqualified yes. As we read this book, we perceive in Stuart Redman an ordinary man summoned to a heroic destiny; and both his ordinariness and his heroism are real to us. Tolkien's Frodo is one of the great characters of modern fiction; but a Frodo who plays poker down at the gas-station with his gang of good ol' boys and who loves and fights with a sometimes kind and sometimes bitchy woman is a more complex and more interesting character.

The characters in "The Stand" are heroic men and women summoned (by God? by fate?) to put the world back together after the apocalypse, and they also find themselves, willingly or not, participants in a struggle between

good and evil. But at the same time they remain ordinary people, not so different from the woman whom you meet at the laundromat or the man who washes your windshields at the corner gas station. They are mixed creatures: they get angry at their boyfriends, and they do stupid and cruel things to one another. And they are heroic not despite but because of their ordinariness.

The same is true of the "bad guys" in Tolkien's work and in "The Stand." Sauron and even Saruman are characters that we love to hate; we don't waste a moment's sympathy on them.

"The Stand" demands a complex response from us, and it deserves such a response, for it has something important to say to us about human society and about our own society in particular. My only complaint is that I wish the book, which is already 823 pages long, were 200 pages longer. I would like to know more about some of the good characters. And I would also like to know more about how Randall Flagg puts together his community of hate in Las Vegas. (But evil is hard to write about—Tolkien tells us virtually nothing about life in Mordor.)

But this minor complaint aside, "The Stand" seems a magnificent book—far and away Steve King's best book to date, and the perfect book to take home over Christmas vacation.

Burt Hatlen is an associate professor of english at UMO

Stephen
King



There are far more survivors in "The Stand" than in any of the previous books; they are also, for the most part, far more attractive people than any of the characters in the previous books, so we are glad they have survived; and the principal emphasis falls not on the ways in which they have botched up the world but on their fumbling attempts to put the world back together after the disaster.

In all of these respects, "The Stand" is, despite the magnitude of the disaster it describes, a much more positive book than any of its predecessors. It is primarily about, not human destructiveness (although some of the characters are viciously destructive), but human creativity. And the dominant mood is, not despair, but hope.

The primary subject of "The Stand" is the nature of human society itself. As we watch the survivors of the "superflu" attempt to put the world back together, the essential dynamics of human society become apparent to us. In "The Stand" there is a consistent awareness that every human group gains its cohesiveness and preserves its self-esteem by defining other groups or individuals as inferior.

munity of love. These two great archetypal figures manifest themselves, appropriately, within the dreams of the survivors, and these dreams guide the survivors toward Boulder, Co'o., and toward Las Vegas, Nev., the capitals respectively of Mother Abigail's Community of Love and Randall Flagg's Community of Hate.

Virtually all the survivors seem to feel some pull toward both places; but each survivor must (and does) ultimately opt for one or another. Once the battle lines are drawn, a struggle ensues between the two communities—on the cosmic level, between good and evil. In this struggle, good is love, order and life itself. The defenders of the good are not heroic figures; they are ordinary human beings who, like God on the last day of creation, have looked at the world and seen that it is good.

Conversely, the enemy they must confront—an enemy that dwells not only in Las Vegas but in the heart of each good character, even Mother Abigail herself, is despair, the will to nothingness that gnaws on itself until it creates the void that it hungers for. But on this subject I have said enough.

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Skaters strike early, hang on to whip Mules, 8-3

by Stacy Viles

The Black Bear hockey team came out roaring Wednesday evening, scoring three first period goals en route to an 8-3 victory over arch rival Colby College at Waterville.

Maine now boasts a 7-1-1 record, while standing at 5-1 in that all-important Division II play.

Maine applied the pressure right away, as left-winger Bill Demianiuk scored just 22 seconds into the game with assists from Conn and captain Dan Sweeney.

At 5:37, hustling, hard-hitting center John Tortorella scored with an assist from freshman left-winger Kent Lannan.

And to finish out the scoring in that first period, Conn scored with a blistering

slapshot into the upper right hand corner with an assist from Sweeney.

In that first, UMO totally dominated. Semler changed the lines often, and the team worked off Colby's powerplay well.

Jeff Nord in goal "was one of the keys," said head coach Jack Semler. Going into the Colby game, Nord had a highly respectable .857 save percentage. During the game, he had 23 saves.

The second period reeked with penalties from both sides. Nord came through with some crucial saves and kept Maine on top.

Conn, at 2:43, again put one across with a slapshot, this time to the left corner. Assists came from defensemen Andre Aubut and Dwight Montgomery.

This puts Conn way ahead in UMO scoring, with 17 goals on the season.

"He's doing other things too, besides scoring," said Semler. "He's really forechecking."

Brian Hughes, from the faceoff to the right of Colby's goalie Tony Peduto, flipped the puck to freshman LaFleur, who snapped it quickly by at 7:01, to make the score 5-0.

At 15:06 Tortorella received a five-minute major penalty for high-sticking. Colby winger and key penalty-killer Bob Norton was badly cut between his left eye and his nose.

On top of the major, "Tort" also got a two-minute minor for unsportsmanlike conduct.

During this powerplay, Colby's Mark Kelley capitalized to finish out the scoring in that period, while Nord was down during a scramble in front of the net.

At the end of that wild second, the score stood 5-2.

Maine came out hitting hard in the third, certainly leary of Colby, as of its 11 goals in three games, eight have come in the third period.

Sweeney scored his second goal of the season to make the score 6-3, with assists from Conn and Demianiuk.

At 15:59 Hughes, stick-handling the puck beautifully, tucked it home in the upper right corner.

"That's the only period we skated," said Colby's assistant coach Chuck Callan, after head coach Mickey Goulet refused to comment. "We put the pressure on the most in the third."

"We really felt we could take Maine,"

he said. "A few breaks and it could have gone our way."

"I expect to see a better game," said Callan, speaking of when UMO and the Mules meet again. "This was only our third game, and we're still working out a few faults. We'll come out checking, and we won't be waiting around until the third period."



Doing the bump

Black Bear defenseman David Ellis fights off a Colby Mule in a race for the puck. Maine beat Colby 8-3 Wednesday night in Waterville [photo by Bill Mason].

Icemen to face Division 1 Colgate

by Danno Hynes

The University of Maine hockey team will face its first Division I opponent of the season tomorrow when they travel to Hamilton, N.Y., to take on the Colgate University Raiders. A pre-season match against Division I UNH did not count in the record books.

Colgate, currently ranked fifth in its division, is in the midst of a building year, according to Raider coach Terry Slater.

"We're a very young team, so our main concern is our progress over the season and not whether we make the playoffs," said Slater.

Colgate's building year has already featured some remarkable performances by the young Raiders. They are 5-2 overall and 3-2 in Division I. The Raiders have defeated Yale 4-1, Brown 6-5 and dropped powerhouse Clarkson 9-6 for the first time in 14 years. Commenting on the Clarkson game, Slater said he felt his team caught Clarkson off-guard and that played a factor in their victory.

The Raider offense, which is averaging six goals a game, is led by freshman center Denis Lapensee and All-East candidate Larry Gibson. Gibson, a defenseman and team captain, is well on his way to becoming the first defenseman in Colgate's history to score 100 points in a career.

Wrestlers outmuscle MMA

by Denis Daigle

UMO's wrestling team will take on a tough University of New Hampshire team Saturday at 1 p.m., after beginning the 1978-79 season with a 42-12 victory over Maine Maritime Academy Tuesday night.

The MMA squad only managed to win two of the 10 weight classes, while Maine got fine performances from several of its wrestlers.

Among the high scorers for Maine were Joe Walling, 142, Pat Daigle, 150, and Peter Plourde in the heavyweight class, all pinning their opponents. Also, Jeff Irish scored a superior decision, while Mike Sirois won a major decision.

- 118 McDonough(MMA) pinned Vidiaz(UMO)
- 126 Devon(UMO) won by forfeit
- 134 Nichols(UMO) won by default over Larsen(MMA)
- 142 Walling(UMO) pinned Saunders(MMA)
- 150 Daigle(UMO) pinned Jensen(MMA)
- 158 Sirois(UMO) 9-1 major decision over Soper(MMA)
- 167 Murphy(UMO) 13-7 decision over Sapone(MMA)
- 177 Irish(UMO) 15-3 superior decision over Gates(MMA)
- 190 Paulos(MMA) pinned Single(UMO)
- Heavyweight Plourde(UMO) pinned Ostberg(MMA)
- Exhibition Lockwood(MMA) 2-1 over Parker(UMO)

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Speedy Towson State takes on Bears tonight

by Greg Betts

The Maine Black Bears will be looking for their fourth win of the young season tonight when they entertain Towson State University of Maryland, a Division II power in recent years.

The Tigers were 26-4 a year ago and 27-3 in 1977, as they were ranked number one going into the national playoffs. (They were upset by Sacred Heart in the quarter-final round that year.)

The picture isn't as bright for the Tigers this year, as they returned only two starters from last season's outstanding squad and presently own a 2-3 record. Towson won their last game Wednesday night against Maryland-Eastern Shore, 88-86.

"We've got a lot of youth and inexperience," said first-year coach Mike Raudabaugh, "and we have a definite lack of height. We're forced to be a running club because of our size, and if we don't shoot well every game, we're in for trouble."

Charles Lawler, a 6'4" junior forward, has been the biggest offensive weapon for Raudabaugh's club thus far, averaging 19 ppg along with grabbing a team high 5.4 rebounds. Joining Lawler up front will be 6'4" Lloyd Tucker, a defensive forward who can also move out front to a guard position in Towson's "three spot offense." The team also lacks any real size at center, with 6'6" senior Joe Liverman, who is scoring at a 13.8 clip.

The backcourt has been the mainstay of the Tiger offensive attack this season with 6' speedster Myron Crippen and 6'4" Mike Dukes. Crippen is the team's top ballhandler and leads the fast break. Crippen is also Towson's number two scorer at 14.8 ppg (59 percent FG shooter).

Dukes is usually at the other end of the Tiger break, as he has fine jumping ability to go with his speed.

"We're a weak defensive club, evident by our scores," said Raudabaugh (94-85 OT loss to Fairleigh-Dickinson, 87-81 loss to St. Mary's of Maryland, 87-84 OT loss to Loyola-Baltimore, and 96-85 win over Johns Hopkins).

"We were lucky in our win over Eastern Shore because we were outscored 43-28 but still won because we shot 67 percent in the first half. We have to shoot like this if we expect to beat Maine," said Raudabaugh.

Black Bear coach Skip Chappelle has been stressing to his players this week not to take the Tigers lightly, even though they come to Orono an overwhelming underdog.

"Last year we struggled with St. Michaels, a Division II team, and lost a late season game to Central Connecticut," said Chappelle. To be a really good team we have to maintain our abilities against these types of schools and not get overconfident. We've got to slow down their quickness and capitalize on our strength, which is our inside game," said Chappelle.

Starting time for tonight's contest is 7:35.

Women cagers fall to tough BU squad

by Stephen Betts

Boston University employed an aggressive man to man defense, and scored almost at will underneath to roll to their fourth straight victory, 78-67, over the Maine women Thursday night at the "Pit." The Lady Bears now stand at 0-2.

Maine grabbed an early lead and held a three point edge at the 15:40 mark. The Terriers then employed their full court press forcing the Bears into numerous turnovers. A score by the Terrier's Terry Shinkwin sent BU into the lead to stay two minutes later.

Debra Miller, a 5'11" forward for the Terriers then caught fire, scoring four buckets in a two minute span to increase BU's lead to 19-11.

The Lady Bears were unable to get any offense going as they were outscored 17-2 during the middle of the first half. Maine was unable to contain BU's inside attack as the Terriers continued to add to their lead with short jumpers and lay ups, to lead 44-24 at the half.

BU opened the second half as they had ended the first, outscoring

Maine 7-2. Wendy Farrington then responded for Maine with four quick points igniting a twelve point spurt for the Bears to close the gap to 52-38 with 14:40 remaining.

Maine rallied again scoring an eye opening 18 of the next 20 points to close within seven, 64-57 with 6:58 to go.

