

Special Topic: Revolution 101

(not a course title as yet)

A Study of Free Schools

PART II

M49 Nebulae in Dracon's

Got into a rap with some dudes over in the heights a few days ago. They were the usual stoned associational raps, and we got around to talkin' about these letters this one guy was receivin' from the school, to the effect that he had to get rid of his dog. I believe it was worded as, removal of the dog from school property. Of course you realize, that having pets on Meade Heights is against some health and food services law that was laid down by the main campus in state college. Now if you've ever been to main campus, you could understand why that law is laid down, but that's there and not here.

If you've ever had threats mailed to you that kept squeezin' your balls with fines, suspension of living facilities, and other shit—you'd probably end up sendin' your doggie home, too. But I ask you, what kind of shit is that? And the SGA is tryin' to get facilities on campus to be useable, the matter passed, was stamped to red tape, and sent to main campus to be lost in bureaucracy. Everybody is efficient enough to rap about it, and pass it, play the game, and how long are you gonna' play the game fool. There are alot of other games to play besides theirs. There are enough issues in this school, about this school, and such, that we could be busy for years. And what we don't get finished, we just pass it on to the newcomers who will be more radical than us . . . did you ever talk to a ten year old kid?

Yes dogs! I can remember living on boas street in the burg, and the police were constantly receiving complaints about packs

of fornicating dogs runnin' around ballin' on people's front lawns. If we contact the right people, we can build a giant dog whistle, and blow. What we might say is: wake up dead people, nobody likes the crazies, especially rules and regulations. But then what about this military complex we call home for the day, or if you live here, at night also—you still got streets named by the people who carry out murder in S.E. Asia. This place considers one to be a vegetable as those that precedingly grew here. Look at the walls, look at the students faces, look at your self. And then what can you say, ed racey in faculty profile lays down a rap that would suffice for anything more i might be able to render, except (cosmic Word), how about liberation, how about an open system, how about anything. How about it? Hey anybody, what do you think? Let's get us some of that liberation and spread it all around. Let's have pets if we want them, what do you want?

I'm just this bar room fly that sits at a table in V-Ville and just bitches. Look at me, I don't even take positive concerted action to do anything. I don't feel guilty about this cause i know me, i know my abilities and my limitations. I am only one among many humans, but i am not a martyr. All i can do is sit, and wait, and write, so don't pat me on the back for anything. I just dig what i see, i become what i am, and wait for you. Jefferson Starship says: the day is on its way, the day is ours. So whenever we are all ready, we will be.

--michael chew

That's Beside The Point

OR

by Samantha Bower

I had been going to write on the problems we have here at Capitol because of University Park. But I started to read my article and it depressed me, so I decided to write about things to forget the bad things. These are just experiences that I've been through that when I look back on them, seem to be crystal clear and full of peace.

I wake up because the sun is shining in the window and the rooster who lives on the next farm is crowing in the day. The ceiling is so far away and the window sill is just wide enough to sit on and watch the day break upon my mind. Through the oldfashioned vents of the central coal heating system, I smell coffee. Michael is in the bathroom, singing a song to Cathy, who is still trying to struggle out of sleep. Richard brings me coffee and a kiss and we share the window sill and our new feelings for each other. The bareness of the room only seems to add to the feeling of freedom and well-being. There is no clutter, just an old dresser, the big bed and some hooks on the wall for our clothes. It looks like a room in an old western hotel. I keep expecting Richard to say "Wait here, Anna, while I go see the sheriff", and strap on a six-gun and clomp out the door. Instead he throws me back in bed and we wrestle and then lay quiet enjoying the very rare stillness of the house. The cats come up and slip into bed with us, knowing that soon Michael will start on the organ, and Carl will start trying to fix something and make a mess and get mad at them and throw them out anyway, so they hide out with us. I fall asleep again and suddenly Cathy is there and Michael and Carl and they're laughing and pulling us out of bed—"Come and see the barn, there's a swing in it". And so the spell is broken. But it does come again.

It comes again by chance, as it always does, in D.C. through a visit to two friends. In mid-afternoon, just getting awake to face the day, we go outside, and there is her new cycle. 250 c.c. BSA to match his 650 C.C. BSA. And she says take it out. I've never ridden anything bigger than a 250 Honda, and believe me, this bike is heavy.

