

12-9-1971

## Print- Dec. 9, 1971

Brian Kilmnick

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# "A Christmas Carl"

by Scott Roudebush

"Hiya, kid!" comes cheerfully through the door in typically Christmascheery Stanley Smalinski style. "Whew—sure is snowing!"

Carl suppresses a telling grin at that and resumes his stern Christmashumbug look. Then he says, without taking his eyes from the tube, "Hey, Stan . . . C'mon, don't gimme that — ya know yer just bubblin' over that snow —"

"Hey Midge, Stan's here. Get 'ima Schlitz, willya? or doya want eggnog, Stan boy? (heh, heh)"

"Thanks Carl, great—no, the Schlitz, I mean. Wos, old Scrooge is hitting the tube hard tonight—is that the 'Hawks?' says Stan placing a medium-sized paper bag on the carpet by his cair.

"No, it's the Elves versus the Reindeer . . . of course it's the 'Hawks, and th' schmucks're losin' again . . ."

He turns to look at Stanley for the first time and then says, with untypical Carl Olsen fondness, "That snow out there—" shakes his head "—you're just lika kid at Christmas, Stan boy, y'know that? then brightens, "ya put bells'n lights on yer Mercury yet?"

"Naw—we've got our tree up, though . . . don't see yours . . ."

"Lotta time, lotta time, Stan. It ain't till next week anyway—hey, thanks Midge! Ya remembered o' Carl, too—ah! Yers cold too, Stan? Y'know, this Christmas thing is gittin' oua hand . . ."

"Like how, Carl?"

"Y'know—c'mon, check him, willya? —like, Shopper's Worldwide puttin' their Christmas crap up before Thansgivin' Stan, before Thanksgivin' . . . it was still in the 60's, Stan boy, and there it was: 'Merry—"

"Huh? O.K., 40's, 60's, what's da dif? Too god—, well, pretty soon it's gonna be Labor Day, then Easter . . . Easter."

"Carl, I don't want to start something, but—"

"Kid, ya started somethin' when you were born. But go ahead; no, wait'll Hull gets over th' blue line. O.K., kid, ya gonna sing 'Jingle Bells'?"

"And drown out the blow-by-blow action? . . . No, but you know, if it wasn't for the stores . . . well, the spirit—"

"Yeah, th' stores—that's it, Stan; ahhh, it's all stores and silver crap all over th' windows an' money." As he gestures, Carl knocks his pretzels off on the floor and has to cool off for a minute while he picks them up. Then, frowning, he says, "What's left?"

"Well, I still see some in the bottom of the b—"

"Nah, I mean Christmas—what's left? Now that ya got me goin', you tell me. What is it about dis timea year, yer always grinnin' an' runnin' around buyin' pres—hey, what's in th' bag?"

"Just something I brought, Carl; what were you saying?"

"I wuz . . . what's that?"

"Oh, y'know just something to drink that Schlitz out of, Carl . . . Merry Christmas—early."

"Jeez, onea them mini-kigs? No, no,—hey, it's a

# print

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The Business of Christmas

mug! Jeeez, onea them mugs wit' a lid! Fer me, huh, Stan? Howcome?

"Don't you remember that nifty green-and-orange tie you gave me last year?"

"Aw, Stan boy, that wuz nuthin', believe me. And this year, well, I—"

"Carl, don't worry about this year. O.K.? I'm drinking your Schlitz, and I dug coming over here in the snow, and Sally and I are coming over Christmas Eve, right? That's Christmas!"

"Yeah, I gotcha, but how 'bout th' religious stuff, though, y'know that Sal's always talkin' about. I mean, I thought it ain't Christmas wi'out—"

"It's not, for some people. That's how it began, you know. But, for so many other people like you and me, Carl—who don't really, well, you know, can't—"

"Yeah, I know . . ."

"For us it's—"  
"Y'mean for us it's beer mugs 'n green-and-gold—"

"Orange."  
"Yeah, green-and-gold ties, 'n people gettin' together 'n havin' Christmas cheer . . ."

"With too much rum."  
"Yeah, Stan boy; remember last year? Huh? Too much rum (he, he-ha!)—Stan, get yer coat 'n yer ermuffs!"

"I don't have any—"  
"An 'turn off the' tube—yer closest."  
"Where we going?"

"To get our tree, Stan boy, to get our tree—"  
"Hey, Midge—we're goin' ta get our tree! Be back ina . . . I said we're—'Merry Christmas' . . ."  
"Merry Christmas." And . . .  
Peace.

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## NOTICE:

ALL MEMBERS of Print Staff and anyone interested in working for the Print MUST attend meeting on Tuesday, December 14th at 1:00 in E-214



# SEASONS GREETINGS from the PRINT



frosty

P.S. Good luck on your finals . . . .  
See you in '72



PEACE





# PRINT Retrospect-The Managing Editor's Report

By: Cathy Jones

It isn't customary of the PRINT to publish a report at the end of the trimester, but I feel that there have been a number of changes in our publication which need to be mentioned.

It was my impression when I joined the staff as Managing Editor in September, that students really didn't take the paper seriously. Sure, everybody looked it over, but hardly anybody seemed to take the time to READ it—much less RESPOND to it.

As it turned out, other members of the staff had come to the same conclusion, so we put our heads together and began what we considered progressive attempts to make the PRINT relevant, creative, and directed.

The first step was to initiate a PRINT editorial policy which encourages students and faculty to use the paper to express their views on subjects about the school or life in general.

Next, we began the SENSATIONS section on the center pages of the paper, which was to be an information page like FORUM or SPORTS, where the students would find articles and ads about places to go and people to see, in an easily located area. We felt that this would help unify the layout of the paper as a whole too.

A Calendar of Events was started and in the October 21st issue we began running a request for students to participate in free-lancing for the paper in the areas of writing, photography and cartooning.

