## figures of earth a column by Bill Kostura

Some writers strike a responsive hord in you, saying those things you ally wish you would say, laying bare hose truths which others kind of edge around, never quite acknowedging. Harlan Ellison is one writer who does so, with a tremendous mount of energy and a high dealism which is usually relegated o the ranks of the trite hack writer who infests the newsstand. Richard Delap, a critic and friend (O.K., so this is not a completly objective column) of Ellison's, has said, "...I can never forget my astonishment in discovering a brand new writer who delighted me with his brash cynicism, hopeless sentiment, and an all-embracing humor which could allow him to laugh at you and me and himself at the same time." To throw in the kitchen sink, I might add that Ellison's stories are truly original creations, sparked by an uninhibited imagination.

A 1984-sort of world ruled timewise by the Ticktockman, who docks time from a person's life each time he is late, whenever seconds are wasted; and the Harlequin, a clown figure who is always late, and who gums up the works with, well, jellybeans, millions of them. shunted straight into the sidewalks leading to the Time Motion Study Building, delaying everything sim-

...The 1964 murder of Kitty Genovese, who clawed her way around a New York City block for thirty-plus minutes, while her knifist-assailant slowly sliced her up, and while 38 witnesses watched in silence: transformed into a fantasy, "The Whimper of Whipped Dogs," about one of the witnesses ...

.. Lawrence Talbot (the Wolf Man, if you'll remember the old Universal movies) who, in "Adrift, Just off the Islets of Langerhans, embarks on a spectacular search for his soul, and finds (among much else) the real life Martha Nelson, who was incarcerated, for God-knows-what reason, in an Ohio mental asylum in 1875 at age four, and discovered there, her life wasted, in 1973 at age

One fine muggy day last semester

I sat dejectedly in my dorm room,

mourning the loss of my beloved

textbooks. My fingers curled tightly around a \$5 bill, a bill for which I had just exchanged what I had thought to be \$85 worth of books.

I had haggled, hassled, wheeled

and dealed with the benevolent

bookstore manager, and finally had

escaped from his volume-lined

walls, considering myself lucky to have earned the \$5. I was, however,

beginning to feel guilty about releas-

ing my wordy friends to the scrap

piped from somewhere underneath

my pillow. They don't really toss

those books in the scrap pile! Now if

you'll lift this lead weight off my back

I'll tell you what they do with them!

Cautiously, I reached out and slid the pillow off the bed, revealing, in his full glory, Leroy, my old pet

"Leroy!" I squealed delightedly

"I thought they had exterminated

"Nonsense," he said, chuckling.
"It takes more than a few squirts of
Raid to get rid of a cockroach, kid.

Now if you'll shut up and listen I'll

tell you what I learned the other day

trot across the street to visit some

friends who lived in a trash bin be-

"Late one afternoon I decided to

when I walked past the bookstore.

you during the spring break.

cockroach.

"Don't sweat it, kid," a shrill voice

Ellison links his fantasy worlds with real life, extrapolating trends from our present day existence and pointing out the way he thinks things might go in the future. His projections are invariably downbeat; this is even evident in his book titles: Alone Against Tomorrow, Approaching Oblivion, Paingod, Deathbird Stories. All of which sounds very serious and intellectual; yet, Ellison speaks from the gut, and doesn't mind pushing the limits of absurdity to make a point.

"It's not often people will tell you how they really feel about gut-level things. Like God or how they're afraid they'll go insane like their grandfather or sex or how obnoxious you are when you pick your nose and wipe it on your pants. They play cozy with you, because nobody likes to be hated, and large doses of truth from any one mouth tend to make the wearer of the mouth persona non grata. Particularly if he's caught you picking your nose and wiping it on your pants. Even worse if he catches you eating it. Now honest, how many people will cop to that?" Introduction, Over the Edge

Harlan Ellison's stories and articles are simply not to be found in Atlantic Monthly or the literary magazines, nor grouped alongside such established important authors as Nabokov, Vonnegut, Barth, or Mailer (one can hear all the very respectable academic types and loyal zombie followers of the New York Literary Establishment, none of whom exist in the real world or read a word outside their coistered field, harrumphing at such impertinence) perhaps because he probes just a bit too deeply into the filth and grime and pain in the world, and then looks at ourselves (no, not that person sitting next to you; yes, that's right, I mean you) and asks Why.

