



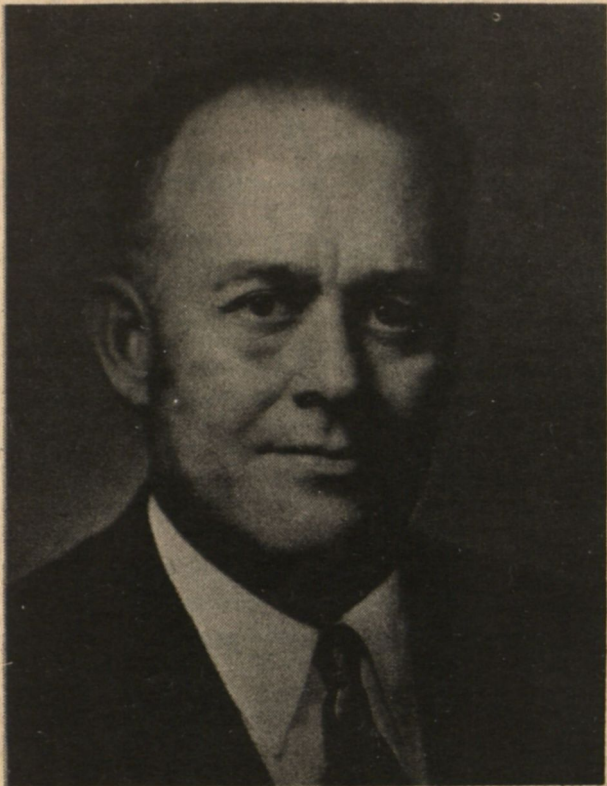
the

SENTINEL

KENNESAW JUNIOR COLLEGE
MARIETTA, GEORGIA

VOL. 10, NUMBER 2
SEPTEMBER 2, 1975

James V. Carmichael Center Opened/Dedicated



James V. Carmichael

The James V. Carmichael Student Center will be dedicated in ceremonies at Kennesaw Junior College on October 2, 1975. Attending the ceremonies will be Governor George Busbee and Mrs. James V. Carmichael, among other dignitaries.

The new student center is named for the late James V. Carmichael, a native of Cobb County who served on the Board of Regents of the University System of Georgia.

James V. Carmichael was instrumental in gaining approval for the construction of the new student center at Kennesaw. The decision was made in 1971 which launched the planning and development of the J.V.C. building.

"Mr. Carmichael was a very distinguished resident of this community and the state of

Georgia. He assisted the college in hosting the Board of Regents in Marietta in 1971 and it was during that meeting that the new student center was authorized by the board," according to Dr. Horace Sturgis, President, Kennesaw Junior College.

Carmichael achieved national prominence in 1946 when he won the popular vote for election as governor of Georgia but lost under the County Unit System.

He received the largest number of votes that had ever been cast for a gubernatorial candidate and outpolled Eugene Talmadge by 16,000 votes. However, Talmadge won the election based on the allocation of County Unit Votes.

Mr. Carmichael served as the member of the Board of

Regents from the Seventh District from Jan. 19, 1966, until his death Nov. 28, 1972. He practiced law in Marietta from 1933 to 1943, and was associated with Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Scripto, Inc., Trust Company of Georgia, Southern Company and Georgia International Life Insurance.

The James V. Carmichael Student Center includes a large cafeteria and dining hall, bookstore, counseling offices, clinic, lounge area, meeting rooms, and offices for student clubs and organizations. The center is equipped with a sound system that pipes music throughout the building and the lounge area will contain pool tables and gaming machines.

'75 Movie Schedule Announced

The 1975 film schedule for KJC has been released by the Entertainment Committee. (See page 6-7 for special preview.)

The movies are to be shown in the Multi-Purpose room of the J.V.C. Student Center and will be free for Kennesaw students. Times T.B.A.

Highlighting the Fall Quarter films will be **Easy Rider** starring Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The film deals with the exploits of two outcast bikers and their duel with America. Also scheduled for Fall is Comedy Night with the Marx Brothers, Abbott and Costello, and W.C. Fields.

Fear and Loathing At Georgia Tech

[See Page 5]



SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE

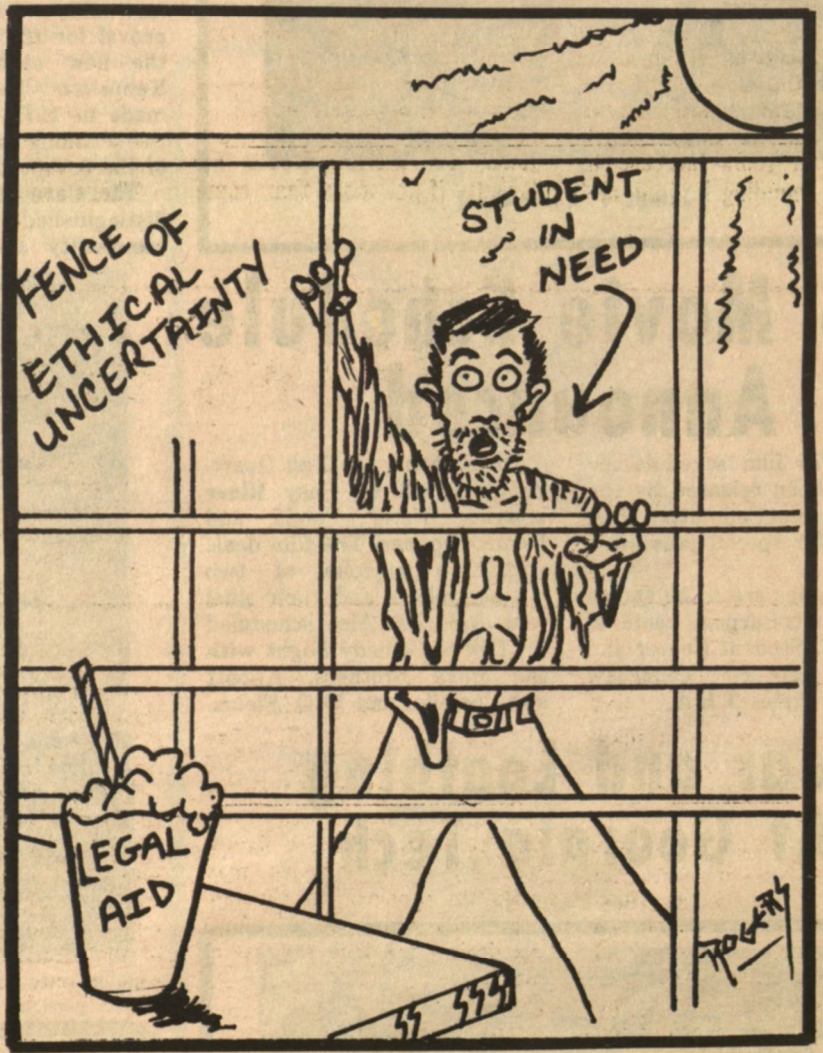
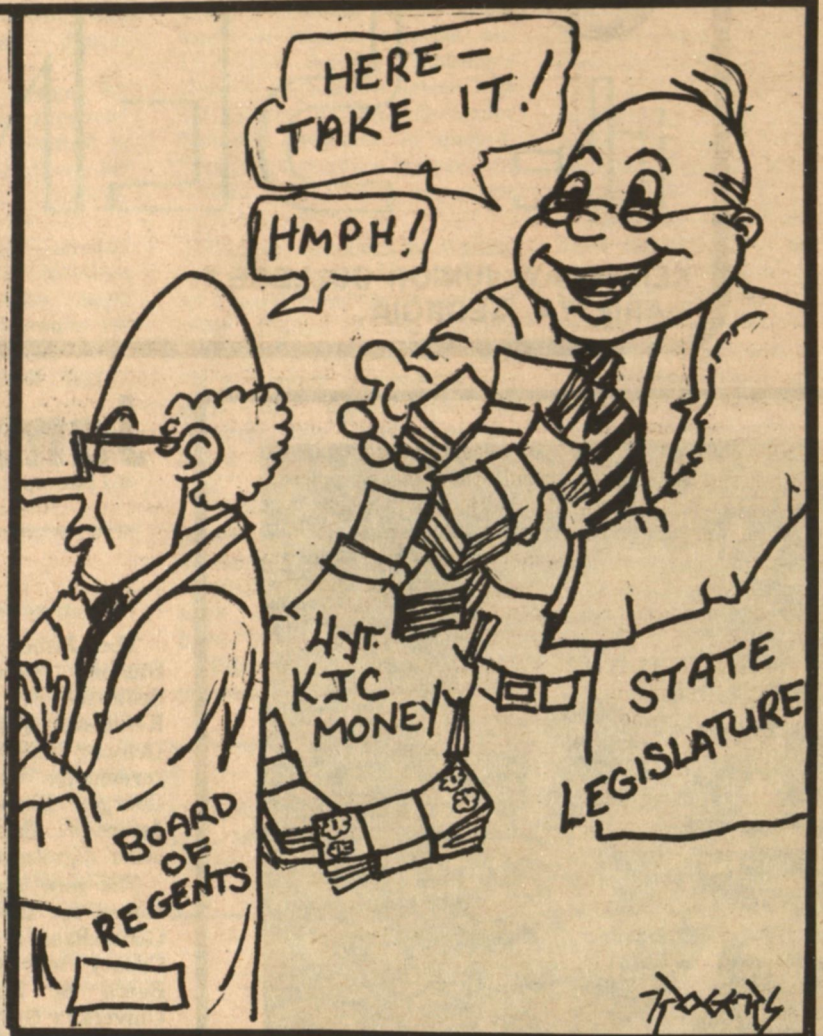
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PENITORIALS

by Ken Rogers



KENNESAW JUNIOR COLLEGE
MARIETTA, GEORGIA
30061

the SENTINEL

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The Staggering Economy

by Dr. Neal McKenzie

Part 2

Most news reports now say that the recovery has begun. This judgment is based on the fact that the so-called leading economic indicators have been pointing up for the past two months. However, it is wise to keep in mind that two months ago the leading economic indicators were redefined. If we were still using the old indicators, they would still be pointing down. Has 1984 arrived nine years early?

What has been done to reverse the recession?

The two old reliable types of action that the government can take to influence economic activity are fiscal and monetary action. Fiscal policy action is when the Federal government changes the level of its expenditures or the level of its taxes in order to affect economic activity, and monetary policy action is when the Federal Reserve varies the amount of money in order to affect economic activity.

The federal government has, over the past few months, engaged in some fiscal policy actions designed to stimulate the economy. There were the tax rebate checks mailed out in May which resulted in some increase in personal spending in June and

July. However, most of this increase in activity was temporary and will provide no long-term improvement. There has been a reduction in income tax withholding rates which will provide some longer term increase in personal spending, but this may be entirely offset by recent increases in gasoline and other energy prices.

With the increase in unemployment compensation payments—some unemployed workers may be able to draw compensation for up to 65 weeks—it appears that the government is increasing its level of expenditures. However, for an increase in government spending to be effective in stimulating the economy, it must directly cause an increase in production. If the government builds or buys something, there is a direct increase in production. If the government merely takes money from one group of people, by taxing or borrowing, and gives it to another group of people, there is no new production, no new employment, and no economic stimulation.

Even if the Federal government were definitely engaging in expansive fiscal policy actions, its actions would be largely, if not more than com-

pletely, offset by the 10-15% decrease in state and local spending which is now occurring.

For a while it looked as if the Federal Reserve were engaging in expansionary monetary policy. For a couple of months the stock of money increased dramatically. However, during the last few weeks it appears that the Fed is slowing down on its monetary expansion and interest rates are now rising. The Federal budget deficit for this year will probably push interest rates still higher. These higher interest rates will make businessmen even more reluctant to borrow the funds necessary to increase output and will make people even more reluctant to buy big ticket items like automobiles and houses.

