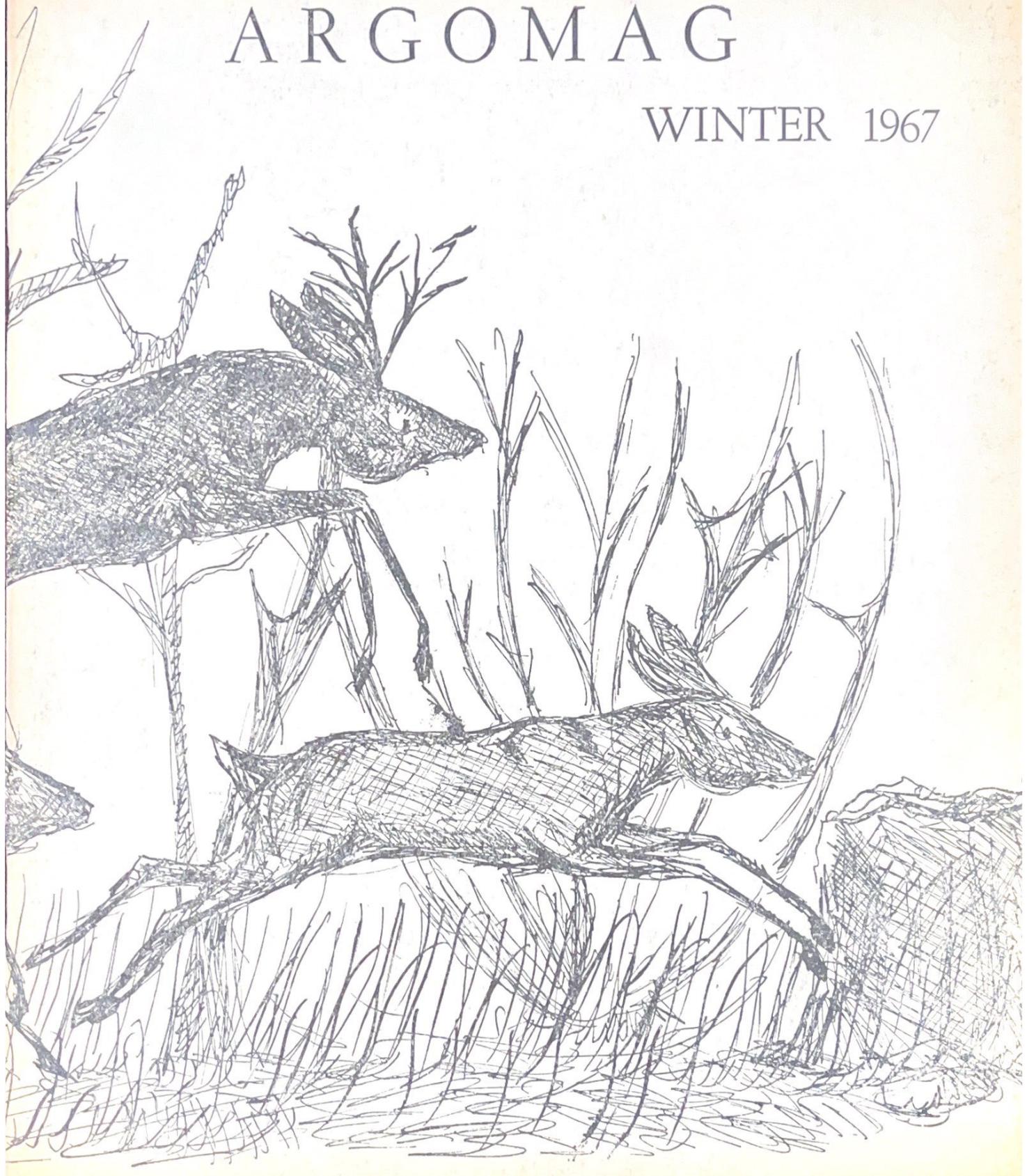


ARGOMAG

WINTER 1967



This ARCOMAG cover was created by Amy Aitken '70, whose sensitive and often whimsical style has a charming air that is all its own.



THE ARGOMAG

W I N T E R

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A Precious Gift

*When life was but a room all filled with me
And private thought reflected selfish needs
My eyes no flowers could be made to see
Instead they sighted wrinkled growth of weeds.*

*But then he came; partnered by the sunlight,
He showed to me the opal-colored world.
I grew to understand another's plight
And soon for me the bliss of life unfurled.*

*Therefore, the roots of love became embedded,
For he had brought to me a precious gift
Ability to see where I was headed,
And strength with which my blinding veil to lift.*

*Although he's gone, his lesson still remains
For now my heart can weep and feel life's pains.*

BEA LANDMAN '68





In The Spring A Young Man's Fancy

The paternal ancestor was a perfect specimen: he was a picture of health. He had pearly teeth, raven hair, and in his time peace reigned supreme. He was the proud possessor of a mind that was clear as a bell. He did not have a knowledge of the finer things in life; however, he was fully clothed and in his right mind.