Anyway, we may be "academic," being in school n' all, but we certainly aren't establishment, not yet, anyway. So give him a chance, look him up; you may already have "Repent, Harlequin, Said the Ticktockman," which is included in the English 203 anthology text.

The dogs have different voices for different situations. They will usually "bawl" when tracking and

shortcut through the joint, I over-

heard the owner talking on the

'That's right," he chuckled.

We're sending the first shipment of

those texts tomorrow. Since they've

we'll grab 'em up cheap and sell

them to you for a price. Then you can

'We made up some wild story for

milk your kids for \$9 or \$10 bucks

the kids here so we could get hold of

those books cheaply. I think my workers are telling the students

we're selling their texts to the 'paper

dealer.' Can you imagine college

kids believing that? Reminds me of

the Tooth Fairy stories," he said,

Not being the kind of roach to

check out the other area

"First, I scuttled down the street

to another book store, and listened to the guy in charge talking on his

telephone. I heard pretty much the

same thing all over again, except this

time some kid came tearing into the

"Hey, man," he drawled. "I wanna know how come I paid \$12.50 for this used book when it has \$7.50

"That's easy," the man told him.

stamped right inside the cover.

jump to conclusions, Leroy decided

bookstores before forming his opin-

chortling merrily

and we'll all make a tidy profit!

been discontinued from use here,

#### Tracking comes first for Monk

# Raccoon chasing old man's best tal

By JOHNNY PILMER and CHARLIE BRADBURY "Dey ain't a soul in Wellborn what gonna forgit de night we run de Metrecal Coon," said old Monk Wills, storyteller, historian, coon hunter

Monk belongs to that small fraternity of men who were born coon hunters — that group of nocturnal hunters who were either born in the woods or at least within earshot of a

Like all hound men, Monk has been known to turn down the three other staples of life-cold beer, watermelon and women-in order to track after The Coon.

Monk says he was once offered two free tickets, a free ride and a date to watch Mohammed Ali fight Joe Frazier in Houston.

"I was jest fixin to leave out when ol' John Milner drove up in his coupe and he was a-carrying ol' Luke, a six-year-old grand night champion fresh outa Mississippi. I been hunting coons all of my life and I ain't never had a dog what come close to being a grand night champion. If Mohammed had been here hisself, he'd still had to wait," Monk said.

A grand night champion is a dog which has amassed a certain number of points in competition with other hounds at a United Kennel Club 'wild coon hunt." There are only 600 of these dogs across the United States. They compete against each other annually at the world hunt to determine the king or queen of all grand night champions.

Once a dog has reached champion status, he is sought after by coonhunters everywhere as a sire for their

It's impossible to describe why a man like Monk hunts night after night, but it is possible to describe a little of what goes on. Coons are noc-turnal animals and they must be hunted at night. Coon hunters usually carry their dogs to a place of suspected coon activity and turn

The dogs have different voices for

Well, man, like, maybe I could

"Could you did that again?" the

dig that but what about that 'Univer-

sity of Illinois' stamped on the back

man asked, irritably, "because if you couldn't, you can just trot right up to

the desk and get a refund. Someone else will buy the book."

"Yeah, man, but this is the only

joint in town that carries it, and if I

don't buy this one I won't have a

The man smiled broadly. "That's

Still not sure his research was

thorough enough, Leroy decided to drop by still another bookstore. "Once I'd crawled inside the

door," Leroy said, "this salesman ac-

costed me and began trailing me

"May I help you, sonny?" he queried anxiously. I protested that I was only a roach and had very little

buying power, so he quickly dismissed me and began following some

unfortunate student around the

store. "Did you get your multilead pencil?" he asked. "Could you have

forgotten your brassplated back

folding wooden stand and appen-

dices in 29 languages?'

textbook," the student wailed.

right!" he said, beaming.

around the stacks.

hind one of the bookstores. As "Some student probably stamped

crawled through the door to take a that in there.'