BU then used the full court press again and capitalized on numerous Bear miscues. A hoop by Marv O'Donahue and a follow-up shot by Shinkwin upped the Terrier lead to 68-57.

Maine tried one last comeback attempt, sinking four straight free throws to cut it to 70-61 with 3:30 left to play. But three quick foul shots iced the game for the Terriers with 1:22 remaining.

Shinkwin led all scorers with 23 points, followed by Miller's 18 (11 rebounds) and a dozen for Yvette Jarvis.

Maine was led in the scoring department by Farrington with 18. Crystal Padziorko added 15 points along with a game high 18 rebounds.

Maine plays again Tuesday at Plymouth State. The Lady Bears next home contest is following the semester break on Feb. 1.

Black Bear Basketball Stats

gm	Player	FG-FGA	PCT	FT-FTA	PCT	REB-AVG	TP	AVG
4	Rufus Harris	44-78	.564	23-30	.767	30-7.5	111	27.8
4	Roger Lapham	24-49	.490	14-19	.737	23-5.8	62	15.5
4	Kevin Nelson	25-47	.532	9-16	.563	48-12.0	54	13.5
4	Bobby McLaughlin	14-32	.438	8-8	1.000	11-2.8	36	9.0
4	Rick Boucher	13-20	.650	7-13	.538	19-4.8	33	8.3
2	Sam Towns	2-3	.667	0-1	.000	1-0.5	4	2.0
3	Dave Wyman	1-4	.250	2-4	.500	7-2.3	4	1.3
3	Jim Mercer	1-2	.500	0-0	.000	0-0.0	2	0.7
3	Gary Speed	1-4	.250	0-1	.000	2-0.7	2	0.7
4	Clay Gunn	1-4	.250	0-0	.000	11-2.8	2	0.5
2	Tom Brown	0-0	.000	0-1	.000	0-0.0	0	0.0
3	John Joyce	0-1	.000	0-0	.000	0-0.0	0	0.0
UMO TOTALS		126-244	.516	58-88	.659	176-44.0	310	77.5
OPPS TOTALS		115-282	.408	40-80	.500	159-39.8	270	67.5

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73 at Providence 75 (OT)
93 Maryland B.C. 75
72 North Carolina A&T 57
72 at Boston Univ. 63

TOP MARKS THIS SEASON

MOST POINTS (30)-twice
Rufus Harris vs. UMBC and at BU
MOST REBOUNDS (15)
Kevin Nelson vs. UMBC

MOST FIELD GOALS (13)

Rufus Harris at BU
MOST FREE THROWS (7)
Rufus Harris at Providence
MOST ASSISTS (6)
Bobby McLaughlin at Providence

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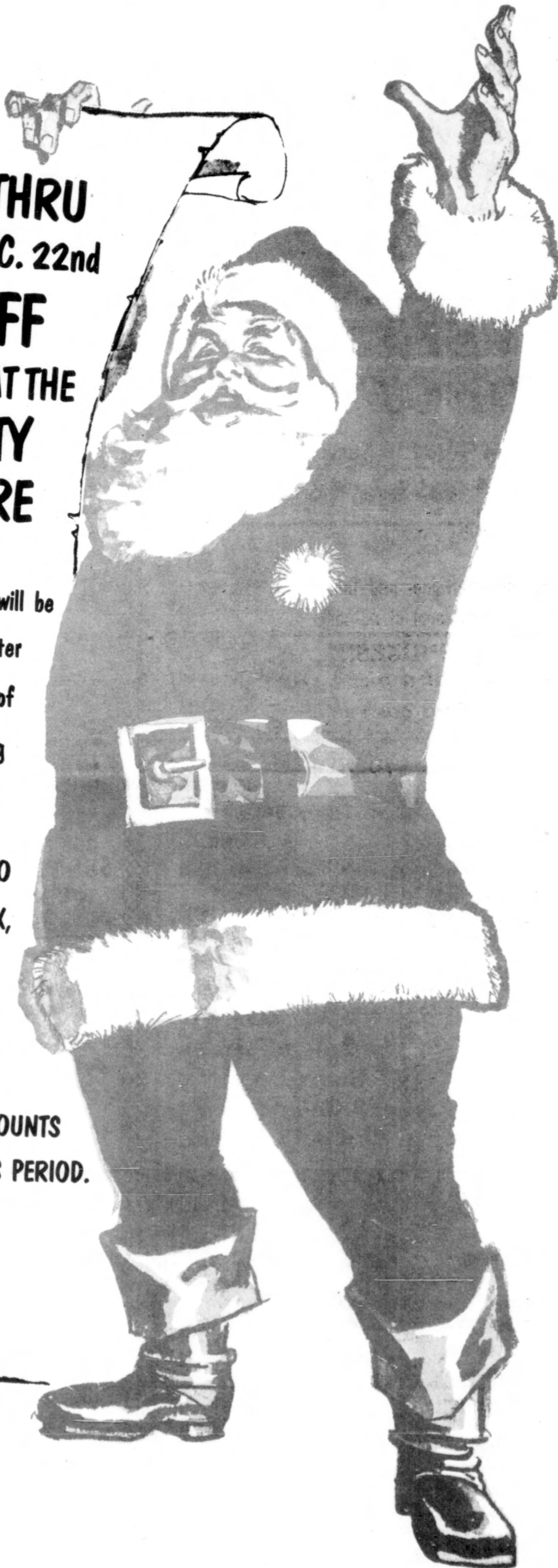
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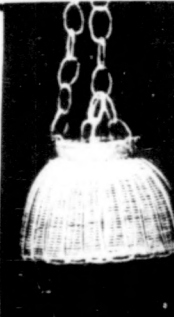
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photo by Kim Takayama



THE MAINE REVIEW

a literary supplement
to the *Maine Campus*

"THE GIVEN"

John McCormack

She walked the beach, trying to see how it felt now, as if the answer lay in the dying afternoon sun or the squeals of playing children. The sand was littered with empty shells, and a cut dry and ragged line of seaweed marked the now-off point of the water's progress.

The gulls' cries screeched around her like so many discordant voices as they proceeded with their daily invasion, the young following the old. The sea added a dissonance of its own, yet for all of this she felt a peculiar affinity, as if it had been part of her.

Like the tides, her mind wandered back and forth, dredging up fragments of the past like so many hermit crabs, which, no sooner seized upon individually, would retreat, unknowable.

What was the right thing, after all? She had done what she had to. It had been her decision. Why then, had she been out here for the past two weeks? Just tired, that happened to everyone—it was nothing. The thought, however, of going back to the apartment in the city did not particularly thrill her.

I need more time, she thought.

He sat at the bar after work, with two friends from the office; they had just ordered their third round.

"How's Patty, Frank?" the first one asked. Frank snuffed out his cigarette.

"Oh, she's O.K. I guess," he answered. "I've only had one letter and she didn't seem too upset. She's supposed to come home Sunday night. I'm driving out there to get her."

"I wouldn't even bring it up," the first continued, "only the wife keeps asking for her. I'm glad she's all right. You know, some women can't handle that sort of thing at all."

"Well," said Frank, "Patty's always been pretty strong that way. I was never really worried. Besides, the whole thing is so simple these days that everything is exactly the same afterwards. In short, no adjustments needed."

The drinks arrived and Frank took a long draught of his Scotch.

"Aren't you oversimplifying the whole thing just a bit?" asked the second friend. "I mean, a thing like that can be a real ordeal for a woman. I don't think we can even begin to appreciate what it must be like."

"And what would you know or care?" said Frank. "You'll never have to worry about it."

The second did not answer, but merely stared into his drink.

"I've got to run," said the first, looking at his watch.

"Do you really?" said Frank. "Wait a second, I'll leave with you. We can split a cab." He drained his glass.

"You coming, Tom?" the first asked the second.

"No," he answered. "I think I'll sit here awhile. I don't have anyone waiting on me." He smiled faintly.

Frank and the other gave Tom their share of the bill and left. Outside, it had begun to rain and it was a while before they secured a cab.

Frank fumbled with the keys to the apartment and finally, after dropping them twice, succeeded in opening the door. The girl, not more than eighteen, followed him in, flopping unceremoniously on the sofa. Frank went to the liquor cabinet.

"Want anything?" he called to her.

"Noo-o-," she said, putting a hand to her head. "You shouldn't have anymore yourself."

"I'll know when I've had enough," he answered. He poured himself a double and stood leaning against the wall near the bookcase.

"You from around here?" he asked.

"What's the matter?" she giggled. "Are you afraid for your reputation?" She said this last word with such deliberation that it could only sound insulting. Frank caught it and his condition didn't help his reaction.

He put down the glass and was across the room before she realized it. Grabbing her by the shoulders hard, he pulled her to her feet and shouted into her face.

"You don't say that to me! Understand?!"

He glared at her and she was scared enough to apologize. Then he sat down calmly opposite her as if nothing had happened. He finished his drink and then suggested that they go inside.

The girl rose and followed him, shutting the door.

Though the beach house was small, it seemed overly large and terribly empty to its sole occupant. She lay on the sofa watching a banal sitcom and thinking about how simple life would be if, in one half-hour set aside each week, you could solve any and all problems that had accumulated.

During a commercial, she made the typical trek to the kitchen, but finding nothing that could be fixed quickly save peanut butter, she settled for a soda. So, here it was Saturday night, and what was she doing? She had no friends out here. The house belonged to a distant relative and anyway, without a car it was practically impossible to do anything. The story of my life, she thought.

The show ended, and since she had no desire to see the latest star-studded disaster film, she turned the set off. She thought of reading, but decided against it on the grounds that perhaps, she was beginning to enjoy vicarious living a little too well. It's all a question of facing your situation, she thought. You cannot only hide in a book, you can actually get trapped in it.

Ten o'clock. Ah well, tomorrow she'd return to whatever it was she'd left and the sitcom would resume. She undressed, took a shower, and climbed into bed, pulling the blankets tightly around her as if to ward off the emptiness without.

He opened the car door for her and she got in. "Got everything?" he asked.

"Uh-huh," she said.

"You look good," said Frank, as he started the car. She didn't. She'd barely slept at all and her face was pale in the bright sun. Her eyes looked withdrawn into the dark patches under them. Patty glanced at him. "I don't feel that way," she said.

"That's too bad," said Frank. "I figured being out here alone for two weeks with nothing to do would be just the thing. I guess I was wrong."

"That's not all you were wrong about," she muttered.

"What do you mean?" asked Frank. "Are we back to that again?"

"Forget it. If that's your attitude, it's not worth trying to talk about," she said. "Not that we ever really did talk about it."

Frank said nothing. He knew this was true for the most part and he didn't feel like arguing right now.

The road was crowded with returning weekenders and traffic slowed to a crawl about halfway in to the city. Frank put the radio on to break the silence. Patty turned it off.

"That's not helping anything," she said. "Have you ever tried not coping out? You might even like it."

"All right," said Frank, beaten. "We'll talk. What's on your mind?"

"That's a dangerous question," she said. "Remember, I've been alone for two weeks. It amazes me that you have either the nerve or the naivete to ask it."

"What do you want me to say?" said Frank, exasperated.

"Nothing," she said. "Because you do that better than anything."

"Listen," said Frank, "I told you when we first knew about it, to do what you thought was best. If you're suggesting that I forced my will on you, you're crazy because you know I did nothing of the sort."

She stared at the dashboard a minute, then looked out at the endless line of cars, pieces of machinery with no human connection, nothing but lifeless hulks when unoccupied by flesh and blood.

"That's just it, though," she said. "You never told me how you felt about it. What could I take from that except that you didn't care one way or another? Even if we disagreed I'd still want to know how you felt." She paused. "Did you want the...?"

"I don't know," he said, cutting her off. "I mean," he continued, "I would have hated to have to make a decision like that. I didn't know what to tell you."

"But certainly the decision should have been partly yours," she said. "You just refused to make one."