The next week we announced plans for a students page, the idea behind this being to bring out the talent at UNI which goes unnoticed because of lack of publishable outlets.

To bring in a political aspect of education we began running letters and articles written by state and governmental officials.

Gee, it really sounds like a decent sheet when you look at it that way.

But something's wrong. When I run the paper around on Thursdays, I still see people throwing it in the garbage or drawing on it.

The people on the megaform by the gym dutifully read the SPORTS

page and Bob Huffman, Risto Martinen, and Sara Polachek check out their names on the FORUM page, but hey, what about you other people? We've been trying to give you what you want, but now what?

Would you believe it—we only received 3 responses to people willing to free-lance for the PRINT. Are there NO photographers, writers, or cartoonists out there? Are there no Art or English Department majors?

And can you believe that only 1 person offered photographs to go on our students page? ONE PERSON. It makes me nauseous every time I think about it. NO ONE offered creative drawings or graphic arts. The only area that came through was poetry—thank god for the Creative Writing Center.

Well, enough bitching.

Now—what can you hope to look forward to next trimester? (Yes gang, we've started writing already!)

For all you registered voters we'll be running a series on the Presidential and Gubernatorial candidates.

For the intraschool elections we hope to be able to publish brief biographies of the candidates.

The Placement office will be supplying us with job briefs.

We would like to publish ANOTHER student's page—(we're hoping people won't be so shy next trimester.)

And of course, the usual Calendar of Events, Columns, and school info.

I'd like to sum up by saying:

"HEY YOU PEOPLE, THIS IS YOUR PAPER! IF YOU DON'T LIKE SOMETHING ABOUT IT—TELL US! IF YOU'VE GOT SUGGESTIONS—TELL US! BUT PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T JUST IGNORE US, OR THROW US AWAY!"

WE'VE GOT TO WORK TOGETHER IF WE'RE GOING TO WORK AT ALL.

If you're interested in helping the PRINT next trimester, come to our meeting December 14, at 1:00 in E-214.

# forum

## Sachs on Budget Restoration

The work of the Legislative Liaison Committee has had a direct positive result of some consequence. A total of \$516,155 dollars has been restored to our budget in six line items including Personal Services. The latter restoration has permitted salary increases to go into effect on November 15 and will allow for hiring of some additional student employees. There will also be additional dollars for library books, equipment, supplies, etc., all needed in the academic program.

The committee spent long hours in hard work and should be quite happy with the results. Many members of the Northeastern Community participated by manning the Information Centers, by writing letters, by soliciting support or by making their presence felt in Springfield. To all of these people we owe a resounding, "Thank you!" for a job well done.

The case for higher education and the particular case for Northeastern was made through political action. The letters expressing concern and asking for support and for definite answers were, I believe, very effective. The people who represented us in Springfield did an excellent job. They made it quite clear that the conversations

were between constituents and their representatives and the response in dollars indicates that a good case was made.

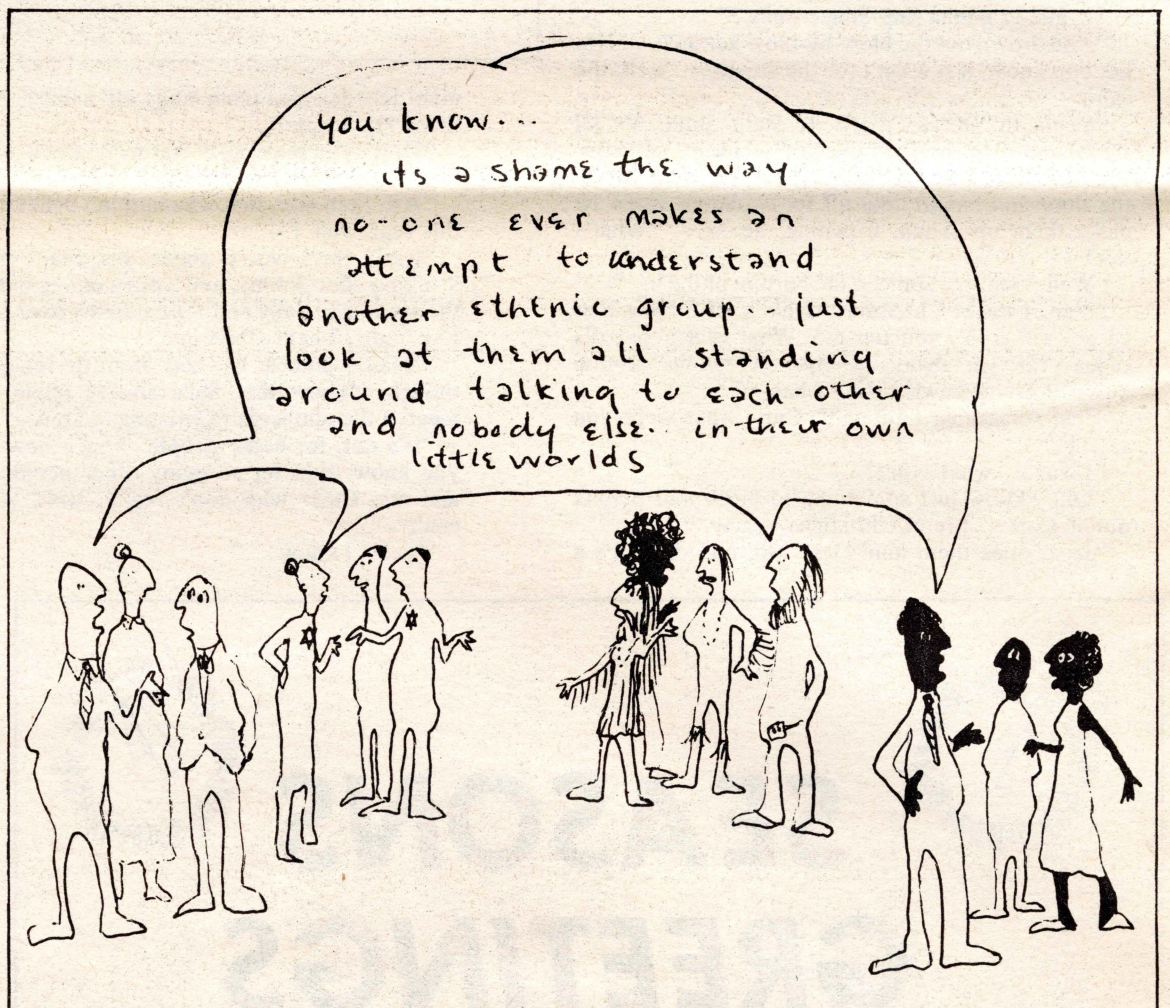
In addition to the direct gains listed above the case against any further tuition increases was strengthened and the need for additional grant and scholarship money was stressed. The Legislative Liaison Committee intends to stay operative. When all components of the campus community pull resources and work cooperatively with other campus communities, this makes a force to be reckoned with. Such power should continue to be exercised for the good of all.

