

# Talon

THE CADET MAGAZINE OF THE USAF ACADEMY

JANUARY 1972



## WING-WIDE COMPETITION FOR FALL 1972 PROGRAM COVERS

The Athletic and Philosophy and Fine Arts Departments announce the Wing-wide competition for the football program covers for the 1972 Fall season. There will be a first and a second place prize given for each game. The first place prize will be a \$100.00 Savings Bond, and the second place prize will be a \$25.00 Savings Bond. Each winner will also be identified inside the program cover with a photograph and his biography. Furthermore, his photo and that of the other winners will be published in the *Falconews* and forwarded to local and hometown newspapers.

The competition is an effort to encourage creativity amongst the cadets. This creativity would benefit at once each cadet individually and the Academy as a whole.

Previously the covers were submitted to the Academy by artists belonging to the American Society of Illustrators. It would seem appropriate to begin to keep the effort and the awards within the confines of the Academy since there is a respectable source of artistic talent within the Cadet Wing.

### The guidelines for the competition are as follows:

\* The submission of covers is restricted to cadets only.

\* The covers should contain as a minimum the school colors of each team and, optionally, the mascots if this too serves the overall design. In any case, the covers must reflect a football game motif.

\* The size of the covers is left up to the artists. However, it is not necessary to make them program-sized. The reducing process will take place at the printer's.

\* For "inspiration" cadets may go by the painting studio (Room 3J5) on the third floor of Fairchild Hall where they will be able to view many of the originals for past covers. These originals are on loan from the collection owned by the Athletic Department.

\* The medium for the covers can range from pencil or pen-and-ink drawings, to acrylics or oil paintings, to a variety of other media such as:

1. Polyester resin sculptures which can then be photographed and overlaid with graphics.
2. Assemblages of graphics, newsprint, found object, and so forth.
3. Collages.

4. *Sports-Illustrated*-type photographs with in-out of focus players.

5. Montages of people, places, objects and letters similar to some of the illustrations in contemporary magazines.

6. Three-dimensional constructions in plaster and paint.

7. Any and all media which may be suitable vehicles of expression.

\* As many cover designs can be submitted as one desires, and for as many of the six games as one wishes.

\* No cadet can win more than once in the 1972 competition.

\* The competition will begin with the start of classes in January 1972.

\* To register your name, or for help, suggestions, or assistance, call Captain Tavernise at 2416.

\* All submissions should be in the hands of Captain Tavernise (Room 3K27) by the beginning of exam week in May.

\* Winners will be announced during June Week.

This "first" in the history of the Academy and the Cadet Wing could set a happy and successful precedent through the enthusiastic, imaginative, and dynamic participation of the classes presently at the Academy.

# Talon

THE CADET MAGAZINE OF  
THE USAF ACADEMY

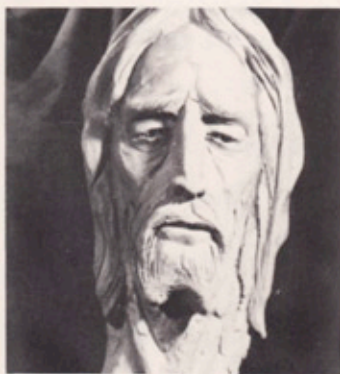
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Manuscripts and photographs are solicited for publication in the TALON. All material must be typed and double-spaced on plain bond paper. We can accept only black and white glossy photographs. All types of articles, letter and photo will be carefully considered and should be submitted by the first of the month to Cadet Dan Felix, CWDS-03.

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# Passing thoughts . . . . .

Creativity: What is it; that expressive energy bursting from the turmoil of existence? The inner desire to produce the novel from imaginative conception? However creativity is defined, the definitions always lack something in both substance and sense. In this issue, we have attempted to present the creative aspect of the Cadet Wing – an aspect too often taken lightly if at all. We have presented a facet of the Cadet which defies the perceptions and expressions of his mechanicalism, his robotism, his militarism. All of the frustrations and feelings not expressed elsewhere in the confined milieu of the Academy can be found in cadet art. In these artistic endeavors is a different form of discipline – a form not treated seriously enough at the Academy. Indeed it can be said that the artist requires as much self-discipline as the soldier in his self-sacrifice and dedication to his own true art form.



Jack D. McCalmont  
Editor-in-Chief

Unfortunately we have not printed much of the good cadet art because it remains hidden in folders and journals, in the back of desk drawers or on canvases in dusty closets. Perhaps this effort by the *Talon* will make it easier for those works of art to surface within the Cadet Wing. Displaying and understanding the original or aesthetic is a difficult task. More so than just writing about the activities or the latest rumors in the wing. Whether or not we have been successful in this effort is for the reader to decide. So for those who dream about bottles of wine on a sunny day or someone beyond this surrealistic sand castle in the sky, this issue is for you. We hope you will enjoy it.

Have a nice day

JDM

# . . . . . that lingered

# ATTENTION!

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# Why Art

“Why art at a service academy?” Why not? It should be self-evident why one must have art in an educational institution of any worth. Take away art, music, philosophy and dance from man and he is left without his most intimate and revelatory expressions.

Ask the question and you get stock reactions. It is unfortunate, but true, that all of us think in generalities. Our minds make instant images triggered to categories when certain words are heard. Ask someone to define for you “Conscientious Objector,” “Black Panther,” “Officer,” “Sergeant,” “Doolie,” or “Lifer” and you expect a stock response. Bring up “art,” and you get the same gut reaction. Like early American settlers, your friend will assume that art is somewhat wicked, decadent, a thing for the rich, indecent, steeped in the drug culture and, above all, a complete waste of time with no dignified future in it.

What about Lt. Sid Maattala’s fine etching on the cover of this issue? Can we charge Sid – great athlete, military academy grad – with being “arty”? Of course not. But it is a tiresome affair to “sell” art in this fashion: “Look here. . . This was done by one of our star football players!” Suddenly there is appreciation and respect for the art object which has nothing whatsoever to do with its intrinsic artistic worth. What happens is that a football player “proves” himself by the somewhat arbitrary standards exacted by one segment of our society, and we are astonished that, at the same time, he can also be an accomplished artist. For us, art remains a “hobby” and a “waste of time.”