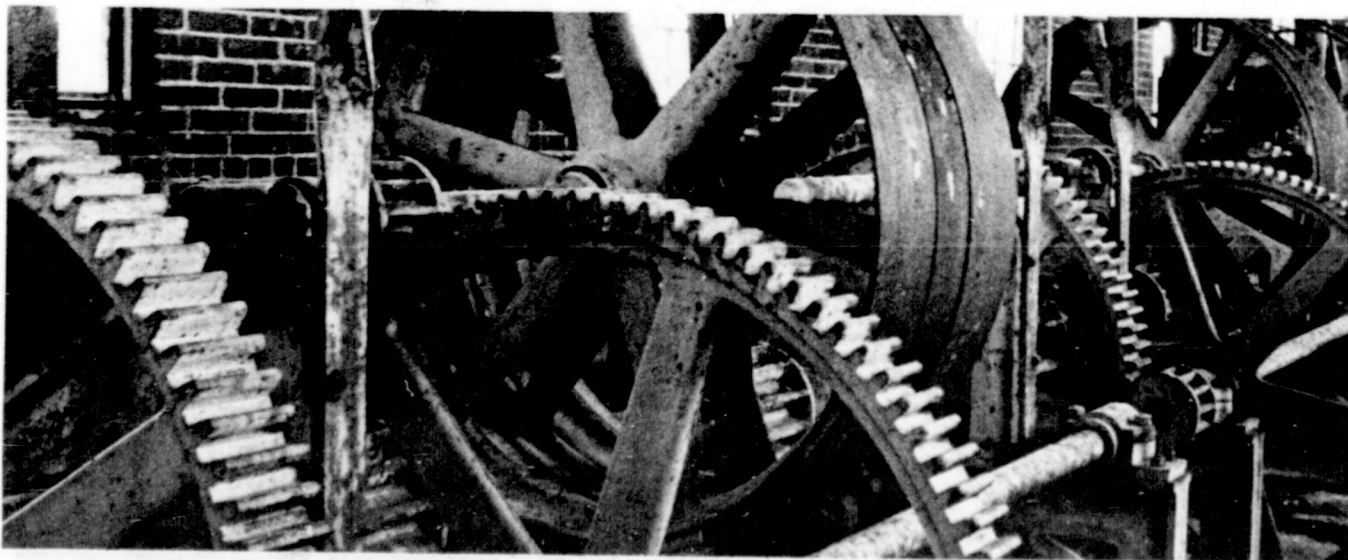
"Maybe," he said.

The traffic began to pick up its pace a bit and they reached the city at dusk. The lights in apartment buildings and on the streets were just coming on, and crosstown traffic was heavy.

When they finally reached the apartment, Frank parked the car, while Patty went upstairs.

She went straight to the living room and drew the curtains open, leaving the lights off. She sat in the chair with her feet on the window sill and watched the last glow of the western clouds slowly fade from behind the Palisades. In between, the river flowed on, dark and silent under the impending night, while the grandfather clock in the hall began to strike seven.

She closed her eyes, and tried very hard not to think about tomorrow.



photos on
pages 2,3,4,
and 6
by
Russ
McKnight

Night Nurse

Following the pinpoint of the flashlight
cutting the surgical corridors
through the needles eye,
checking the hourglass of the intravenous
dripping into your circaean sleep.

I am the night nurse.
My long black hair is the ocean
at midnight. My salt lubricates
the tide tumbled stones
in the morphine of the shadows
of my breasts.
Sibilant on the sculptured
shoreline of my legs.

I am young and beautiful.
You can only hint at my poems
of comfort and completeness.
I alone stand calm
in the fever's drunken rage.

I have the knowledge
of the secret functions
of old and young
as I watch the old woman
on her deathbed,
the bermuda triangle of her vagina
with its lost semen pointing
toward a scar on her belly
where a child was once pulled
like Christ from the grave.

At 4 a.m.
as you rattle the siderails of your bed,
I am the light of your universe,
the soothing voice in white
unseen for the pain and flourescent glare.

My hand is a span on the
globe of your belly
bridging the suppuration of the wound
as I encourage you to cough and convulse
like the turning of frost heaves in the night
bringing the healthy pink
of filling tissue.

Don't be afraid to look
as I move toward the healing dreams of daylight.



Jogging

The wind lilts
its praise of gently rolling
knolls of lush grass;
As in dreams phoenix rise
from the fascination of shallow
pools of cool dark water
covering dead leaves.
And the hay laid to dry
in skirt fanned form,
with wispy moss draping a delicate
limb, flashes across my mind
like a brown skinned lover
disrobing to impart her wildflower
scent to the memory of
our lovemaking.

The Tao

Amid the occurrences
of every changing moment
of every changing day,
my toe wriggles through
a hole in my sock
much as it did five years ago.

Joseph Juda

"THE HAIR BOX"

Elsie Dinsmore

One Saturday morning near the middle of May, me and Houn' and Jedadiah rode out to the Head to do some plowing. When we turned off into the lane that went up to the Widow's, it seemed as if the pair of dappled greys and the creakin' wagon were more at home than they were in the town, Trafton Harbor, where more and more cars, some with rumble-seats, rattled and once in a while a truck went by with pieces of fencing on its back. We smelled that like-nothin'-else spring-smell of burning leaves, and rounding a curve in the lane, we saw the Widow standing alongside a smouldering pile and leaning on a rake. She waved and hollared a hello to Jedadiah and he waved and hollared back "Dorcas!" I thought her hair was a lot blacker and sootier than the smoke that rose straight up at the sun.

As we rode closer she turned and called a name and a thin boy with the same black hair and almost as tall came around the corner of the house. He stopped short when he saw me and Houn' and even when the woman called him Obadiah and beckoned him closer, he jus' stood there on the other side of the fire. I climbed down off the wagon and jus' stood there too, sayin' nothin' and stared through the smoke. He didn't come near and after a quick look at Jedadiah, he went back behind the house. I follwed Jedadiah for a while, makin' a nuisance of myself, while he plowed the field. Then we heard Houn' yelping.

Jedadiah was off the wagon and across the field quicker'n a shot, and when I caught up to him, he and the Widow and the boy were standing, lookin' down a steep bank. They were all laughing and Jedadiah had his arm around the boy's shoulder and was calling him Oby and they kep' on laughing. I looked over the edge and there was Houn' looking up from the beach and yelping mad 'cause he'd slid down the sand bank and couldn't get up again. Me and Oby sat on the top and slid down. We put our arms around Houn's neck and he kep' lickin' first my face then Oby's and the ice was broken.

That was my first meeting with the Widow and Oby. It was kinda funny, lookin' back, how it was partly due to Great-Aunt Cassie.

Not long after Gran-Da died in October of the year before, the year I started school, Great-Aunt Cassie, on Mam's side of the family, started coming regular to see Mam. On fine days she'd

walk up from her house in the hollow where the tide came near up to her front door. It was a walk of about a mile on a dusty road that followed the curve of the island's eastern shore. Other days Jedadiah brought her in the wagon and left her at our door. Anyway, she'd come once in a while before that but only when Gran-Da wasn't around. She and Gran-Da jus' didn't get along! I remember one day when the three of us, me and Gran-Da and Tan whose real name was Jonathan and whose only friend was Gran-Da, were walkin' on the beach as we did every summer's day. Gran-Da laughed and allowed to Tan as how the only place Great-Aunt Cassie was soft was in the head and that Jedadiah must have his work cut out for him and how it must be jus' like loving a pine board with knots in it.

Great-Aunt Cassie was kinda straight up-an'-down and all angles and sharp places. Even when she puckered up to kiss me as she was always doing, her lips came together like a pair of pinchers from Gran-Da's tool-box. And her head that Gran-Da said was soft was really so hard and pink and shiny that no hair seemed to grow on it and she was getting kinda thin on top. That was one of the reasons she came to see Mam.

Mam had plenty of hair, thick and soft and a pretty kind of white. When she washed it on a Saturday night it gleamed like a patch of sunlight in a dark corner. She'd stand in front of the kitchen mirror and run a black bone comb down through it and collect all the combings. Then she'd save them for Great-Aunt Cassie who made them into a round puff she wore on top of her head so's she looked like a pine sapling loaded down with snow after a no'theaster.

Anyway, when she wasn't wearing it, Great-Aunt Cassie kep' the hair in an empty talcum-powder box on a round walnut table in her parlor. The box was one of those square ones with pink flowers on it and gilt letters that said Apple Blossom Talc. She kep' it right next to the big black Bible and a china cup-an'-saucer set with a picture of Niagra Falls on it. Great-Aunt Cassie had never been there but her only brother had sent it to her. 'Cept for the lace curtains that smelled of dust no matter how much they were washed and the horse-hair furniture that stuck into you when you sat down, the parlor was bare and cold and unfriendly. It didn't seem to bother Jedadiah none

that he wasn't allowed in there to sit and smoke.

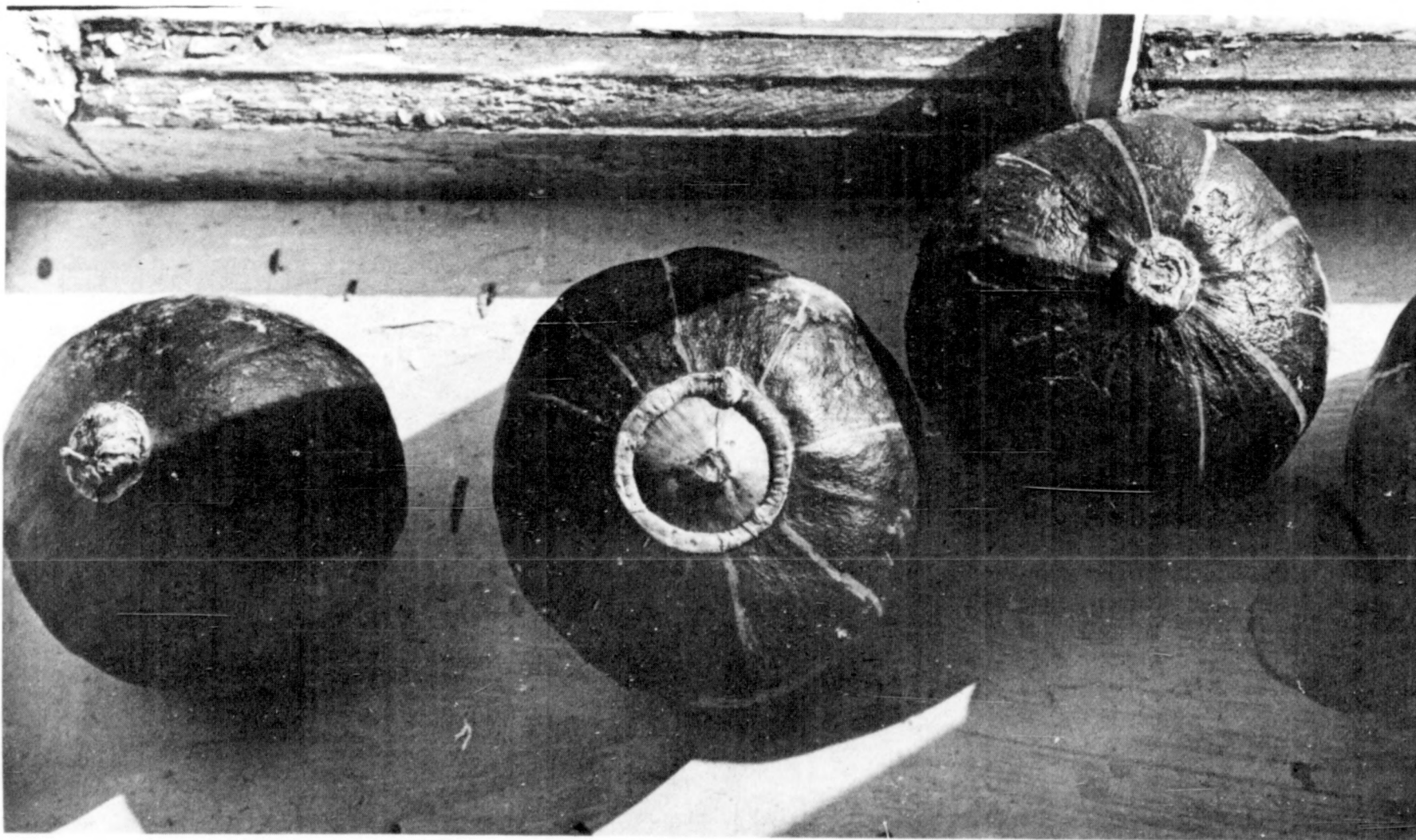
Big and hearty and what Mam called well-set Jedadiah was as different from Gran-Da as Santa Claus is from a leprechaun!! It was Gran-Da's most bitter shame and sorrow that one measley pint would put him, a Malloy, under the table. He'd come home two sheets to the wind and the other flapping and swear to God and all the angels that he'd had only one beer, but Mam never believed him. Anyway, Jedadiah was not so afflicted. But even after he'd had one too many, he was always jolly and his big belly jiggled with his booming laugh and his face looked like he'd sat too close to a roaring wood fire. He never visited. When Great-Aunt Cassie came to our house, she came alone.