Then the fair sex reared its ugly head in one fell swoop. The first woman was poor but honest. Pretty as a picture, she had eyes of heavenly blue, a fragile form. When man first saw this woman, he said, "Fragility thy name is woman."

Like a bolt from the blue, he took her in his brawny arms and got down to brass tax. History tells us that faint heart ne'er won fair lady. In this sneer of cupid everything went along nicely. The best laid schemes o' mice an' men were never put off 'till tomorrow. The frightful carnage between the contracting parties was better late than never.

However, all is not gold that glitters. He was caught like a rat in the trap. The vengeance of the gods struck while the iron was hot. The course of true love is doomed to disappointment. Man's first communion with nature: wine, woman, and song is as udder disaster. His untiring effort went on into the wee small hours. He was betrayed by woman, that succulent bi-valve. Thereby hangs a tale.

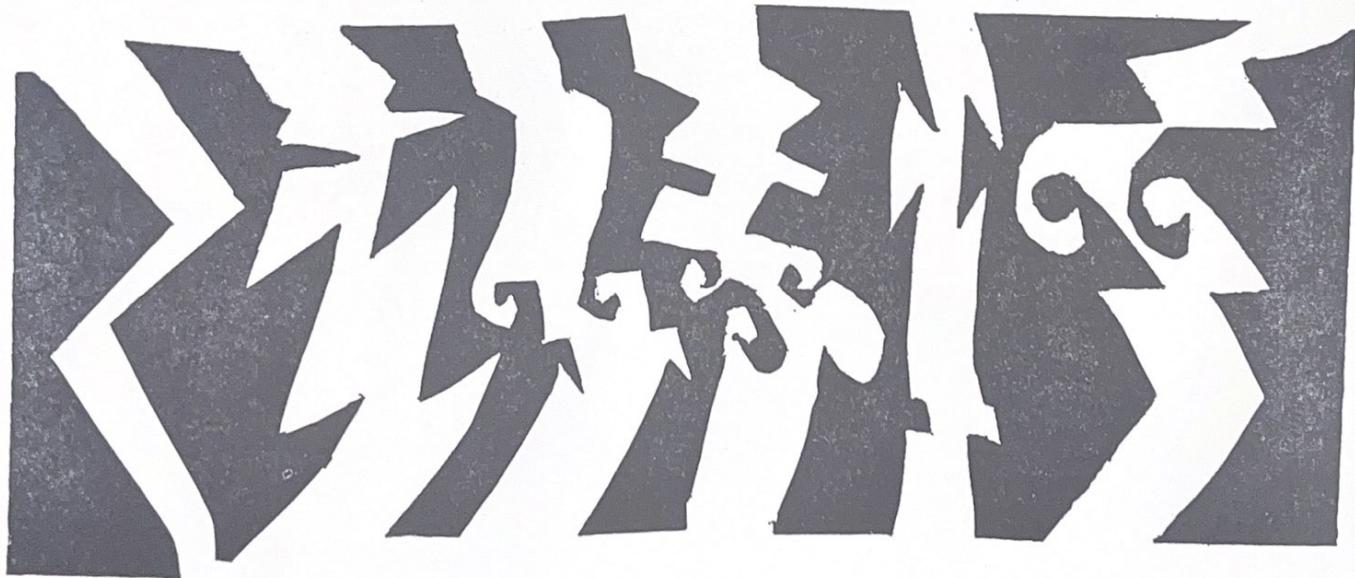
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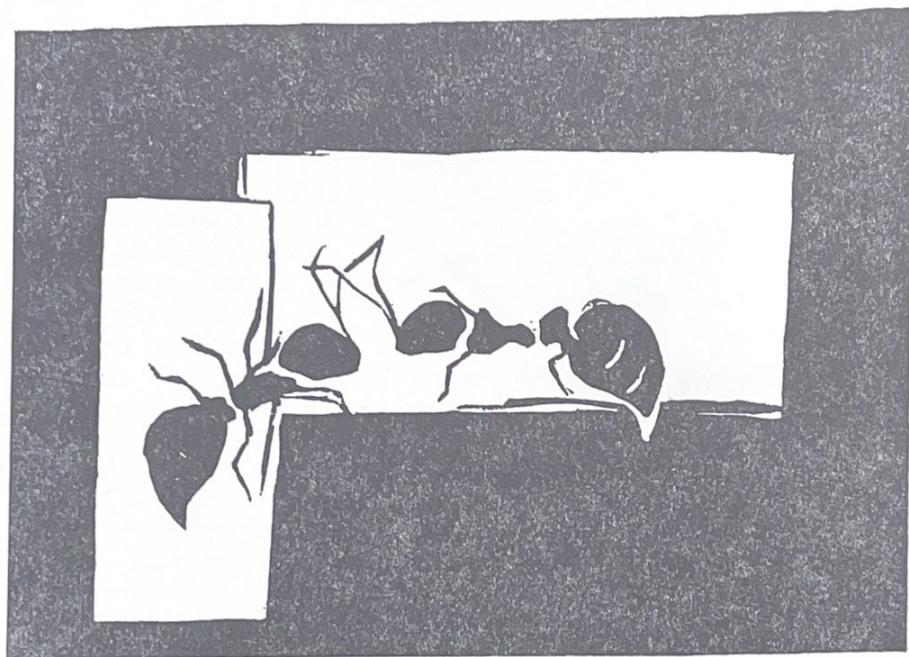
BY PHILIP LIOIA '70 AND
LOWELL CHODOSH '70