In my opinion the actions taken by the government so far have done very little to reverse the recession. In fact, the increases in unemployment compensation and the increases in the stock of money could easily be inflationary. This is supported by the fact that the annual rate of inflation has again exceeded 10%.

What can be done to reverse the recession?

There are several important

problems associated with the recession. About 10% of the people who are willing and able to work cannot find jobs. Many of the things that we would like to have, and can now afford due to the availability of resources, are not being produced in the quantities that we would like. Despite the fact that many people are unemployed, some groups of workers are receiving handsome raises. Despite the fact that a sizable percentage of our non-labor resources are now idle, some resources, particularly petroleum, are receiving higher prices.

We went into this recession with several problems already existing. Inflation was and continues to be a serious problem. A sizable percentage of our population lives in sub-standard housing. Our rivers and our air are unbearably polluted. Our transportation system is inadequate and hazardous to our health. There was and continues to be an energy shortage.

Whether we like it or not, most of these problems cannot be solved by the private sector. There is only one organization with the power and ability to deal with these problems—the Federal Government. The government can

put the unemployed people to work. It can put them to work building transportation systems, building housing, cleaning up rivers and streets, controlling crime, teaching the uneducated, developing new energy sources, and in any other socially desirable activities. For the first time since World War II we can "afford" such work since the resources are available.

World War II pulled us out of the Great Depression. Let us now pull ourselves out of this recession by declaring war—war on our many social problems. Of course, such a war would still leave the inflationary problem and would make it even worse. However, during World War II, the inflationary problems were contained through wage and price controls. It is my opinion that we again need wage and price controls, fairly and completely applied for an extended period of time. Many people say that we tried controls in 1971 and they did not work. The fact is that we did not try controls then. Three months is not long enough to determine whether any economic policy works. The controls did not cause the economic situation to worsen in 1971-72, but the premature removal of controls did.

News From The Top

by Randy Krise
Vice-President, Student
Government Association
Kennesaw Junior College



The news from the top this issue is very exciting. The SGA is busy working on many programs and problems that will effect each one of us.

At the beginning of this quarter a fantastic new program was announced which would have provided the student body with free legal advice. Unfortunately, the services lasted only one day because a question of professional ethics was raised. As most of us are aware, a lawyer is prohibited from advertising or soliciting for clients. Dr. Sturgis asked that this service be discontinued until such time as a decision by the bar association could be reached to clarify

if, in fact, this was in violation of the legal code of ethics. In the meantime, the SGA has been able to secure the services of a group of lawyers who are performing this service at Georgia State University. All KJC students may make an appointment through this SGA office as a referral service to the free service at GSU.

The Constitution Revision Committee keeps on rolling. We are trying to have a finished product ready for student referendum by the fall elections. The main points which have been included so far will be the return of the vote to all students, a restruc-

ture of the Entertainment Committee, and a loosening of grade point requirements to hold office in the SGA.

The problem of coffee for the night students has once more been resolved. The SGA voted to continue not to serve coffee at night because of the expense and the apparent lack of justification of providing a service only half of the school day.

The new student center will be opened on Sept. 1, 1975. We are relieved to see that after all these months of delay we will finally get to utilize this beautiful facility. I would also like to note that some expensive toys will be placed in

the upstairs portion of the center. Three Brunswick pool tables have been purchased as well as a multitude of electric gaming devices. There will be a projection room and many other outstanding features.

It is not too soon to be planning your candidacy for the Fall Senatorial positions. There will be ten positions up for grabs to those who would consider running. We would like to appeal to those persons who feel qualified to consider this alternative to constant bitching.

It has been established that there will be a Leadership Conference shortly after the start of the Fall Quarter. It

will most likely be a weekend retreat, designed to unite the leaders of the campus community. We hope that through this venture we will be able to open avenues of communication among all campus clubs and organizations. We will strive for more visibility of these organizations. This will also afford new students the opportunity to become involved in campus activities.

Remember! All SGA meetings are Tuesdays at 2:00 p.m. in the Social Science Building in room 121 with a Constitution Revision Committee meeting at 3:00 p.m. at the same location. We need everyone's participation to make KJC the best school in the system.

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SEX WHOLESALÉ: THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE COLLEGE MALE

Sometimes equality can be an extremely relative term.

The pervasive attitude among members of the college campus, the plastic intelligensia, is a sense of heightened enlightenment resulting in canned stupor. Despite their self-proclaimed awareness, college students are becoming increasingly dull in the 70's.

In the era of the 60's, American college campuses witnessed a revolution of ideas and activism. There were riots. People were killed. New rules were written for the behavioral science of academia. Old notions were semi-discarded and sometimes a great notion would rise to the surface. Square conservatism was out and liberalism was definitely in. The "jock" as campus idol withered on the vine and a winter crop was sown to reap poets and gentle people full of "new world" philosophy. But evolution must run its course and

the causes of the sixties soon became mute; new wave advocates found their utopias in a state of flux and their voices drawing feeble response and, ultimately, a forced obscurity.

To be sure, there were some lasting changes made in the sixties, particularly in the area of college freedoms, and we are beneficiaries of a few of these changes today. For most, however, the pages of the sixties are just history, little more.

Perhaps the apathy of today's college kids is an overreaction to the previous era. The "revolution" may have been too soon and too fast. For whatever reason, many of the positive transformations of the sixties have either been placed aside or mutated. The era when all members of the human race are "water brothers grokking" (*) each other has been left on a side track and the 'freedom'

train keeps rolling leaving behind the spilled blood of its victims on the tracks.

The unfortunate aspect of this journey is the apparent ignorance of one of the victims - the college woman. The woman, in her quest for equality, feels she has won, if not victory, at least a battle in her relationship with the college male. This feeling, from the point of observation, may be deceptive.

While superficially, the college male manifests an understanding of woman's desire for sexual liberation and equality, most college men still hold women in mental bondage, shackling them to the "bunny" sex object philosophy when not in direct confrontation with them as people. This can be seen readily by sitting with a group of college men and listening closely to their conversation. The appraisal and evaluation of the "physical female" tends

to dominate any lengthy conversation. Remember, these are the men who are considered to be the enlightened thinkers, not the uneducated "blue-collar" stereotypes generally cited by women libbers.

In all fairness to the college male, however, it is important to point out that some of the college women may, themselves, be to blame for the sexist attitudes of their male counterparts. Many of these women feel the terms liberation and promiscuity are synonyms. Some, lacking a complete understanding of the movement, have adopted the philosophy of equating freedom with looseness in their quest for equality. Liberation does imply an awareness and consideration for sexual fulfillment but the true liberation is the achievement of equal status as people.

Sex is a natural drive but the word means more than

physical intercourse; interaction between two sexual beings as equal people in the same ecosphere is much more important to the definition. Until such time as men begin to view women as people first, both sexes are going to suffer from the relativity of equality.

*Water Brother - a term coined by sci-fi writer Robert A. Heinlein in his *Stranger In A Strange Land* meaning complete equality and understanding on a cosmic level in the relationship between two individuals. Grok (from the same book) means to achieve total understanding.

by
**GARY
SIMMERS**

Joan of Tech And Subsequent Events In The History of A Saturday Night In Metropolis

by Avery Hudson

Saturday night. Cloudy. Wrapped securely in my sleeping bag reading my crisp, new copy of Science Fiction Hall of Fame, Gary telling me (1) Joan Baez is in town for a concert, and (2) he needs wheels to get there.

O.K. ...sounds good. I call Tech to find out about showtime. Nobody there knows anything about a show, only confirming my suspicion that there is one.

I go pick Gary up at eight and we head down I-75. We start talking about 30's Sci-fi and I take the Buckhead exit. Whoops.

We get to the Colosseum after a slight delay. Looking for a place to park, I head for the lot closest to the entrance but a cop starts shouting. (His contorted features and rapid arm waving indicate for sure that there will be hell to pay if we don't move our asses.) Gary says "Wait!" "Hey, where's Press Parking?"

"You got a press card?"

"Yeah."

"Let's see it."

"Here." A flashlight scans Gary's face.

"O.K. Right over here."

I park the car and we go up to the door. Gary flashes his card and says "He's with me." I fumble around my pockets like I lost my wallet and walk fast.

It's hot inside. Jimmy Buffet's finishing his set. Gary gets several comments (favorable) on a pair of wild blue loafers he's wearing. He buys me a coke and we lean against the wall, smoking cigarettes.

With visions of an air-conditioned room with a bar and several swivel chairs that lean back floating through my head, we ask every cop we see where the press box is. We are answered by lots of head shaking. "Press box? No - don't know nothin' 'bout no press box."

Gary and I get tired of standing so we find an empty section behind the stage and sit down. Gary sees some official looking people down on the floor. He goes down to one of them and asks where the press reception is going to be held. This begins a lengthy run-around which ends up with us standing at a guarded door. Evidently this is the entrance to the Inner Temple. Only a select few with marks on their chests in the form of a Promoter's pass are allowed within. No one else.

Gary goes off in search of the Promoter and comes back with disheartening news. No press is being allowed in. They are "tired of bad publicity." I try to figure out the logic behind the statement.

Our big chance blown, we walk down to the stage entrance and stand with some photographers. The Lady comes walking down arm in arm with one of her flappers.

The flashbulbs start popping and she looks **frightened - like really scared.**

Gary and I leave during "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" and I say if we had thought about this earlier, we could have gotten something good.

We get back to the parking lot just in time to see the promoter carrying a cardboard box full of money to his car. He's accompanied by a cop and two nymphs. Ah well, where do we go from here.

Like what can you do in Atlanta after 12:00 on Saturday night?

FLASH!

The Film Forum! We get in my Falcon and drive off - making comments on how nice it is to get out before everybody else. Trying to get back into the city, across 75, I head to the center of the Georgia Tech Campus. We cruise around there for awhile until I get my bearings straight somewhere south of where we wanted to go. (Ansley Mall.) I find Pharr Road; remember it runs into Piedmont. Okay. On Piedmont now, right or left. Left. Three miles later, at the end of Piedmont, I realize left is not the way. I ask directions from a couple in a car that has pulled up next to us. They say "Ansley Mall. Yeah. It's on Piedmont but it's way down that way" but that don't look good in print so they said "it way back there." Okay. On our way for sure now. I decide to make up time. At 12:30, Okay. So I'm flying down Piedmont as close as you can come to flying in a Falcon anyhow and Gary notices two blue lights apparently coming in for the kill. I've never seen the movie Jaws but somehow those two blazing blue lights reminded me of it. I read the book. Gary says you better slow down, man. I do slow down. The lights pass us. We finally get to Ansley Mall. Turning around the corner, I notice two police cars at the Film Forum, lights aflash. We pull up to the door anyhow and I hear the cop asking directions from Dooley. Somehow that strikes me as funny. The cars take off and I get out of the Falcon. I ask Dooley how long the movie has been on and he says it really doesn't matter my friend because we are all sold out anyhow.

Gary and I walk over to the grocery store and buy two plums. Nickel each.

Out of the store, Gary spots an International House of Pancakes and decides he wants an early breakfast.

The fags have come out and a lot of them are in the IHOP with us. One of them is wearing a shell necklace just like mine. Midway through our breakfast an innocent face appears out of the decadence

and says "Hey man, me and my partner saw you two at the concert standing backstage and I was wondering like if you uh...know her or anything."

"No, sure don't."

"Well, I tell you. I just really dig her and if you think there's any way you'll be seeing her tomorrow, well...is there any way you could get an autograph or anything! I don't care what she writes. I

really dig her."

"Well, we won't be seeing her."

"Oh, yeah...well."

"You two like to play pool?" I work down at the Plaza Pool Hall - you know where that is?"

"Yeah, sure do."

"Well if you'll come down there anytime after eight, I'll give you a game on the house.

Yeah, come on down and play for free. And if you do get her autograph or anything just bring it to me while I'm working - even if I'm not there just give it to whoever's working and they'll keep it for me. But come on down sometime and play a game anyhow."

I just sit here amazed at this little guy who is so fast and so cool and so glad talking to us.