Jerome M. Sachs  
President

## Parking

To Students at Northeastern:  
Would you please not park in front of 5630 N. Drake. A doctor with a heart condition lives there and must make house calls.

Thank You.



## PRINTABLES

Hi! We are the PRINT staff. We walk, talk, write, take pictures, and have a good time up in our office in E-214. But we're missing something—YOU! We want you to be a PRINT staffer too. How? Take pictures, write articles, and when you really get mad, write us an editorial. If you can't write every week, that's OK, let us know. Come up and see us sometime or call at ext. 270 or 577.

### WHO TO BLAME IF WE FORGET SOMETHING

Brian Kilmnick (Editor), Cathy Jones (Managing [the] Editor), Barb Ulman (Manages the Managing Editor), Jane Green (News Editor), Jack Challem (Photography Editor), Stu Weinstein (Photographs the Photography Editor), Fran Camberis, (Business Manager).

### IRREGULAR REGULARS

Scott Roudebush, Dean Strassburger, Dana Mentgen, Eugene Barnes & Debbie Washington, John Gaughan, Steve Goldstein & Barry Feder, Hector Luis Rosario & Miguel A. Rios

### HELP!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Bill Bayer, Sandy Bump, Cele Connolly, Larry Teren, Steve Gaffen, Tim Coogan.

### OUR LEADER

Ely (alias Mr. Liebow) is our Sponsor. He's a REAL nice guy, but if we don't say that the opinions expressed in this RECYCLABLE paper do not necessarily concur with those of the administration, he may be just a nice guy.

## PRINT POLICY

The PRINT welcomes questions and comments from faculty and students. Manuscripts should be typed, as concise as possible, and signed by the author. Letters to the Editor should be addressed to FORUM. Rebuttals should be dated no later than two weeks after the original article. Due to limited space, the PRINT reserves the right to condense letters. Authors should limit their letters to 300 words. Guest Editorials should be under 500 words and delivered to the Editor. Deadline for a Thursday issue is the preceding Friday.



# expressions

## APPETITE POEM

I'm convinced knowledge is an appetite.

doctors tell us to go easy on the fats  
and pasta, not to sleep after meals.

some people try to diet. or eat low-  
calorie stuff. or processed shit.

but it's not quite the same.

so I don't listen to doctors;  
I eat heavy meals and sleep.

Jack Challem

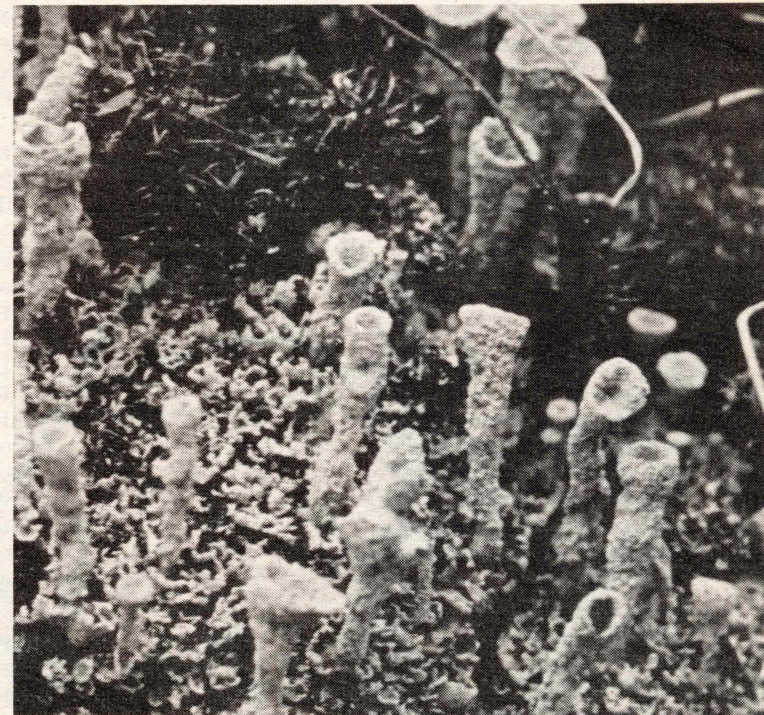


Photo by: Jack Challem

## YOUR CLOSENESS IS A LIFE NEAR ME

Your closeness is a life near me:

a nakedness like that of a newborn,  
seeming to still rest within.

You have thoughts of your own,  
moving on their selfsame impetus.

I only harbour you;  
you harbour me.