Vanquished Graceful

*By the sad melodic noises
Of an old unchiming clock,
Whose numbers squat and lettered
Made unread by ageless dust.
The quiet souls of vanquished
All unfettered by the wind
Stand by accustomed places,
Leaning on the mantelpiece.
They nod politely to themselves
And fold their hands
And cross their legs
Leaning quiet on the mantel.
And as the clock is striking
The hours of their past
They sincerely stop their chatting
And they move ahead one place.
They then resume their talking,
Quiet whispers falling low,
Leaning sad against the mantel
As their fire burns slow out.*

ALICE DONOHUE '69







L'Envol

*Comme un papillon elle changea pendant sa vie.
Dans un petit enclos, son cocon, elle grandit.
Quand elle eut des ailes assez grands, elle vola
Loin de sa première maison. Partir, elle cria,
Jamais, jamais ne retourner. Puis, elle entra
Dans le monde. Pauvre petit papillon! Elle poursuivit
La vie, et la vie la saisit. Elle, attrapée
Par l'amour, suivit le cours de sa nature. Emporté
Par le vent, le papillon est saisi en son
Vol, joli et content, par un petit garçon
Avec un bocal. Bien sûr, tous les deux sont
Les captifs d'un homme. Mais elle ne peut pas rester
Tranquille. Elle fut agitée, sa pauvre cœur
Aussi, par le monde. Elle voulut, sans avoir peur,
Une vie encore libérée. Elle s'échappa de
Sa deuxième maison, encore libre, mais malheureuse.
Ses ailes et son corps sont plus éveillés que
Dans son mariage. Un jour, elle sera heureuse, peut-être.*

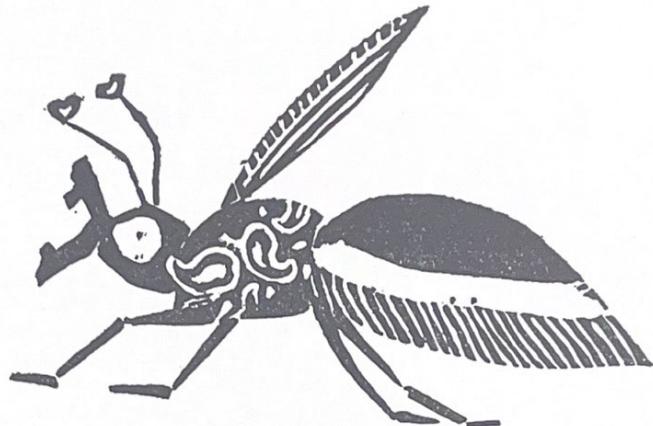
ROBIN HALPRIN '70

The Chalkmite: Its Origin, Development, and Nature

The common chalkmite — what is it? — where is it from? — of what use is it to mankind? . . . these and other probing questions arise whenever the name *Vermiculus cretae bratekensis kosnetti* Cahn is mentioned. It grieves the knowledge-thirsty world that such a brilliant scientific discovery as the unearthing of the chalkmite has been unknown and unacclaimed.

The chalkmite is believed to have been discovered in late October or early November of this year. The exact date has not been revealed. Jeff Kosnett was the renowned discoverer of this remarkable creature. Mr. Kosnett noted a strange disappearance of chalk during Mr. Braték's fourth period English 8 class. He tracked down the cretaecean pseudo-insect after class and announced that room 106 "is infested with 'chalkmites.'" The animal was catalogued soon afterwards by another member of the class but, unfortunately, his/her name is classified information. The common appellation "chalkmite" is based on the analogy termites: wood = chalkmites: chalk. One other creature commonly known as "amywiletz," has been classified after much debate, as a member of the genus *Vermiculus*. It seems inevitable that others of this group will be discovered in the near future.