"chop" when they have treed the

The coon sweats through his feet and creates a trail for the dogs to follow. A good coon dog can distinguish a coon track and will follow only that scent.

During fur season a coon may be taken for his pelt and his meat. Otherwise, he is usually released to run again. Such a practice has pro duced a few coons with unusual skill in evading the hounds.

It was just such a coon that of Monk described when I found him holding up the back of Neely's Store. He was sipping on a Big Red and I could tell by the look in his eye he

was in a storytelling mood.

I asked him if he'd been on any good coon hunts lately and that's all

"It was dat same night dat John Milner brought Old Luke outa Mississippi. I knew deese Wellborn coons wouldn't be no match fo' a grand night champion 'less we was to run the Metrecal Coon," he said.

He explained that a coon had been stealing some outdated cans of Metrecal, a diet drink full of proteins, vitamins and energy from a hog barn on the Johnson Banch.

Yassuh, dat Metrecal is full of dem vitamins and things. Long as dat coon been drinkin' dat stuff he bound to be in hard runnin' shape

'I took my two best dogs, Lope and Mule, and turned 'em out with Luke at dat hog barn. Ol' Lope struck dat track first and all de dogs was right behind him. We could tell by de way dem dogs was movin' and a-barkin' dat de track was fresh and

"De coon was movin' with incredible speed, but old Luke was right behind him and closin' fast. Den Mister Coon reach into his bag of tricks," Monk said.

The first thing the varmit did was make a straight line for a pond about a mile away. He ran around the edge of the pond about three times, mak ing the scent even stronger. Then he

Roach checks out bookstores earshot and I heard another guy talk-

> ing to his secretary Tell that college in the Panhandle that we're flying up that shipment of books tonight on Raven Airlines And tell 'em to charge the pants off their students - they practically gave that last bunch away and we had to raise our prices to absorb the loss. Some of the kids here are com-

> plaining..."
> Just then the man turned and saw Leroy balancing himself on a light

"Well!" he shouted. "We can't afford to go out of business either. Just think, if we weren't here to supply these kids with texts, what would they do? They'd have to pay attention during lectures, and their professors would actually have to dig up fresh material and wouldn't have the texts to fall back on!It would revolutionize education!Do you want that, you grimy roach???

'No, I wouldn't want that," the grimy roach admitted to me later as we sat in my dorm room munching

Those merchants are right. They're exchanging a legitimate service for our ready cash, and if we're dumb enough to pay their prices why shouldn't they take advantage of us?

scratcher? Your miniature Russian-English dictionary with a "This is America, and that's free enterprise, baby; even a grimy coc-"Finally the salesman got out of kroach can understand that.

Monk said the dogs went crazy when they hit that pond. They began to run in circles around it.

"Luke was a-running so hard and fast that at times he could see his own tail," Monk exclaimed.

The dogs remained confused for about 15 minutes. Luke finally found the track and the race was on again.

"Dem dogs headed fo' de woods and I knew dat coon was fixin' t' tree up. Sure 'nuff, dem dogs was a-barkin treed on a big oak tree I had treed in befo'

Monk said he knew there was a hollow at the top of the tree, so he started to climb.

"When I was about halfway up, I stopped fo' to catch my breath. I shined de light towards the ground, and I was so high dat light never did reach de ground. It was jest like I'd shined it in de sky.

Monk continued to climb the tree. When he got to the hollow, he shined his light in it especting to find the coon at the bottom. Instead, he saw two empty cans of cherry flavored Metrecal still dripping as though hastily consumed.

Jest then dat coon baled outa de highest branches of dat tree. I figure he musta stored dat Metrecal for extra energy, cuz when he hit de

ground, he slapped each dog twice, bit John on de leg and took off befo' John even seen him.'

The coon made a big circle and then headed straight for Wellborn. He ran past every house on the highway, causing an unprecedented commotion among the local dogs.