Jack Challem

## HOMECOMING

the city is the seed of my singing  
unabashed lover

i am open to it's strength  
the train screams the power of the city  
rhythmic concentric motion  
dangling below me

the city is a mobile  
toy of my childhood  
the tracks twist past  
wind welded

driven  
by the compulsive energy  
black squares dance on rust  
as the sun pushes through the shifting shadows  
embracing the fleeing buildings  
melting around their form in desperate  
passion, spitting sparks.  
this city is the source of my songs.

mtr

It's three days later and  
I've been through another  
Weekend without you again.

I don't like the feeling  
That starts in my insides on Friday  
And about this time on Monday is a yell  
Trying to get out to tell them  
I want to feel you here.

And already I don't like  
The dumbness of next weekend.

Mike Stephenson

two

1. having said so in a promise,  
i no longer choose to carry yesterday  
with me.  
i have looted its body  
and left it lying,  
peeled its rigid fingers from my throat  
and, pushing aside a partial branch,  
let the glint of the sun  
pierce my eye.

2. seeing the leaves scatter across  
the pine-needle floor of the forest  
the time arose  
to banish the sleep from my sight.  
seeing the air tentatively stir the stars,  
the time arose  
to shake the dust from my shoulders  
and sample the season.

mtr

## IN DEPOSITION TO A LADY OF THE STRICTEST SENSE

Becomingly quiet inessential looking smallness,  
she collects characters for examination and catalog-  
ing. A reference to dumb insanity produces thoughts  
of a jester (me) playing the fool to a world of queens.  
She caulks her private reality with leakproof lies of  
goodness: a working moral zoo of freaks with her as  
our keeper-Queen. She receives homage through  
intercourse, the worship of the mighty workers.  
Emotions spread doubt but her eyes and mouth are  
sceptors that impersonally crush revolt among her  
subjects and the lowest of us crawl back for more.  
My fulfillment is the pain of chained normality, the  
restrained instinct for freedom in deference to a  
black Lady-god.

J.R. Danielewicz

## THE PARTY

They all came . . .  
The hyenas and monkeys and snakes and bears  
Stuffing the ceiling and floor and the tables and chairs  
Smoking, choking, joking, poking, soaking  
Up the latest trash  
To later regurgitate at a convenient place  
Yes, the whole human race was there  
Exploding like overblown birthday balloons  
High-pitched and prismatic  
One in intoxicated uncertain celebration  
But each alone within his own most impenetrable  
pit of human frailty

Louis Johnson



Photo by: Bob Hollinger

Due to limited space John Frost's critical analysis on Sigmund Freud and Jean Paul Satre's views on human reality could not be published. It will appear in next trimesters EXPRESSIONS section.



## TESTIMONY FREELY GIVEN BEFORE THE INQUISITION

I don't know  
it wasn't in the  
pharmacopeia  
I don't know  
but I am told  
that there are  
such people  
hiding in dark  
basements growing  
mushrooms and waterbugs;  
making cuckoo clocks in  
the Black Forest;  
polishing with lapidary tumbler  
kidney stones for the clinical  
professor of urology  
at Harvard;  
buying airplane glue  
and using it  
to make models of  
Fokker triplanes.

I am told that  
there are such  
people who  
shiver with incontinence  
at the drop of a testicle  
and thereby commit suicide  
by drowning;  
whose mouths are frequently  
pasty with the secretions  
of monsters,  
the id and Nazi communists;  
who want red wine  
but  
will settle for  
aluminum hydroxide  
in any case;  
who need TNT  
but  
will settle for  
Ivory soap enemas.

## WITHERING

At home, alone, a smile crossed my face:  
What better way to rid myself of gloom?  
With rose in hair and donned in Spanish lace  
I cranked the Vic till "Anna" stormed the room.

The harp, the rugs, the owl—gained momentum  
My head was gorged with blood, my limbs grew weak—  
Enraptured in the past that I was sent from,  
I thought I felt his hand upon my cheek.

The music ceased to play its haunting chant,  
My rose lain brown and tattered on the floor,  
To him I was just one more sycophant—  
My wretched, savage, tender matador.

If only satisfaction was attained,  
I'd have no wish to live my life again.

Laura Stigler

## SOUTH DAKOTA

Flat  
Brown  
Dusty  
Only the end of a soybean field  
To break the breadth  
Of the tamed landscape.

Twenty miles from the farm  
To a town  
With one paved street  
A restaurant  
A bar  
Three churches.

Ray Ryan

## FRAGMENTS

Up & about  
& doing things  
fragments  
in the creation of  
cosmos.

Effie Mihopoulos

I am told  
that certain parties  
wish nothing less  
than to die at the  
doorstep of Original Weinstein's  
so the family shouldn't worry  
and  
everybody gets a handful  
of Faintex ampules  
and  
signs the register just like it  
Grossinger's.

It comes to me  
from reliable sources  
that some people  
spend countless coffee breaks  
in the men's rooms  
of the world writing  
I AM NOT AN OBSESSIVE  
I AM NOT AN OBSESSIVE  
I AM NOT AN OBSESSIVE  
I AM NOT AN OBSESSIVE  
I AM NOT AN OBSESSIVE  
on toilet stalls' walls  
under duress of diarrhea;  
that some -  
students of Introduction to Philosophy-  
have found they lost  
the ability to discern  
erection from  
rigor mortis;  
certain individuals  
turn off their  
televisions at 10:30  
and watch the grey dot  
through a magnifying glass  
lest they miss  
something vital.

I am told that  
such persons exist  
who crave Jack Bailey,  
who need Jack Bailey  
back just one more time so  
they too can be  
queen for a day  
and win a  
Maytag

and life after death;  
who ask nothing  
more than a  
good night's sleep  
between any two of  
several enormous breasts;  
who request of  
no less a man than  
Dennis Day  
happiness eternal  
and are willing  
to pay 15%  
over cost to get it;  
who swear to  
God religiously;  
who religiously  
swear at Franchot Tone;  
who swear by  
Eli Lilly.

