

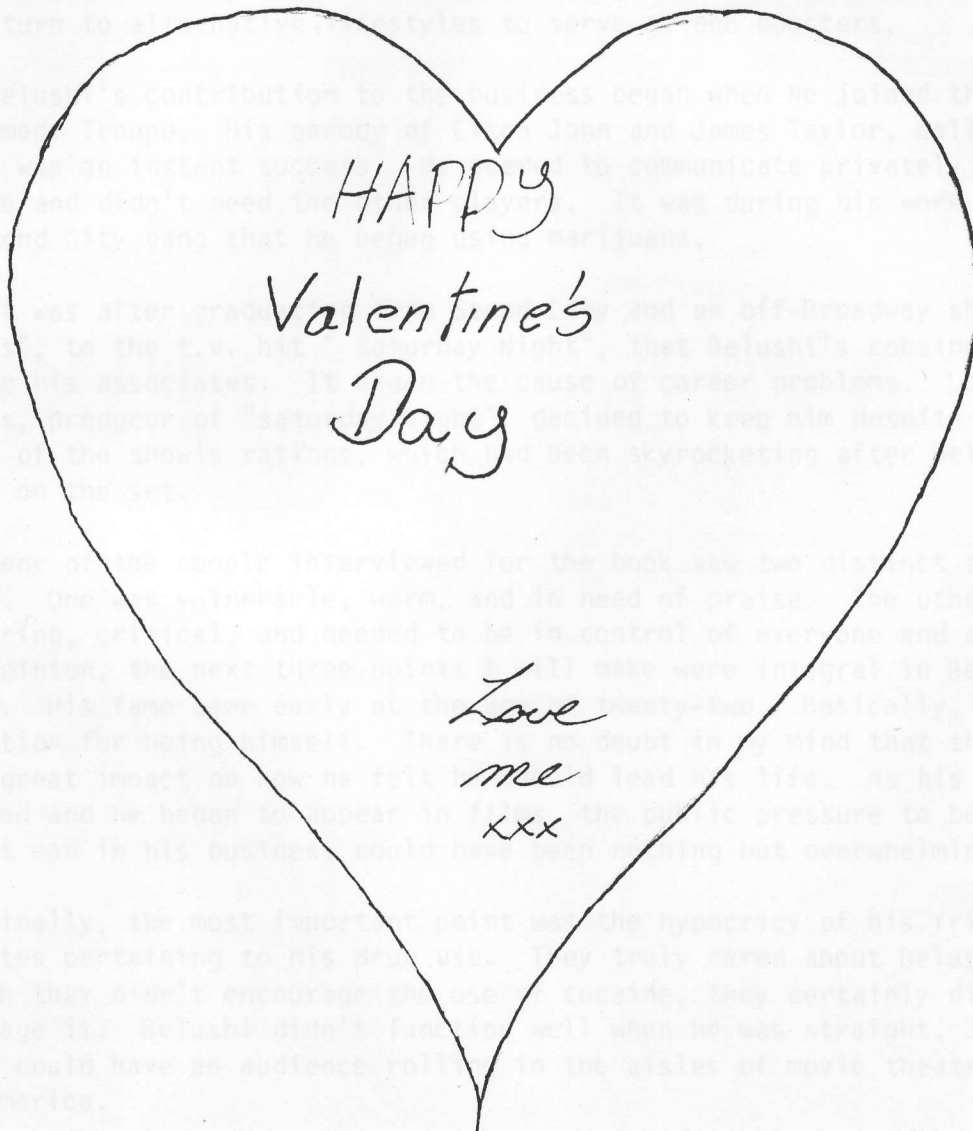
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The ALTERNATIVE

Issue No.1/85



PLANNING²ton ☺

EVERLASTING

25/1/92

MICHAEL JACKSON

You're a boy full of shyness
With a smile so bright.
You're warm and you're tender
You're a special delight.

From the start of your life
I've watched you grow
From the Jacksons
To Michael alone.

With the man that I see
The boy that grows
You're crying in silence
Like never before.

And when you're on stage
You're higher than low
Through your feet you feel the rhythm
Then your golden heart flows

BOOK REPORT

This is a report on the book Wired, an auto-biography about the short life and fast times of John Belushi. The book is written by Bob Woodward and the story takes place in the fast-paced setting of Hollywood, California. I strongly believe that Woodward's reason for writing this book is to get across the fact that fame and certain environments are to blame for the drug abuse problems many celebrities face. Add to this the pressure they feel from the public who seem to expect it from them, and it is no wonder that so many famous people turn to alternative lifestyles to serve as ego boosters.