Vermiculus cretae bratekensis kosnetti Cahn is a very attractive animal, which seems odd when one considers that all chalkmites are females. The markings vary from individual to individual, but for the most part, chalkmites have bright crimson abdomens with alternating ventral stripes of "Tyrannian" purple and olive green; thoraces with embellishments which strongly recall the ancient Persian "paisley"; and heads of no uniform color. Attached to the thorax one finds "or"-colored wing coverts and glistening transparent wings, and also variously hued legs, eight or nine in number (some carry a spare). The chalkmite possesses a large, horny, shiny, black beak or mouth part with two large diamond or quartz crystals for crushing the commercial calcium carbonate, which forms the mainstay of its diet. The chalkmite lives for approximately twenty-three hours fifty-six minutes and four and nine hundredths seconds, after which it gives birth to its litter of ninety-five and then rots.



The discovery of the chalkmite may well lead to a new branch of biology; for it is well known that "the mite," as some eighth graders lovingly call it, is a member of a totally new taxonomic kingdom. There are rumors running about that a new religion based on the worship of *Vermiculus* is starting. The Great One, praised be His Name, King of *Vermiculae*, Giver of Chalk, etc., etc., etc., is most certainly a remarkable animal. (Amen)

JOEY CAHN '72

THE BASEBALL FAN

I

Deepwater clings ingratiantly to that shore of New Jersey which kneels yearningly toward Wilmington, Delaware. It crouches under the shadow of polluting factories, forever content in its low prosperity, but desperately craving recognition. Its women wear Montgomery Ward housedresses; its men do not wear workclothes away from the factory. The mosquitoes hum sleepily in artificial-formica-covered luncheonettes as the swamps reclaim their own. The hamlet believes itself to be under the divine hand of the God, who, contrary to the dogma of the warring faiths, ignores denominational squabbles to propagate an image of the Universe that has thus far escaped the inhabitants.

II

Sherman Brunner was dying.

He was only fifty-six, but it seemed as though at least seventy years had shrivelled him to his present state. He lay still in the tight air of his bedroom, his wife Trudy sitting close by on a cane-bottomed chair. She watched him as he hovered in the oblivion of gentle oscillation between semi-consciousness and coma. There was no drama here—a man was merely dying, and a woman was frightened. No priest hurried silent to the bedside.

Yet it is not the nature of man to die completely unnoticed. Indeed, as the quiet chimes of the clock announced the "supper" hour (for that section of the country, a knock startled the nervous woman. "Come in!" she called as gently as she could, and turned quickly back in the fear that she might have hastened her husband's departure. He remained unknowing; relieved, she tried to see the visitor. "In here!" she whispered, never realizing the feebleness of her own voice.

"Trudy?" It was a woman, and Trudy could distinguish two sets of footsteps. "It's Ted and Angie."

"Come in—I've been terribly afraid."

"The doctor will be here soon," came the same voice of hollow reassurance. Its body entered the room. Angie Summers did indeed appear quite hollow. Neither fat nor thin, she lacked definition and emotion; not, that is to say, that visible emotion is desirable, but a touch of sharpness could have better demonstrated her existence to the world. The only absrtactions that moved her were envy and pride.

Pride, thought the owner of the heavier footsteps. The softer bench shuddered; this would be Ted Summers. Furniture is often gifted with prescience, but the deaf bench was only one of the creatures and creations which knew Ted Summers—he had made sure of it. The very pride he lightly considered at this moment was deep within him; he attributed his self-love to a kind of warped altruism. The Summers, therefore, were by no means evil people, nor malevolent entities; they of little importance except to better reveal the dying man and his wife.

For it is one unusual feature of that area that two couples became as inseperable as the Scottish brothers of old. They attach themselves to each other with all the firm resolve of leeches. There is but one difference: they are too nearly empty to benefit; the circulation of satisfactions must serve to slake any unrealized spiritual yearnings, should any exist. "Good company" is the best reason for such friendships. So are "best friends" created.

Such an anathema can scarce be understood by many. Suffice it to say that the Brunners and the Summers were "best friends" of the best order. The uninitiated observer could easily find elements of the macabre in their

relationship, should he care to view them now and in the past.

To start! The men were excellent counterparts. They were the same age, But Sherman had always been slight and green, while Ted was tall and athletically robust. Ted was everything Sherman had ever wanted to be; Sherman was like a little brother to Ted. The two shared one passion: baseball. Ted loved the Blackjacks team; Sherman was loyal to the Blue Jays. Point and counterpoint. Their gears meshed as wishes found incarnate reality and sibling emotions mutated to an artificial family. Hero—son. Older brother—follower. Point and counterpoint. Salt and pepper. Tick and tock.

This last sound brought Ted Summers from his unthinking stupor. Angie stood by, already acting a better bereaved wife than Trudy ever could. Ted believed that Trudy had never loved Sherman. He was wrong in his definition of the emotion. The perceptive observer, however, might doubt the possibility of the existence of the non-pragmatic in a drained artificial world. As well as she could, though Ted was too dull to see it, Trudy loved Sherman.

