

AMONG THE DOGS

By

Agamemnon O'Brien

The last episode, if you want to remember, found Lars Jankowski, thirteen-year old soft-core porno film star, pondering the new Supreme Court ruling on obscenity. He was interrupted by Phoenecia Tenderloin, his two-year old Irish Setter co-star, in the midst of troubled thoughts. As she sat on the floor of Lars' dressing room, Phoenecia sensed that all was not well with the young boy.

"Lars, is something wrong?"

"Huh?"

"Is something wrong?"

"Yes. Did you read about the new ruling on obscenity?"

"I did. It's terrible. We might be out of a job."

"Right. When we are almost at the top of our careers."

"What can we do, Lars?"

"I'm thinking, Phoenecia."

The young boy placed his hands in his face and sighed. Had he come this far to be shot down by a handful of narrow-minded old men in black robes? And Phoenecia, what of her? Would she be thrown back into the alley? No! He must think of something.

"I've got it, Phoenecia," Lars exclaimed.

"Wonderful. What is it?"

"Redeeming Social Value."

"What?" Phoenecia asked excitedly.

"Redeeming Social Value. What's our next picture?"

"A Hound in Heat," Phoenecia replied. "It's about a boy who finds that his dog wants to do more than just fetch sticks and walk faithfully by his side. Of course, I play the dog."

"Of course," Lars replied. "What's the plot?"

"Well," Phoenecia paused, "we just get it on same as always--one hundred and thirty five minutes."

"Why don't we do something different?"

"You mean like you underne--"

"No," Lars interrupted, "I mean the redeeming social value. I'll talk to Mr. Vesicle. I'll tell him that this picture has depth. We'll show the breakdown of the traditional boy-dog relationship. You'll show that you are intense. That you have an identity--a need to be seen and understood as a being. Oh, Phoenecia, it's beautiful."

"What about our intimate scenes, Lars?" Phoenecia got up from the floor, walked gingerly over to him, and licked his hand. "You know how I feel about you."

"Sure I do. We can shoot the skin scenes against the background of our new-found relationship."

"I don't know, Lars. I don't know if I can handle it."

Phoenecia giggled. "Pardon the pun."

"I know you can." Lars knelt down and took her head in his hands. He looked into her soft, brown eyes. His heart began to fill with desire as he rubbed her silky ears. "Sweetheart, this picture will be beau--" Lars suddenly dropped the dog's head and began clawing at his stomach and groin. "This damn itching."

"What itching, Lars?"

"I can't understand it. I've been scratching for three days and it won't go--wait a minute!"

Lars looked at Phoenecia angrily. He bent over her and grabbed her throat.

"You dumb slob," Lars screamed.

"What's wrong?" Phoenecia cried as he lifted her from the ground.

"You bitch," Lars continued, "you don't have any brains."

"Please Lars, you're hurting me," Phoenecia cried as she clawed the air.

"You idiot," Lars screamed, "where's the collar I bought you?"

"Oh Lars, it hurt me, I couldn't stand it. I had to take it off. Why are you so angry?"

"You dumb animal--you knew you were supposed to wear it."

Suddenly Phoenecia knew the reason for Lars' anger. Her body went limp and she looked at him and began to sob loudly.

"Oh Lars," she cried, "I didn't realize--I just wasn't thinking. I didn't give you--"

"Yes, Phoenecia," Lars said bitterly, hatefully, "you gave me the fleas."

"OH LARS, NO." Phoenecia cried. "I didn't mean it."

"You'll pay for this," Lars said menacingly, "you'll not ruin my stomach with scratch marks again."

"No Lars, wait."

But it was too late. The love and tenderness that had swelled in Lars' heart just a few short moments before was replaced with hate. He turned and walked to his dressing table. Flinging open the center drawer, his eyes stole to the pearl handled .38 special and his fingers closed about it. . . .

To be continued.

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About the Author

The response to Agamemnon O'Briens latest installment of "Among the Dogs" has been overwhelming. Below are just a few reactions to "Among the Dogs" as gathered by the editors of the "CC Reader":

"... beneath the satiric social comments lies a man to whom words have no value . . ." William F. Buckley.

"Phoenecia Tenderloin will be immortalized as the new champion of women's liberation . . ." Germaine Greer & Helen Reddy.

"... a refreshing change from the doldrums of mediocre writing -- O'Brien's writing is garbage . . ." Kurt Vonnegut.

"... the people are speaking -- all power to the people . . ." Le Duc Tho.

"... will Lars Jankowski become the new Yakov Bok???" Bernard Malamud.

"... the guy's a smack . . ." Lou Gordon.

"... Mr. O'Brien's writing will touch animals the world over -- we may yet be able to save the rare Hummelstown aardvark . . ." Marlin Perkins.

"... inspiring -- new hope for American literature . . ." Billy Graham.

"... a gut reaction to the problem of moral decline in America . . . U.S.A." Burt Reynolds.

"... new truth for all Americans . . ." Spiro T. Agnew.

"... dynamite . . . a champion who throws away the rule book . . . the man who looks the opposition in the face and says, 'I feel with my heart and think with my hands -- my brains are bitter' . . ." Howard Cosell.