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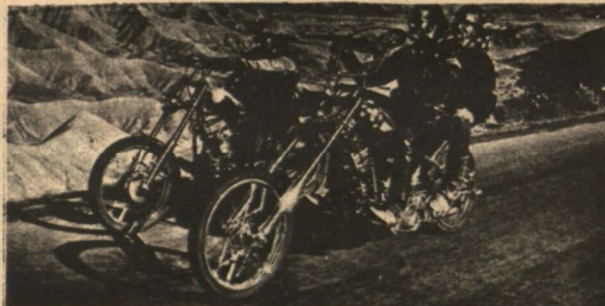
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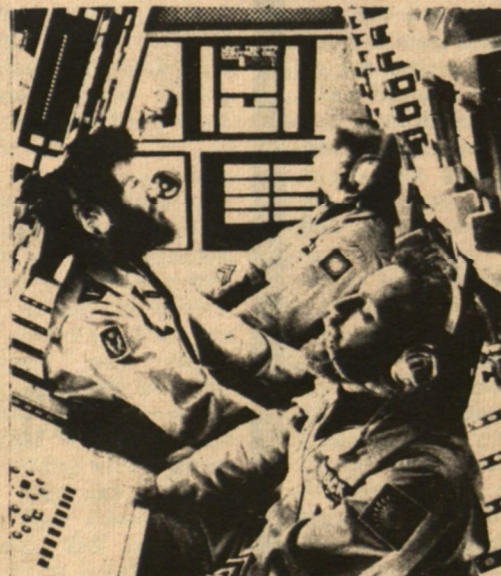
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EASY RIDER OCT. 10



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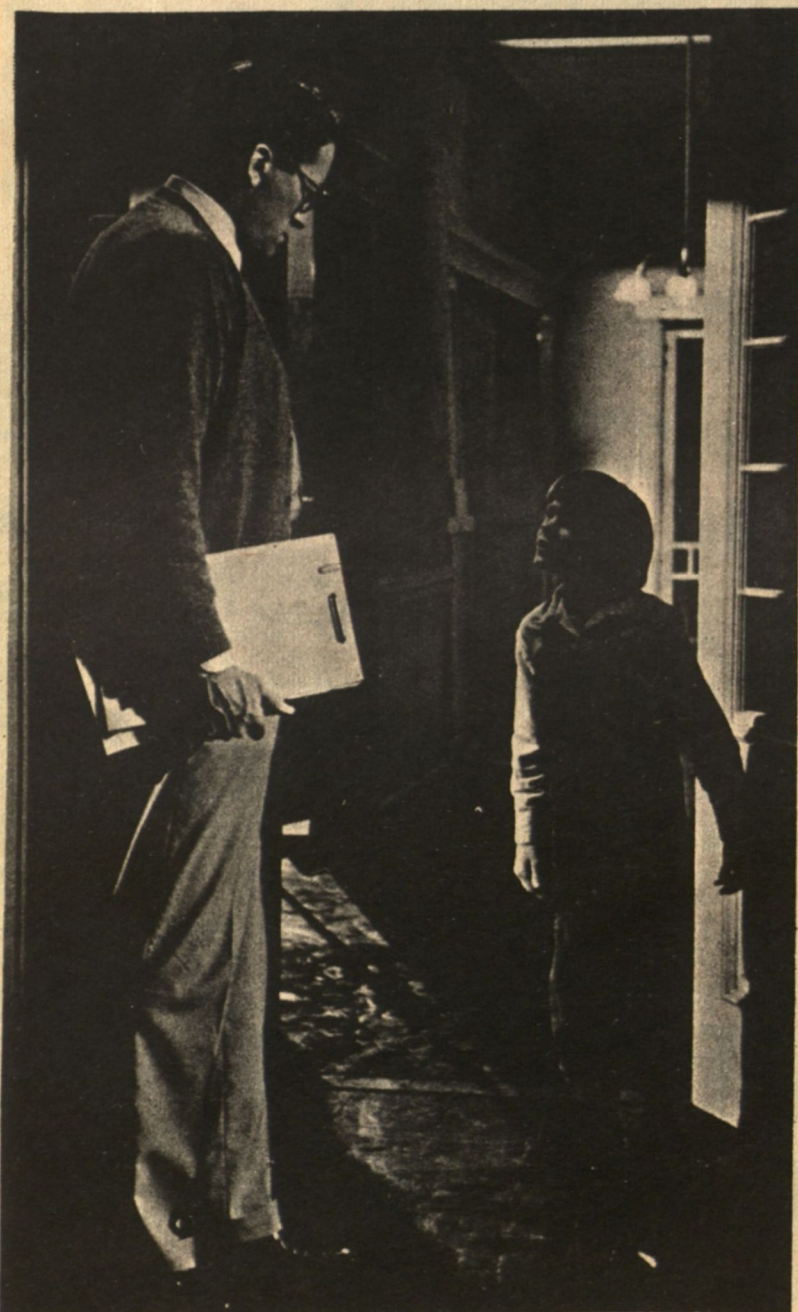
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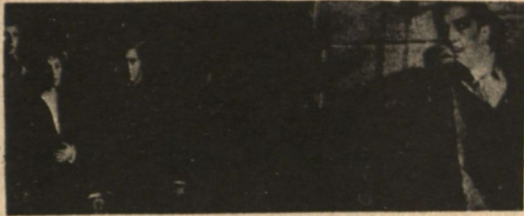


TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD SEPT. 26

FORECAST



THE GETAWAY JULY 30



THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM OCT. 31



MAROONED JUNE 11



THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN OCT. 31



SILENT RUNNING APR. 30



KNOCK ON ANY DOOR JAN. 23



HORSEFEATHERS NOV. 28



BEAT THE DEVIL JAN. 23



DUMBO MAY 14



1776 JULY 2



ANDROMEDA STRAIN FEB. 27



ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN DEC. 5

RECORDS

The Shlack Stack Review

by Love

Tonight's The Night
Neil Young
REPRISE 2221

Neil Young is a unique artist in that his work strongly expresses his mood and/or feelings. Since "Harvest" his subsequent albums have not fared well. With the death of Danny Whitten (lead guitarist/vocalist for Crazy Horse and Young's rhythm guitarist), a close friend, Young has entered into a stage of music that is both depressing and uncertain.

"Tonight's The Night" (the album Young scrapped previously in favor of "On The Beach") is dedicated to Whitten and Bruce Berry (long time CSNY roadie) both of whom died of an overdose. The album is very informal (everyone's drunk) and reflects the deaths in a series of "lost" songs. "Borrowed Tune" is a soft ballad of loss and uncertainty which goes unanswered. "Lookout Side" is a song of retreat, a longing for old times. "Come On Baby Let's Go Downtown" (which also appeared on the first Crazy Horse album) was recorded live at the Fillmore East and features Whitter singing the lead vocal. The title song is the ballad of Bruce Berry and "Roll Another Number" speaks for itself.

"Tonight's The Night" is not a fantastic record, but it does vividly express the mood in which it was recorded and appears to be the final installment in the most recent phase of Neil Young's music. A must for real fans.

(RECORDING COURTESY OF THE LAZY X MEMORIAL LIBRARY)

Timeless/John Abercrombie
ECM 1047

John Abercrombie's guitar is indeed a delight on "Timeless." Along with accompanying keyboards and percussion, the tracks included blend instrumentation superbly to form a soothing and extremely pleasant listening experience. All of "Timeless" is well performed and produced with one number, "Love Song," deserving special mention. Herein a flowing and gentle guitar accented with an equally gentle piano combine to create a delicate and enchanting piece, which is truly a "Love Song."

Red Octopus
Jefferson Starship
Grunt BFLI 0999

Grace Slick and her West Coast "Starship" may have good material somewhere but none of it's here. The highlight is Papa John Creach's "Get Fiddler" with a fine performance on the "fiddle." The remainder of "Red Octopus" just fizzles out. Through Marty Balin's whining "Miracles" and tunes such as "Play On Love," "There Will Be Love" and "Sweeter Than Honey," the listener is left screaming for a love song. That is, if said listener does not fall asleep. Nice cover though.

Stop/The Eric Burdon Band
CAPITOL 11426

Eric Burdon has always been a pleasure. In the days of his work with the Animals, Burdon stood out as one of the big rockers. He still does.

"Stop" is a driving album with a touch of soul. All tracks are well performed, with fine

guitars and vocals standing out. Though Burdon is not known as well as perhaps he once was, his voice and style are still those of a driving rock and roller, making "Stop" nice work from an old hand.

One Size Fits All/Frank Zappa
And The Mothers Of Invention
DISCREET 2216

What can one say about Frank Zappa? For the past decade he has produced and released some of the most unusual, if not unique, recordings in existence. "One Size Fits All" is the usual Zappa style with a few interesting spots. "Inca Roads" contains a nice guitar solo from a 1974 concert in Helsinki and "Can't Afford No Shoes" is a great moving number of the current economic slump. This album is no musical masterpiece, but if you feel strange, why not?

Jess Roden
Island 9286

Along with producer Allen Toussint, Jess Roden sings and plays his way through a pretty good album. Instrumentation is good throughout, producing some fine New Orleans funk. "Reason To Change," "Feelin' Easy," "Trouble In The Mind" and "What The Hell" are some of the tunes included creating, lyrically and musically, a journey through the thoughts of Roden. Really nice.

The Tubes
A & M 4534

The Tubes are the latest punk rock rage and their music fits the image. The lyrics are relatively simple and symbolize youth in tunes such

as "Monds Bondage," "Space Baby" and "Boy Crazy." The vocal performances are not outstanding, but suit the style and sound. The exception is "Malaguena Salerosa," an old Spanish love song, performed in Spanish and seemingly out of place.

The Tubes combine styles reminiscent of current glitter rock and other punk rock to form a unique driving energy in their music.

Worlds Collide
Hudson And Ford
A & M 4535

Hudson and Ford are two

ex-members of Strawbs, who have worked together for quite some time developing a unique folk-rock style. "Worlds Collide" embodies this style in a very enjoyable album.

"Did Worlds Collide?" opens the album on a moving note with a nice lead guitar and moog. "When Love Has Overgrown" and "Keep Me Rolling" are two more numbers which stand out as a fine disc. Good guitars, vocals, synthesizer and lyrics combine to make "Worlds Collide" a recording well worth the listening.