As the crimson leaves on the old maple dropped to the ground and the days started getting colder and colder, Mam took to returning Great-Aunt Cassie's visits til it got to be a habit for the two of us to have Sunday dinner there and spend the afternoon. But in spite of Great-Aunt Cassie's urgings not to be alone on the first Thanksgiving since Gran-Da's death, Mam—all white-faced and wide-eyed—determined to stay home. It was a terrible day.

Me and Mam talked loud and fast doing the cookin', but when we sat down to eat, everything stuck in our throats. We jus' sat there and pretended it was a holiday while we both waited and listened for something and didn't know what. A few days before Christmas, Mam closed off the parlor and put up a tree in the dining room. It didn't make us feel any different so on Christmas Eve, Mam banked the wood fire in the kitchen and we walked down to Great-Aunt Cassie's in the hollow to spend the night.

We woke in the early mornin' dark to a new snow and a tree that glowed with candles and strings of popcorn and cranberries in the long narrow room that was both kitchen and sittin' room. Great-Aunt Cassie wore her puff and Jedadiah's eyes laughed behind his pipe smoke. Mam gave me a jacket and leggings she'd cut down from Gran-Da's overcoat and sewed on her old Singer with the foot treadle. As if to remind me I was still a lady, she had run-up a gold satin blouse with puffed sleeves and a Peter Pan collar. And somehow she'd managed to have

[continued on page 10A]



The Old Neighborhood

This street with its soft
coat of copper leaves and
houses snug as hens
can't fool me.

It gibbers at my gaze
like any cornered killer.

This is the place.
Here, through the days of
dead leaves and steady sun,
through all the buds and
shovelled snow, a thousand
crimes came down like boulders.

How could I not
know how the houses
heaved while inside
hands and axes fell,
or how often all
the textbooks, ice cream,
baseballs and dishwater
nearly spilled into
a black scream
but never quite?

Yes, this street.
How could it hope to
hide the years it spewed
souls and sickness,
flinging children like
fractured dolls far
beyond the lemon light,
the shade of elms?

Leaves creep in the gutter
and a jack o'lantern grins jagged.
Dogs wag while small rosy
warriors charge on tricycles.

But I see dark red
upon the pavement—

and I spit.

Bernie MacKinnon



photo by Kim Takayama

Blue

Kamikaze moths,

Crashing bodies

On my window pane,

Battering their beings

For entrance

To the deep corner

Of my loneliness—

Where a dying flame flickers.

Suicidal insects...

All of them.

Elizabeth Peavey

No Glass

White faced brick
the skull of a dead building
the skeletal remains of lives
passed through its doors
open now
a toothless grin
the smile of mortality

M.E. Scaline

Mar Chill

Mutiny impending...

Attic rooms are vessels for flight
and fear, and victims
of tempests, especially at night,
and always in March.

Whiplashed, the gables scream.
Rafters huddle, splinters flee.
At topmast, the stately chimney
panics and clings,
forgetting his dignity
A universal fear of drowning alone
possesses every brick and board.

The skipper's but a child,
standing in a New England hallway,
nightgown billowing,
knees knocking,
And two full moons for eyes,
holding a slim, waxen lighthouse
that searches feebly for the calm.

In some murky fathom rests an anchor;
a cold, rusty cellar sleeping through the spasm,
unmoved, except for plodding earthworms.

But 'round the attic room,
the old eaves are clenched
like teeth during
a nightmare!

Karen E. Cuddy

"SOUTHWESTERN ROADSIDE LULLABY"

J. Richard White

The highway was a diseased artery running east/west, thinning in the distance, swallowed by the desert. At midday I was a strip of bacon frying in some dusty southwestern frying pan. No cars traveled during these hours. The only movement was the timeless blinking of leather eyelids, peering up at me from the sand and from behind rocks. Even the hills in the distance watched me with curious indifference. I sat beneath a cottonwood tree at an abandoned, broken building crossroad, trying to put the past six months in the proper perspective. It was useless; the road is no place to organize anything. Times blend, nights and days are measured by dawns and dusks.

My only impression of the west coast is that of a child looking into his kaleidoscope for the first time. California is a multi-sensory rainbow, blending from real to illusion. One never knows where the sky starts and the land ends; no one cares. I'm just a boy of the dirt with pine pitch in my hair and wood smoke on my clothes. I focused on dogeared memories of New England and calculated the number of days until Thanksgiving. Twenty-four.

I watched flies playing tag around the carcass of some obscure creature. Another victim of the road. The oblique ripples like grape Kool-Aid in the distance. I heard someone flip on the projector, more flashbacks of the madness. The lights dimmed and the film began. It was a long playing, poorly filmed, surrealistic movie, run at all the wrong speeds. Too fast, too slow. The words were in an odd language and the music never stopped. A drum beat...slow...steady...patient, throbbed in the background.

I felt that I never wholly got to California; part of me was lagging behind, dragging in the dirt of rural America, just along for the ride. It was here in this barren purgatory that I finally caught up with myself, just in time for the show. We were forced to sit and watch. I walked out. I stayed. Here beneath this cottonwood it came back. Sharp. Clear. In focus. I watched myself up on the screen: A bizarre performance.

I stopped praying when I was thirteen; I began again when I was seventeen. I worshipped that great rolling Buddha, the automobile. I prayed with my thumb at a roadside altar. Late afternoon yawned above me; I waited for my God to come. I kicked acorn size stones onto the highway, trying to center them on the faded white line, looking between kicks for my mobile salvation. I lined up another stone, but kicked too soon. The hissing hollow whine threw off my shot. I was startled to see a car approaching not a hundred yards up the road. It hadn't been there a moment ago. A phone was ringing in my subconscious; confusion was on the line. I put it on hold. The highway rocked back and forth a bit—it always did when I prayed so hard. Just an honest poor boy goin' home. C'mon, give the boy a ride 'n show God the goodness in your soul.

It didn't surprise me to hear the car gearing down. I knew it would stop. It always would. I grabbed my pack, grinning, and piled in. A young woman sat at the wheel of this old Rambler.

"You know, it's weird," I said, "but I didn't see you coming until you were almost on top of me." My brow was knotted and I spoke through a cockeyed grin. She smiled and winked at me. The road regurgitated from the sands before us. The first thing I noticed is that she was Indian, with dark hair brushing her shoulders (it should have been longer). The late afternoon sun reflected red on the threads that were dancing about her head. Her skin was murkier than mine; a milk brown; coffee with too much cream. She had tight skin across her cheeks—she looked like she was smirking at something. "How long have you been on the road?" The smirk. What did she know that I didn't? Her eyes grinned too, dark and dancing. There was a spark, a glow in them. Spirits around a fire. She must have known I was staring; she colored a bit, possibly from embarrassment.

"Ah...how long have I been on the road? Well, I guess that depends on how far back you want to go. All day today; all week this week..." I let my voice trail off, then added, "How far are you going?" She was quiet for a while, too long.

"Do you see those hills ahead? I live up there. It'll be pretty late and cold when we get there." She spoke with mixed emotions. Something was on her mind, but I was too tired to probe. I pulled a battered joint from my shirt pocket and asked her if she'd join me. I lit it and sank deep into my seat. My hair blew out the window, her's whipping about her head. Suddenly, the madness was gone, perhaps taking a nap, perhaps taking a piss. I chuckled at my wit. The smoke was sweet, cushioning the cruel starkness of the desert. Her grin was contagious. I was quiet. She spun tales of her travels in her youth. I only caught bits and pieces of what she was saying. I sunk deeper into the seat. All the places and things I've been now simmered on the back burner. Once, on the verge of boiling over, Pandora's madness, ready to spill from my mind, out my ears and mouth, from my nostrils and tear ducts.

She was smirking and singing some blues songs. I only caught pieces of it.

I woke sometime later. The sky was sour and the desert gray. The woman was quiet, her face distorted a bit. She was rerunning a bad headache I supposed. She looked over and saw me awake. "You realize those hills are haunted don't you?" She flashed me a worried glance.

Just what I needed. I was fuzzy-headed and stiff, my legs and back ached; I was dirty and my mind was doing some free verse waltz in that purgatory between stone and straight, home and getting there, questions and answers. I handed her an indifferent, "Oh yeah?"

"I'm not shitting you know! These hills are where the whites raped and killed a traveling band of Sioux women and children. There's a lot of vengeful spirits sitting up there, just waiting for some unsuspecting white traveler...She couldn't keep a straight face and started laughing.

I was glad I didn't have to deal with that. "Is that what you are, Sioux?"

"Well, sort of. My grandparents were mostly Sioux."

"Oh. How long have I been sleeping?"

"Oh, I don't know...how long have I been talking?"

I snuffed a laugh. My window was still down and a chill grabbed me by my spine and shook. I rolled it up.

"Thanks," she said, without taking her eyes off the road.

We were both thinking about the evening chill and where I was going to sleep. The silence was thick. I gave her a prod, "How far from here do you live?"

"About twenty minutes." Her voice came out sing-song. There was an odd rhythmic way she accented her syllables. The drums echoed in the distance, across the desert spirit fires were lit. She was looking out her window, watching something—a poor attempt at indifference.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Nine thirty," she said, without looking at her watch.

"Thanks," I said, and watched her a moment too long, and she knew it. I wasn't going to ask, and she was taking her time in offering. She lived alone, yet I don't know how I found this out. There was just too much mist between me and the moments passing to worry about what had gone by.

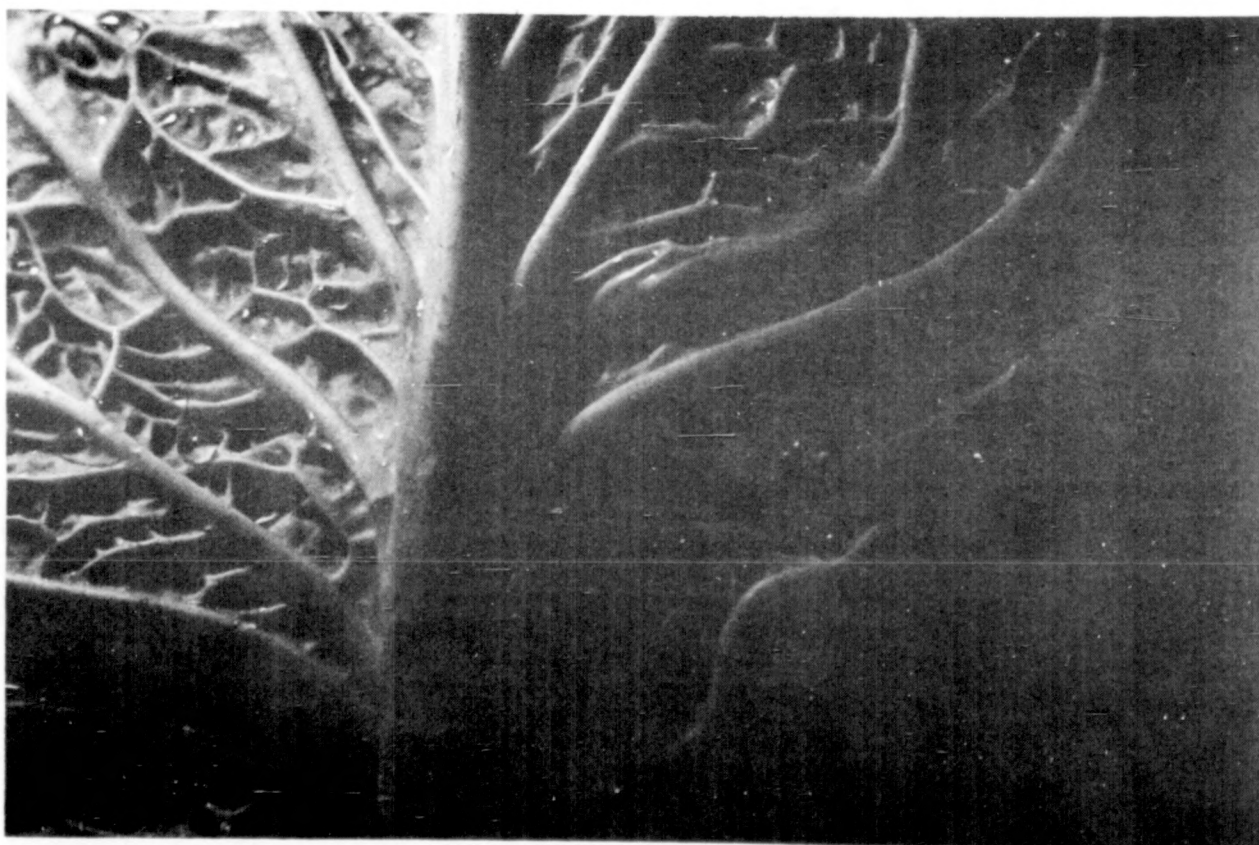
We rode in silence. I watched the mountains swallow us. Background noises were whizzing in my head: winds blowing and music (maybe the radio), the fading sounds of traffic, reruns of too many days on the road. I'd sort it out later.