Oh, God, she thought. *Sherman, Sherman, please don't die. God, please don't let him die.* She caught herself sharply, as if she wished to trick any likely carrion that might be watching the melodrama. She straightened herself, trying to maintain what she did not know was a Stoic attitude. She mustn't remember Sherman's good qualities, lest she cry. She mustn't remember any of his worm-like traits, lest she appear cold-blooded. What then could she do? Perhaps sit quiet and controlled and motionless until the doctor arrived and took out his stethoscope. *Think*, she told herself severely. The inevitable was about to crash into her—she would have to face the end. Her conception of Armageddon and allied events was rather vague and ill-founded. She decided to snatch a moment of escape; *Think back a week, when he started to die.* The inevitable exhaled in relief.

Was it only a week? she thought. Friday . . . last Friday, and Ted had come over to watch baseball on the new color television in the "den." Oh, Sherman adored baseball. It was his life. (She pressed her lips together until they went white under the smear of "Parasol Red.") That Friday had also been her birthday, as well as a day in the pennant race. Sherman had actually refused to leave the television to take her out to "supper," a custom of thirty years' marriage, but he had given her the Newark Blue Jays Fan Club Album as a gift. (Her lips relaxed slightly.) She had acted well—so sweet and appreciative that she had overheard Sherman telling that he had "a wife too good for Babe Ruth or Meyer Kronby." Those were his two heroes—the "slugger" and the Blue Jay's third baseman. *But he thought he made me happy. He has a good heart.* She could never forgive him for the baseball, though, even if she had understood forgiveness. He barely knew how old his children were, but he knew that Horsefly Kritsch's batting average of fourteen years ago had been .284. He would sit for hours watching baseball, never once caring about her social preferences. He ignored her in the summer, and moped in the winter. Fall depressed him, and spring brought life into his dull white hair. He had gotten "ill" after Ted left, and for a week he had sunk lower and lower until now . . .

Oh, Sherman! She thought, and let her face fall to her waiting hands. For some unfathomable reason she thought only of the future, as if its bleak aspect could prevent her from crying. Soon it would be all over and she would have to pay the bills, run a household, console the children, and *not cry*. But she would never again have to listen to batting averages and records, and pennants would be flags and a series, of television comedy. And a baseball would be stuffed and not sacred.

When she looked up, Ted and Angie had gone into another room and
(Continued on page 16)

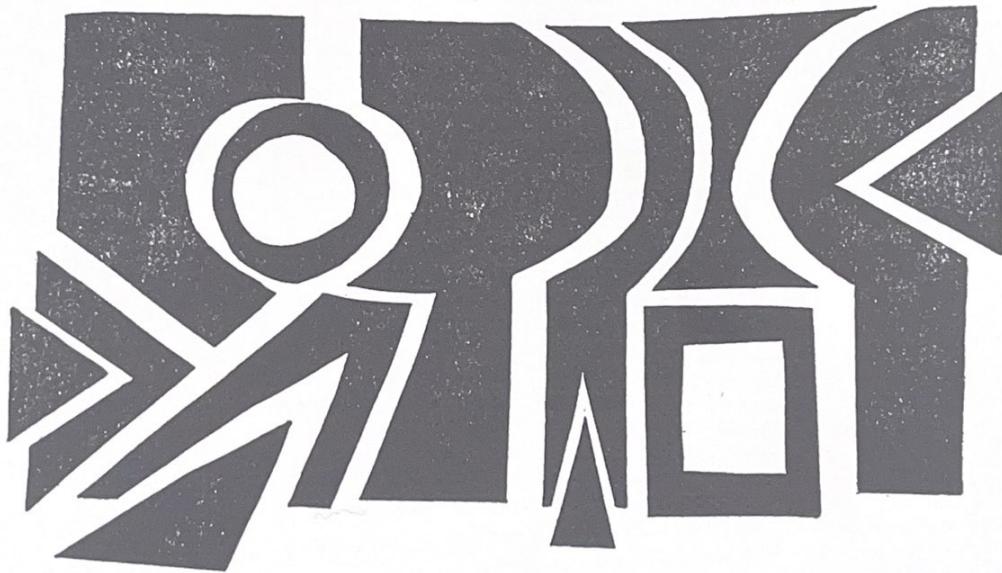
"Some People Never Change"