And I swear  
that all these  
rumors are as  
real as I  
can make them.  
So they tell me.

Al Axelrod

## CAN YOU FEEL YOURSELF GROW?

Can you feel yourself grow? I can.  
(tendons stretch. skin firms. bones join.)

When I breathe, my whole body grows.  
(shoulders widen. muscles bend. eyes spread.)

Can you feel yourself grow under me? I can.

Jack Challem

"Too much to remember"  
crowds my head,  
at twenty years I'm dead.

A woman smiled and cried in turn  
reliving from her past,

Hard-  
soft,  
hairy bone  
still I sleep at night alone  
and dream of loving-pains.

by: J. R. Danielewicz

## RAPID TRANSIT STATION

Old,  
supported on a faded green el-post,  
her face a brittle candle,  
stale wax cracked,  
a woman  
embarks on a career of Parkinsonism.  
I think of  
a-long-time-ago-Mister-Wanzung-biology-class  
and some flowers, delicious green stems  
supporting smooth pink,  
ageless in a formaldehyde Mason jar.

Al Axelrod

## THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

Sky distant, airy, light  
But gray  
Everything gray  
In this clearing of the forest  
An old merry-go-round focuses my attention  
It's uncoiled poles screech  
Hooves slap against wood  
Swish against air  
Soundless whinnies assail my ears  
I notice living captured horses in poles  
Free to assert their flight  
But not their direction  
Their necks are outstretched to limit  
Front and hind legs frantically extending  
Asserting flight  
Around  
Their eyes are tortured crazed  
As if the horses are under the devil's torment  
But their flanks are unsweated cool  
I hear a snapping noise  
It's the mean nostriled stallion's pole  
He rears  
The pole fragments  
Then furiously his hooves send up streams of dirt  
As  
He's escaping  
Oh my god, he's coming right at me!

Cecilia Bush

## MIND

The silence is an endless drone  
on the existence of the  
mind, cohabiting with the  
fullness of the towering complexity  
of the wave upon wave of  
order, orders

somewhere there is a break—

Effie Mihopoulos

## POLLUTION

People ignoring,  
a multitude of factories belching steam fury skyward,  
filthy fumes floating around in a frivolous frolic,  
a rising din of discordant noise - boom, bang, clang  
glittering glare making the world look like a blur,  
languid water amid green decay with a boot, a tire,  
and a shattered mattress slowly suffocating to a standstill,  
as they go hurrying by, looking down several times at  
their watches.

Lawrence Braun



## ATLANTIQUE!

Atlantique . . .  
 what a woman you are!  
 Writhing and throbbing  
 as though you were an epileptic snake:  
 Look at you —  
 clawing at the shores  
 with those anxious platinum fingertips  
 Sensuality is not becoming to a matron of your years,  
 so cellophane blue from that  
 incessant gagging  
 over your own berserk waves!  
 O pity the motherless, spindly-necked sailor  
 watching his tears parachute  
 to the turbulent  
 web  
 below.  
 he aches to be pacified —  
 to lay his head upon your breast —  
 Not to be the cuttlebone of your baby sharks.

Laura Stigler

## CAN YOU UNDERSTAND?

Sometimes, I fear my thoughts and dreams and wish that life could be so simple. Expressing hope and love in everything I write, I know that someone else must share my feelings and understand my thoughts. Hope is a dream of peace and happiness and things we wish to do for each other. Love is a combination of hopes for people, to wish them peace, and happiness and all that is good. Love is caring and being able to express your feelings through actions. **COULD SUCH DREAMS BE FULFILLED?** People together, with peace in their hearts, working together by caring and sharing, to form happiness; would truly be love.

SC

## REALITY

- I  
 Capture a moment & the  
 moment is real,  
 as the life that  
 surrounds you
- II  
 tears, as drops of water,  
 become unreal
- III  
 repetition, to remind myself  
 that I exist
- IV  
 nothing but the image is  
 real, the picture of what the world  
 shud be, captured
- V  
 I am lost, afraid of the masses that  
 confront me, & say that my world is unreal.

Effie Mihopoulos

## IN PRAISE OF A FRIEND — MORE THAN VAGUELY FAMILIAR

The Black Man of Death comes only in the night  
 But softly  
 Like the aged virago, through the crevices of  
 the cerebrum he crawls,  
 Paintings of purple and gold he leaves as spoors  
 In proof of his almighty omnipresence.  
 Incantations of the Holy Om upon the gray altar  
 Avail only to incite his insatiable desire,  
 The insipid mind is his banquet,  
 On wailing, anguish, and despair he feasts,  
 Supping from the vacuum of the soul.  
 He knows no names; he knows all faces,  
 He revels in the joys of the jaded,  
 Like a cat he appears — the unannounced guest,  
 Pristine melody, cacophony, atonal chords  
 of strident harmony; strange bedfellows all  
 Join in symphonic tribute to his presence,  
 Only the rosetta sun prewarns of the consumptive finale,  
 The Black Man of Death comes only in the night.  
 But softly  
 In the morning we must leave together.

Mike Ramin

## ETHER

I wish my misty form  
 A cloud of stars  
 And scent  
 Could float as it seems to  
 And I could enveil you  
 And 'round and 'round you drift  
 Dizzy you a little  
 Enchant your thoughts  
 Into a sweetest sleep.

Nan Haas

## A STAR TREK EPISODE

The Enterprise looked up  
 And the stars were gone  
 "The stars are gone!" said Kirk  
 (you know how his heart must have failed.)  
 And then the crew slumped over their machines  
 They couldn't make a fist  
 They were impatient with each other  
 The Areal-Sagittarian Kirk  
 Flashed out at Spock because there was  
 Insufficient Data.  
 Bones said in a whisper, "We're dying —  
 All of us — whatever we're in is killing us."  
 It was not one of those days when  
 The idea of Death doesn't phase you;  
 Kirk's face showed it.  
 The void was an energy cytoplasm  
 Surrounding an atomic-amoebic nucleus,  
 As ugly as a sore  
 or an open mouth  
 Sucking them in.