Contrary to this opinion the fine arts are the needed catalyst and the balancing influence in any specialized field of endeavor – even in the military. In their book, *Soldiers and Scholars*, Masland and Radway point out that military schools “characteristically lean heavily upon descriptive portions” and “stock-piling” of highly specialized information. The consequence, they conclude, is “that military education is weakest in cultivation of the creative, imaginative, analytical mind.” Their goal is not too much to expect in a day when we are asking generals to be diplomats, clergymen, father-confessors-at-large, politicians, and philosophers. Today, too, the Base Commander is thrust into the limelight of press, radio, and television and is asked to deal with race problems, minorities, human relations – while simultaneously looking after the well-being of his troops and satisfying the operational mission.

But how does this role fit in with art at a service academy? Certainly not by being the only answer. Definitely by being a contributor towards some of the flexible attributes of modern leadership which are essential to the AF of the 21st century. It is only fair to ask what, specifically, art can be for you.

by Capt Emilo Tavernise

# at a Service Academy?

## *DISCIPLINE & DEDICATION:*

Recently a young New York painter visited the Academy as guest artist. During one of his talks in the Fine Arts studio course he was asked "How much time do you usually spend painting?" He answered, "Well, I get up around six-thirty, start to paint around seven, and keep on painting until midnight or one o'clock in the morning." The cadets were astounded. Gone was the happy-go-lucky image of the painter carousing passionately at the nearest orgy, or in his studio awaiting to be inspired by a buxom muse.

Another artist, a writer, exclaimed to me one day: "I am sick and tired of people coming up to me at parties and talking to me like I was some sort of a god with a genial bent for writing. I am just a dedicated craftsman, like a bricklayer. I get up early in the morning and no matter whether I like it or not, I sit at my desk and start putting words together, like bricks, one on top of the other, slowly for eight to fourteen hours a day." Like other disciplines, art is hard work – the 5% inspiration and 95% perspiration Edison claimed for genius.

## *CREATIVITY & FLEXIBILITY:*

Applied art teaches one how to generate alternatives. It also helps to develop creativity. It is difficult to be faced with a blank canvas or a piece of wood and not to be frightened by the task of having to do something with it. After conquering this first aspect of absolute freedom no one can fail to be strengthened by the experience of self-expression and the act of creation.

## CADET VIEWS

"I really can't see where art would have any special value to a military man as opposed to a non-military man. However, art knowledge gives someone a in spite of the stifling effect of military thought." in spite of the stifling effect of military thought."

"Even though in the military, a man need not be a social nothing. Art is something that has been around since the beginning of man and cannot be ignored as a waste of time. Everyone, not just the military man, should have a basic knowledge of it because the mind should be used for more than just one thing, like pushing numbers."



"By studying art I can find out 'What makes people tick?' Knowing about art will strengthen my relationship with non-military friends of mine. I would like to see if I have enough self-confidence to create."

#### COMMUNICATION:

It is easier to believe that Churchill and Eisenhower talked about their progress in painting, about tones, and about how to get certain colors, than to think that they always pondered weighty state matters whenever they got together. They probably also had a pride and respect for each other because of this common bond. In them we also find an affinity for thinking things through, to look for alternatives, to be open, and to weld other men together through their knowledge and understanding of them.

"Art is a means of communication. It touches man's intrinsic or esthetic side. It portrays emotions and individuality. It is also the backbone of and a valuable tool in learning."

It can do anything words can do and many times do it better. The important thing to remember is that a work of art does not have to serve a purpose. Its beauty alone is purpose enough."

"Since the gaps between the military and civilian population fluctuates so greatly, art can help bridge this gap and help create understanding and more intercourse which is very useful to the military man. Above all, the military man is first a man and then a military man."

#### ESTHETIC ENJOYMENT:

Here is what some of your peers say about it:

"Art in the form of painting, sketches, and music make up a separate, interesting fact of my life. I enjoy writing, sketching and playing music as they provide a healthy balance for the more governed pursuits of my studies. Someday I hope to study medicine, and I hope that this profession will be a form of art."

"Art gives me a medium by which I can express myself effectively and see my creation of one instant for a long time. Art is in almost everything, from the most natural beauties of nature to some of man's most technical creations."



"This course brings up new dimensions of enjoyment and knowledge for me. I have always been an avid reader, but I needed some guidance to progress from *Dick the Quarterback* to Ellison's *Invisible Man*. I hope that I will acquire this type of knowledge and further it in this course on art. I want a leadership role in the United States and I want to help erect an American society based on human values. Here is where art can help me."

**HUMAN VALUES:**

Your peer is right in his summation of his own feelings. Why? Because, when we get right down to it, what we are talking about when we speak of art is values – human values. Through the study of artistic expressions we can get to know who and what we are, and we can approach other people with this knowledge – this is the "I Am" and the "It Is" of art. What do cadets think about values?

"I believe that the practical value of art is that it can help you understand a people and their culture better. As an existentialist, I believe that the human element is all important. Emphasis on the human element will prevent societies from mistakenly grafting democracies on nations that do not have the culture or environment which is conducive to democracy, just as the American people would not want to live under the lineal descendants of Mohammed."

"Military people will often be exposed to art in other cultures and therefore, should have some background in art in order to more fully understand that culture and thus work with it better."

"I hope that a knowledge of art will help me to understand the milieu that I might find myself in."

To the degree that deepening his insights and broadening his horizons contribute to the cadet's worth as a human being, the arts courses contribute to his effectiveness as a professional soldier. The arts can assist him by providing the balanced background which intelligent leaders must have.

"Why art at the AF Academy?" Here is one cadet's feelings about it:

"The relevance of Art to a Military Man is nebulous as far as being an absolute. However, Art in all its different manifestations helps to overcome and break up professional deformation, which is usually encountered by, if not truly a part of, the Military Man."

### Editors Note:

We have heard many first classmen express their regrets about not knowing that art and music courses were offered at the Academy. These comments were usually voiced in front of cadet art works on exhibition in Fairchild Hall. Since it is apparent that many students are not familiar with the Fine Arts program here, this is a brief look at the courses offered:

#### FINE ART 451 –

It is an introduction to art appreciation. In this course we discuss artistic expressions of the Western world with “excursions” into African and Oriental art. We talk about historical periods, art concepts, artists and styles. The course also includes a studio portion which varies from one to two weeks in duration. You’d be surprised at the creative feats of your peers and yourself in just this short time.

#### FINE ART 458 –

This, too, is an introduction. In the course you will survey the principal forms and periods of Western music with representative works by major composers. You will also get a “glimpse” of Oriental, Indian, and African music.