Soon we were far above the desert, weaving up through ancient mountain highways. Later we turned off the highway onto a gravel road. I was going to say something when she turned, more out of courtesy than concern, something like, "You can drop me here," but it wasn't necessary. I'd be spending the night.

She began talking again, this time with a bit of anxiety in her voice. "Being alone is the same as being dead," she was struggling with words and explanations. "I mean, if there's no one around to justify, or at least acknowledge your existence, how do you know you exist?" She looked at me for a reaction, but I was in no mood. Somewhere in days past I'd discussed existence and death, reality and illusion, too damn many times to get excited about what she was suggesting. Once, I felt I had a lot to offer on those matters, but after the discussions were over, nothing had changed. I avoided such conversation these days.

I humored her, "How do you know you're alive? You don't." She looked at me, a bit surprised, maybe disappointed. "No argument here. For all I know we both could be dead. What does it matter?" Maybe I was a bit too cold. I felt funny after I said it. Then the clouds in my head cleared, just for a second. Have you ever watched the spokes on a moving bicycle wheel? Your eyes go round and round, try to stop the motion in your mind, and there, for one timeless moment, you're able to see each spoke motionless, sunshine reflecting down the shafts, and the richness of the grass on the other side. So quick, and gone again. I was nobody going nowhere. It didn't matter.

[continued to page 12A]



Untitled

1

Senseless are the days now
for they stretch and widen and consume all
and then are at once diminished
or is it expanded into one long day
one long day of meaningless life.

I just realized this

as I turned down my bed
for I just turned it down
just
for last night's sleep
and I am just turning it down,
perhaps,
for tomorrow's as well.

It is quite inconsistent

this long unending day
this instantaneous day.

I would prefer the two to decide upon

some course of action
some common ground

so that I may say

I lived this day
I remember this day
in its great distinctness.

But as now, as night,

they are all one.

Or none.

2

I wonder.

Wonder deep and deep
and end up even still

on the surface

in a roundabout way.

After the digging
and delving

one would at least expect

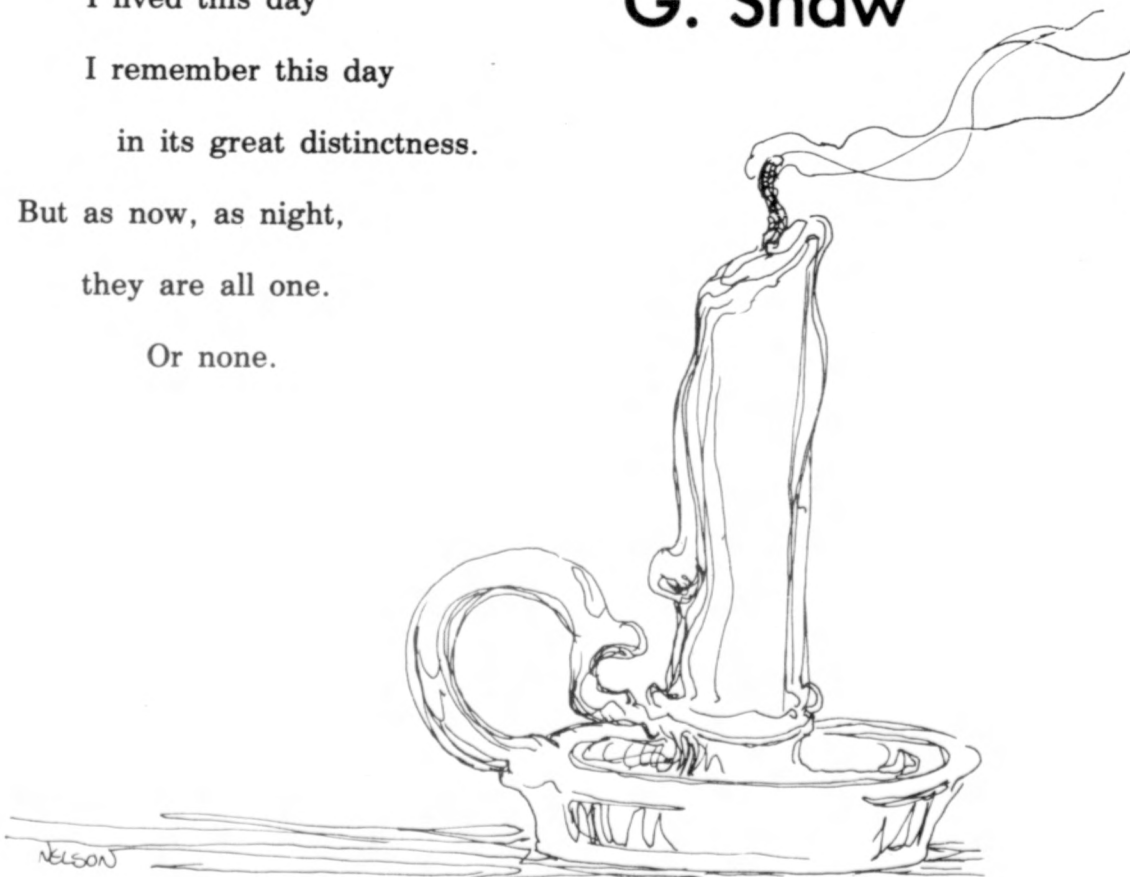
a hole

but I have only

flat ground again

an entire orb.
Mysterious as ever.

G. Shaw



To Beer

I settled down with friends of mine,
All hearty fellows, full of cheer
To slake our thirst we did essay
With liquid gold that's known as beer.

Decanters filled with nectar sweet
Filled to the brim our glasses high
Down our throats the fluid flowed
And sat we back with sated sigh.

The lovely foaming, bubbly brew
Which quickly cravings edge doth dull
And makes one lose all sense of time
Inducing soporific lull.

And when at last we're all quite quenched,
Then start we home with heads so light
Our grateful thanks for cold sharp beer
And memories of a pleasant night.

Dale Phillips

Snowstorm

Blackbirds flying
in the snow
Skid like hurtled shingles
on the breeze
hang suspended
in nothingness
Startled they burst
vertical exclamations
above the breathless veil
Leaving the virgin snow
untouched

Diana Cookson

Did you get the number of that truck?

The beach was all shelly:
A mountain fortress repelling wave after
wave—
Pitter, Patter,
Splish, Splatter
Lucid liquid, solid matter—
Who is the Waif?

I thought I saw my Sister
(though not of nature)
Walking in the twilight.
"Sister!" I cried. "Why must
Thou keep me here waiting—
Alone?"
"Go to Hell, you yin-yang."

The tweetie-birds sing-sang;
The alarm clock ring-rang;
The spring was well sprang—
What's this? Stains on my
Satin Sheets.

Luke Sweeney

"THE SQUARE CAFE"

Christine Brodien-Jones

Ireland, 1972

At half past seven on a November evening, Marilyn Rhys entered the Square Cafe. She had chosen it because of the bright curtains in the window, but once inside she saw they were faded and torn, and the place had a vacant, unkempt air. The yellow striped wallpaper depressed her, and the cat picking its way over the vinyl tablecloths, carefully sidestepping the vinegar shakers. No one was in the cafe but her and the cat.

Lying face down on her table was a menu. She held it up to the light. "Tea, six pence. Coffee, eight pence. Soup of the Day: oxtail. Dinners—Egg & chips. Sausage & chips. Sausage egg & chips." She ran her fingers through her hair.

A woman in an apron shuffled over to the table and gazed stonily at Marilyn.

"You don't have any sandwiches, do you?" Marilyn asked.

The woman frowned.

"Egg and chips please." Marilyn said hurriedly. The woman gave her a withering look and slunk away behind a curtain. There was a smell of food frying in oil.

Marilyn took a map from her rucksack and unfolded it on the table. Her finger traced the thin black line of the Irish railway, but she couldn't find the town she was in now. For nearly six weeks she'd been traveling in Britain, entirely on her own, and after a while all the towns were beginning to look alike. And the restaurants. Not to mention the bed-&-breakfast homes, which were identical down to the stained carpet, the water bottle on a hook, the wash basin, the bed, the chair. A single narrow window. Sometimes a chamberpot placed discreetly beneath the bed. It was starting to wear on her nerves.

The woman set down a plate with one fried egg

and a mound of chips; Marilyn pulled the map out from underneath and hastily folded it up.

"Anythin' else?" The woman wiped her knotted hands over and over on the apron.

"Yes, I'd like some tea," Marilyn said. The coffee in this country was undrinkable. As soon as the woman's back was turned she pushed her plate away. She couldn't face food just now, and the striped walls were making her queasy.

"Somethin' wrong wi' my cookin'?" demanded the woman when she reappeared with a pot of tea.

"Oh.. No, not at all." Marilyn pulled the plate back towards her. From the corner of her eye she saw the cat glaring at her from beneath a table. Something was in its mouth.

She drank her tea, paid the bill and left, losing herself in the tangle of narrow streets. They were mostly cobbled, and lit by dim orange lamps that glowed through the fog. She felt safe, anonymous. To herself she thought, "I left home to get here, and none of those things can touch me now." Few people were about; the fog had brought with it a taste of sea and her lips were salty. She peered into shop windows and lingered outside the Black Lamb Pub. Occasionally an auto drove by at a reckless clip, or a child cried out from behind a darkened window.

I can hardly remember how I got here, Marilyn thought. An old man stumbled by, reeking of whiskey. Suddenly she saw the blurred image of a train, metal rungs on the steps, a wooden platform, sign overhead. There had been so many signs along the way. . . And what was the name of her hotel? She wasn't certain she could find it again. The fog was thick and dreamy. Soup . . . oxtail soup. She had gone beyond the shops and had entered what was clearly a residential area.

It had been a rat. She hadn't wanted to look, but

she'd looked anyway. A dead rat clamped securely in the cat's mouth.

Marilyn couldn't say exactly when she'd begun to feel strange, but lately she'd been feeling strange most of the time. It was, she'd found, the most ordinary things that turned suddenly to show you a different face. The sameness of the waiting rooms and train rides and museums only heightened the terror. And she was terrified most of the time. Afraid of losing her way; of a face at a window or dark twisted trees on a hillside; a form half-glimpsed from the window of a bus. And she often had the feeling that someone, something, was following her, and if she turned quickly enough she would see it.

The town ended abruptly, and the cobbled street gave way to dust; there was a group of thatched cottages on her right, and to her left a church outlined against the sky. The fog was not nearly so dense and she could see clouds moving fast overhead. This was what she had longed for, the sole reason for coming here. But then why this depression, this fear of abandonment, when for so long all she had wanted was to be alone?