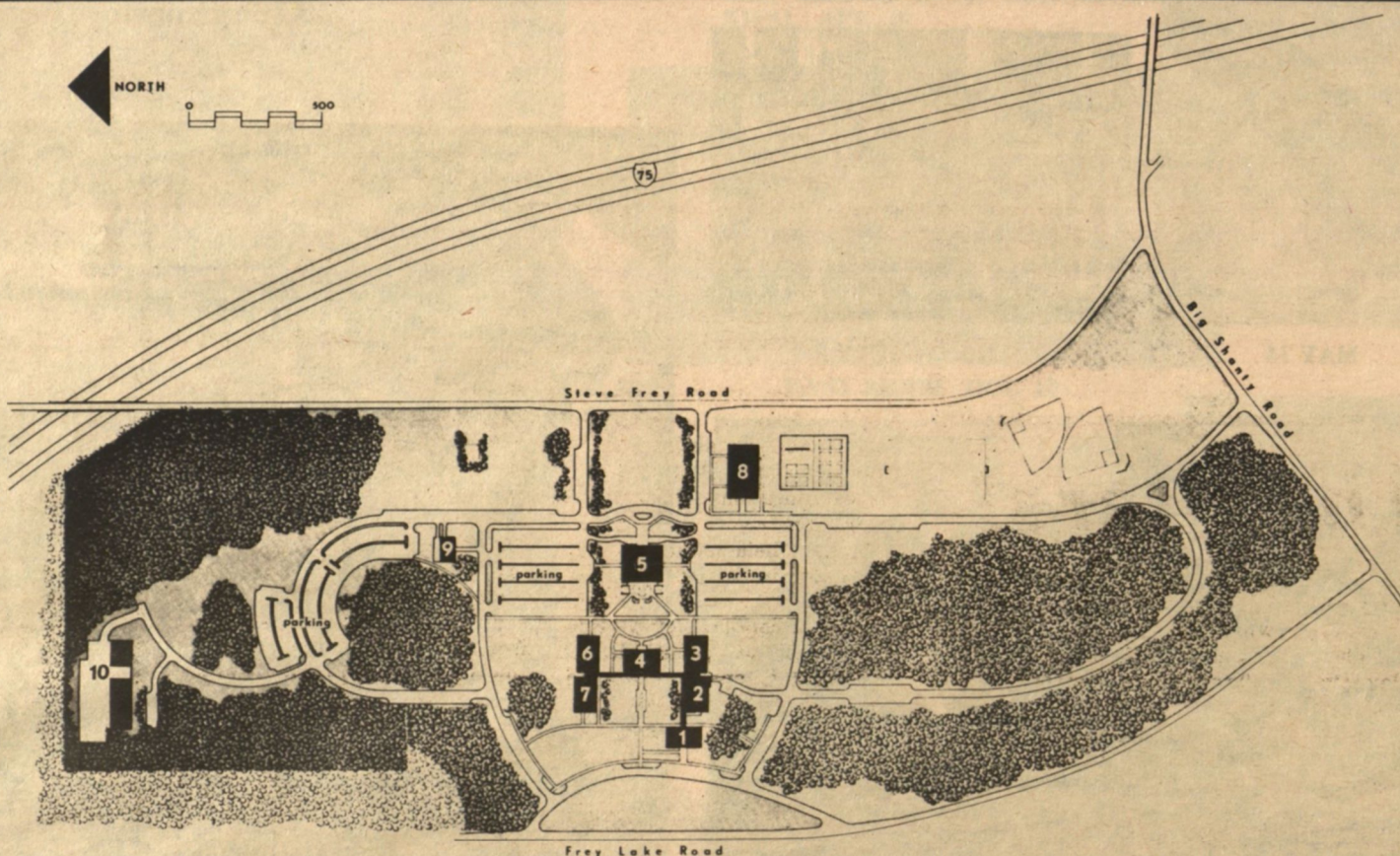
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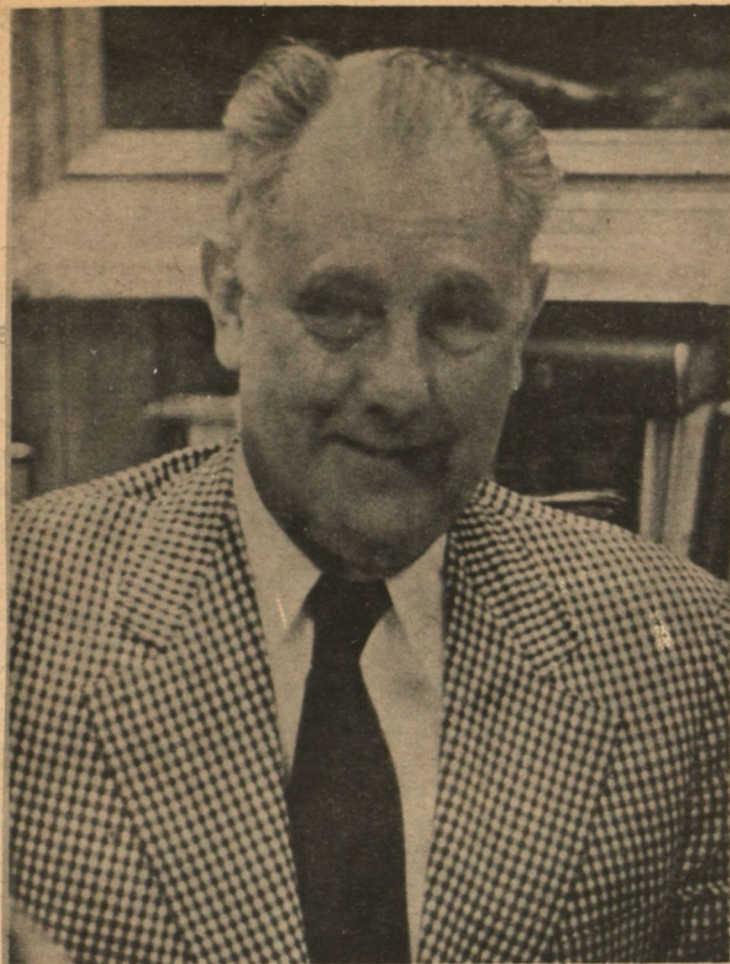
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- 10 PLANT OPERATIONS & WAREHOUSE

campus map
KENNESAW JUNIOR COLLEGE
MARIETTA, GEORGIA 30061



DR. HORACE STURGIS

Photo by Gladys Rowley

FACULTY PROFILE

**Dr. Virginia Hinton
The Woman Behind The Office Door**

by Patty Wall

A part of Kennesaw Junior College herself, Dr. Virginia Hinton almost seems to blend into the school. That is, until you meet her.

Dr. Virginia Hinton has been with Kennesaw Junior College since it opened in 1966. This makes her one of the few charter members of the faculty. There remain only a handful of professors who have been with Kennesaw this long.

Teaching is so agreeable to Dr. Hinton that it seems she has done it all of her life. This, however, is not the case.

Dr. Hinton attended the university of Georgia where she received her A.B. in Journalism. At the time of her study, Journalism majors worked almost exclusively with newspapers. There was no television or radio involvement to speak of. It was this interest in Journalism which led Dr. Hinton toward her first job as a reporter for a newspaper in Columbus, Georgia, her hometown.

The reporting job took Dr. Hinton from courtroom to courtroom. In addition to courtroom reporting, Dr. Hinton covered the affairs of the local school district. It was here that Dr. Hinton began a life-long affiliation with education.

Dr. Hinton enjoyed her reporting job very much as writing has always been her "first" field. She said she learned much from reporting that could be learned nowhere else.

Dr. Hinton met her husband in police court. Surprised? Don't be! Both she and her husband were reporters at the time. She was working for the morning paper and he was working for the evening paper. Perhaps this is why Dr. Hinton enjoyed reporting so much.

Today, Dr. Hinton still keeps up with her writing. The Marietta Daily Journal carries her columns. In the early days of Kennesaw Junior College, Dr. Hinton was the public relations person.

Teaching comes as second nature to Professor Hinton. She grew up around educators. Her mother was a public school teacher for years. So, it seemed only natural that Dr. Hinton should choose education as her second occupation.

A great believer in equality for women in the job field, Dr. Hinton is a Lay Reader in the Episcopal church. Her particular order at Saint James Episcopal is open to women. Yet, in its equality, all members are still licensed by a bishop and must receive training from a priest. Dr. Hinton also teaches Sunday school classes.

Professor Hinton believes that the church and school are directly related. In English 201, the teachings of the Old Testament compose part of the course curriculum. However, Dr. Hinton feels that

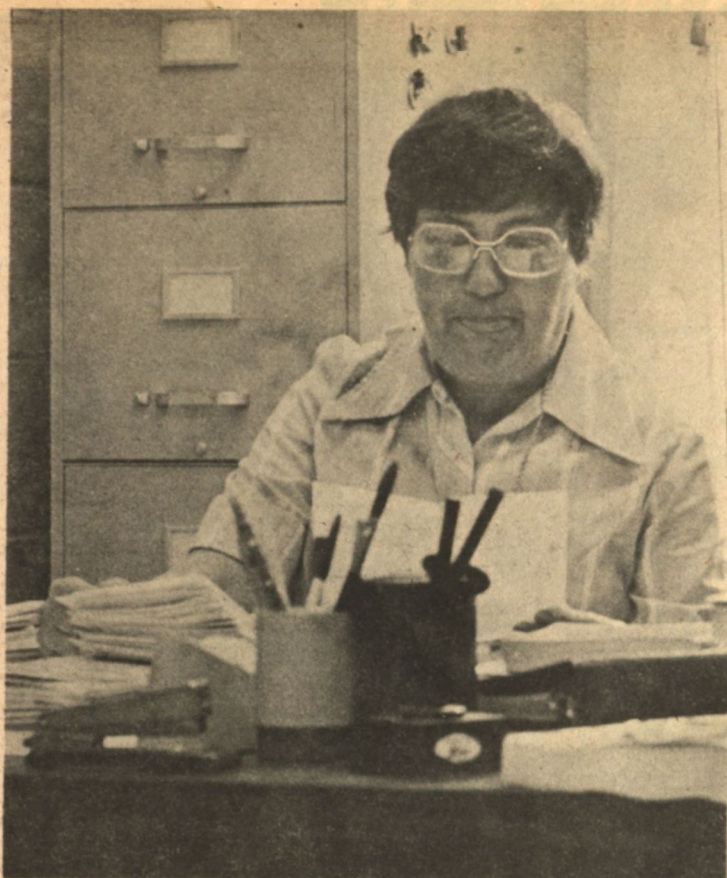


Photo by Gladys Rowley

DR. VIRGINIA HINTON

teaching is teaching no matter where it is done.

At KJC teaching is not Professor Hinton's only obligation. Professor Hinton was the first advisor for the literary magazine, "share." Presently, she is the chairperson of the Humanities Division textbook committee. Her position includes ordering the books presently used and keeping up with new publications. Dr. Hinton insists that English 101 books are the most difficult to find because, as a freshman course, the books must be able to relate to students with a host of different backgrounds in English. Dr. Hinton works closely with the curriculum committee by making suggestions about which books to use.

In addition to her academic duties, Professor Hinton enjoys some of the less serious activities reserved for KJC's faculty and staff. She serves as the faculty marshal for graduation; which is to say that she leads the faculty in and out. Dr. Hinton has also earned the status of perennial pitcher for the women in Kennesaw's faculty and staff, men v.s. women, baseball game.

Virginia Hinton likes to think of herself as having a "sensa huma." Her husband, also a professor, sees her in a different light. He feels that his wife should warn students on the first day of class, "My bark is worse than my bite."

With all of her involvement in church and school, Dr. Hinton still devotes much of her spare time to her home. She enjoys working outdoors and proudly admits that the results are worth it.

Just as school demands formality, home affairs lean toward informality. Dr. Hinton becomes a very casual person at home, entirely opposite of the instructive professor at KJC. She enjoys giving very casual parties when entertaining. Her two canines, A Boston Terrier and a Chinese Pug, add to the easy-going atmosphere that prevails at her home.

Virginia Hinton still enjoys the excitement of her job. Her entire life has been filled with

excitement. In addition to receiving her A.B. at Georgia, Dr. Hinton received her masters from Auburn and, after writing her dissertation, returned to Georgia to accept her Ph.D.

It is with this background that Dr. Hinton has now become a part of Kennesaw Junior College. With her many contributions to KJC in both professionalism and friendship, Virginia Hinton has become more than a part of Kennesaw Junior College; for some, she is Kennesaw Junior College.

Dear Students:

This is a significant time in the history of Kennesaw Junior College - the beginning of our tenth year.

When the college opened in the fall of 1966 we had 1,014 students. This year, we expect our enrollment to surpass 2,500.

Progress is also evident in other areas of our college. The faculty has grown from 52 to 94. Programs of study have increased from 11 to 39. Our physical facilities have expanded to include a new student center and a warehouse.

We feel a sense of pride in this growth and in the academic quality which has been maintained by our college. We are happy that you are here to share in our tenth year.

Cordially,

Horace Sturgis

Horace W. Sturgis
President

See The Stars!

On a clear night this fall, winter and spring you may see multicolored double stars, galaxies, star clusters, planets...for free...at Bradley Observatory of Agnes Scott College outside Atlanta, Georgia.

Every Wednesday evening during the academic year, weather permitting, Dr. George Folsom of the Department of Physics and Astronomy holds "Open House."