Belushi's contribution to the business began when he joined the Second City Comedy Troupe. His parody of Elton John and James Taylor, called Elton Taylor, was an instant success. He seemed to communicate privately with the audience and didn't need the other players. It was during his work periods with the Second City gang that he began using marijuana.

It was after graduating from Seond City and an off-Broadway show called "Lemmings", to the t.v. hit "Saturday Night", that Belushi's cocaine use became known to his associates. It began the cause of career problems. Lorne Michaels, producer of "saturday Night", decided to keep him despite this, because of the show's ratings, which had been skyrocketing after Belushi's arrival on the set.

Many of the people interviewed for the book saw two distinct sides to Joh Belushi. One was vulnerable, warm, and in need of praise. The other was overbearing, critical, and needed to be in control of everyone and everything. In my opinion, the next three points I will make were integral in Belushi's decline. His fame came early at the age of twenty-two. Basically, he received recognition for being himself. There is no doubt in my mind that this had to have a great impact on how he felt he should lead his life. As his fame increased and he began to appear in films, the public pressure to be the funniest man in his business could have been nothing but overwhelming.

Finally, the most important point was the hypocrisy of his friends and associates pertaining to his drug use. They truly cared about Belushi, but although they didn't encourage the use of cocaine, they certainly did not discourage it. Belushi didn't function well when he was straight. When he was high he could have an audience rolling in the aisles of movie theatres all over North America.

Belushi was a money maker, and in no way were Paramount and Columbia pictures going to jeopardize this. I could clearly sense from Woodward's book

that he was torn between a feeling of anger toward Belushi's carelessness and a feeling of sympathy for Belushi.

Bob Woodward strongly believes that the Hollywood nightlife is solely to blame for the destructive behaviour many celebrities display.

Belushi never grew up, and I believe this is where the author's anger stems from. I must admit I also feel a certain amount of anger towards Belushi, despite my earlier comments that his weaknesses were dictated by others. The fact remains that John Belushi was a grown man with a mind of his own.

Woodward's evidence was informally presented which creates a feeling of intimacy between the reader and the subject of the book. Through interviews, accountants' records, medical records, diaries and travel logs, Woodward provides us with a shockingly in-depth portrait of a man who made us laugh and finally makes us think about our own indulgences.

I thoroughly enjoyed reading Wired, but it left me with a feeling of deep resentment. I cannot pinpoint who my resentment is against. It could be directed at Belushi for destroying a wonderful energetic talent, or toward those who seemed to have knowledge of his surely doomed life. Maybe this uncomfortable feeling I have is only a manifestation of the guilt I feel for some of the more destructive things I do to myself. Either way, Wired is well worth reading and is extremely informative.

Jennifer Pritchard

Happy Valentine's Day Sandra Einstein

love Steve

Keep smilin' Traci

love Steve

Mikey, everything starts to fail
when your heart bleeps beyond the pale.

love

Mad Max (Still in love)

To K.D. from B.M. You're beautiful when you're angry!

To J.A. from B.M.

Sometime, when you least expect it ...

To Rus, we miss you.

signed,

your friends at WEA

To T.J. from B.M. Ticklish people have more fun!

TO M.G. from B.M. Living with a photographic memory must be tough
at times!

To S.P. from B.M. I enjoyed the trip home from Boyne even if you
didn't!

To DR. from B.M.

Pass the final test, will you?

To A.K. from B.M. Good luck with your tennis.

To Bill. To a kind man on Valentine's Day.
Thanks for the coffee.

Don't drink too much wine my valentine.

anonymous

ONE LOVE
ONE HEART
ONE FORCE
RASTAFARI

GIVE THANKS ...always
AND LOVE TO EVERYONE
EVERYWHERE!

Max H.

To K.B. from B.M.
You're the only girl in the school
I can look " eye to eye" with.

To T.S. from B.M.
Even M.J. had to do math.

To B.A. from B.M.
You fall asleep one more time in my class and I'll.. I'll...I'll...

Be my Valentine Please! Anyone?

signed Desperate.

Celtics are gonehardly dude!

Thank you Jezebel
You make me smile.