#### FINE ART 460 –

This course will test you. How? You’ll be faced with all sorts of material and you’ll have to decide, on your own, what you are going to do with them. After getting over this first “stage fright” most students enjoy, and absolutely thrive on this new found freedom to create. You’ll find yourself in the studio at night – and even on the weekend. In the studio you will begin with simple

exercises on line, texture, shape, color, and then you will move to larger blocs such as sculpture (in stone, wood, alabaster), painting (oils), graphics (where you’ll learn to etch a zinc plate, work with linoleum and wood blocs), and finally work in ceramics and photography.

#### FINE ART 477 –

Here you will be exposed to both art and music of America. The course is taught jointly by the music and art instructors. It will cover most aspects of the visual arts and music of America from Colonial times to the present.

# USAFA Fine Arts Courses

#### FINE ART 499 –

This, as you probably know, is independent study. It can be carried out in either art or music. Usually it consists of original works carried out under the guidance of one of the two instructors. You outline the subject, the material, and your aims and objectives. Done properly with spirit and dedication it can be one of your most interesting, worthwhile, and enjoyable experiences of your undergraduate education.

Remember though, that the purpose of offering art instruction at the AF Academy is obviously not to produce either art historians or musicians. The basis for inclusion are the historical knowledge they impart, the understanding of one’s own and of other cultures, the self-knowledge and discipline which one can gain from it, and the opportunity to create original works of art.