Dr. Folsom trains a 30-inch reflecting telescope on particular interest areas in the heavens, then permits his

visitors to gaze through the telescope as long as they wish while he explains and discusses what is being viewed.

There is no formal lecture; it's just a matter of setting the powerful equipment on various objects and letting guests personally experience the fantastic sights. With the telescope objects become 10,000 times more distinct than with the human eye, Dr. Folsom explains.

Agnes Scott College is located in Decatur, about a 20-minute drive from downtown Atlanta.

**Student
Publication
Positions**

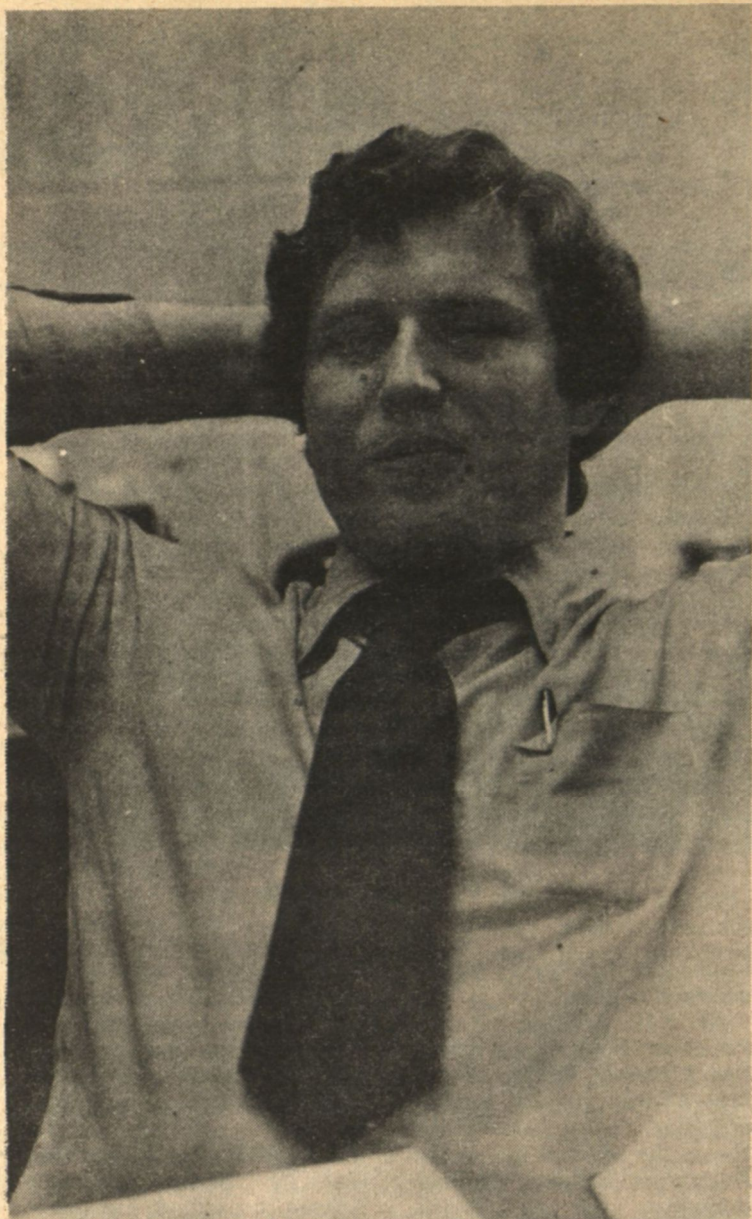
**The
Sentinel:**

**Editor
Photo Editor
Business Mgr.**

Share:

**Editor
Art Editor**

**Montage:
Editor**



BILL WATSON - V.A. COORDINATOR

Vet's Corner

by Chip Russell

At an interview with Bill Watson, Coordinator of Veteran Affairs, and Ben Meggitt, our representatives from the Veterans Office in Atlanta, I asked some questions I felt go through the minds of most veterans. There are the questions and the responses.

WILL THE V.A. PAY FOR AN AUDIT COURSE?

No, not for an audit course, but it will pay for a non-credit developmental course such as 099 Math and 099 English.

WHAT SHOULD A VETERAN DO IF HE DOESN'T RECEIVE HIS CHECK AT

THE BEGINNING OF THE MONTH?

The veteran should wait until the 10th of the month, then contact Ben Meggitt as he has a direct line to Veterans Affairs in Atlanta and can usually have an answer in 3 to 5 days.

WILL THE V.A. PAY IF A VETERAN TAKES A COURSE OVER TO ATTAIN A BETTER GRADE?

No. The V.A. will not pay for repeating a course regardless of whether it is for a better grade or to achieve a full load for a student.

HOW LONG DOES A STUDENT HAVE TO COMPLETE COURSES SUCH AS 099 MATH OR 099 ENGLISH?

There is no specific time limit on these course but the V.A. has proposed the school come up with stop gap measures to prevent the student from abusing these classes.

Both Mr. Watson and Mr. Meggitt wish to emphasize that if a veteran has a problem he should set up an appointment to see them. They are both here to help.



Photo by Emily Smith

EUGENE R. HUCK - DEAN OF THE COLLEGE

Campus Dateline...

- Sep. 22 Registration for Returning Students
- Sep. 23 Registration For New Students
- Sep. 24 Classes Begin
CLEP Test Application Date
- Sep. 24-29 Late Registration
- Sep. 25-29 Course Schedule Change Period (Add-Drop)
- Sep. 26 Film: To Kill a Mockingbird

- Oct. 3 "Eli" Concert
- Oct. 10 Film: Easy Rider
- Oct. 15 History & Constitution Test Application Date
- Oct. 17 Film: Reefer Madness
- Oct. 20 History & Constitution Test
- Oct. 29 CLEP Test
- Oct. 31 Films: The Incredible Shrinking Man
The Pit and The Pendulum

- Nov. 4 Last Day To Drop Course Without Penalty
- Nov. 14 Film: Dark Star
- Nov. 18-19 Preregistration For Winter Quarter
- Nov. 19 Last Day To Withdraw From A Course
- Nov. 21 Film: Executive Action
- Nov. 26 Last Day To Withdraw From College
- Nov. 27-28 Holidays

- Dec. 5 Films: Abbott & Costello Meet Frankenstein
W.C. Fields
- Dec. 9-12 Final Examinations
- Dec. 12 End Of Fall Quarter

Welcome to new students who are about to begin a program which will prepare you for decision-making in the future. In a time of economic decline, one cannot have too

much education to meet the problems we all must face.

To returning students, also welcome! We are happy that you have chosen to cast your

lot with us again so that you can continue on your objectives. Keep a good average and

keep a good outlook. If we can serve you, please contact us.

WILL BABYSIT:
 nights, days, weekends, trips, etc. - reasonable rates
 have own transportation
 have 2 years experience teacher's aide [pre-school & daycare]
 have been babysitting for seven years
 age: 21 love children; references on request
ASK FOR KATHY, 971-4559

A Brief Word From The Coordinator Of Student Activities

Frank Wilson

To all of you who are new to Kennesaw Junior College, welcome. To all of you who are returning, welcome back. This quarter should prove to be exciting and challenging. We expect some 2600 students to enroll - more than ever before in the history of the college. The majority of student activities will be housed in the 40,000 square foot James V. Carmichael Student Center. Within this building are increased dining facilities, a new counseling center, and a multipurpose room with a seating capacity of 200 for movies (see schedule on page 6-7), meetings, and special events. On order are three regulation size pool tables which students, faculty,

and staff will be able to use free of charge. Anticipated in the near future for placement in the recreation area are foosball, air-hockey, and other popular games.

But the new student center is not the only thing for students to look forward to this quarter. The Student Government Association will be holding elections for senatorial positions the Monday and Tuesday of the third week of classes. All positions on the newspaper (*Sentinel*), yearbook (*Montage*), and the creative / literary magazine (*share*) are vacant. Applications for these positions should be made to the respective faculty advisor by October 10. A listing of all other clubs and

organizations appears beneath this article.

If you have any questions or suggestions concerning the student activities program please do not hesitate to call on me personally. My office is located next to the counseling center, second floor, student center.

I would like to close by extending to you an invitation and encourage you to become involved in your school - both in class and out-of-class, even if you have never been active before. Experience is not a prerequisite to becoming an active member of the KJC community - interest is.

Good luck and best wishes for an outstanding year.

News Briefs

I.D. Cards - Have They Been Forgotten?

Spring Quarter 1975, the SGA formed a committee to consider plastic identification cards for students at Kennesaw Junior College. The committee, in conjunction with a representative from the Poloroid Corporation, presented a demonstration of the cards to Dr. Martin, Dean of Student Affairs, and the students attending one of the SGA meetings. The proposal for the cards went to a committee of the faculty and was defeated. Since then, silence.

.....

The 1970 Senior Class of Walter F. George High School is planning a reunion.

PLACE: STONE MOUNTAIN PARK
DATE: SUNDAY, SEPT. 7, 1975

For more information call Dwight Fleming at 763-4203.

.....

(KJCPIO) Human Sexuality and the Nursing Profession will meet on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 15-16, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. in the James V. Carmichael Student Center activities room at KJC.

Covered during the course will be nursing-related topics on human sexuality: medical, surgical, disabling and deforming conditions, heterosexuality and homosexuality. Emphasis will be given to the attitudes of nurses and explicit audio-visual materials will be used.

Instructor will be Frances Nagata, who holds the M.S. degree in psychiatric nursing and serves as a marriage and family counselor.

Enrollment in the courses will be limited, and advance registration is required. Registration deadline is September 10. For information, contact the KJC community services office, 422-8770.

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BUYER'S BEWARE--Before signing any sales contract while on state property, request to see the seller's approval from the controller.

ACTIVE CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS 1975 - 1976

ACTIVITY	FACULTY ADVISOR	ACTIVITY	FACULTY ADVISOR
Student Government	Bowman Davis	Mu Alpha Theta	Tom Gooch
Montage (yearbook)	John Greider	Music Club	David Ogg
Sentinel (newspaper)	Elliott Hill	Photography Club	John Greider
Share	Richard Rodman	P.E. and Recreation Club	I. David Harris
Intramural Athletics	Susan Hudson	Student Nurses Association	Charlotte Sachs
	(coordinator)	Black Students Alliance	Diane White & Peter Ikono
Canoe Club	J.B. Tate		
Drama Club	Charlotte Stephenson	International Club	Judy Myers
Forum	J.B. Tate	Life Science Club	Ed Bostick

New Groups Offered

If you really want to get into the swing of things this quarter at KJC, then one of the seven new groups offered by the Counseling & Placement Department may be for you!

The Counseling Department, directed by Dr. Leonard Goodman, will be sponsoring groups for Career Development, Study Skills Development, Test Anxiety Reduction, Personal Growth, Assertiveness Training, Single Again, and Job Seeking Skills.

The Career Development Group will help the student to look at his strengths, goals, and past experiences in considering his career choice. The medium of testing will be one tool utilized to determine each student's vocational interests. There will also be an overview of present career opportunities and projections for opportunities of the future.

The Study Skills Group is self-explanatory. It will assist students in developing effective skills such as reading, notetaking, listening, and of course, studying.

Do you become nauseous at the mere thought of taking a test? Does your mind go blank? If so, the Test Anxiety Reduction Group is the one for you. When you become anxious or tense, your body can't relax as it should. Through a technique called systematic desensitization, you will be helped to overcome test anxiety, as well as other

anxiety-provoking situations.

Assertiveness Training helps one learn (1) to act in his/her own best interests, (2) to stand up for oneself without too much anxiety, (3) to express one's rights without denying rights of others. Through small group discussions in an atmosphere of trust and confidence, participants overcome blocks to acting assertively and develop effective skills which will improve their interpersonal relationships.

The Single Again Group is designed to meet needs of widowed or divorced persons who are trying to adjust to being single again. Leaving the past behind and developing a sense of belonging and identity are primary goals of the group experience.