Steve

Happy Valentine's Day
To a fellow happy heart.
To Buffy, love Steve

Oi Mum, it's Valentine's Day!

Koala Bear

Happy Valentine's Tanya
love Steve

To Murdock: Happy Valentine's Day Baby.
You're extra special in my thoughts.

anonymous

To my friend Mousey. Happy Valentine's Day.

To my two favourite teachers Bill and Steve.
Happy Valentine's .

A FAMILIAR STORY

The early morning sun peered through the half-open curtains playing over his nude body. Feeling the sun's warmth, she rose and stared at this stranger who slept so peacefully beside her. Flashbacks of the night before appeared in her mind and she felt shameful as she thought about how much pleasure she had taken with him. Experience told her not to dwell on these dangerous thoughts; besides, she knew this wasn't going to be the last time she'd wake in an unknown bed, and what would life be like if she hated herself?

The clock read 7:15 and her train of thought was interrupted when she realized how late it really was. She desperately tried to concentrate on this day's work, but her mind floated back to the previous night's activities.

Her clothes were scattered all over the bedroom floor. She bundled them up in her arms and left this adult playground, closing the door ever so quietly so as not to wake her slumbering partner.

She stared into the bathroom mirror. She looked pale for some reason, but said quietly to herself something about bad lighting. Stepping into a hot shower was what she needed, and when she did, it was like a greeting from an old friend. She no longer thought what she had done with this man was disgraceful. It had only been another night. Everything seemed to be "all right" as the water poured gently upon her aching muscles, soothing and relaxing them. The only thing that spoiled this temporary heaven was putting on stale clothing. 'I must remember to bring a change of clothes for these morning afters,' she mumbled to herself.

Her stomach was talking to her, but she ignored its grumblings and continued to put on her makeup. No, this would not do. Taking a glass from the dishwasher, she filled it with orange juice and chugged it as if it were her last drink ever. She hoped it would satisfy her hunger, at least for a little while.

Her eyes wandered around the apartment. Finding what she wanted, she put her glass down into the sink and quickly jotted down the phone number for what she jokingly called 'future references.'

She always took at least one last look in the mirror to see that every hair was in place before she exposed herself to the real world.

The elevator came to an abrupt halt and she walked through the dimly lit lobby and into the autumn morning. The fragrance of the crisp cool air made her feel alive and she remembered a poem that had always given her a sense of peace with herself:

Quiet wakening,
Feeling morning enter me,
Life begins once more.

The bus driver gave her a friendly smile as she deposited her fare. Taking one last glance at the place she'd never known before but after such a short while seemed to know so much about, she sighed. She reminded herself gently that it wouldn't be the last intimate night with a stranger and when would she realize that this stranger was herself?

Bea Cosentino

FORGET ME NOT

Forget me not, for I'll be your flower.
Forget me not, for I want to be your forever lover.

I'll be the cream of your crop
And for you, I'll bring the world to a stop.

My love for you seems sometimes so blue,
but girl, it's all so true.

So forget me not, for I'm your flower,
Forget me not,
For these are the words of your dying lover.

Colin Rawlins

LIVING ON YOUR OWN

Living on your own is not always the easiest of things. Some people end up in that situation through causes not their own; others, end up there through their own merit. However you end up living on your own, the fact remains that you are solely responsible for your own well being.

Most people living on their own don't find time to have a proper breakfast, lunch, or supper. Even if they do, those meals are not usually nutritious. For students attending WEA and living on your own, this is a little tip on how to manage on your own.

First of all, food seems to be a major problem. Most single people just go to any and every store to purchase food. My suggestions for that is to put aside a particular day and do the shopping at places like Knob Hill Farms, Miracle, No-Frills, or even Honest Ed's. All these places sell at reasonable prices and you can get good value for your money. If you have a problem cooking or having three proper meals a day, have lunch at school. For .50¢ you get a proper- not to mention nutritious - meal, and variety.

It has been proven that breakfast is the most important meal of the day. So, if you find you don't have enough time for a breakfast, make something the night before so you have to spend a mere five minutes preparing it. When it comes to personal things such as clothes, cigarettes and other items, you have to be smart. Don't spend all your money shopping at Eaton's or Simpson's. Buy your clothes at places like Bargain Harold's, or Honest Ed's. If you are in a real tight situation with your money, do some rummage sales. Who cares what your friends say about second, third, or fourth-hand articles? You're saving money and that is what counts! As for cigarettes, buy them in a carton for \$13.99, or buy two cartons if you're a heavy smoker. It's cheaper than going to the store every day to buy some smokes. You won't always have money every day.