According to a recent research study, approximately 50% of the people of the United States are dieters. There are on the market diet soda, diet chewing gum, diet cookies, diet margarine, diet whipped cream ("only seven calories per teaspoon") . . . The U. S. diet foods producers are becoming "fatter" every day. So how come the average American is overfed and, obviously, overweight? It is easy to see. Mr. LeGras has been on a diet now, he says, for over forty years. His lifetime obsession was and still is losing weight. Very conscientiously, he uses saccharin, not sugar, in his coffee—with cream, of course. Look at all the calories he's saving with the saccharin! Mr. LeGras always eats carefully at home—he eats margarine with his pancakes. He eats "moderately" at meals, but between meals there is ice cream, and cookies, and potato chips, and the list goes on forever. With his "controlled appetite," watch the dieter when he's eating in a restaurant—four dinner rolls (no butter, mind you); shrimp cocktail; baked potato with *sour cream*; "No vegetables, thanks;" salad *with* dressing; no cream sauce on the fried chicken; apple pie *à la mode* ("It's fruit, isn't it?"). "Tomorrow," he says, "I'll make up for it." "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow . . ."¹ "Quoth the Raven, 'Evermore.'"²

ROBIN HALPRIN '70

¹William Shakespeare. *Four Tragedies*. (New York: Pocket Books, 1957.) p. 417, from *Macbeth*, Act V, Scene V, line 19.

²Edgar Allan Poe. *Edgar Allan Poe Stories*. (New York: Platt and Munk, 1961.) p. 491, from "The Raven," line 48, misquoted, "Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore'."





Jasmina

I awoke with a start in the midst of the night
Clutching the bedpost and quaking with fright
My first impulse was to reach for the light
But Jasmina said, "No, don't move, don't fight."
My hands shook but I tried with all my will
To sit back in my bed and try to keep still.
The room was so dark and I was so afraid
That I leapt up despite what Jasmina had said.
I rose very quickly but clumsily as well
Over-turning a table, and the telephone fell.
I switched on the lamp and the room grew so bright
That I covered my eyes from the blinding light.
The telephone lay upside down near the door
A voice from it floated to me on the floor.
It said, "You know what you did when you jumped from your bed?
You killed her, my dear, now Jasmina is dead."

DARCY BROWER '70



A Day in the Life of the Sea

The rough pounding of the frothing surf against the cold beach sands echoes across the windswept dunes. Except for the waves, all is quiet; not even the seagull's screech their welcome to the new day. Strewn along the expanse of white sand are bits of cork, dried seaweed, tiny shells, gnarled driftwood, and fragments of a fishing net lost at sea. Sandpipers play a lively game of tag with the frolicking waves. The sun, a brilliant disk suspended in the sky against a patchwork of clouds, transforms the sea into an immense desert of shimmering, blinding, golden sand.

The sky now is clear and blue; the air, almost completely still. The yellow fireball directly overhead mercilessly scorches the air and the sand—searing sand scattered with people of all sizes and appearances. They dash into the sparkling waves, defying the fury of the sea. A thin whistle sounds from the lifeguard stand — a desperate warning that the sea is powerful, and angry, and, if it likes, cruel. The sea, glistening as if speckled with shimmering glitter, crashes against the massive rock jetties. Bells sound — a boy sells pretzels with mustard from Captain John's Soft Pretzel Factory, and children scramble with nickels and dimes in their wet and sandy hands to the nearby icecream man. Farther down the beach the waves are bigger, stronger, swifter. There, far out past the breakers, surfers wait; they wait for the chance to harmonize with the sea and the wind and become as if one with the waves to glide gracefully into shore. On the beach a young sun-tanned couple lie on a blanket, while a transistor radio blares away. Their greatest pleasure is holding each other's hand and knowing that the other is near.

The sun now lies half-hidden over the bay in the west. It casts a reddish-orange glow from the bay, over the island, and almost to the eastern horizon, where the fragmentary clouds of night have begun to form. The clouds catch this last wan light, glowing golden yellow and bright red. The sand becomes cool and damp as a faint veil of fog rolls in off the waves.

through the cool, moist air. Many thin tracks slither across the sand where surfers dragged their boards before lifting them in their bronzen arms over their sun-bleached heads. The sea is a sheet of rippled glass with its waves either pounding the shore with a merciless vengeance or placidly lapping at its edge. The lifeguard stand is tipped on its side. The water washes majestic sand castles into small mounds of damp sand. The eastern horizon darkens with the coming of night.

The sea can be heard but not seen. A sheet of the deepest black velvet curves gently from the beach, out over the water, up to where the sun used to be, and over the island to the west. Both the sand and the air are wet and cold; for, a misty, damp fog covers both the sea and land. Out in the distance the roar of a giant echoes through the night, and faint lines of white seltzer roll in toward the shore. Up in the blackness a circle cut from a manila folder glows a pale, creamy, yellow-white against the black shroud of night. A faint patch of moonglow creeps across the sea, across the breakers, across the jetties, bridging the vast distance from the moon — to the cold, deserted beach.