Personal growth is the primary concern of the Growth Groups. In an atmosphere of acceptance and trust, participants become more dynamic in developing personal strengths, dealing effectively with problems, feeling and thinking, and social situations.

All group sessions will begin the week of September 29, 1975.

If you are interested in finding out more about a group, come by the Counseling Office in the James V. Carmichael Student Center to schedule a brief interview with one of the counselors.

The Chimneys Of Cobb

On September 21, 1975, from 2 until 5 p.m., the artist John Kollock will be honored at an informal open house at the Cobb County Youth Museum. Mr. Kollock's watercolors are well known throughout the South as sensitive portrayals of rural life. Featured in this collection, which will be for sale, will be

paintings of some of the most interesting chimneys in Cobb County dating from 1840.

gia for its contemporary visitors.

In addition, the Youth Museum will officially open its newest exhibit, "Paths of Georgia's Past." Designed to enhance the Bicentennial theme, this educational exhibit recreates Revolutionary Geor-

To reach the Youth Museum, enter at the Cheatham Hill Battlefield Park on Highway 120, 2 1/2 miles west of the square in Marietta. For further information, call the Museum at 427-2563 or 422-1353.

Counseling and Placement Office

Have you ever felt the need to talk to someone about some difficulty or hangup but never thought there was anyone who would listen or care?

Are you confused about school, wondering why you're here, and where you're going? Do you have difficulty relating socially to those around you? Are there things on your mind that you just don't want to talk to family and friends about?

The Office of Counseling & Placement offers educational, vocational, and personal counseling and testing for all students. There is no charge for this service to KJC students and faculty.

Dr. Goodman describes counseling as a student-counselor relationship in which students are encouraged to freely express their feelings and ideas. He stresses that students are encouraged to seek information and examine alternate courses of action. Counseling seeks to assist students to assume responsibility for making their plans and decisions.

A staff of experienced

counselors is available to assist students who are experiencing difficulty resolving personal conflict or making a decision. Mrs. Morgan stated that sometimes it happens that a situation, large or small, becomes a stumbling block which can prevent students from fully realizing their abilities and potentials.

Some typical situations are: difficulties making good use of one's time or in developing efficient study skills; relationship problems--with friends, parents, dates, roommates, professors, spouse; needing assistance to select a college major; feelings of depression or anxiety that are sometimes generalized and sometimes specific to situations.

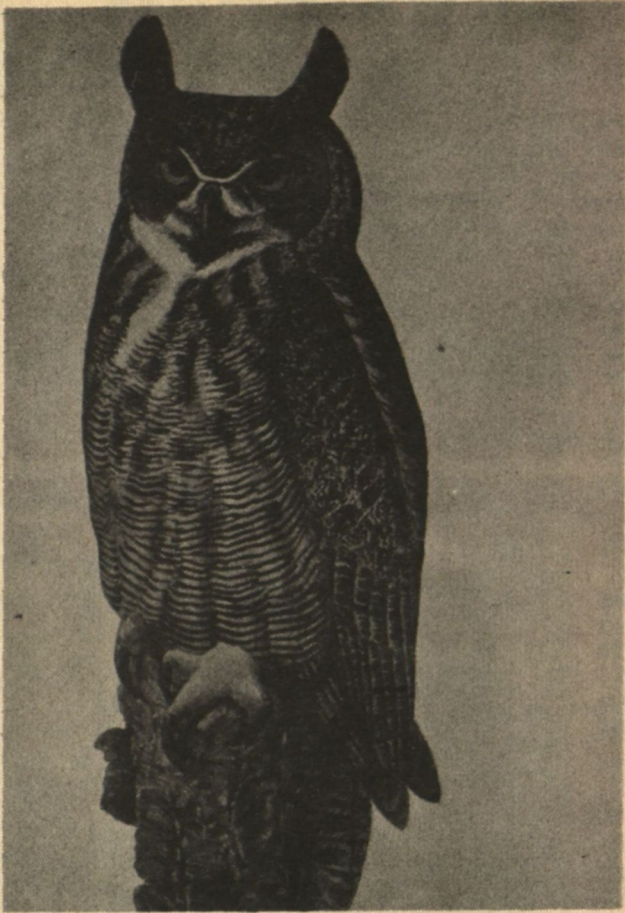
In such situations, the benefits of sharing the difficulty with a person who takes time to understand are well established. Through this kind of relationship, a student is often able to gain new perspectives or develop intentions which can free him/her for further personal, social, and intellectual growth.

Ms. Diane White suggested

that students find the results of psychological tests for interests, needs, abilities and values to be helpful information for arriving at decisions. Equally valued by other students, however, is the opportunity to talk with qualified persons who are genuinely interested in helping them in their personal growth and development.

Dr. Goodman also sees a primary purpose of the Placement Office as assisting students in finding full- and part-time off-campus employment. This office also endeavors to inform Kennesaw Junior College graduates, alumni, and other interested persons in the community of job opportunities communicated to the office by local employers.

Mr. Wilson stressed that opportunities for small group experiences are available in addition to individual appointments with a counselor. Appointments can be arranged by stopping by the Office of Counseling and Placement in the James V. Carmichael Student Center or by calling 422-8770, extension 291.



THE OWL - SYMBOL OF KJC

SAC President Appeals To Students

Dear Fellow Students:

I am pleased to have this opportunity to share these few words with you. I want to give you a little background information on the Student Advisory Council and I ask for your support of this state-wide organization as well as for your SAC Delegate and your SGA President. On March 13, 1968 Chancellor George L. Simpson, Jr. recommended that the Board of Regents establish a University System Student Advisory Council. This council was to be composed of all the student body presidents within the University System.

The Board of Regents felt that the format of the Student Advisory Council would further enhance the student organization and would create responsible student leadership in the University System.

The Student Advisory Council was established to work with the Board of Regents, the Chancellor, and others on matters affecting students welfare and education.

The purposes of SAC are:

(a) Provide a forum for communication and recommendation between the students of the University System and the Chancellor, the Board of Regents, the State Government and the public concerning problems and issues which are important to students.

(b) Promote better student government in institutions of the University System through sharing of information and providing assistance in programs and activities of the member institutions.

The purposes and goals of the Student Advisory Council

are easy to detail and explain, but without the support of students few of these goals will be realized. What I want to ask of you is a dual approach that is directed at both your local student government and the state-wide Student Advisory Council. Once a suggestion has been given to a President of any student government it should be followed through in one of the following ways. First, if the suggestion or idea will change something only at your school your President has the responsibility of doing all he can to see that the suggestion is followed out. However, if the suggestion is one that will be effective state-wide your President has the responsibility to come to the Student Advisory Council prepared to present the idea to the Presidents of the other student governments.

As I have already stated, goals and purposes are easily defined, but without support few goals will be realized. My appeal is for YOU to go through your student government and the Student Advisory Council and let the organization that is related to the idea carry the ball for you. I appreciate any and all support and I am sure your local student government president would also appreciate your support.

Sincerely,

DeWayne Hamilton
Chairman,
Student Advisory Council
and President,
Student Government Assn.
Armstrong State College

First Impressions Of A Flustered Freshman

by Christi Roberts

When my nervous, aching, sweaty feet first touched the green grass of KJC, I knew it was too good to be true. It looked like an oversized high school. I was indeed overjoyed at that aspect, being fresh out of high school myself. I prayed it would be a high-schoolish atmosphere.

Then, to my surprise, there came a mass exodus of students out of the Student Center. All types of people! Among them were: nutty professors, freaks, Arabs, locals, etc. My weak limbs quaked at the sight of these people. As the day progressed, so did its events. My friend and I were in the process of registration when out of nowhere we heard a strange, obviously foreign voice! "Come away with me and live in my harem on the sultry, arid desert," said the voice. As I turned my face upward, I saw before me five dark men. "Saints be with us," said I. "I am an Arab," replied the tall one. My friend, who was quite dumbfounded at the time, managed to say, "W-W-Who are you?" The tall one replied, "Jay!" While the others refrained from comment. I was quite befuddled at

this point. "Where is the Humanities Building!!," I said, choking. Some guy came up to me and with an impish grin pointed me in the right direction. As he walked away, I heard him say, "Those poor dumb freshmen."

I entered the Humanities Building with a raging, throbbing, headache. Although not musically inclined, I wished to inquire about chorus at KJC. I must have asked ten people before someone screamed out, "Find Ogg!" Thank you so much--What's an Ogg? "Hey mister, wait a minute!" I screamed the last with trembling voice. Could this be a normal college? As far as I was concerned, it was not. The day drew to a close at last. No one was more elated than I was. "I'm getting out of this madhouse," I said.

TWO DAYS LATER

My first class in college was a course in Biology. It was interesting but at times too complex for my system of slow-thinking. Meanwhile, my friend had biology with a different professor. One fine day she asked me to come downstairs and see something that the prof had brought into the

room. Lo and behold! In front of me sat two human fetuses. I stood frozen, eyes transfixed on the two small green (mind you) creatures.

"OOOOOOH!" was my reply to this insane exhibit. As I staggered out of the room, I swore I would never enter the Science Building with a too-full stomach.

As I mentioned earlier, I have a slow, somewhat archaic system and it was again brought to my attention. In other words, they gave me Math 099. How enraged I was when Dr. Stapleton put me in Book I. In case you're unfamiliar with this course (you will be lost, won't you), I shall briefly explain. Math 099 has a series of 5 Modules which one must complete within a given time period. Most people start in Book II, but guess who got stuck in good ol' Book I! With all humor aside, I must say KJC is a new experience.

As I reflect back to registration and other new events, I can laugh at my green antics. In my opinion college is like wine, it is better as it matures.

Oh no, I've missed that darned 11:00 class again!

KJC Receives Library Grant

(KJCPIO) Kennesaw Junior College has received approximately \$4,000 through a College Library Resources grant, officials announced today.

The money will be used to purchase some 278 books for the KJC library, according to

Dr. Robert J. Greene, librarian.

In the past eight years, hard cover book costs has risen from \$8.43 to \$14.09, the library official said. Funds from the grant will "Help strengthen library resources in

colleges" in spite of the per-volume increase of 67 percent, Dr. Greene pointed out.

Similar grants, under Title II-A of the Higher Education Act of 1965, were awarded to all eligible colleges applying for the funds.

