

Book Review...

Time's Arrow takes you back through time ...Backward

by Paul Plisiewicz
The Collegian

Assume that your conscience, as you lie dead under the gaze of several whitesmoked physicians, takes a final look at your entire life, in reverse.

Imagine how absurd your existence would seem as you walk backward down crowded streets saying hello to good friends you've never seen before.

Or, the cruelty and pleasure with which you take toys from small children - who graciously, smilingly, hand them to you. Then, for the few petty dollars given to you by a teenage cashier, you kindly place the items back on the shelf in aisle nine at the local toy shop.

Of course, none of what you witness makes any sense. You begin to lose confidence in the world. You dream of people you've never seen before, places you've never been and things you've never done or experienced.

Then, you start to feel as if something important awaits beyond the horizon. Something terrible, something you know to be wrong.

You begin to have premonitions of things you should know nothing about but are strangely familiar with. You think: When will this spouse of mine come along? Who is she? What's with these dreams of babies and bombs? And, why does the damn telephone ring three or four times every time I hang up?

And sex? Sex!
First, the tell-tale, slap-in-the-face from the crying woman. Then, you both climb into a cab. Fortunately, the dedicated men of this profession are always there when you need them. "No wonder [you] stand there, for hours on end, waving goodbye, or saluting - saluting this fine service."

Upon entering the house, you immediately strip and go at it, gratuitously. You follow the heavy stuff up with what seems like overkill - a half hour or so of afterplay. Later, dinner and a few pecks on the cheek and "Hey you finally made it!" as she's going

out the door.

You become disgusted with the way this body, your body, this vile creature, jumps head first into these relationships and then lets them fizzle away into oblivion, forgetting they ever occurred. The body strengthens and looks better and better but never appreciates its good fortune.

You hate your job. Why do those people come to you with casts and gauze only to have them removed and a rib or leg broken? The answers are not there, yet. All the while you're haunted by those dreams.

Later, after going to Germany, to war, you realize your life's purpose. Everything falls into place. How can one man do so much good, you wonder. The way you fashion humans - especially Jews - from fire and gas at Auschwitz. Auschwitz: the hub of creation.

After it's over, after you've given all you had to the cause, you forget everything. The dreams have stopped. You've met your wife and she is gone. This you do not understand. Nothing makes sense like it did in Auschwitz. You begin to think that perhaps it was wrong creating them like you did.

What about the children? Why give them life when they have but a short while before they are sucked up by their mothers' wombs?

Why were the Jews forced to work so hard for their lives? You gave them life and then worked their frail bodies until they were filthy and sent them away on trains.

These are the things you've forgotten, the things you've replaced with your childish dreams and fantasies.

You curl into your own mother's arms, crying, bawling and decide that perhaps everything was wrong. Was their nothing you could have done to prevent your host's mistakes? You close your eyes. "[You] see an arrow fly - but wrongly. Point first."

This is *Time's Arrow*.
Read it.

Salsamba: Latin Jazz Group



Snazzy Jazzy: Salsamba has a recipe for musical excitement to share in Reed 117 on Monday, Nov. 18 at 8:00 p.m. From left to right: George Jones, Congas; Rich Loose, bass; Eric Susoeff, guitar; Lou Stellute, sax and flute; and Gary Quinones, timbales.

Hauntingly hilarious The Roadhouse's Spooks is a surprise

by Timothy Jones
The Collegian

Spooks, The Haunting of the Skowronski Sisters is a new comedy written by Richard Boler and directed by Scott McClelland. When you go to see this play, you'll find great directing and great acting, but what you won't find is horror.

Spooks is not an appropriate title for the play. When you hear *Spooks*, it makes you think of something scary. But instead it's something humorous.

The characters come alive on stage and each actor grabs his scene by the reigns and makes the most of it. If it's not Geri Baker's Pearl running around always in a frenzy, trying to be the perfect hostess, then it's Alberta Nelson-Gilman's Josie, whose antics will make you laugh.

Linda Gamble's Annic is hilarious and every one of her scenes is enjoyable to watch. Bobbie Kocher's Irene Rose is the level-headed

sister, who keeps all the sisters together. Her humor is sophisticated and real compared to the others. All four actresses have great comedic talent.

Adding to the already humorous situation is Len Dombrowski's Fr. Wisinski and Peg Sinclair's Attilia. When these two meet for the first time, you won't stop laughing. Here's

an example:

Fr. Wisinski: "It's nice to meet you sister."

Attilia: "My ass in your face."

This is only one example of the great lines she says. Sinclair is perfect in the role of Attilia because she's funny and a breath of fresh air.

The whole cast works as one making the story funny and flowing. The only problem is its ending. There should be something more - something to bring *Spooks* to a climax.

Spooks runs at The Roadhouse Theater through Nov. 24. The theater is located on 1501 State Street, Erie, PA 16501. It has also been extended for two more performances on Friday, Nov. 29 and Saturday Nov. 30. Starting times for Thursday, Friday and Saturday are 8:00 pm and Sunday at 3:00 pm.

Admission is \$7.00-students and \$5.00-seniors on Thursdays and Sundays only. Call 459-8215 for reservations.



Spooks doesn't scare: A hilarious situation arises when the Skowronski house is blessed to free it of its ghosts.

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Hey Joe, catch all the latest and greatest Sports info on pages 11 and 12 with G-man, the Sports god.

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