TIM CUNHA '69

How Medea Would Be Done Realistically

Medea lives in an apartment on Seventy-eighth Street. She has teased blonde hair and eyes that dart nervously around the room. She wears a sexy black dress and is a chain-smoker. Her apartment is not neat and there is a record with someone playing a trumpet.

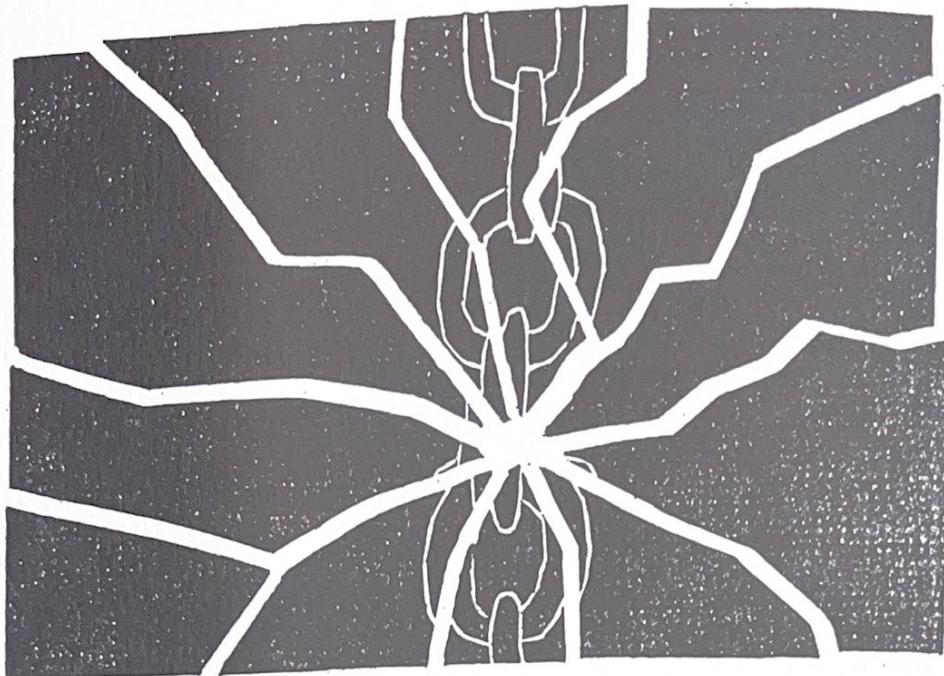
As she sits reflecting the wrong done to her by her husband, Jason, the doorbell rings. It is the rather elderly policeman, Creon, who is the father of Jason's new girlfriend. He informs her that he must put her in jail and that Jason is to get the children until the court takes the divorce case. Medea pleads with him and finally he consents to give her an extra day.

Medea now hates Jason because her pride cannot stand what he has done. She very emotionally reminds herself of all she gave up for him: home, family, and the millionaire she was with when she first met Jason at the club (he was a tap dancer).

Jason, with his coppery locks and baggy grey pants, arrives to talk about the money he will give to Medea and the children. Medea tells him how wrong she was to be angry and he swallows her story. She invites him and his girlfriend and Creon to come for dinner. She says it casually but with evil intentions. She wants to reduce Jason — to make him suffer.

Later that night, her guests come and she serves them a delicious meal; however, she had poisoned Creon's and his daughter's food and they fall from their chairs—dead. Jason jumps up in horror, but Medea is not done with her deeds. With a gun she murders the children before Jason's eyes; although she also goes through much suffering, her purpose is complete as Jason cries like a baby.

CAROL PASZAMANT '70



THE BASEBALL FAN . . . (Continued from page 11)

the doctor was speaking to her. "He's going fast," he said, like a television doctor.

"Oh, Sherman!" she cried, and knelt sobbing by the bedside. Life had become an almost enjoyable vortex of memory and decision. Should he be buried at third base or second? Predictability had returned.

"Trudy."

She looked up. Sherman, like the television people, had one last thing to say. For even the smallest of men left with a spirit fights a death of oblivion; he seldom realizes that the Being can see fit to belittle even the finality of struggle. Neither of the mortals knew that this last scene, so dramatic and vital to them, left the One quite unmoved. The quicker observer will by now have noticed that this provincial world clings to normalcy. Even death is as transient as war; and in the stifling relationship of soul and deity, nothing in the void could bring the partners into the sweet "division of conflict." No stars collided in the firmament as the wife diligently followed her appointed route. "Yes, dear." She was most gentle.

"Who— who won . . . the . . . pennant?" he gasped, and sighed.

Not even "Goodbye"— it was his final insult. Should she wait and wait until he was dead and he would never know? Through her tears she could see his small beady eyes pleading with her, desperately begging this one last favor . . .

"Your damned Blue Jays won it."

III

Such is the death of an inhabitant of Deepwater. Even an act of basic humanity becomes but xenophobic charity under the humid Deepwater sun.