GALLERY

EXIT

Labyrinth

1975

A CREATIVE SUPPLEMENT TO THE SENTINEL

SUMMER

INSIDE THE LABYRINTH

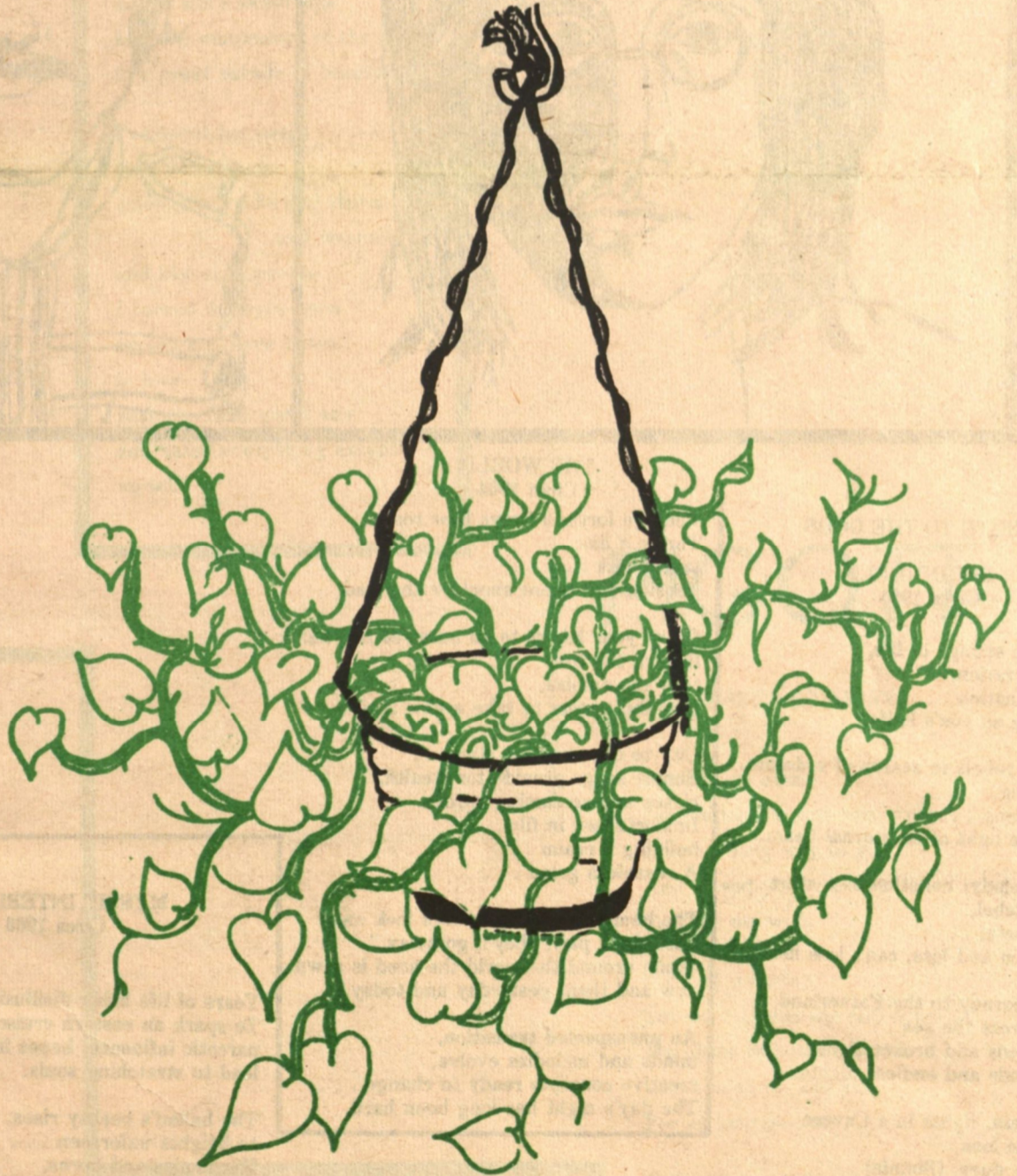
EDITOR
Gary Simmers

CONTRIBUTORS

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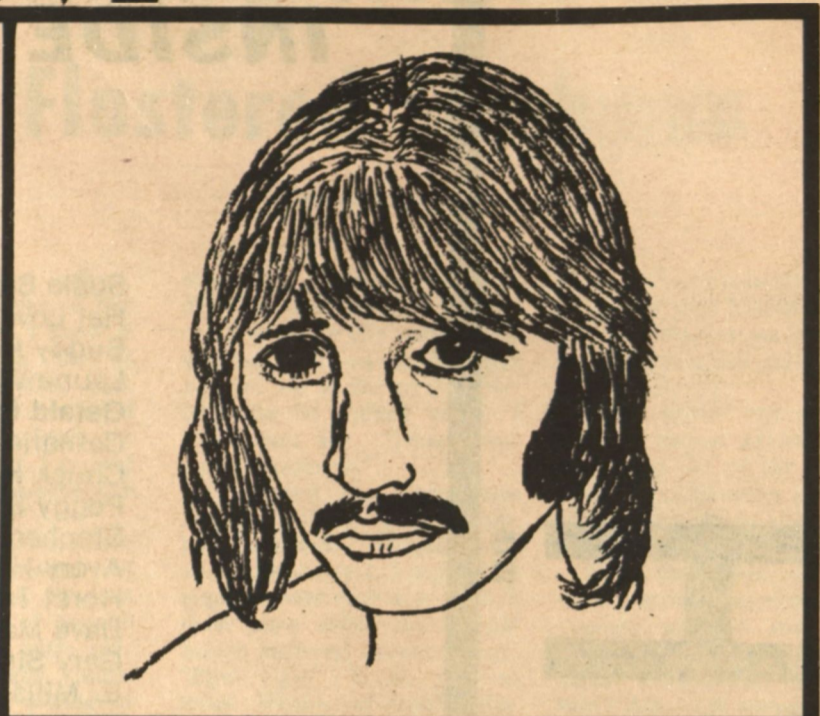
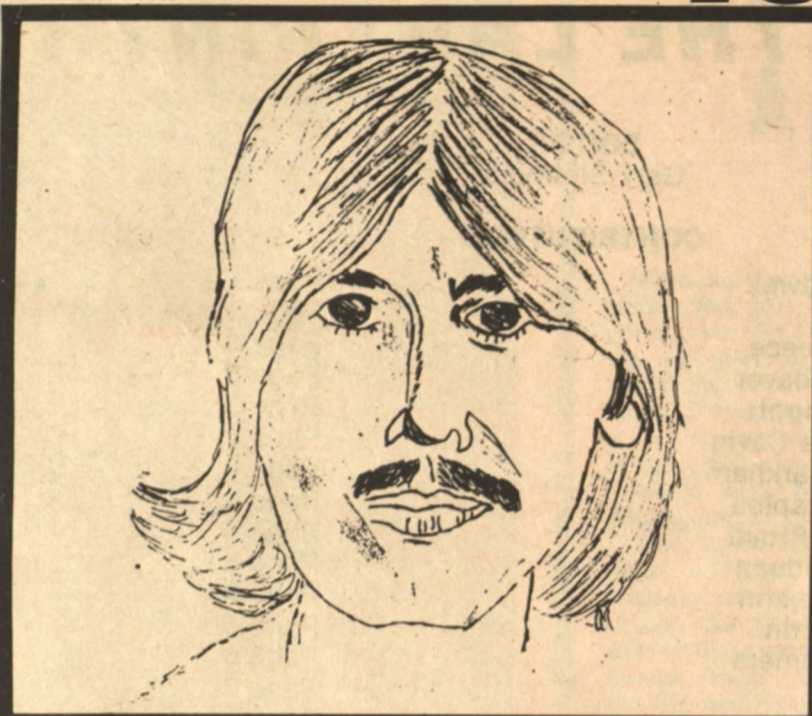
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EMERGING FROM NURTURE (SECURE)
THEIR FOILAGE TRAILS MEMORIES OF EARTH

LOVE



THE WORLD
Circa 1964

TRIBUTE TO THE GODS

BEGINNING
Circa 1956

Youth; the sponge of life,
days of gyration,
wit, imagination . . .
Forgetting an eon's knife.

Liverpool rebels in search of a dream.
Sing a song,
won't be long . . .
Follow the light of an eternal beam.

Simple melody; nonetheless a start . . .
Romeo; Rebel,
electric metal . . .
Frustration and loss, can't lose heart.

Break; Journey to the Fatherland.
Hands across the sea . . .
Broken beds and broken lights,
endless reds and endless nights.

Home again, lights in a Cavern . . .
nothing to lose,
pay those dues. (Bonnie)
Time goes on, experience and learn.

Suddenly in the fog of confusion,
a guiding hand.
Clean up an image;
old faces gone, new ones arrive.
Years of heartbreak, faces of four;
A sound, a Martin, long awaited door.
Destiny . . .

Venture forth; a brave new road;
Throw a disc,
take a risk . . .
Tension and talent shoulder the load.

Carry your labors to an outstretched hand;
furnish the fire,
take the empire,
ford the waters to take a new land.

City to city, endless stage . . .
Simple songs provide for wealth,
riches and screaming hordes.
Immortalized in film,
building a realm . . .
A ceaseless grind . . .

The bemused faces of elders look on,
"Let them play, they'll go away."
While around the world the seed is sown,
now and then, yesterday and today.

An unsuspected transition,
minds and melodies evolve,
creative concepts ready to change . . .
The day's night has long been hard.

ON THE ROCKS
Circa 1968

An offering of virgin white;
guitars weep and children cry . . .
Through an undersea voyage
or the approaching sun on a
nameless road,
the voices never die.

Across and through the universe
all paths diverge . . .
As the fortune tumbles,
so does the kingdom fall prey to chaos.
Though Jude you must have known,
to taste the forbidden fruit
leads only to nowhere . . .

MYSTIC INTERLUDE
Circa 1966

Years of life bring disillusion . . .
To spark an eastern cruise;
narcotic influence, hopes in confusion,
lead to stretching souls.

The ballad's beauty rises,
to heights unforeseen . . .
Harmonies and horns,
a breath of strings,
leave their grace as never before.

Yet as the Sergeant reveals his lonely heart,
has an immortal perished?
As the maiden flies on
through fields of strawberry mourning,
So the magic tour ends
as legend's death begins.

Epilogue: ETERNITY

The dream is over . . .
Yet for those who felt your touch
through windows of pain,
and moments of joy,
the spirit lives on . . .

REECE

Saint Petersburg

florida is where
they send the crazies-
Lawrence Welk dancing mechanically
across the tombgrey sand-
The old folk off their rockers
 on the beaches
their thin bodies
soaking in the sick rays
of the cancerous sun
Their pacemakers singing together
 slightly off key.

you can hear the branches
settling under the weight
of their leaves and-
suddenly something more
a small firm body
levitating into the branches
when you turn to see
it disappears
but you turn away
it comes back whistling
its soft sweet serenade
striking a cord
that was already striking
within you
deep inside yourself
quiet quiet
you hear the blood
rushing like a mad river

PERSPECTIVE

too many years I've wasted
not sitting in this barn loft
seeing everything at once below

and above me, the birds,
lions of the sky
as the sun's sweet lips
kiss the multicolors of the pine
in a great parade of beauty

I've spent too much
time down there
among the rocks and thorns
 and weeds
and like most people
I turned my eyes upon
myself and have fallen
in love
with the false god I saw
and hated everything except
myself

WEAVER

I cried this morning
and I cried last night.
Great tears of pain rolled down my cheeks
and I sobbed as a child
 unable to lift my head
 for fear of another blow.
The pain was intense-
threatening to burst through
 the walls of my body.
It contained more anguish than a lover's pain
and more hurt than a skint elbow.
It spread through the veins of my soul
and throbbed with an endless beat
overtaking my body and my mind-
And I sat
 watching-not moving-
 not resisting-
And I wept-
 silent.

PIGOTT

BEFORE I GO AWAY

Before I go away,
Let me look at you once more.
I have a long way to go
And I need your memory
To keep me well.

Before I go away,
Let me hug you one last time.
My plane will arrive soon
And I need to hold you
For as long as I can.

Before I go away,
Let me kiss your lips softly.
After that,
Let me kiss you long.

CAVIN

MARY

she sat inside a tower looking
endlessly waiting, watching for it.
but an arsen . . . a friend of hers burnt down
the shiny perch,
there it went . . . smoldering,
smoldering to ash.

Mary was the match that struck your fancy
two penny gumsticks on Saturday.
straight and tall
a head tight and blue,
yeah she was a match stick . . . till she fell in love with you.

then they saw her burning
in that hot orange flame . . . still brilliant
burning Mary fell back into a quiet blue.
do you see the smoke now
the soft and graying hue?
the dimensions floating wayward
out lonely now . . . like empty spoons.



MARKHAM

STAPLES

TO ----- WITH LOVE

That I should lie awake at night
And think of what is to be,
To wonder what the future
Holds in store for you and me.

That sometimes I should be afraid
To make that big decision;
That blind love and sense of security
May hinder a clearer vision.

The fear of being hurt again,
And of hurting others, too,
Affects my mind and leads me to wonder
If I really love you.

But then I recall all the things that we have shared,
And the good times far outweigh the bad
And I know that it's real and I want it to last
And no longer am I sad.

Though I know not what the future holds
In store for you and me,
I want to go through Life by your side
From now until Eternity.