# CADET REALIZATION



THROUGH ART



LOONEY

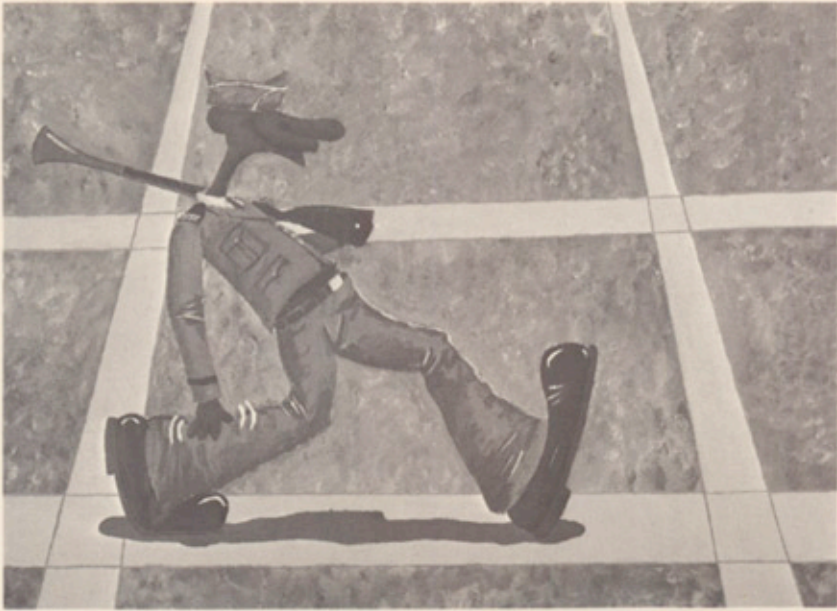


KANE



TILLER

*'Scape*



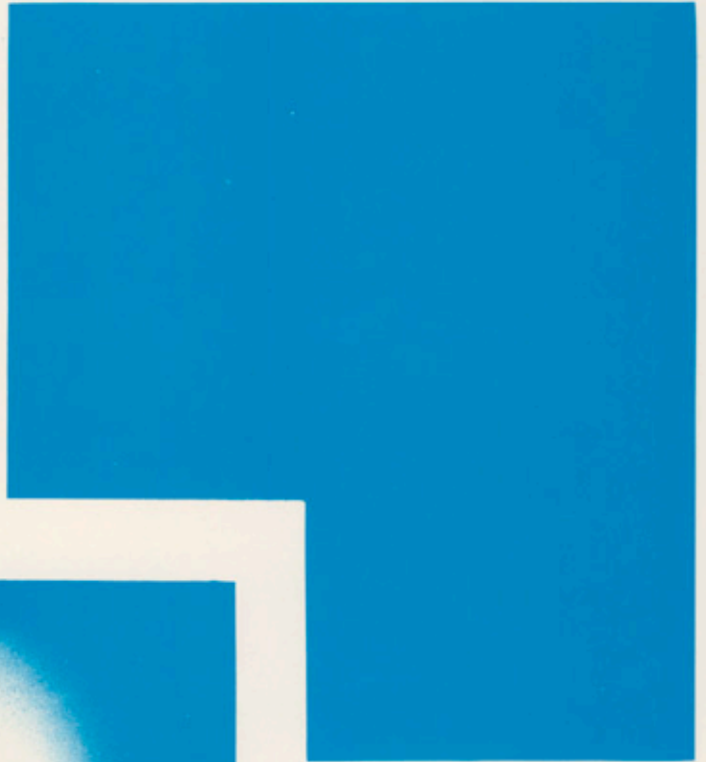
MILNER



HORTON

## MISCELLANY





*CYD MAATALA*

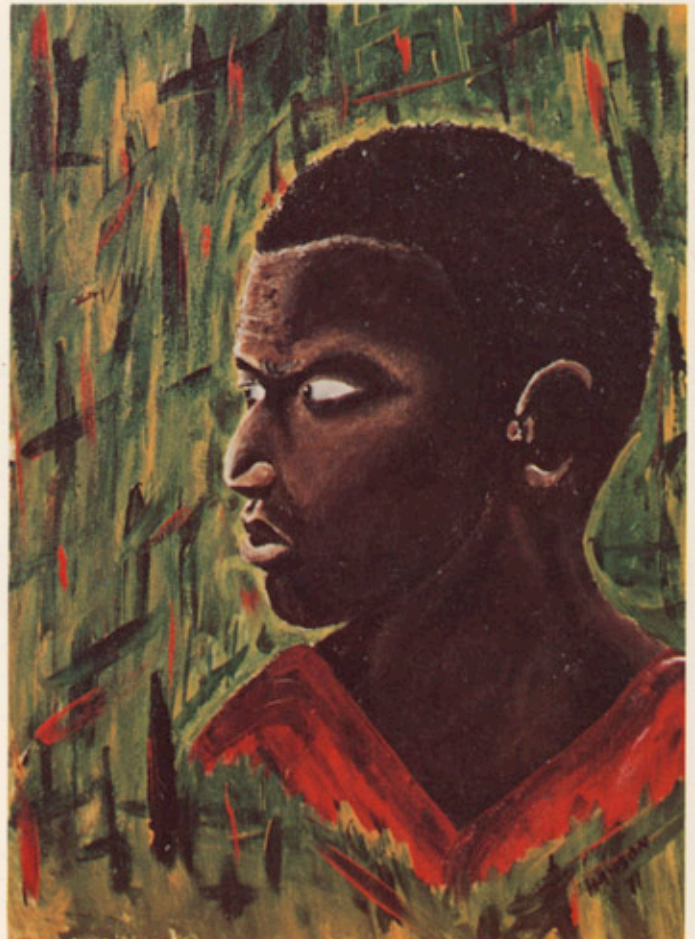


*VAN SHIELDS*



KUNO

# *Contrast*



HANSON



sometimes in the afternoon  
if I see you in sleep  
your love assaults my eyes  
and massages my breath  
yet I can taste the autumn in your voice  
as you wake and ask  
    where are we?  
and I answer  
    in love, aren't we?  
and you smile  
    and I smile  
and we wait for the night  
while my mind remembers when

the sun chases the dawn  
and I wait for you  
unknowing  
    yet caring  
and then you arrive  
clothed in haste and warmth and spring  
and you smile

hand in hand  
you and I  
walking and laughing  
thinking each other's thoughts  
hoping each other's hopes  
and I smile  
and we wait for the night

I wish I could translate  
the winter your tears reflect now  
or steal into your dreams  
to view the secrets hidden behind your eyes  
and see me as you do  
    and know why  
summer never followed spring

but still you sleep  
and your breathing won't answer my questions  
so I gaze out the window  
and notice that night has come  
but the sun has set

dale kent

#### King of Kings

Why does it hurt so to be kind?  
A soft word here; just the trace  
Of a knowing grin when she knows  
That you know.

Is this so much? Can't you feel  
How her breath hangs  
    On yours?  
How her heart pauses  
    To let yours beat first?  
Just your glance crossing hers lends  
Her feet wings.

So why do you turn your face from the  
    warmth  
Of her smile and sere  
The green earth with the chill dusk  
Of your brow?

Must you tear yourself down just to wound  
The last of the faithful,  
Your only friend?

David A. Flattery

Love Sonnet

Expectant, i wait  
for the overdue Spring –  
new opened flowers to drug  
mellow warm air  
and send Birds  
singing in mad mindless  
bursts of joy.

But she is Proserpine  
not yet come;  
i read her frost-etched face –  
the lackluster eyes,  
the silent smile –  
and i curse  
her gelding shears.

Frank G. Klotz

My lady,  
I cannot love you as Buddha might love,  
nor as ol' Donald Juan (so undoubtedly could have),  
and (sorry, kid) not like John Alden uneasily didn't  
young Cyrano Bergerac's nose might have blown for you

(as I come swinging through trees, my butt bouncing off chimpanzees)  
tough luck  
cause you stuck with me  
Jane

Paul Gillespie



Graham



Geodes



Hammerud



Cassano



Lattin

## *INTROSPECTION*



CLEGG



HORTON



HORTON

*WOMAN*

If I could only reach and grasp the sky,  
And soar on wings of silver — see them glow;  
O'er mountains, rivers, cities I would fly  
To view the panorama down below.  
The plane ascends; my hand pulls up the gear,  
Then I can climb or dive and feel so free.  
The eights and banks and rolls bring me no fear,  
For God is in the heavens watching me.  
Then light disperses: darkness hides the blue;  
The twinkling lights on earth are small and bright.  
With stars to aid, my course must still be true,  
And trusty compass leads me through the night.  
With jets that make the vapor trails so high,  
Come, silver wings, give me that chance to fly!

Eric Hoganson

#### Thistle

A tumble weed is shook  
from the fence row  
and tossed down a dusty  
road by a Westerly  
until  
it comes to an intersection  
and is crushed  
by a mud covered  
'58 Ford pickup.  
And when it is finished  
who is to say it ever started?

#### Rivers of the Moon

A rickety old wooden  
windmill is charcoal —  
silhouetted against  
the yellow-purple haze of  
twilight.  
A shingle is blown  
from the roof and  
dropped into a dust filled,  
rusty, horse tank.

#### Ponderosa

With Autumn's gusts  
the grasses and  
bushes burn brown.  
But, Pine trees are  
green all year long.

Jack D. McCalmont

*Anew*

*I saw a flower bloom this morning  
Blushing pinkly in Dawn's embrace  
Shyly as it peeked upon a new world  
Fresh from yesterday Sparked with sunny smiles  
Echoed by my own!*

David A. Flattery

*MELTING CASTLES*

*It is springtime I recall  
When love was in the flowers.  
Rain that fell in golden globes  
Glistened on castle towers.*

*Children laughing in the sun  
Playing by the waterside.  
Melting castles in the sand  
Barred their gates against the tide.*

*Lumined colors by the moon  
Forests blazed with gold and red.  
Silvered leaves began their dance  
Like a fire overhead.*

*Fields of white with barren trees  
While life was in detention  
Melting snowmen in the sun  
Died standing at attention.*

*Within the mighty castle  
Is a warm and bright display.  
Until the wind comes howling  
To blow the fire away.*

Alan Leitch

## London Evening

Walking alone  
under the night yellow light  
that compresses everything  
into white and black,  
listening to the softer  
two-toned siren,  
and pushing through  
pub crowds,  
touching stares and sudden silence,  
for onct the alien.

The curious, flicking gazes,  
up, down,  
up, and gone,  
with a proper  
twist of the head,  
and a twitching smile.

Then, the sudden  
early deserting of streets  
for more comfortable  
and private flats.  
So, I'm left to walk  
slowly back to a cheap hotel  
through gray shades  
of night.