Spock climbed in the little ship  
 Bones wanted to go, but it was a  
 good thing he didn't — a human wouldn't  
 have lived.

That was close; those kind of things  
 really scare you.  
 Spock went in the nucleus  
 Static covered his voice  
 What they had there was a failure to communicate.

Then, Kirk said, "That thing's a virus  
 And we're in it." What if all men were  
 germs in a bigger organism?  
 Statements like that go in all directions.

Chekov said something unimportant but necessary  
 And all deemed Spock to be dead,  
 Then the feel of metal touched  
 The groping fingers of the censors  
 It was the little ship.  
 A crash splashed the crew members  
 About like plankton.  
 It burst the membrane of the beast  
 It burst the life of the creature of death  
 The 11000 miles of terror burst in the sky —

And now a word from our sponsor.

Carolyn Salerno

## VISION DURING A LATE MAHLER SYMPHONY

There once was a green forest here  
 But now there is Black night.  
 and as I walk, I see only black.  
 Sometimes, like a sudden ghost,  
 I see a dripping black bough  
 dip from the pool of night  
 Into my view,  
 Here and there I hear animal sounds,  
 An owl is alone in the night,  
 with his bassoon tone.  
 All this happens in the black —  
 Random sensuality.  
 I feel the cool air on my brow  
 As if myself and feeling were separate.

Carolyn Salerno

## CHICAGO

the night is awake  
 the daytime sleeps,  
 playing with the moon,  
 i hold it in my eye  
 the sun is my pillow.

mtr

## CONSORT

I sit transfixed  
 Entombed in music  
 As plaintive voices  
 Accompany a lute.  
 And as my thoughts  
 Are drawn out and  
 Wrapped around a memory—  
 A touch, a word, a look—  
 A light like a star  
 Catching my eye  
 And holding it stark still,  
 Even time unmoving—  
 All the universe but my heart  
 Motionless.

Nan Haas

Wilhelm Roentgen meets General Sarnoff and they  
 talk about something else

No wonder they're always talking about  
 moonlight.  
 It's amazing.  
 It's so amazing that  
 my hand is fisted loose up to  
 my lower lip.  
 The moonlight makes it  
 look like a 3-D X-ray.  
 Yes, a real gimmick.  
 And I'm surprised  
 I make a shadow.  
 Moonlight makes shadows  
 almost as nice as television sets.  
 It's kind of nice.

Al Axelrod



# THE MOUNTAIN-MOUNTAIN BUS CONTROVERSY

By: John Reil

Recently there has been much discussion of the law suit which Mountain Bus has received. However the reports coming from this legal action have had some misconceptions and also lacked enough information. For one thing, Windfall Productions, who manages Mountain has filed the suit (against Mountain Bus, Good Records and others involved).

Other reports have stated that it was Mountain who instigated the suit. It should be noted, however, that Felix Popolardi and Leslie West members of Mountain have some ownership in the Windfall organization.

The law suit alleges name infringement of Mountain Bus. Yet there are other groups with the name mountain in them such as Rich Mountain Tower, Mountain Dew Boys, Candy Mountain and High Mountain Chaperal. Per-

haps the reason for the action against Mt. Bus rather than the other groups would be that it would be easier for confusion to occur. This type of confusion can be seen in the groups Crow, Crowbar and Stone and Crow. How many people know that Stone the Crow was the name of a group rather than the other groups suggesting actions to be taken or Crow. Bud Prager, president of Windfall Productions compared the usage of the name Mt. Bus to that of Rolling Stone Bus or Bob Dylan Band Bus. The idea being that once you hear this name Mountain Rolling Stone, etc. there will be an air-of confusion.

Even before the album was released, Windfall Productions attempted to settle the matter out of court by writing to those involved with the producing the record of their concern over the confusion that could result. After there was no solution reached through these changes of confusion, Bud Prager informed this writer that he knew of no instance of records being returned because of the groups names. Although he feels that Mt. Bus played here in Concert With Black Sabeth because of the name of Mountain.

One might gather that Windfall Productions are taking this matter seriously and quite honestly they should be because a managers first responsibility is the group and should he not perform well will be replaced.

With these ideas in mind one might wonder what will become of Mountain Bus, Good Records and associates. Windfall Productions has agreed to a transition period where Mt. Bus could inform their followers of their new name as did Cactus-formerly Vanilla Fudge. This would free all parties concerned from legal costs and time that would be invested in court.

## In the neighborhood

by Ely M. Liebow

Starting with this issue, PRINT will inaugurate a series of sketches, reports, stores—on various members of our surrounding community: businessmen, professional people, workers, grifters, and other members of the passing parade. Our community is not really bounded by the bells of the cemetery, the silence of the sanitarium, or the charred chain fence of the Parental School—there's a bigger world out there, and many of the people there have a link with or a keen interest in Northeastern.

### PETERSON-PULASKI CARWASH

The name may not sound very personal or even beautiful, but the good people at the PETERSON-PULASKI CARWASH have been friends of NIU (and loyal advertisers of PRINT) since those halcyon days when the Bears won championships and NIU was still CTC-N. PETERSON-PULASKI CARWASH is owned and operated by one Alvin Rubin, master-mechanic and one of the most industrious young entrepreneurs in the city of Chicago—maybe even the Midwest.

The not only dispense gas, oil, fan belts, and the like, but one of the city's most knowledgeable and skilled team of mechanics is always on duty at the huge Standard station. Bill Nolan, manager, and Bob Peterson, Assistant Manager, are veritable virtuosos of the hydraulic lift. They handle all types of repairs and, like all the PETERSON-PULASKI mechanics, are factory-trained.