"Are you lost? Pardon me, but are you lost?" A portly figure drew up beside her: a well-dressed man in his forties, umbrella slung over one elbow. Marilyn stared. He looked exactly like all the other short, squat beer-drinking Irishmen she'd seen about.

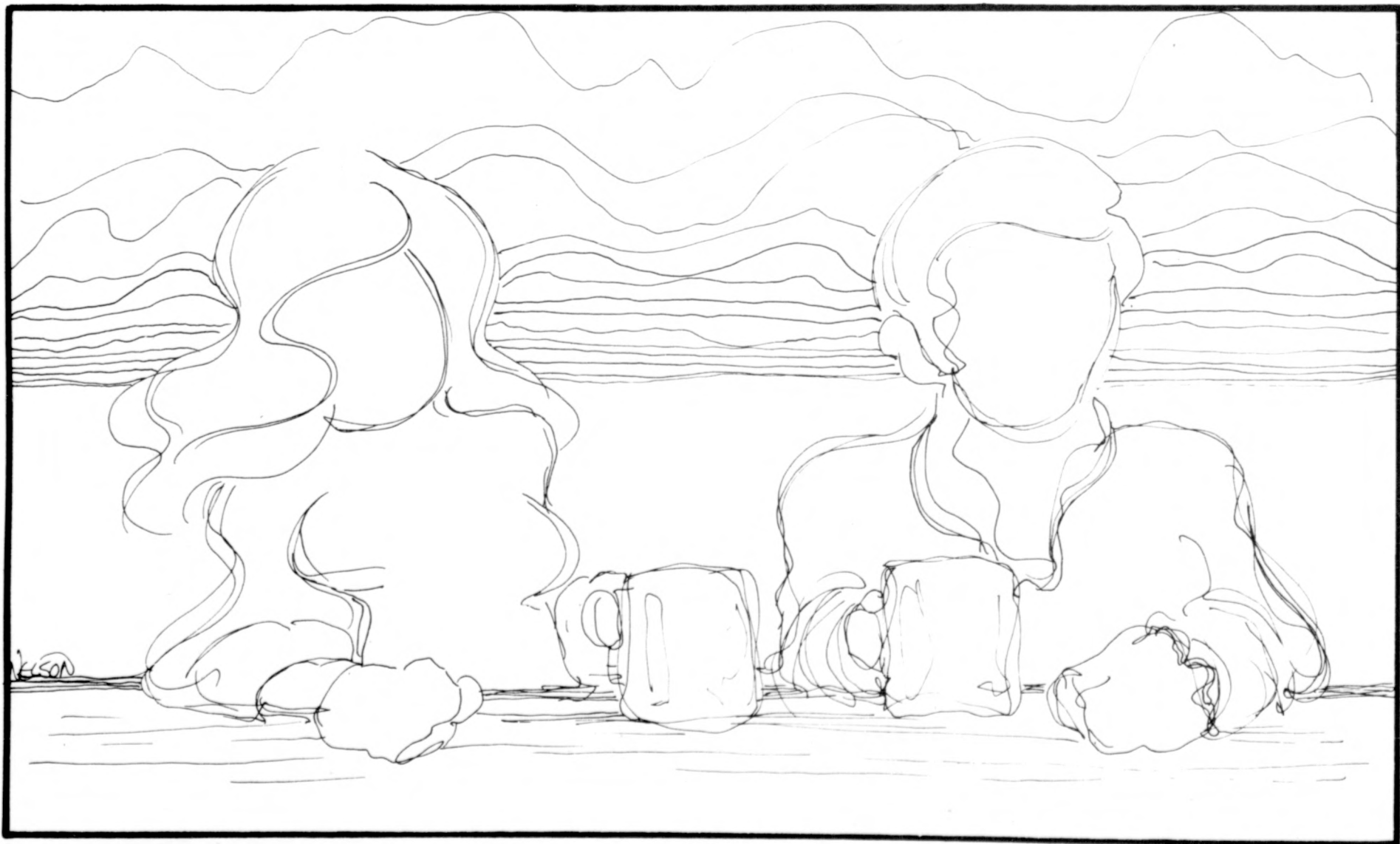
"You do speak English, don't you?" the man asked.

"Yes. Of course I do. I'm not lost, I'm just . . . walking around. Looking at things. I like to look at things."

"There's a brave young lass to be out this time o' night."

"I'm not brave—I'm American," she retorted. "You watch television, don't you?"

[continued to page 12A]



drawings by Dave Nelson

And after Kir
John, the dag
—The sheriff
—His henchm
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Victorious
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He would reca
And smile
Then go off to
And give away

Happily Ever After: An Epilogue

And after King Richard's homecoming
 John, the dagger-eyed pretender, was exiled
 —The sheriff of Nottingham jailed
 —His henchman punished.
 All the peasants cheered
 As Robin Hood
 Victorious
 In earth-smeared Lincoln green
 Was drawn with Maid Marion
 In a cart
 Through the village—
 His men alongside.
 And Richard
 As a reward
 Gave Robin Sherwood Forest
 To add to his lands.
 Robin's soul
 In the struggle
 Had embraced the forest.
 And there he built an estate
 Where he and Marion
 Could settle down
 And Friar Tuck
 Little John
 Will Scarlet
 And the rest of the gang
 Could drop by
 Any time they wanted.
 Robin and Marion
 Had a son they named Bartholomew.
 And Robin wallowed away his middle years
 In the memory of his famous fight.
 At dawn or dusk
 Through slithering mist—
 He walked
 Where before he had stalked
 Wary of soldiers
 The evil sheriff had sent.
 Smoking his pipe
 On an old trail
 He would recall battle shouts
 And smile
 Then go off to meet with travellers
 And give away souvenir arrows.

And Friar Tuck wrote a book
 Titled "Memories of Sherwood Forest."
 Robin read it
 And quaking with anger
 Pen-slashed the parts he declared false.
 In court
 Robin called Tuck a liar
 And a bastard
 While Tuck called him a stuck-up nobody.
 The case was thrown out.
 Then Tuck died of heart failure
 In a London brothel.

And Little John went mad
 And strangled his wife for cheating on him.
 He went to the block
 Crying and bellowing.
 It took six men to hold him down.

And Will Scarlet drank hemlock
 One night
 After singing a song
 Called "Hope Is Like A Shilling
 Thrown Into The Sea."
 in a Canterbury pub.
 The applause had been polite.

And Robin drank more—
 Cussed at his son
 And broke his nose.
 Bart grabbed the next ship
 For the Holyland
 To fight Moslems.

And Marion ran away
 To her sister's place
 In Scotland
 Where she fell for a highland chief.

And Robin closed the forest
 To all visitors
 And bought some gut-mean watchdogs.

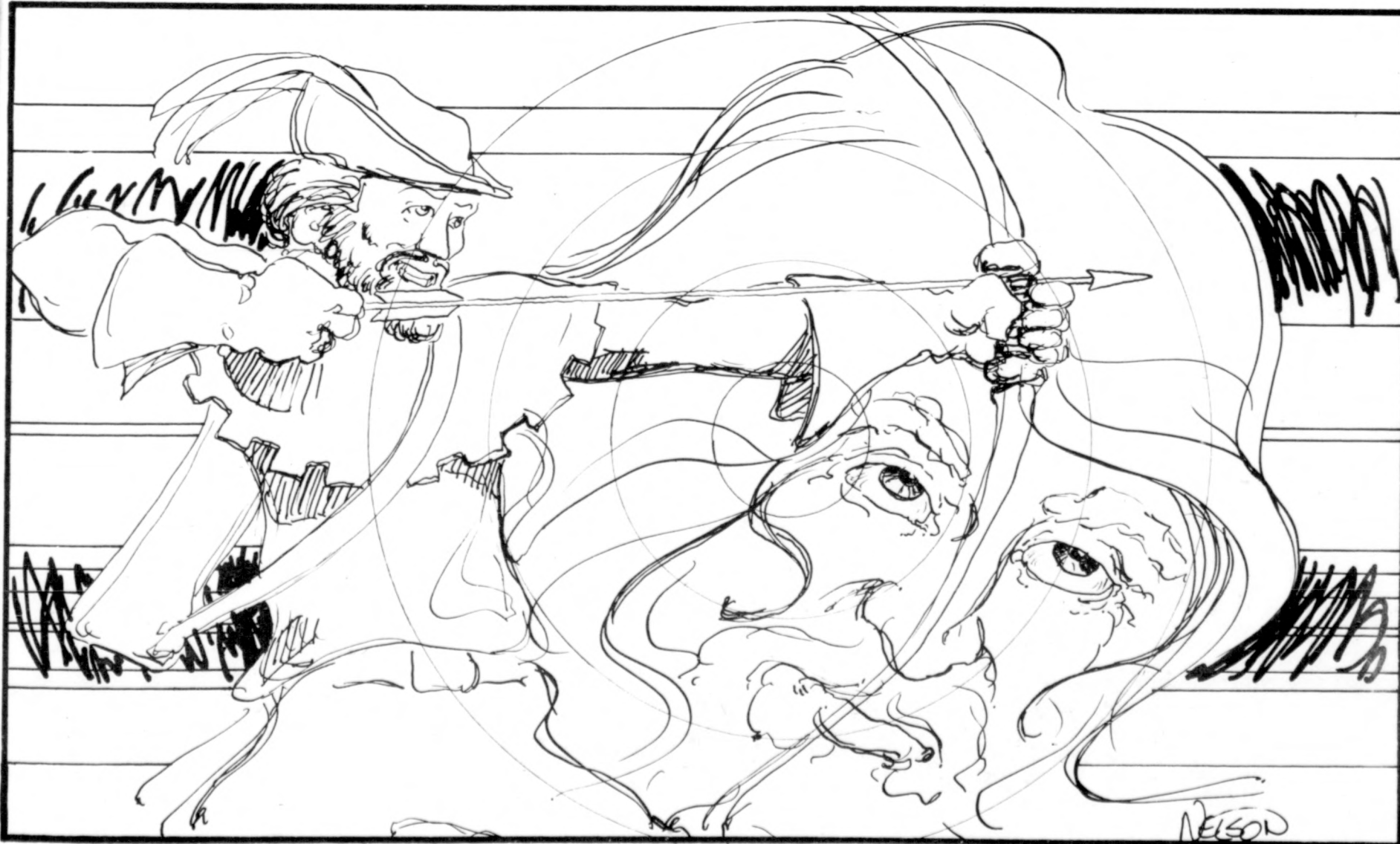
He had an affair
 With a teenage peasant girl
 Who had a child by him
 And later became a noted abess.
 Robin was drinking hard
 Before the hearth
 The day three of his dogs got loose
 And tore up a local lad
 —A popular lad
 In earth-smeared Lincoln green
 Who was poaching birds for fun
 With his miracle bow
 That was only miracle enough
 To slay a single beast
 Before the red and ripping jaws
 Wrenched his life away.

Robin was drinking harder
 That evening
 When the huge mob reached his estate
 And arrowed all his watchdogs.

Robin was reaching for a last bottle
 When the few servants
 He hadn't fired
 Fled—
 When windows started smashing
 And torches lowered on the house.

Robin was staggering
 Arm outstretched
 To where his old bow hung
 On the wall
 When he collapsed
 With flames and shouts around him.
 None of those in the mob
 Ever mentioned what they saw
 Looking in through broken glass
 Just before the fiery roof
 Came plunging down.
 None of them mentioned
 The cracked, pale face on the floor
 Eyes hard shut
 In a prayer that all would come true again
 When they opened.

Bernie MacKinnon



THE MAINE REVIEW

is a collection of short stories, poems, drawings, photographs, and other creative materials submitted by students. It is published as a supplement to the MAINE CAMPUS each semester. Students interested in submitting work for consideration for next semester's issue are cordially urged to do so.