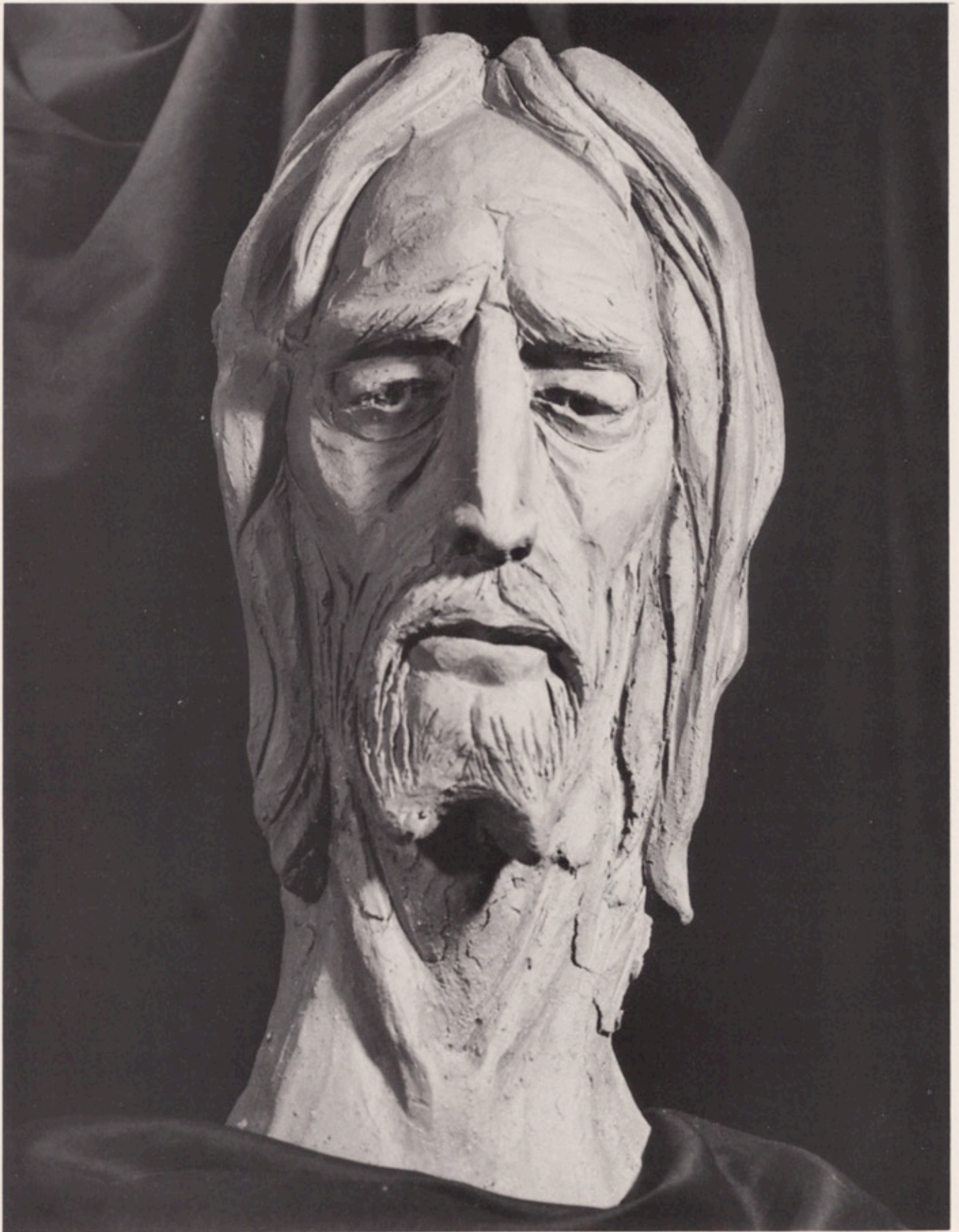
Roger F. Healy

## Quail Hunting

The last patches of snow  
hide in thick clumps of brown  
or seek the shade  
of straggling briars.  
The winter-doomed,  
green spears are scattered  
through the frost shortened grass  
that even damp,  
scratches my nose with familiar dust.

The red, mud-edged setter  
flows back and forth ahead of us  
ears loose and cheeks flapping,  
snuffling anxiously.  
Then he slows  
and stops – quivering –  
as his front paw  
ascends in warning.

Suddenly the panicked  
threshing of wings  
quickly broken  
by echoing thunder,  
and the fear-straight  
flight of the quail  
changes to a sodden tumble  
in a burst of feathers.





# A Unique Blend-

## Arts and the Military

"I'm pushing clay for Christ," he says as the 300 lb. hunk of gray matter begins to take form.

Officer in the Air Force? Assigned to the Air Force Academy?

Right! Lt. Colonel Gilbert N. Amelio, Chief of the Command Briefing and Historical Properties Division of OI, has pushed a lot of clay for Christ and has entranced over 800 audiences around this country and he fulfills his personal commitment to his Savior.

"In all of my performances, I manage to relate to the Air Force and the Academy," says Amelio. "Many are astonished that anyone in uniform should *ever* have an original, creative thought. However, I suppose cadets know all about this stereotyping business."

In his duties at the Academy, Amelio is responsible for providing briefings to various visiting groups, heads of state, etc. He assists the protocol division in providing specialized tours for specialized interest groups. He also is busily engaged in developing the new art properties program for the USAFA.

December 1961 was a turning point in Amelio's life and career. While on remote assignment on a radar site, he challenged Jesus Christ to answer his prayers or depart him as a false prophet.

"After a 'Paulist experience' with Jesus," he says, "I dedicated my hands to the service of Christ for the rest of my life through my performances of 'The face of Christ.'"

Performances of "The Face" have reached extremely diverse audiences from Rotary Clubs to ecumenical groups to formal dinings-in. He has sculpted on altars and open lots. Amelio terms his performance "art in being" and brings together as many art forms as possible in order to achieve empathy and pleasure for his audiences. Amelio is constantly aware of the psychology of audience reaction and the need for sincerity in his work.

Born and reared a Catholic, Amelio calls himself a "dialogue Christian," one who talks with Jesus and listens for responses.

Stripped of lofty thoughts, Amelio claims his religious experiences and visions of This Man called the Christ are obviously real to him but he also is aware of the presence and activity of the devil who "certainly goes around like a roaring lion these days."



Col. Amelio escorted V. P. Agnew when the vice president delivered the graduation address last June Week.

*“I call my performance ‘Art in Being’ ”*

Col. Amelio will present his Face of Christ to the Wing again in March.





# O A System

By  
Chuck Horton

"Uhhhhhhhhhh. . ."

"What? Who's there? Oh please, is somebody there?"

"What the hell?"

"There is someone there. Who are you? Where are you. . .How can you be. . .?"

"Oh my God, I hear someone."

". . .How can you. . .Can you hear me? Please! Hear me."

"Yea. . . Yeah, I hear you. Who are you?"

"Iris, my name is Iris. Please don't go away."

"John. That's my name, John. I-I won't go away, I don't think?"