ALICE DONOHUE '69

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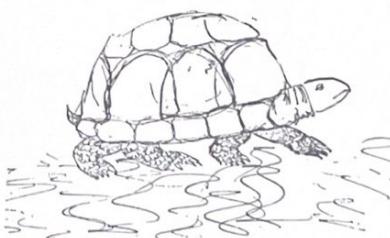
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 Twinz
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 Gunner
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 Little Heydu
 Berford Caronkite
 Alfred Concrete
 Cornelia Conroy
 I Love Artie
 Robin
 Napalm Sue
 A. H. Rust
 A friend of ARGOMAG
 She
 634-2944
 Intelleckulism is Dead
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 Mr. Chamberlain
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Pas
 Charlie in the Bucket
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 Chickenhawk loves Whale
 Whale loves Whale
 Sherryl
 Woody II
 Sgt. Prepper'zzz Lonely
 Hearts Club Band
 Prof. J. Holden
 The Itch
 Kate Golstein
 Phlema Hates Stupid
 Sandy & Apple
 Spaghetti and Goulash Forever
 Au + HO
 Rootie Kazootie
 F. D. Zassler
 Fat Chenkin
 J. Hirsch
 Noah and Joan Arc
 Beat
 The Phantom
 We love Marthur Arko
 An enemy
 Mr. Beronio
 Mr. Stang
 Suzy Coke Bottle
 Senex Lepidus Magister

Chipper
 Laroc da Tobbie
 B. N. P. Y. on Toast
 Gushing
 (U)RP
 Soo Yak
 Amy Wilentz
 Boo-Boo
 Mooooo
 André
 Moose
 Michael Linder
 Little Chew
 Steve K.
 Mr. Soccer
 Satan's Jury
 Debbie
 Baby Rodan
 WB2ZGP strikes again
 Down with grades!
 Lips
 Mr. Stanley Caris
 The R.P.B.U.
 Jeff Katz
 Superspuds
 Snake is Great
 Eagle is better
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 "Dirty Old Man"
 Tail

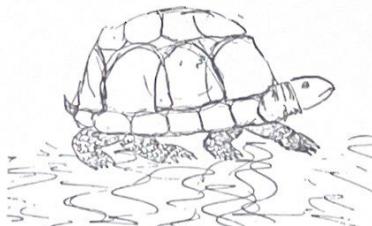


PATRONS

RICHARD LEVENSON
 THE STEINS
 MR. BERONIO

Friends of Argomag

Cush and Carry	Pas	Chipper
Love, Janey	Charlie in the Bucket	Laroc da Tobbie
LOVE IS DEAD	Ish loves Whale	B. N. P. Y. on Toast
Twinz	Chickenhawk loves Whale	Gushing
Barbie	Whale loves Whale	(U)RP
Pesky Bumble Bee	Sherryl	Soo Yak
Rosy	Woody II	Amy Wilentz
Gunner	Sgt. Prepper'zzz Lonely Hearts Club Band	Boo-Boo
Misha Mouse	Prof. J. Holden	Mooooo
Little Heydu	The Itch	André
Berford Caronkite	Kate Golstein	Moose
Alfred Concrete	Phlema Hates Stupid	Michael Linder
Cornelia Conroy	Sandy & Apple	Little Chew
I Love Artie	Spaghetti and Goulash Forever	Steve K.
Robin	Au + HO	Mr. Soccer
Napalm Sue	Rootie Kazootie	Satan's Jury
A. H. Rust	F. D. Zassler	Debbie
A friend of ARGOMAG	Fat Chenkin	Baby Rodan
She	J. Hirsch	WB2ZGP strikes again
634-2994	Noah and Joan Arc	Down with grades!
Intelleckulism is Dead	Beat	Lips
Barb & Mike	The Phantom	Mr. Stanley Caris
Kathy & Mike	We love Marthur Arko	The R.P.B.U.
Sue & Mike	An enemy	Jeff Katz
Mr. Hordijk	Mr. Beronio	Superspuds
"Tea for Two"	Mr. Stang	Snake is Great
Mr. Chamberlain	Suzy Coke Bottle	Eagle is better
Mrs. Rooda	Senex Lepidus Magister	Joanne
We Love you, Artie		B.N.P.Y.—75¢/lb
Ham & Egger		Half in Earnest
YE DIAL DOLLY		Henrik, Selig, and the brassh
Mrs. Roberts		Norvegian Pessant
John Scagnelli		Yooth, Inc.
Faye & Mike		E. K. and "Bird"
Sue Davis		Judes
Lurch		Train set
Marla Pine		Kreplach & Kreplachiai
M. P. and H. B.		"Dirty Old Man"
Inhibited Hippie		Tail
Ireland Forever		
S. M. F. D.		
Dynamic Duo		
Den Bahnhof		
Daniel Werbler		



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