They get on the 650 and take off, so there I am with this hairy looking machine, and no way of knowing how to get it going. So I play with it, and finally there is that Cadillac-purr under me. Into gear, ease out the clutch, and suddenly I'm off! Airborne, free, laughing, dodging dogs, hair whipping my face. And they come up beside me and start laughing at me and with me. And singing starts somewhere deep inside me—"Everybody I love you, Everybody I do, In your heart is the answer, I need your love to see me through." And I know that the love inside me will see me through. Did you ever want to give the world an embrace?

Did you ever want to kiss the sun? I get on the surf-board and paddle out to the others, having no idea what I'm doing. I'm the only girl, and very self-conscious. I watch the others go in, and just let the sea rock me for a while. Then I know that it's time to give it a chance. A wave comes and I'm not ready and hit sand and come up coughing salt water. Paddle out again, another big wave and I'm off. On my feet and flying over and through the sea and the spray. And it's grand and beautiful and I make it and just lay there with the sea playing with my feet, coaxing me out again, and I laugh. Finally recover the board and make my way on out. Just sit there and let the sun fill me and the sea cradle me. An old man paddles over and hands me some wax. So I wax and he talks—"See those two boys over there? They're my sons. We've been surfing for eight years together. And you?" So I tell him it's my first time out. So, for his own reasons, he gives me the German cross he got in Germany during the war. And I wear it until one day I lose it in the ocean. Finally I get tired and lay on the beach with the sun making a light show on my closed eyelids. I melt into the sand and the smell of the sea. And I realize that at another time and in another place, I would have been a priest of the cult of Ra, the sun god of Egypt. And my mind swells and expands and embraces and sounds of the gulls and sandpipers and the rhythm of the waves and I laugh until I cry.

misunderstanding of what day I should have been there. So I go home and throw things and cry my guts out from frustration. I go the next night, in the faint hope that he might have figured out the mistake I made. In the middle of something I was saying, I look up and there he is. And he looks up and stops in the middle of his sentence. And we walk towards each other and just look and look at the wonder that is there. And I cry and he laughs. And I laugh, and he starts to cry. And there are no words for these things.

These are just some things that have happened. Your mind stops thinking, and just for a minute, you are. You are you, and you are me, and you are everything, and everything is you, and as I said, there just are no words.

ON THE MOVE

There's a place not far from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, a mountain ridge cut, wounded, by the Susquehanna knife, where I like to sit. I look down off the end of the ridge (in fall, winter, and early spring, when there are no leaves on the trees) at the river, ruins of old bridges and the ruin of one still standing; at the road, Z-28's, Mustangs, Chevrolets, lumbering semirigs, and the occasional motorcycle, all tearing hell-for-leather from someplace to somewhere; at the valley parallel to the ridge, marching off into the haze, a forest that could contain Indians, if you close your eyes very tightly and drink enough wine. And at the rock out-croppings from the ridge across the river, where the mountain lions used to lie in the sun, twitching their fat tails and purring through half-closed eyes.

--Phares D.

SMILIN' FACES

by Steve Wesley & Steve Rosenzweig

There will be no soliciting on campus.

And what is the bathtub race???

Who is the crutch man of the Free Parking Players?

Keep trying Mike Cernusa. Gregg Crescendo had it right (he cheated).

Hear we are getting an honor system like the Air Force Academy. There goes the student body.

LOST: one pierced earring, flower shaped with stone in center. \$10 reward. See Daisy in the cafeteria.

The Marathon Dance was a ripoff. They had to be out by 2 a.m. It was still a great dance.

Congrats to the winners and participants.

Sam—if you were in shape you would not have gotten those cramps.

Love is a many splendor thing, but ballin' is much nicer.

Can a fellow love two women at the same time? Not unless he has a special attachment for one of them.

An old maid is a girl who is 24—where she should be 38.

Happiness is finding the owner of a lost bikini.

One pair of twin beds could

be called period furniture.

There was once a lady sheriff down in Texas, and every man in Durango County tried to get into her posse.

Once upon a time there were two Burmese girls looking for a Mandalay.

SUPER-SCOOP -- the basketball team may get an invitation to the NIT if they win the rest of their games.

Welcome aboard, Dr. McDermott.

Don't ever get a bum steer.

Limerick of the Week:

There was once a young lady from Chin who porcelainized her vagina,

as an elegant plate, it was simply great,

Whether one was the dinner or diner.

Last week's trivia answer is Richard Deacon played Melvin Cooley in the old Dick Van Dyke Show. Thanks Mrs. Thompson.

This week's trivia question is: Who played Tonto in the Lone Ranger?

If you know the answer or have a contribution call Steve at 944-9751.

Belated birthday wishes to Bernie Boyle.

And to all you libbers—don't take it personally. OK. Becky.

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