\* \* \*

Robert Quinze walked slowly down the sloping passageway. He ruminated as he did so. This wouldn't be so bad, he thought. No. Not bad at all. He came to the end of the snakily turning tube. The hatch confronted him.

"Open," said Robert.

The opening sardonically still confronted him. Closed.

"Great Hot A Piles, I said open!"

There came a sound of compressed air and the Hatch slowly swooshed apart. "Damned OAS's," muttered Robert. But it didn't dim his spirits. He thought, it'll be good. I'll make it good. I'm a Director, now. He walked on down the ramp of the starship toward the crowded N'Yark Municipal Spaceport building. He almost ran into

the Stews.

"Did you have a good trip?"

"Yes. A very good trip, thank you."

The tourist guide was next.

"Welcome to Sol III, hereabouts known as Terra. I hope you enjoy your stay. Need the names of any good metal finishers?"

"No. I'm meeting someone. Thanks anyway."

\* \* \*

"John?"

"What?"

"Still there?"

"I couldn't very well leave could I?"

"I'm sorry."

"That's o.k."

"It's just. . . Well, I haven't talked to someone for so long."

"I know."

"Two years."

"Huh?"

"I said two years. Its been two years since I had someone to talk to. That is anyone other than *Them*."

"My God, how do you know?"

"What?"

"How can you tell so accurately?"

"I'm in N'leans Television Cameras. I count the days."

"Oh."

"John?"

"What?"

"Where're you from?"

"A'Stan 'Personals,' I grew up in their S'Fran Creche. You're from n'Leans?"

"Yes. I was indoctrinated in the Roosevelt creche. John, what's happened?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean. . . How can we. . . There was an explosion, I think. I saw a flash. I was so alone and it was. . . is so coldly black."

"Yeah, I heard a loud boom. You mean, how can we talk to each other?"

"Yes."

"I don't know. Some trick in the wiring. I don't know. . . Iris?"

"What?"

"You're. . . Female?"

"Yes, I am. . . was."

"Oh."

\* \* \*

The sign said "GREATER N'YARK MUNICIPAL POWER STATION." There was a smaller sign below it. "FORMERLY CONED, INC." And below that, next to the door, a neatly lettered "FRED." Robin Siete led the way.

"I'm really sorry I was late getting to the spaceport, but you know how N'Yark traffic is. Oh, that's right, you wouldn't. You're from Riga IV aren't you?"

"Yeah, that's right," said Robert. "But I got my pre-adult conditioning

over in London. Then I was sent directly to Riga." He thought, why do they have to have R-Fems around here anyway. He'd waited two hours at the spaceport. A-Pile take their damn Socialization plan.

"Then you know something about Terran overcrowding," said Robin. She said to the door, "Open, please." And it did.

The two walked up a short flight of stairs to the G-tube and bounced up three hundred stories to another set of steps. This took them to an office. Its door had a sign, also. It said, "OFFICE OF THE SUPERVISOR, NOTHAM POWER AND UTILITIES." They knocked. A voice articulated, "Come in."

"Sir, Director Robert Quinze reporting for duty."

"Why are you late?"

"Sir, I . . ."

"What? Speak up! Oh well, it doesn't matter now, you're here. Your name's Robert?"

"Yessir."

The supervisor moved around his desk and came toward Robert and Robin. He held out a regulation book. Robert took it. "You're from the colonies aren't you?" mouthed the Supervisor. The cover of the reg book read, "REVISED OAS STANDARD OPERATING AND EMERGENCY PROCEDURES: POWER STATION R-12387435, N'YARK."

"Yessir," said Robert, "but originally from Terra." He looked blankly at the reg book in his hand. *His* power station.

"I've been looking over your record. Made quite a splash out there running the Rigalian sewage disposal plant. Let's hope you'll do as good here. A power station is a little bit different, eh?"

"Sir," interjected Robin, "if you don't need me anymore, I have to get back down."

"Yessir. I'll try my best, sir."

"Yes, that's right, Robin. You'd better run along. What'd you say, Robert?"

Robin headed for the door. She stopped and turned, "Sir, don't you

think its a little warm in here? Remember what the Technician said."

"Sir, I said I'd try my best."

"You're right, Robin. I hadn't noticed. You'd better turn it down a little. Never mind what you said Robert, I just want you to know that we run our power stations by that book in your hand there. Strictly by the book. You understand?"

"Yessir."

Robin went over to the OAS heat control and murmured at it. The room began to get hotter. Damn OAS thought Robert, damn supervisors. I would have to get another one like this.

The Supervisor humphed at Robert. "Well, you'd better." He started to go help Robin at the heat control. Robert began to tag along behind him. He figured he'd better get in good with the old pile of corroded pig-iron in the beginning. Maybe he could do something about that damn OA. . . .

There was a distinct BANG! And the floor collapsed.

Twenty seconds later, and it seemed to Robert about twenty stories down, the three began picking themselves up. The supervisor was looking definitely mused. Oh hell, thought Robert.

\* \* \*

"That means you're Male."

"What?"

"Then you're a Male, I mean, why'd you ask me that?"

"Yeah, I'm a Male. I knew a Female once. But that was long ago. I wish to hell I knew how long ago. I was alone. . .so alone, too."

"There was a boy two years ago."

"What? I'm sorry, I didn't hear you."

"It doesn't matter. We were happy then. . .for a while."

"Oh. Yeah, I know. . . I was happy too."

"What?"

"There was a girl for me back then. I was happy. . .once."

"Did you have a kid?"

"What do you think?"

"I don't know. I had a baby. It's. . .was so cute. They took it away before I was put here."

"Of course you had a baby. Why do you think they let you know that boy?"

"Oh. Then you had. . .I mean, your girl has one, too?"

"Yeah. We had one. I was sixteen."

\* \* \*

The supervisor was on his feet now. He looked around confusedly. Then he set his face into a position of commanding anger.

"Well!"

"Sir!" chorused Robert and Robin. Robin looked befuddled. Robert tried to look contrite and knowing at the same time. It didn't affect the super-

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visor the way he'd planned.

"Robert!"

"Yessir!"

"Well!"

"Well, what? . . . Sir!"

"Get to work! Floors don't collapse under our feet unless there's something wrong with. . ."

Robert and Robin were in step again. "The Power Station!" they shouted.

"About time," shouted the supervisor. "Get on it, right now!"

Robert started, "But what about. . ."