One cannot overlook or pass by the novel station without being acutely aware of its existence: it's the station with the signs: "Double S&H green stamps; cigarettes—\$3.33 a carton; complete air-conditions," etc. Since the ultra-modern, \$80,000 car wash was installed nearly a year ago, there are more signs on that one corner than at the last Republican convention.

The quick, many-gadged car wash is described as a "unique experience," a "mind blower." The Super clean-and-dry system; the complete mechanical repairs; the around-the-clock towing service—have all helped to triple the size of the business at the bustling station. Another unusually onvenient feature for NIU customers: leave your car for grease and oil or repairs and get a rid to school. Think of that the next time the parking lost is "full up."

## Poetry Reading

by students

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students whose course-work will be completed as of JULY 1, 1972 are eligible under this deadline. History and geography are not included.

The Board further requires that a successful NTE score be on file in their office. If you have not previously taken and passed the test, you must register to take it on the next date, JANUARY 29, 1972.

Both the EX-5 form and the NTE packet are available in the Placement Office.

## PROSPECTIVE TEACHERS

On Tuesday, December 14, Mr. Dristle, Director of Personnel at Lake Forest schools, will be on campus between 10:00 and 2:30 to recruit for EMH teachers and a junior high math teacher. All interested students should sign up for a personal interview in the Placement Office.

The deadline for making application with the Chicago Board of Education for permanent certification is JANUARY 7, 1971. An Ex-5 form must be at the Board no later than 4:30 on the 7th. Only

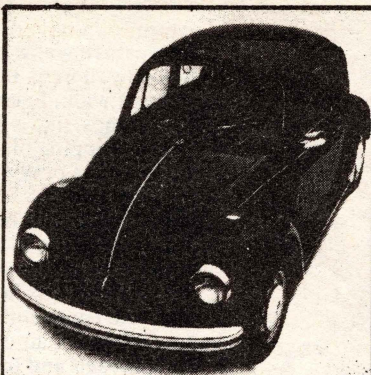
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# INNER UNIVERSITY BLUES

by S. E. Adler

Between 4:30 and 9:00 P.M. on Friday, November 18 the Learning Services office, located at 3416 W. Bryn Mawr was broken into. The back door, which was bared, was physically forced open. Lt. Flood of University Security feels that more than one person was involved because of the force needed to open the door with a bar across it. Two electric typewriters and one calculator were taken. The robbery was discovered by maintenance personnel at 9:00 P.M. that night. Chicago Police took finger prints but as yet no report has come back on those prints. Financial Aids, also located at 3416 Bryn Mawr was left untouched although they are located in the rear.

Dan Walker who might be the next governor of Illinois, spoke to a capacity crowd in the North Dining Hall last Wednesday. He's seeking the Democratic nomination at the primary, March 21, but will run as an independent if another man is nominated. He's counting on people to vote for the man rather than the party. His campaign has been a novel, personable one. You might say Walker has been living up to his name by walking through the state of Illinois. He's walked through strip mines, health clinics, migratory workers camps, and college campuses, such as ours. What has he achieved from this rather ambitious walk? Besides being noticeably slimmer than he was last year, he's received an education from the people of Illinois first hand. He's formed his opinions on the issues from them, rather than an advisory staff.

Walker feels in general, "We need less pouring of cement in this state and more concern for people needs." Walker supports higher education based on need and performance. He wants to retain the scholarships for returning vets and do everything possible to see that jobs are available to them. He feels inner city schools need support from the state. He feels there is dire need for more day care centers. More mothers would have the opportunity to work and get off welfare. He'd also like the case loads reduced per social worker. He feels that Ogilvie has crippled our mental health institutions and they're badly in need of more staff help. He's for home rule for the local communities with the exception of licencing and provisions to protect minority groups. He would like to see merit selection of judges. He feels that those in public office ought to have their finances on public record especially their campaign funds.

"That's where all the hanky panky goes on," said Walker. He himself has claimed to run a "fresh honest campaign."

One student said, "We've been double crossed before. How do we

## Dan Walker: Man vs Machine

by Janey Green

know what you say holds true? Walker said, "All you can do is look at my past record." He also pointed out, "I could make a very good living remaining as a corporate executive or a trial lawyer." Most illustrative is the way he's campaigning. He not seeking favors from the county chairman but from the people of Illinois. His campaign has depended on small contributions from many, rather than large contributions from a few. He does not intend to owe any large debts to anyone.

Dan Walker said, My first executive order will be to abolish the patronage system because with the patronage system you have the priorities of the machine wrapped around your neck." He sighted a sports stadium, an airport on the lake, and a crosstown expressway.

He was asked even if he got in how would he do anything with out control of the state legislature. He said, "We have had governors with control down state. What have they done? I am more concerned with people support than legislative support." Although he didn't think he'd have time to be a part-time stock boy at an A&P once governor, as one student recommended, he did not intend to go into isolation, but to continue to get out the door of his office and listen to the people.

In closing he reminded us to register to vote. "I don't expect that we'll agree on every issue, but I feel we have many common concerns. It's not just a matter of voting for Dan Walker. I feel we can change the course of politics in this state for generations to come. I need you\* - Thank you."

\*Dan Walker's Campaign Headquarters is 105 S. Adams St., Suite 2217-Phone: 782-7566.

### FLASH!!!!

This is to inform you that in all probability, NORTHEASTERN PUBLICATIONS will not be coming out this trimester due to legal and illegal technicalities raised by the Dean of Students at the last minute. You may rest assured that all the information concerning the holding back of the printing of NORTHEASTERN PUBLICATIONS will be released soon to ALL of the community.