No Sense

Paul F. Shoenfelt

I thought I knew a wise man,
but it was only Dylan.

I thought I saw the way,
But it was only Jesus.

I thought I heard an Angel,
But it was only Joan.

I thought I tasted freedom,
but it was only knowledge.

I thought I felt peace,
but it was only in my mind.

I thought I smelled a flower,
but it was only death.

* * *

Is Anyone Reading Us?

Would you like to tell us
what we are doing wrong? We
would appreciate your criticisms
or complaints in the form of
Letters to the Editors. Just drop
them off in the Reader Office in
W-104.

Last Game Of The Season

Soccer at 2 P.M.

Capitol

vs.

Harrisburg Soccer Club

Capitol's Field Behind

The Rec/Athletic Building

ride
Hey

There will be a hayride at Grass-Mere Farms sponsored by the Social Committee on Saturday, November 10th. The hayride will begin at 9:00 p.m. and be followed by food and beer. Dress warmly and bring your blankets. Tickets will be on sale Monday October 29th to Tuesday November 6th in Vendorville. Cost is \$2.00 per person and the seats are limited.

There's a bunch of guys I know of,
With me they really rate,
At least the way they accomplish things,
Is really and truly great.

Whenever a need arises,
If they can do their share,
You'd better believe these fellows,
Will be the first one there.

Some knock them for their drinking,
And I don't think that's nice,
Cause the ones that knock their drinking,
Usually have an eviler vice.
(I also notice they are the first ones
at the Keggars)

These guys really stick together,
They're brothers through and through,
And I don't give a damn what anyone says,
XGI'S, I REALLY LOVE YOU!!!

T.	O.	H.	F.	M.
H	N	O	E	E
E	L	N	M	M
	Y	O	A	B
		R	L	E
		A	E	R
		R		
		Y		

Chi Gamma Iota

Walkway Reality

By J. B. Langdon

The long-awaited and much-needed walkway from the dormitories to the Main Building is becoming a reality. Actual construction of the 2050 foot project began October 22. Since 1967, plans for the walkway have been discussed, but were stalled, until recently, by funding problems.

For the first time in eight years, resident students will be able to walk to classes safely, and in poor weather, without becoming unnecessarily soiled. Photo-cell lamps, which automatically regulate themselves, will illuminate the six-foot wide macadam walkway for nighttime pedestrians.

James Rohrbaugh, supervisor of the Capitol Campus Maintenance and Operations Department, stated that completion of the \$43,600 walkway "will certainly occur before heavy winter weather sets in.. Reseeding, the final phase of construction, will probably take place next spring, unless extremely good weather prevails this season.

Usage of the walkway will be restricted to pedestrian traffic, elimination the certain safety hazards that would be created by bicycles and motorcycles.

So far, construction has not encountered any unusual difficulties, but caution is being continued, for a part of the digging will come quite close to the dormitories' main heating lines.

A point of interest and a problem the designing engineers faced, is the section of walkway which will span the ravine below the Fifth Street railroad tracks. Students, in past years, have been accustomed to climbing the steep, often slippery, path to Fifth Street with the 'aid' of shelf-like lumps of earth and tufts of grass. Construction plans call for a five to six-foot fill with a concrete retaining wall to carry

the walkway across the gulley. An anodized aluminum hand-rail will also be installed.

This new addition to permanent campus pedestrian routes, is part of an overall plan by the University to construct needed sidewalks and paths. Concerning the future, the Meade Heights Walkway (completed in 1969) may connect with the walkway now under construction, if money continues to trickle down from University Park. Students will still have to walk about one-hundred yards on the street until such a connection is built.

During the past summer, two contractors from Harrisburg, Kimbob, Inc. and Howard P. Foley, were awarded the construction and electrical contracts for their competitive low bids of \$34,000 and \$9,000 respectively. Kimbob, Inc. is building the walks and the retaining wall project. Howard P. Foley's firm is installing all electrical equipment, including the lamps, transformers and buried wire.

All bids were received by main campus University, because nearly all major new construction for the university's branch campuses is centered at University Park. According to Rohrbaugh, Capitol Campus is a "using agency" which utilizes University-allocated funds to improve the campus. All the designs, blueprints and engineering endeavors also originate at main campus from the Office of Physical Plant Design and Engineering.

Walkway Specifications

length: 2050

Width: 6 feet

Depth: A four-inch compacted stone base, with a two and one-half inch layer of black top.

Lighting: 175 watt Photo-cell lamps, spaced every 130 feet on 12 foot wooden posts.

Remember Billy Jean?

Remember Bobby Riggs?

Well, the second event of the "Battle of the Sexes" will take place right here at Capitol as,

Yearbook Presents,

Thurs., Nov. 13, at the Athletic Field,

an all male team (wearing dresses) "vs."

an all female team (in football suits).

Come cheer for your favorite sex

Support Yearbook

and show up-free admission-time will be announced

Will the feminine gender be victorious again?

WZAP

Staff Meeting

Monday

November 12

7:00 in the
Radio Station

All Departments

are asked

to attend

You better be
There