"I cain't figure why dat coon run straight fo' town 'less it was so as dem other dogs would go to howlin' and confuse Luke, Lope and Mule. As smart as dis old coon was, I wouldn't doubt dat he stopped at de dump to find an old can of dat Right

Guard to spray on his feet.' The disturbance in town gave the Metrecal Coon enough time to travel about three miles north on the highway. Here the animal happened upon a southbound freight train on a siding. Not being one to ignor opportunities, he boarded the train.

Meanwhile, Monk and John were

slowly walking towards town. John was nursing his coon-bitten leg, and both men worried about their dogs so close to the highway. By this time, Neely's Store rocked

with laughter as many people had gathered to hear the tale. Monk howled and chopped, imitating the

"Jest as we got to town, I heard dem dogs quit barking and I knowed dey musta got run over cuz de trail

start runnin', when we sees headlights up ahead and up delake McClure with our dogs in

Monk said they thanked old

and began walking the dogs to their truck. When they were a mile from town, the south freight rolled slowly by.

As de train passed us, Mul his nose in de air and I knewt was a coon around. He give o slow bawl and took out after train with both dogs behind

The race was on again. Just then Monk stopped, sm tobacco-stained smile, looked with a grin and said: "Mule kno train had to stop in Navasota Monk claims that old Mule

shortcut through the woods three dogs were waiting at the when the train pulled in.
A terrible battle ensued.

> 'When I drove into de de could see blood on de walls at 12 foot high. Coon and dog ha hangin' from de lights. Der finally whipped dat Metrecal but none hunted again for t

months. I asked Monk if he ever hu any more Metrecal Coons. "N fust thing I did when I got back to pour out dat Metrecal. Coon tin's hard 'nuff without Metr

# Broken love fills album By PAUL MUELLER mony/If you do the best that you an earlier Ronstadt song, "Love No Bride".

Well, Ags, another summer is gone, and another semester is upon us. I'm looking forward to a good year, musically and otherwise. If the past three months are any indica-tion, it should be a good year for music: the summer saw releases from Jeff Beck, George Benson, Jefferson Starship, and a lot of other artists. One of those others is Linda Ronstadt, and her new album is called Hasten Down The Wind.

The image that Linda Ronstadt has most often projected during her solo career has been that of the loser in love. In her songs, she has loved and lost more often than anyone else around, but she always leaves the impression of being ready to play the game just one more time, in hopes of finally winning. Most of the songs on Hasten Down The Wind are based on these themes: the painful end of love, followed by cautious optimism for the future.

Side One starts off with "Lose Again," which is, as the title suggests, is about losing. More specifically, it is about the futility of one-sided love, and brings up an important point about love in general: that it doesn't always respond to reason, and tends to persist even when it brings more sorrow than happiness. The almost desperate hope for the future is illustrated by the end of the second verse: "... if I hold on for one more day... maybe he'll be

cuts on the album. Basically, it concerns the trouble that comes from being married to a partner who likes to run around. Contrasted with these gloomy thoughts is the idealism expressed in the chorus: 'True love can be such a sweet har-

"If He's Ever Near" is more about confusion than about pain or despair. This song expresses well the fact that true love (if it exists) is often hard to

Buddy Holly wrote and recorded 'That'll Be The Day" in the late '50's, but Ronstadt and band managed to come up with a pretty good version for this album. It has more of a country flavor than the original, and a more energetic pace than most of the songs on the album. Another contrast it is about a good kind of love and not the usual pain and heartbreak.

'Lo Siento Mi Vida" is interesting in that all but one verse is sung in Spanish. It is a love song, of course,

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and makes use of some nice harmonies by Kenny Edwards and Andrew Gold, but since I can't read Spanish, that's about all I can say.

The first side ends with the title cut, another song about a good relationship gone bad. Quietly sung, it warns of the troubles that result from the conflict between freedom and commitment, and from the games that people play with each other. "Lose Again," it is about losing but this time it is the man who

Side Two begins with "Rivers of Babylon," a short hymn that lasts less than a minute. It is sung without but Edwards and God contribute harmonizing vocals.