The room went pitch black. Robin screamed. Or at least, Robert conceded, she made a pretty fair imitation thereof. Damn R-Fems.

After his eyes had adjusted to the dark, Robert started again, "But, sir, what about. . ."

"What about what!?"

". . . the old Director? I just got here."

There were some more explosions. Apparently the building wasn't through with them yet. The supervisor and Robert picked themselves up from the floor a second time. They noticed Robin out cold between them.

"The old Director. Oh, he was sent to the proverbial Junk Heap, yesterday. You've got to take over."

"Yessir," said Robert strongly, "where's the Power Station?" He started to pick up Robin. She reacted by hitting him in the face. Goddamn R-Fems.

"The Power Station's on floors 220 to 250. Now, hurry up and get us out of this!"

"YESSIR!"

Robert finished picking up Robin and looked around for the nearest door. He saw one and bolted for it dragging Robin with him. Hadn't she said something about being his assistant? Maybe she could help. Robert doubted it. Halfway to the door, she was out cold again. Damn R-Fems.

\*\*\*

"John?"

"Mmmmm?"

"Do you think?"

"What?"

"Do you think. . . we'll stay like this?"

"What?"

"I mean, do you think we'll go back again? To what we were doing?"

"I don't know. . . I don't know."

"I don't want to go back. Its. . . Even if we lose Life Support. . . I don't know. . . I like you. I'd rather stay here with you."

"I like you, too."

"I wish I could see you. . . touch you."

"Its. . . Its hopeless, Iris. You know you mustn't talk like that. But. . . I do, too."

"JOHN!"

"What!"

"I-I saw. . . I saw some light!"

"Oh my God, please no, Iris! Iris!"

"JOHN! I can't hear you! Where are you! Please. . . the light. Yes, yes, I'm adjusting it. Please. . . oh no, please. John!"

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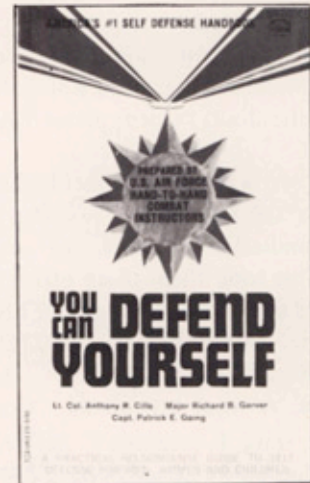
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"Iris!"

\* \* \*

A Foreman ran up.

"You the new Director?"

"Yeah. Got any idea what's the cause of this mess? I haven't really had time to read the reg book."

Robert found he still clutched the book in his hand. It was heavy.

"Howdy, Robin. Oh, well, yessir, we found out that the trouble is coming from the main relay bank."

"Where's that?"

"Two floors up. Com'on, I'll show you."

"Let's go. You don't have to come Robin."

Robin had sufficiently recovered her composure to stagger after them toward the stairs. Looks like she's slipped a couple of cogs, thought Robert. It didn't help her looks any.

"There she is," said the Foreman as they ran out the landing, Robin stumbling after. She shouted, "I bet I know the one!"

"What?"

"I've had some nice long talks with that relay bank. Couple of Females in there. I was asking them about a few personal mat. . ."

"Never mind that. Which one would be most likely to go around the bend?"

Another explosion rocked the building. Robert found himself crumpled up on the floor a third time. No doubt the supervisor was taking note of how many times *he'd* been in that position. Robert thought of that sewage disposal plant on Riga IV.

"COME ON! We haven't got all day. Which one is it?"

"Third from the left. I always thought he was kind of screwy."

Robert tugged at his blaster. He got it out of his belt and pointed it at the relay under discussion. There came a sharp cry from the general direction of Robin. She was halfway to the floor again.

"NO! Don't shoot the poor thing!"

Robert continued what he was doing. Damn R-Fems. The Relay screamed. Robin hit the floor. Out cold again. Damn R-Fems.

"That ought to take care of it. No time to call in a Psycho Unit."

The rumblings, creakings, and sounds of shearing metal that had been a background to all the activity had

suddenly ceased. Robert turned to the Foreman.

"Start Cleaning up this mess. Take care of Robin on the floor there. GET GOING!"

Robert felt very self-satisfied. The Foreman began to lift the ROB-sub-IN Unit from the floor.

"Looks like she'll need a complete overhaul. Tsk. Tsk."

Robert had already forgotten her. He felt a compelling need. Damn! At the most inopportune moments!

"Think you can handle this end, Foreman?"

"Yessir!"

Robert turned to a door marked "RESTROOM." He went in. A neatly lettered sign on the toilet read "JOHN." He thought, no matter how well they design these bodies, there's always some waste. Damn! He opened his chestplate. Took out the little package of excess oil and grease, dropped it in.

Robot ROB sub-ert said, "Flush." And John flushed it.

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# Festival of Black Culture

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“. . .To enlighten, educate and entertain the cadet wing and surrounding community on black people – as they are, were and hope to be.”

January 13, 1972	Dick Gregory	Arnold Hall	7:30 p.m.
January 14, 1972	Film Festival*	Arnold Hall	3:30-6 p.m.
	Soul Food Meal*	Mitchell Hall	Evening meal
	Performing Arts Entertainment	Arnold Hall	8:00 p.m.
January 15, 1972	Forum: The Black Man in the Military*	Arnold Hall	8:30 a.m.
	Fashion Show	Arnold Hall	7:30 p.m.
	Dance* “The Electric Black”	Arnold Hall	8:30 p.m.
January 16, 1972	Religious Services Reverend Williams	Cadet Chapel	11:00 a.m.
	“The Supremes”*	Arnold Hall	3 p.m. 6:30 p.m.

\*Open to cadets, staff and guests only

Items of Black Art will be on display during the entire Festival including:

Two continuously running films of black experiences in SEA and USAFA (Fairchild in the afternoon; Arnold Hall in the evening.

Sculpture by Lamidi Fakeye Arnold Hall

Photography by Donald E. Camp Arnold Hall



# Begins Jan. 13

By  
Clyde Henderson

The week of January 13 will bring to the Academy one of the most exciting and stimulating events to occur during its history, the first Festival of Black Culture. Through the many programs (see schedule on the next page), the Black cadets will bring a sharing of cultures to USAFA.

Perhaps one of the most interesting aspects of the Festival is the story behind its conception, planning and realization.