I speak of God.
Oh no!
Not of something that
makes you drown in your tears,
Or wish your penis away
every time it becomes erect,
Or wipe your vagina dry
every time it becomes wet
from love's sweet passion.

When I speak of God, I speak
literally of love,
for that is God.

FLOYD

J. ALFRED PRUFROCK*

Worshipping untenable goals,
Stuck in dynamite holes.
Grace and God slide by
While Achilles is dipped in the Styx.

The Shark's nature emits
and She vomits.

Minds stick in odd places
Wandering on more homely faces.

and She screams!

My armor buckles
to assorted snickers
as sordid splendors
call for my affections.

Adapting to my wishes . . .
Compromising of my ideals,
She is much more than her worth.

And the wail of the proverbial wind
blows my mind.

AVERY

ITONON

Hank wanted to get closer to the fire but the heat forced him to keep his distance. He walked over to where I was sitting and leaned against his shotgun, watching the flames twist into the darkness. I told him I was astonished at the amount of heat the shack produced and that seemed to please him for as he answered, there was pride in his voice.

"You know, I'm not sure what gave me the notion to do it, but I think it was a letter I was writing to my sister in Shreveport. I was going on about how good things were going and how I was all set for planting and all when I started thinking. It was like I knew that she didn't give a goddamn about anything I had to say and neither did anybody else. Well, that got me laughing. And the more I thought about writing this letter nobody cared about the more I laughed. I guess I got kind of crazy. I picked up that lantern you gave me for Christmas and started pouring kerosene everywhere. That got me feeling, well...happy and relaxed like. So I went out to the shed and siphoned the gas out of my Farmall and scattered that around front.

"This gun was the only thing I felt like getting out."

Hank's eyes were moist and they reflected the flames as he looked at me. His head trembled slightly, causing the reflection to shimmer. I sensed a power within him that I had never noticed before.

Hank looked up at the rising moon and grinned.

"You know, I've enjoyed our talks. I've never been one for keeping a lot of friends, but every man needs to talk sometimes."

He straightened up and began walking away, staying within the light of the flames. Stopping at an empty oil drum, he turned towards me and sat down.

"You've been a good friend. Leave me alone now."

We didn't say goodbye. I got up and started walking home the long way, out by the pond. The moon was high by then and it gave enough light for me to see some bats flying above the water. Sitting on a tree stump, I watched them while I waited.

Nothing seemed to change when I heard the gunshot. Some dogs barked but the moon didn't move and I still had plowing to do in the morning.

MARTIN

Echos of My Soul

My teacup is empty
The white bone china bowls
stained
The forlorn string with its blank face
hangs quivering
with the settling of the grounds of
my soul.

Pitiful, my father,
tired again
of reading the paper.
He goes into the garden
to play with the ants.

TROJAHN

MORNING

As I looked towards the horizon, my eyes witnessed the silent process of the creeping morning's light engulfing the darkness of night. Only a few morning stars remained suspended in a lonesome, spaceless sky to add a touch of sparkling innocence to nature's ultimate pureness in giving rebirth to day. The ever-yielding sky gave way to the dark stern outlines of magnificent century-aged pines.

Lost from within the masses of deep forest pines came the faint, echoic notes of the morning-dove's heart-filling song.

The air was fresh and crisp, and a glittering blanket of the night's frost carried a snap to morning's awakening. As the sun climbed above the horizon, the frost would slowly rise above an ever-warming earth.

Small sparrows commenced their morning activities in a cheerful clamor of song and comic confusion. A couple of squirrels chased one another up and down a quaint Oak, chattering with excitement as they filled the remainder of what was once a silent, slumbering morning. A few browsing deer were slowly making their way down the ridge to an uncharted mountain stream; morning has now awakened and a new day is well under way.



GARY

WONDERLAND FREAK AND
AMERICA'S STILL FALLING

Acid Tears. Rainfall On Country Mansion In Oz.

WONDERFUL WONDERLAND SAFARI
[ESCAPE NATURALLY]
[WHILE YOU STILL CAN]
[PAY YOUR MONEY, TAKE YOUR CHANCES]

FOR A GOOD LAY
CALL:
"J"
(HEAVEN2000)

[Lion

[Scarecrow (man of tin; whichwoman?)

[Dorothy

Apologetic skeletons rattling in a closet.

Outside: AMERICA

roars by in tin demons with neon eyes
for ungod deathrace on broken asphalt.

[EGO]

wearing armor by Hart, Schaffner, and Marx,
staring red in empty, embalmed deathbed,
seeks flesh
to feed a factory-inspected metalmonster.

[DEUS EX MACHINA]

The law courts are toothpicks.

The garbage is GOD'S . . .

L F
L I
E R
H E racing through bursting arteries. [FEAR]

Headstop on racetrack of insanity. [PAIN]

Clock tocking...tok...tok...tok...hours from Reality.

Colorflash! Illusion! Delusion!

Friends become two-faced devils. [Posinegative reflect
ions of aliens in WeirdWorld] Dog becomes babyskin in
a wooden box. Pussifur becomes a serpent flowing from
sweathead's hands. Funhouse floors roll swirl
and walls
in madness.

[TEXTURE]

STINKING, WALKING, BREATHING

drinks the water of the pitied.

[BEDAMNED]

REALITY becomes ILLUSION. ILLUSION becomes REALITY.

Flames dance heat waves inside my head as PINK FLOYD
machineguns his way across the dark side of the moon.

Outside: A E I A tumbles[crushed ice on morgue slabs]
M R C

and a king is crucified.

The poets discard their 'Frisco bouquets in rites of exorcism
and the crown of thorns lies rotting in New York substandards.

On the third day Dylan rose from the dead and
suffered the little children to come unto him.
Poor soul was mugged by a perverted trolley
and his blood ran on the tracks and his mortal
remains were cremated and his mortal remains
were scattered about the earth and left alone
to blow in the wind.

AMERICA unreels [a frame at a time] and awaits a long, hot
summer.

CRASH

and

BURN.

GIRLS WHO WORK IN GLASS HOUSES

Hands of girls who work in glass houses -
better made for touching lovers gently
than for wandering through a sandstone menagerie
searching for sparkling mannequins
that have captured a pausing gaze.

The cry immortalized by the absurdity of position
falls, a drop of crystalline blood,
into a heart shattered by the weight of holy glass
and the windchimes sing the dirge of their dying.

Two decades of living do not quite provide the veil
necessary to hide the tears
for an alien malignancy journeying through ripe womanflesh,
a leftover from remembered girlhood
when colors flowed like sadness reflected in parlor mirrors.

...and so what

if lifeless eyes bleed on painted glasswork
and wisps of unfettered hair shroud the scars

left by alone days passing

as

the nights are spent sleepless over almost lovers
who could not understand the fragility
of girls who work in glass houses.



THE CAGE: ON THE REJUVENATION OF WOMAN

She lay suspended in crystalline madness as the waters flowed over
the delicate pouts of her fire-warmed nipples to roll in sun-bathed droplets
of honey across the downy field of hairs swaying deliciously in the
whirlpools gathered beneath her navel. Her sighing song merged with the
taunting voice of earth mother in flight across the universe to plummet
with rising crescendo through the tunnels of the evergreen womb.

She was and is cosmic pilot as she sails her watership through the
treacherous insanity of barrel rolls lapping at sinewy thighs with hungry
tongues while the pupils of mistladen eyes stare through azure walls of
liquid at her new world.

Clutching at the walls of self surrounding her universe, she scratches
thin lines of life, writing obscene graffitti with the blood of eternal nails
before she severs the chord and opens mushroom parachutes to let her
float safely to the smiling forest and the promises that await her coming.

ELEANOR

summer without thoughts

cut up in the ungreased moans of window fans
slicing the watermelon air
hands busy themselves in endeavors
pulling weeds from the feet of summer
patting dirt around the shoulder of storms
turning knobs pulling switches kicking doors
tiptoeing through puddles of june;
my lover, he goes to work before sunrise
i go back to bed breathing coffee
wrapped in his frenzy heat of sheets
he had to leave
so quickly i stole two kisses
naked without lips
left wet on a porch-full of slugs.

-meanwhile-

fences keep dogs in, cities rush ahead on bumpers
pushing the sleepless hopes of those waiting
to purchase paradise in the country
for the children for the wife for security
but never thinking of the wars waged
on poison ivy, or the amount of salt
battlements it takes to keep out a hungry army of slugs.

pass it along with the quarter & coke
cold from the machine
packed into the summer of '75
where predictions lie in wait (like tramps along the rails)
where acid runs screaming in the heads & hearts of those left
fighting for the real thing
not for love of money but for fists
of hope pounding doors thrown closed on open fingers
tongues licking arms bleeding where love once sat
laughing
free to shout naked across the machinery we hold near & dear
to our being
while those of us, with scorched minds and guilty thoughts of
giving-in just go on surviving
and others run in search of what was
and others pass with eyes of smoke
meantime,
universal questions go unanswered
stomachs go empty hands go untouched
children go unguided to an adulthood
of confused feelings.



-to our friends-

we could not have you here except in spirit so
we settled for mass media stimuli
bombed down the old asphalt path to a house of horrors
paid our sweaty money
found our seats
rode the uncontrollable giggles outside the screen
guppied the horrors ate the ideas
jumped out of our seats to go running
home with the tails of the 60's sticking out of our ears
to find not friends or devils waiting
but an army of slugs marching on our porch
oozing reality silver
all over our acid minds.

all in a day

cool heat/warm bed
waiting just inside morning's door
sunshine arms
stretching tiptoes under the water oak
pressing sheets of sleep
down upon our early laughter.

* * * * *

crawling like chiggers with the fire
of summer blaze
up the backbone of desires
into june ice-tea/glasses of sweat
watering the tomatoes
like thunderstorms from the southeast.

* * * * *

shadows worn like thoughts
inbetween the shouts of thunderclap
fingering our faces
across the table space
of bookview and worldview
mixing and matching.

ROBERT



NIGHT PASSES SLOWLY-an examination of the desertion of Gulf beaches

Night falls slowly,
A cow lowering gentle lips of fog shrouded blackness
Over the blotched landscape of mudslid day;
Grey curtains flowing back from wing to wing,
Hiding the actors as they strut the blackness;
Unaware;

Whispering voices, carried on the saltladen wind
Mingled with the scuds of sand at the water's edge,
Talking of meeting with Poseidon beyond horizon's
Razorcut bloodline,
Boiling with the spillage of day's pulsating being;
Breathing;

Night passes slowly,
Hours parading past, side by side,
Two forms, prone, unsleeping, as they lay
Deflated from the heat of sunlight pass'd;
Dreaming of the dawn that will follow, hoping;
Unheeded;

As day rises on the cries of bombergull squadrons,
Targeting their tiny fragile bombs on the barnacle stones
Half buried in the grasping fingers of surf;
Shattering, purple, fragments onto the snowscape mattress
Where a figure stirs, restless in the gunmetal chills;
Alone;

Crimson fireball peeking ever higher;
Casting vaginal pink glow through silence broken air,
Lighting the way for his blind run into the morning;
Cries swept away by the meek raging of tides called
Gradually landward by the dead moon that hides from dawn;
Unnoticed;

A solitary runner breaks the smoothness of the night tide's
Evening work, footprints eroded by the tender push of bodywarm
Water that follows the searcher in his dash from coast to coast,
Tearfully calling to the silence, answered in kind,
Desertion treading carefully in the prints as they assimilate the sea;
Vanishing;

Until they halt in the breathless collapse of sweating agony,
Fingers of cramp reaching coldly into the breast where
The belabored heart pumps frantically to overcome the strain;
Racing as the grey figures trotting before the orange eye
Glazing slowly with the death of blackness, to watch the day;
Mourning;

A whisper, a cry;
Night passes slowly in loneliness, unmoving spot of sorrow,
Half covered by fluctuating tides to resemble the barnacle
Statues of gasping survival, pushed by time and tide
But resistant to the end that must follow, as night passes;
Slowly;