Linda returns to a more familiar style with "Try Me Again," the song of a rejected lover who wants another chance and will almost beg to get it. It brings to mind the title of

No Pride.

'Crazy" is one of those song sound as if they were written Ronstadt. In fact it was writ Texas' own Willie Nelson (a corded on his latest albu Linda sings it beautifully, with fect mixture of grace and soulf Like "Lose Again," it deals wit theme of futile love, but it i quite as doleful as that song.

"Down So Low" is another about losing love, this time w by Tracy Nelson. The sense of obvious here, along with a s sour-grapes attitude: losing you/That's got me dow low/I just can't find another ma

take your place." The album ends, appropri with a song called "Someone T Down Beside Me." It is appro-because, in the lyrics, Linda realizes that the true lov searches for may not really be after all. In the end, all that can found to ease her loneliness is a porary and unsatisfactory solu But, as she sings, "... event

it's not real . . . you just can't ask Ronstandt and her band hi broadened their musical hori with this album by adding mo struments and more elaborate rangements to the basic of style used in the past. Several songs make use of a string see and even list a "Concert Master the lineup of musicians. And ter, guitarist, vocalist, and key man. Russell Kunkel provide backing on drums throughout of the album, and guest artist clude Kenny Edwards, Wet Waldman, and the Eagles' Don't

that, va know?

Yeah Salvadore, I think what ya mean. What about are

"Hey, not a bad idea for a

Bueno idea, Salvadore, and

Wait a minute Giovanni.

On the verge of death, the

He arrives at Nueva Aragon dified governor by day and Zom

He is assisted by his supe

night

## 'Zorro' insults movie goers

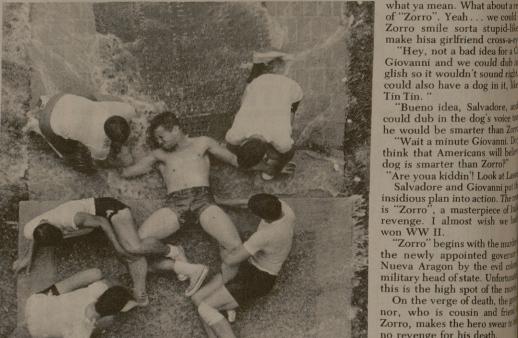
The Italian movie industry has launched a frontal attack on innocent, American movie goers. This at-

tack is in the form of the movie

Italian movie circles named Luigi Fellini who attended a meeting

Zorro". "Hey Salvadore, itsa time we struck back at those dirty Americans

for stealing our pizza and mace Howa do you think we can get about a year ago in which the producers of "Zorro" outlined their 'Well Giovanni, I think west plan. It went something like this: attack them where it hurts, yak Like at Walta Disney or sometim



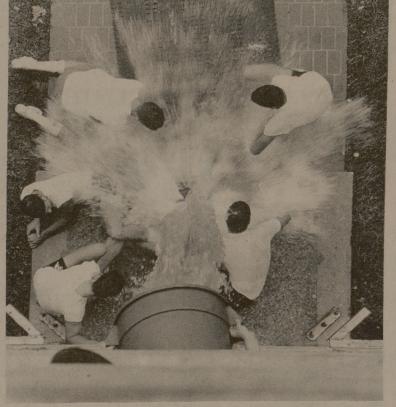
Battalion photos by Carl Key

watch as the water flows off of Lombardino.



"Assassin" a black great dans cross-eyed girl friend, his mutt vant and his ridiculous smi many struggles with the C Freshmen, who are usually the only class to do the which you hope will end the the show thankfully ends and holding during the quad, are directed to the persons to be quadded by upperclassmen. The five freshmen above dience is allowed to escape fro sibly the worst movie of they

Paul Lombardino, commanding officer of Company F-1, struggles as the water begins to flow out of the trash can from the second story window. Juniors and seniors are sent to the quad by members of their own class.



Quadding begins for cadets

Quadding rules stipulate that the water which Lombardino is splashed with, must be clean and free of any other substance, but may be warm or cold. The activity must take place between the hours of 4 and 6 p.m.