The idea was conceived by C2C Robert Gilbert during his fourth class year. It began with the thought of having a day or two in which Black cadets could display the many aspects of their culture to the Wing. When Gilbert became involved with the Allied Arts programs, he began an association with Lt. Col. Jerald Till, Chief of Cadet Personnel Services. Col. Till was enthused with Gilbert's idea and they began working on a proposal to implement it. A plan was formulated and presented to the Dean, who expressed the same enthusiasm and moved the idea on to the Commandant. In October, Gilbert met with Generals Clark, Galligan and Woodward and General Clark "seconded" the plan with enthusiasm.

With approval from all levels of command at USAFA, it became a matter of planning and arranging for specific programs for the festival.

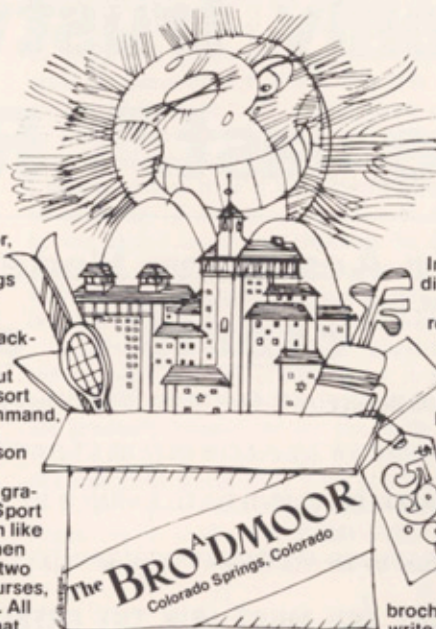
Several cadet committees were formed under the direction of Captain E. R. Brown. Chairing the committees were Joe Moss, keynote speaker; Robert Gilbert, film festival and church services; Clyde Henderson, performing arts festival and Allied Arts; Neal Robinson, seminar; Richmond Caldwell, food; Orderia Mitchell, slide

show, and Benny Slade and Donald Richardson, fashion show, beauty contest and dance.

The entire festival was planned with one thought in mind, "...to enlighten, educate and entertain the Cadet Wing and surrounding community on black people — as they are, were and hope to be."

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**"Great nations write their autobiographies in three manuscripts, the book of deeds, the book of their words, and the book of their art. Not one of these books can be understood unless we read the two others, but of the three the only trustworthy one is the last." Ruskin**

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# Campus Colloquy INC

## ON WASTED TIME

by James A. Michener

(A one-time professor, editor, World War II serviceman in the South Pacific, and Pulitzer Prize winner, James A. Michener has brought a whole new dimension to the world of literature. One of the most prolific and exciting writers of the last three decades, Mr. Michener has authored such best-selling novels as *Hawaii*, *Caravans*, *Iberia*, and *The Drifters*.)

Don't be too calculating. Don't be too scientific. Don't let the shrinks terrify you or dictate the movements of your life.

There is a divine irrelevance in the universe and many men and women win through to a sense of greatness in their lives by stumbling and fumbling their way into patterns that gratify them and allow them to utilize their endowments to the maximum.

If Swarthmore College in 1925 had employed even a half-way decent guidance counselor, I would have spent my life as an assistant professor of education in some mid-western university. Because when I reported to college it must have been apparent to everyone that I was destined for some kind of academic career. Nevertheless, I was allowed to take Spanish, which leads to nothing, instead of French or German, which as everyone knows are important languages studied by serious students who wish to gain a Ph.D.

I cannot tell you how often I was penalized for having taken a frivolous language like Spanish instead of a decent, self-respecting tongue like French. In the end, I sacrificed my academic career.

Instead, I continued to putter around with Spanish and found a deep affinity for it. In the end, I was able to write a book about Spain which will probably live longer than anything else I've done. In other words, I blindly backed into a minor masterpiece. There are thousands of people competent to write about France, and if I had taken that language in college I would have been prepared to add no new ideas to general knowledge. It was Spanish that opened up for me a whole new universe of concepts and ideas.

I wrote nothing until I was forty. This tardy beginning, one might say this delinquency, stemmed from the fact that I had spent a good deal of my early time knocking around this country and Europe, trying to find out what I believed in, what values were large enough to enlist my sympathies during what I sensed would be a long and confused life. Had I committed myself at age eighteen, as I was encouraged to do, I would not even have known the parameters of the problem, and any choice I might have made then would have had to be wrong.

It took me forty years to find out the facts.

As a consequence, I have never been able to feel anxiety about young people who are fumbling their way toward the enlightenment that will keep them going. I doubt that a

young man — unless he wants to be a doctor or a research chemist, where a substantial body of specific knowledge must be mastered within a prescribed time — can waste time, regardless of what he does. I believe you have till age thirty-five to decide finally on what you are going to do, and that any exploration you pursue in the process will in the end turn out to have been creative.

Indeed, it may well be the year that observers describe as "wasted" that will prove to have been the most productive of those insights which will keep you going. The trip to Egypt. The two years spent working as a runner for a bank. The spell you spent on the newspaper in Idaho. Your apprenticeship at a trade. These are the ways in which a young man ought to spend his life. . .the ways of waste that lead to true intelligence.

Two more comments. Throughout my life I have been something of an idealist-optimist, so it is startling for me to discover that recently I have become a downright Nietzschean! I find that the constructive work of the world is done by an appallingly small percentage of the general population. The rest simply don't give a damn. . .or they grow tired. . .or they failed to acquire when young the ideas that would vitalize them for the long decades.

I am not saying that they don't matter. They count as among the most precious items on earth. But they cannot be depended upon either to generate necessary new ideas or put them into operation if someone else generates them. Therefore those men and women who do have the energy to form new constructs and new ways to implement them must do the work of many. I believe it to be an honorable aspiration to want to be among those creators.

Final comment. I was about forty when I retired from the rat race, having satisfied myself that I could handle it if I had to. I saw then a man could count his life a success if he survived — merely survived — to age sixty-five without having ended up in jail (because he couldn't adjust to the minimum laws that society requires) or having landed in the booby hatch (because he could not bring his personality into harmony with the personalities of others).

I believe this now without question. Income, position, the opinion of one's friends, the judgment of one's peers and all the other traditional criteria by which human beings are generally judged are for the birds. The only question is, "Can you hang on through the crap they throw at you and not lose your freedom or your good sense?"

I am now sixty-four and three-quarters, and it's beginning to look as if I may make it. If I do, whatever happens beyond that is on the house. . .and of no concern to me.

*James A. Michener*

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