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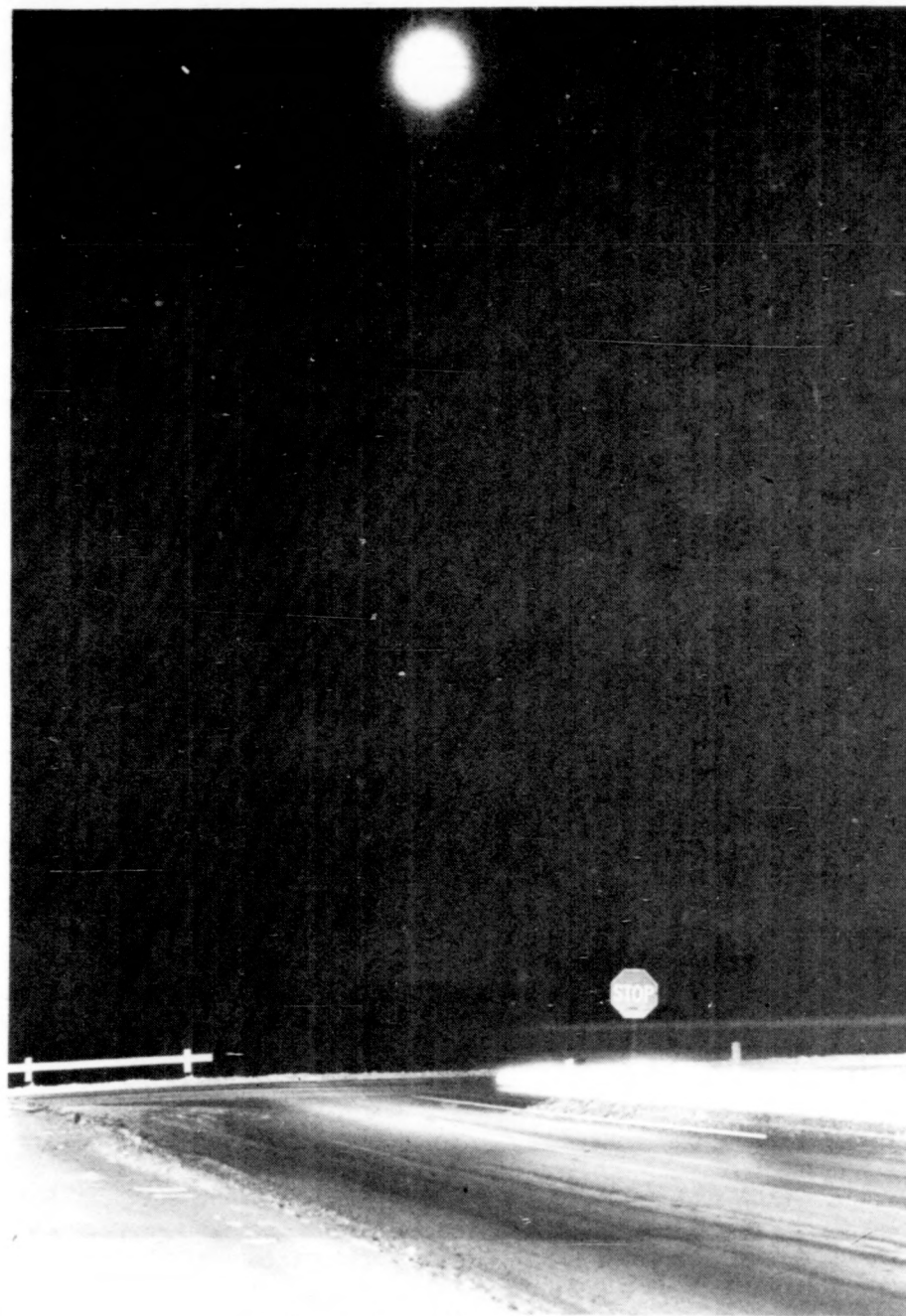


photo by Arthur Kettle

THE HAIR BOX

[continued from page 4A]

Santa deliver a picture puzzle, two books, and a pair of stubby wooden skis. Great-Aunt Cassie puckered up and aimed a sharp kiss at my forehead and handed me a big box tied with a red ribbon. I don't know if I were fooling her without intendin' to or if she were fooling herself, but in the box was a doll with a frilly pink dress. I jus' sat there on the floor and looked at it. Mam rolled her eyes and murmured something about minding my manners. I managed a thank-you, but Jedadiah saved me from lying too much by hurrying me out to the barn that smelled of hay and horse and something I couldn't put a name to. In one corner back of the stalls where Jedadiah kep' his team and wagon, he showed me a bitch-houn' curled up in a half-circle with three wobbly puppies tumbling around her. His present was my pick of the litter, and I wouldn't look at any but a black ball with white chest and feet and brown ears that ever after answered only to Houn'.

The new year came and grew older, and Houn' grew bigger and started askin' to go out. During winter's last gasp Tan hung himself and though I hadn't seem him for months, it somehow broke a last invisible tie with Gran-Da and the beach. After the snow left Jedadiah started dropping by with his team and wagon on Saturday mornings and taking me and Houn' with him while he jobbed around and plowed up the rich-smelling earth in backyard gardens. So, in a round-about way, it was Great-Aunt Cassie and her visits to Mam that brought me to Oby and the Widow Dorcas.

The Widow was an object of puzzlement to Mam and her friend from up-country, Miz Doyle. When they talked during Miz Doyle's once-a-month visits, I caught only bits and pieces here and there, but it seemed that the Widow had come to town one day and bought outright, with cash money, the old Wilson farm set in a small cove facing west out to the Head. Six months later she had a baby boy all alone and without help from anyone. That was long before I was born so Oby was more'n a bit older than me.

By the time school was out we were going out to the Widow's regular and pretty soon it was up to twice a week. Jedadiah tol' the horses how the country air and company her own age was good for the youn-un while Mam looked on and said nothing. After two or three Mondays of trying to get ground-in sand out of white underpants (Monday was always wash-day just as Tuesday was ironing day and Saturday all-over-bath day), Mam took a pair of Gran-Da's overalls and made me some pants like Oby's 'cept they had elastic at the waist and no hole in the front.

Me and Oby and Houn' we had a good summer while Jedadiah and the Widow talked quiet-like or didn't talk at all and Jedadiah found all kinds of man-things to do around the farm. Then one day 'bout a week before school started again, we rode up to the house jus' as Oby came out the front door. He was shaking something fierce and pointing. Jedadiah ran in and pretty soon I heard him making a low moaning sound. Seeing as how I had what Mam called pointed ears and a long nose, I went up the steps and stood in the doorway. There was Jedadiah kneeling on the floor at the foot of the stairs and holding the Widow in his arms and rocking back and forth. Over and over he was saying, "Dorcas." Jus' like Oby's, his shoulders was shaking. The Widow's head hung down over his arm slack-like and her eyes were closed and her long black hair spilled all over the rough wooden floor.

While Oby stayed with Mam and me, Jedadiah made the necessary arrangements. Then he harvested all the Widow's garden and took the young vegetables and Oby home to Great-Aunt Cassie. Tightlipped and awful quiet, she canned one and wouldn't even talk to the other. Long 'bout the time the crimson leaves were thinking of falling and driving rain out of the east was helping them make up their minds, I was havin' Saturday night beans and doughboys at Great-Aunt Cassie's while Mam was helping at a birthin'. Me and Oby were

finishing up so we could have apple pie warm from the oven, and Jedadiah was lighting his pipe for his after-supper smoke. I was soakin' the last bite of doughboy in bean juice and happened to look up as pipe smoke floated in front of Oby and Jedadiah where they sat side by side. Two pair of eyes looked back at me...two pair of eyes jus' alike.

I looked over at Great-Aunt Cassie sitting in the rocker by the stove and knitting a heel in one of the socks, long and grey with red tops, that Jedadiah liked to wear under his boots. Of late she managed to be busy with something else 'bout mealtimes and only once in a while did she sit at the table with the two of them. She caught me lookin' at her and she didn't look away. All of a sudden I saw that while she might be kinda straight up-and-down and all angles and sharp places on the outside, she was all rounded up and swelling with hurt on the inside. Since she wasn't the kind to let something like Gran-Da's extra-special swear-words help her none, she jus' sat there and tried to keep the hurt from swelling up so big that it burst.

I looked at her and she looked at me and the clock ticked long and loud. Nobody was fooling anyone anymore. It got up and went over and put my arms around her neck and kissed her on the cheek. I was surprised at how soft it was. She made a strangled sound as if she had a fish-bone stuck in her throat and got up quick and went into the parlor. She was gone so long I was afraid the pie would burn in the oven.

When she came out she carried the hair box in both hands and the top of her head was all her own. She lifted the stove cover and put the box, hair and all, in the flames. Me and Oby and Jedadiah didn't look at each other. Great-Aunt Cassie took two calico pot-holders and lifted the pie out of the oven and brought it to the table. Then jus' as if she'd been doing so all along, she took the knife from beside Jedadiah's plate and cut four pieces of pie all the same size.

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and Teddy Bi
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The Gallery

I have listened to the rant of liars of time immemorial excretions of demagogues and the terrible smoke of Buchenwald and Dear Abby and Teddy Bigstick walking softly across South America.

Hirsute prophets fading with years and the beat of a generation lost in brick tenements and bottles and pastel neurosis.

And the virtuous Justine ravaged again not by the penis of De Sade in this American wet dream that oozes forth infertile spilling from blaring radios and department stores and leather attaches.

The grey complexion of cities strewn with great crosses strung together by tongues of men and women lulling into gentle crucifixion.

Derelicts frozen on broken steps in condominiums in country clubs God in a brown bag shattered scattered demoninational shards translated into late night blue screen video they saw never.

Staccato rain incessant night splattering in muddy drops on transparent faces of diners 24 hour neon quivering on puddle butts on plate edges and food stained waitresses waiting.

Jagged pipes emptying the caldron of human delight into rivers thick and creeping beneath eroding wharfs porous disheveled through the heart onward.

Orange glowing ebony churches and anger sweating profuse from heroin-laced streets reacting with crimson pride of clenched fists and jazz filtering with wafts of hashish into alleys of crawling shadows in overcoats waiting impatiently to squeeze closed the manacles or topple the stormbringer of the mountain.

Waking with a face found bleary on a barstool tightly clad legs tightly crossed cigarette smoldering alcohol heavy breath and snow red eyes settled into rumpled sheets what is love he asked distantly this she answered with a thrust oh fleeting love pulsates is come and gone and morning.

East wind rain and napalm tumbleweeds searing through Dresden and bare gangrenous feet in snow at Valley Forge proclaiming freedom in abstract quibble bouncing from coffins and pulpits from everywhere onto blackboards to children transposed into adults lost as children in a menagerie of ideologies springing wild and violent.

Feet on stairs surreptitious silhouette crouching to watch mommy daddy like compulsive gamblers confronting the long shot to lose again and consider the pills and the gun and life before this union of holy bliss formed murky and schizoid.

And Constance who maimed her child and took another within with her on a high velocity cerebral splattering after failing with the rope one dreary night when dreams and acid and sweet smoke could no longer deny the affinity of crowded loneliness and decay.

And mother who died sometime during repose in a barred window brick hollowness in Augusta and released undead to crawl across driveway and beat fists bloody on pavement in protest of menopause and electroshock soporific resurrection.

And father the drifter in a prophylactic quest that leaked strangely potent spawning death before life.

Hamlet and Alexander who met in Yonkers talking over Micky Mantle roar and clink of beer mugs about McCarthy and Korea and Macedon the demands of Fortinbras and fathers dead promises kept.

Flaxen haired boy awake alone with headlights and blackness percolating catcalls and stair-creeks and poetic vision as nebulous as four years embrace.

Mannekin coiffure men hovering aloof through glassed canyons like Horatio Alger sleep walking through Amazon suburbia in pilgrimage to Bloomingdale's and Xerox and a Mecca where Allah is graphed bought sold speculated lost and made.

Erudite grey heads full of Harrington and Skinner float in pipe smoke over tiled floors to look through latticed window and swim in memory of passing sweater.

And WWI and a beast in a scheme perverse that buries itself at Kent State and Woodstock to emerge ten years later in shorn locks and platinum releases and Studio 54.

Grandmother link to foreground of picture metamorphosis to spears of grass against granite syllables silently pronouncing a decline demise like prairie carrion emaciated from flight across wasteland bleak and sterile.