### FORENSICS TOURNEY

There is an organization on the Northeastern campus, dedicated to the proposition that: "Greater controls should be imposed on the gathering and utilization of information on U.S. citizens by government agencies." In fact, Forensics Union members are so dedicated that they got up at 5:30 in the morning to travel to the I.E. Norton Invitational Speech Tournament at Bradley University in Peoria, the weekend of Nov. 18-20.

Eight students representing Northeastern in debate, competed against students from 62 colleges and universities from throughout the country. In their first Varsity tournament, the affirmative team of Michael Ferraro and Tom Yagnis was awarded a Certificate of Excellence for winning 3 rounds of debate while losing 2. The varsity team of Reid Sechan and Bob Israel compiled a 2-3 tournament record.

Novice debaters Susan Levin and Helen Lebovitz (the FU's own dynamic duo), also brought back individual Certificates of Excellence with an impressive record of 4 wins and only 1 loss in their first debate of the season. Also competing in the novice division were Donna Hacker and Lori Stefani who won 3 rounds while losing 2.

Four Forensics Union members who are not quite so dedicated to the above mentioned proposition (but dedicated nevertheless) also participated in the tournament in four separate individual events categories. Roger Nash entered the Television Speaking competition, and event which Northeastern has never previously taken part in, where he received a first place ranking from one judge, and placed well in the overall

standings out of the 20 contestants.

The tournament was full of Forensics members trying new events for the first time. Elaine Gertler who generally debates and has participated in Oratory, competed in Extemporaneous Speaking and tied in total speaker points with one of the finalists. Rose Wimsberg and Marcy Mark, two new members, entered the Oral Interpretation competition. Both Rose and Marcy received first place rankings in their preliminary rounds, though neither one was a finalist. All individual Events participants, however, were awarded Certificates of Excellence as a result of their high ratings.

The Forensics program has been fortunate this trimester in having, in addition to Mr. David Jordan, Director of Forensics, the assistance of Dennis McSweeney, a former Northeastern varsity debater, as its debate coach. The team has added 8 new members this trimester, all of whom have thus far participated in at least one tournament. The Forensics Union, located in Office E-20, welcomes all students interested in debating or participating in speech activities. No previous speaking experience is necessary, and the upcoming winter tournament schedule promises to be exciting.

If you're interested in joining, stop by office E-20 anytime during the week — there's almost always someone from the team there — or contact Mr. Jordan at ext. 483.

Happy vacation, everybody. We look forward to seeing some new faces during the Winter trimester, so stop by the office and find out more about the Forensics program on campus.

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### Russian Club

Russian club is planning a trip to Russia this April. The cost for students will be \$550.00. The trip will be for 15 days in Russia and we will see 3 major cities: Leningrad, Kiev and Moscow. If you are interested in coming along contact: Mrs. Friedman

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# sports of all sorts

## Eagles Win!?

by Brian Kilmnick

The Northeastern Illinois University Golden Eagles Basketball Team opened their home season schedule on a winning note with an 85-84 victory over Concordia College of suburban River Forest. To put it mildly the game STUNK! Both teams looked completely ragged and if it weren't for the closeness of the score many of the fans could have fallen asleep. The Eagles had no excuse for not bombing Concordia out of the gym.

"They were a weak team," said Coach Salario. He went on saying "we were very sloppy, we had no excuse for not beating them much more easily." One note of interest, the students at this school should be completely ashamed of themselves. The reason for this being Concordia had twice as many students rooting for their team at an away game as Northeastern had for a home game.

Both teams tried several ways to "give the game away," Concordia succeeded. They had numerous opportunities, via Eagle mistakes to take the lead in the second half but they just were as sloppy as Northeastern and when they got close to the Eagles they started their sloppy routine and thus failed to catch the Eagles.

Here is the box score:

NORTHEASTERN 85					CONCORDIA 84				
	FG	FT	FTA	TP		FG	FT	FTA	TP
Davis	5	0	0	10	Bahr	1	0	0	2
Doyle	5	3	5	13	Dorsch	3	1	2	7
Herley	4	4	6	12	Engel	6	1	2	13
O'Gradney	6	1	2	13	Heiden	6	1	3	13
E.Thomas	4	0	4	8	Kraemer	2	0	0	4
N.Thomas	10	2	3	22	Morrison	6	1	1	13
J.Williams	3	0	2	6	Mueller	4	6	7	14
W.Williams	0	1	1	1	Piel	3	1	2	7
					Platt	5	1	1	11
	35	15	23	85					
						36	12	18	84

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**NEXT GAME - FRIDAY at NORTH PARK 8 P.M. . . .**

## U.N.I. Hockey Club vs. IIT Saturday Night

The U.N.I. Hockey Club will play their second game of their first season against Illinois Institute of Tech. this Sat. night at 10:30 pm. This game will be a rematch between two of the finer teams in the Chicago area. Even though we lost the first game by the score of 11-4, Dan Spiess, Manager of the team, feels that this game will be the first victory in the club's history. "We will leave no doubt that we have the better team". If you are interested in seeing an exciting game of col-hockey or, if you want to see a

U.N.I. athletic team actually win a game, come on out to the Rolling Meadows Ice Rink this Sat. night at 10:30 pm. If you do not know how to get there, here's how; Kennedy exprss. to NW Tollwy. Exit at Rolling Meadows Exit (apprx 3rd exit.) Which brings you right on to 53. Take 53 to Kirchoff Road, (approx. 2nd exit) Where you take a right turn. At first stop light you take another right. From there you drive, hitch, or walk about three-fourths of a mile to the rink. If you do get this far sit down, relax and watch the game.

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**GAMES PEOPLE PLAY -** December 17 - An interview with Dr. Eric Berne, the witty and articulate developer of Transactional Analysis, who talks about and demonstrates both the theory and practice of his approach to group therapy.

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