America singing mechanized hymn of success from breadlines and Leavenworth and lynch mobs with eyes for black neck sacrificial dissipation like Jim Crow valium.

Love lost returns in labor of midnight scrawling metaphysical Son of Sam gripping pencil like .44 in murderous simile fired in rounds of recrimination and recondite rejection of homecoming queen's sumptuous vapidty.

And grandfathers' anachronistic golden heart thumping blindly toward death and final juxtaposition into promised timeless ecstasy.

In attics in cafes glass psyches poke and trifle wisdom for brief insight adrenaline substance wrenched painfully to soften harshness of a travesty barren except for muses in attics in cafes.

Einstein and Eliot and Zola bordering on the fringe of some nexus abstruse spreading like a web between generations and nations and cultures and all.

And brother who found sister seductress and she too one night in diatribe against tarpapered plastic windowed cold water acceptance of welfare and malnutrition and divorce illegitimate alcoholic depressive scars.

Myriad unconscious consciences swept into the tail of a comet witnessed in Rome and St. Petersburg and Gettysburg and Normandy and Armageddon.

To A.G. who gushed visionary seeding this poem with howling ejaculatory spurts elicited from fantasies of New Jersey and Frisco and evanescent joy of erect motorcyclists and defying men who define poetry.

And us all on the perimeter of each other putting forth daintily a foot to expose the tip of a toe to anothers being withdrawing to contemplation through brown haze of secret madness and wonder.



photo by Bob Granger

SOUTHWESTERN ROADSIDE LULLABY

[continued from page 6A]

"Sucks, huh?" she said. She read my mind. "Yeah," I said in a dazed whisper. I found myself massaging my face, rubbing my temples and eyes, trying to sort muddled confusion. Trying to deal (a deck of cards or with life?).

A short while later we were in her cabin drinking, then in her bed. I pulled cold sheets over my shoulder and held her close, wrapping my arms about her. She was much smaller than me; I could swallow her with my ribs. I laughed.

"What's the laugh for?"

I kissed her forehead, tucked beneath my chin. "Because I'm going to sleep," I chuckled. I could feel her smiling—smirking. She let out a sigh and I let out a laugh. Bullshit, I thought. We both were asleep in minutes.

Later in the evening I awoke; she was twitching, jerking, having bad dreams. I listened, trying to catch a word or two of what she was murmuring. Whimpers, almost cries were mixed with her heavy breathing. She got louder: I had to wake her.

When she finally got control of herself, I brushed the hair from her face and asked what the matter was.

"It's those dreams. Those damn dreams! I keep having dreams of a man standing over my bed with a knife, and the moonlight is reflecting off the blade," she shivered as she spoke. I felt odd: the moon shone through the window. The sheets glowed.

"Hey...C'mon, you know they're just bad dreams. Dreams mean nothing," I stroked her head, her hair, massaged the muscles in her back. I was wide awake. I kissed her face. Her tears tasted salty, her pouting lips, salty too.

She made love like no woman I've ever known, finger nails and heels. She clung to me like a woman living her final moments—desperately. She made me nervous.

Later she was under my arm and we were whispering—finally feeling comfortable trading souls.

Her name was Sheila. She'd been born in that same cabin on a moonlit night, and didn't stop squirming until daybreak. Her grandfather called her Moondancer. Her father had left before she was born and her mother and grandparents had raised her. She'd run away from home when she was fifteen, had a child when she was seventeen. Her parents were raising her in a town near here. She asked me to stay for a couple of days and just before I dozed off, I agreed.

It did me good to get off the road, the mountain air and attention of this lonesome lady. I learned how to make rabbit stew. I got high a couple of times, and the homesickness and the memories of the bubbling chaos of San Francisco almost overcame me. I'd be so upset during these times I'd ask her to take me to the highway. I needed to

get on the road again.

I must have been there for about a week when a gas came rolling in from the desert. It had followed me from the city and now it hung about the cabin, choking me, smoking my mind with evil memories. I'd seen lost souls strung all along the sidewalks. Blank, blurry-eyed mutants from an era dead and buried. These diseased souls clung to walls and park benches, begging for spare change or a one-way ticket home. Loneliness hung like the fog in the bay, insanity stalked the alleyways at night; it approached with a smile, a pat on the back and promises of truth. Man, ain't you had it with all this shit? I know you have, I can see it in your eyes, man. You're lost. Big city—lots of creeps. Folks take advantage of ya. Yeah, I know that trip. Listen, why don't you come home with me. We'll just kick back. I got me some prime...

The gas during the day and Sheila at night. She'd grow restless, tossing and turning, whimpering, then crying. I'd lie awake, staring at the stars through the ceiling, trying not to listen to her. When I could take no more, I'd wake her and she'd lay sobbing, buried in my chest.

One afternoon I came down from a walk in the hills to find her weeping at the table in her cabin. She looked up at me with a tear melted, red face, "I'm leaving in the morning," I said.

"I know," she said. She just stared at me with big, blurry eyes; sloppy, wet cheeks.

She went to bed early that evening. I stayed up and watched the fire celebrate in the wood stove. I smoked too many joints and tapped my foot to a drum beat in the back of my mind.

I knew I was leaving in the morning, yet I went to bed angry. I watched the moon rising from behind the pines. "Fuck off," I muttered.

Sheila started her nightly routine, sighs and heavy breathing growing to moans and whimpers. I gritted my teeth and rolled over. My mind was growing weaker, overcome with a confusion cancer. Her crying grew louder, it pierced the smoke in my brain—it grew thicker. There was a burning hatred in my soul—a hatred of myself and my wasted past, a hatred of those pitiful creatures on the sidewalks, begging from a puddle of urine and self-pity, a hatred for the pathetic soul beside me.

The caldron bubbled over. The flames painted the spirits' faces. The drum echoed in the distance. I tumbled from bed onto the floor, the pain, though vague and dull, aggravated me. Sheila woke screaming. I stumbled into the kitchen groping for the knife. The knife by the sink.

I ran to the bedroom and stood in the door for a moment. Sheila lay there staring wide-eyed in the moonlight. Her only movement was the slight rise and fall of her chest.

I had no more anger in me, no more confusion. Everything felt quiet and right, I walked over to the

bed. I felt no sorrow for this girl. I crawled over to Sheila. No anger. I rose above her, each knee straddling her hips. I stared down at her for a moment. There was no fear in her eyes, only a glow, a realization, the moonlight on the blade. Spirits dancing around a fire. I lowered the knife to her chest; it tested beneath her left breast, making a dent in her skin. She had small breasts, creamy coffee colored with dark nipples that winked and dared me. Her whole body was covered with a silver glow—moon spew. The flames flared and singed her eyebrows. Her breathing was deeper now and she had that smirk on her face. What did she know, dammit! I leaned on the knife. It popped through her flesh and slid in with little resistance. She let out a little gasp and arched her back to meet it. My hand was beneath her breast, sticky, wet and warm.

I sat for a moment; everything was silent. I stared down at the little Indian girl. The realization of what I had done wasn't painful. I felt relieved. I could go home now. I loaded my gear into her car and tore madly down the rocky roads that lead to the highway and back to the desert. I was going home!

I reached bottom and drove a while through the gray dotted desert before I smelled the gas. At first I thought it was the mad gas of the city chasing me home, but I soon realized it was the gas from the car. I had torn a hole in my gas tank during my flight from the hills. The car was soon immobile. I cursed and started walking.

I hadn't walked very far, whistling, when I noticed some buildings silhouetted in the distance, and a tree standing stoically over the highway. I'd returned to the cottonwood and the broken building crossroad. It was good to see something familiar and I sat to rest beneath the cottonwood. I gazed absently at the stars, moon, mountains and flatlands. I noticed something shining across the road and got up to investigate. It was a piece of torn chrome from some passing vehicle. It was about ten inches long, jagged and sharp. I walked back to the cottonwood and slid/sat down against it, all the while turning the shiny object around in my hand. I thought about the death of Moondancer...The tip resting against the skin...The moon reflecting off the chrome...The calm peaceful glow...The drums in the mountains...The fire-eyed spirits...How easily it slips in...

I woke in the late afternoon beneath a cottonwood. Yawning and stretching, I wandered to the highway. I kicked acorn size stones on the highway, trying to center them on the faded white line, looking between kicks for my salvation. I lined up another stone, but kicked too soon. The hissing hollow whine threw off my shot. I was startled to see a car approaching not a hundred yards up the road...

THE SQUARE CAFE

[continued from page 8A]

"Oh, 'tis a dangerous place, America, to be sure." The man fell in step beside her. "May I introduce myself? I'm James Fowler, I live down the road a ways. Lived here all my life, I have, wi' me dear old Mum."

The man's cheerful bantering annoyed her, but getting rid of him seemed too much trouble. Besides, she hadn't talked to anyone in days.

"...and your name?" he was saying.

"Marilyn." She crossed over the road to the church; he followed.

"Marilyn. Lovely name. Care for a sweet? Here, take two." He handed her candy wrapped in cellophane. She bit into one: it tasted bitter, and faintly of dust. He's probably had it in his pocket for years, she thought, and spit it into her hand. He pretended not to notice.

Next to the church was a graveyard, enclosed within a low stone wall; there were no lamps out this way but the moon was rising over the roofs of the cottages. The tombstones and markers lay half in shadow and half in silver-green light. She tried the wrought iron gate but it was locked. Why doesn't he just go away. She rattled the gate but it held fast. The man was breathing down her neck.

"How brave are you feeling tonight, Marilyn?" he whispered.

She said nothing.

"I ask only because...out beyond the graveyard...is the Manor. 'Tis an old place, sixteenth century at least, the Dunraven Estate, have you heard of it?" Fowler took a pipe from his vest pocket and began stuffing it with tobacco. "The original owner

lost it through gambling, and only in recent years have the Dunravens repossessed it."

He struck a match and lit the tobacco; Marilyn stood with her back to him, her eyes fixed on the graves.

"The present lord is forty, and completely mad, so they say, as a result of all the intermarriages. Others say he's crippled, and stares all day at a clock. But I say rubbish, let the man have his privacy. Care to have a look? It's just behind those trees."

Something of the old fear returned, but she quickly regained her composure. Here was an adventure, something to put down in her journal. There was something inviting about the darkness. The way the branches of the trees moved ever so slightly in the night breeze. Fowler offered to carry her rucksack, but she shook her head no. They skirted around the edge of the cemetery and into a thicket of trees, while all the time Marilyn was thinking: this could be a dream and I'd never know it—how do you tell the difference?

Fowler whacked at a few overhanging branches with his umbrella. The air was cold, exhilarating—"Over there!" he gestured wildly, "See the lights!"

The Manor rose like a black turreted column, just above the trees ahead; but it was only a shape, with lighted windows and smoke pouring from its chimneys. Were she to go inside, Marilyn felt, it would be just as she had imagined.

"A real beauty, isn't she? I come here ev'ry night, y'see, just to have a look. Then I go back to

me Mums and dream I'm lord o' the Manor." He chuckled, and stood blinking like an owl in the moonlight. His pipe had gone out.

"Would you give me a little kiss?" The words were barely audible; she was uncertain at first that she had heard him right. He moved nearer. She caught a whiff of tobacco mixed with licorice.

"You've strayed a bit too far, love." His voice grew higher, shakier, and he slid one arm around her.

She froze.

"Just one?" he wheedled, tightening his grasp.

The lights of the Square Cafe—suddenly that was all she wanted: nothing more, just that, the striped walls, electric heater. Life was, after all, really quite simple. Through a parting in the trees Marilyn thought she saw the old woman coming towards her, looking smug, slightly outraged, as though she'd guessed all along this would be the outcome. Then the one face dissolved into many—the pale transparent eyes of her fellow-travelers, crammed into escalators running to the tube; the faces of the London crowds, ticket sellers, pub keepers, powdered ladies with handbags—all of them staring, knowingly, laughing at her. See what you've got yourself into, they said, serves you right. Their eyes were mocking, cruel. But no, those were the eyes of James Fowler, and the face of James Fowler, bending down to her in the moonlight. I won't remember this, Marilyn told herself, it's not really happening.

Then he pressed his mouth to hers, blotting the moon from sight.