Another hard part of living on your own is budgeting. If you find you can't do it on your own, talk to a guidance counsellor at school, or get a large group of students together who are interested in taking a practical living course at school.

Living on your own can be fun, but unless you take care of what you need, you will not like it! I'm not telling anybody to go out on your own. I'm merely saying that if you do, or are on your own, be conserving and then you won't have to go back crying to momma.

WEA VALENTINES

To Shaun: If I knew how to right a rghm,
I'd ask you to be my valentine.
Since I don't, I won't.
So don't be sad, just be glad.

- Heather

To Sandra: Valentine's is a day for party
So let's sit down and have one.

- Heather

Happy Valentine's Day to all the partiers at West End.
P.S. You know who you are.

- Steve

Happy Valentine's Day to all and to all a Ted Knight.

- Steve

Happy Valentine's Day Sid.

from Dolly Parton

Happy Valentine's Day Bill.

from your squash racquet

Happy Valentine's Day to the staff who play volleyball
and you are such great losers.

- Steve

Happy Valentine's Day Sandra Man.

- Steve

Happy Valentine's Day Richard.

from Lady Di

To the staff and students of WEA: just sending a little warmth
on a cold day, hoping the warmth will bring loving
and caring among you all.

Cecile's Career Class

Have a Happy Valentine and a good evening with your loved
ones.

Melinda

May everyone have a sweet Valentine's Day.

Sandra

AN EXPERIENCE

The wind blew cold outside, and a torrent of rain slashed down upon long grasses and unharvested fields. From the right hand corner of a barn came the fluttering of new wings, and the chirps of new birds. Small, and barely ten minutes old, four swallows huddled under their mother's wing. They hid from the darkness, and from the late autumn dampness. Below, behind a shelter of haystacks, a young boy shielded himself from the world.

The boy was huddled over bent knees, his back rigid, black hair spilling over the stiff collar of a new shirt. A new shirt. There was a grotesque swelling of purple along his jaw and his left eye was black and puffy. There were scars zig-zagged across his hands where he had been beaten with whatever had been handy at the time. A knife, rope, a leather belt. A chain. Whatever was within reach. The boy's face was older than his years, and he was wise. But not wise enough to leave the house he loathed so desperately, to leave the beating hands and the crack of hard leather before it connected with the soft, and now permanently scarred flesh of his back, buttocks, thighs... wherever the whip landed...

Rolling back his head, a sigh escaped from chapped lips. Blue eyes searched the fields and finally rested on a house that was small and falling down from lack of care. Paint blistered in the summer's intense heat, roofs leaked in the spring's heavy rains, and during the winter, cold winds blew wherever they could, and snow strayed in through a broken window. There were rats in the cellar and the walls were crawling with roaches in the attic. The house smelled of dampness and mold.

In a small house that overlooked an expanse of green, sat a woman, a boy and a man. The woman had been crying, and there was a long ugly bruise along the boy's jaw. Blood trickled from the corner of a split lip. The man had his heavy fists on top of an oak table. Blue eyes blazed from a face tense from unleashed anger. The man glowered at the two, then bellowed, "WE SPENT GOOD MONEY ON THAT SHIRT BOY! AND YOU FILTHY THE DAMN THING ALREADY! YOU AREN'T WORTH IT BOY!"

He smashed both fists on the table and the woman and boy jumped back in fright. "WE HAVEN'T GOT THE MONEY TO SPEND ON LITTLE INGRATES LIKE YOU!"

He rose from the table and cuffed the woman across the head, the boy next. The boy fell to the floor as the woman shrieked, which only fed the man's raging anger. The boy scampered away in fright, blood dripping from a now-broken nose. He sobbed in a low tone. The woman whimpered in fright.

" DON'T CRY BRAT! NO SON OF MINE IS GONNA WHIMPER LIKE A BABY!" the man yelled, tugging at the boy's hair. He smashed a booted foot into the boy's side, and agin his anger flared as the boy yelled out in agonizing pain...

Outside, the rain stopped. The boy stood up, face blank of any emotion. The boy's face was hollow from many nights of starvation; black circles were under wide eyes from many sleepless weeks. He smiled a broken toothed grin, for no rreason at all. It was a sarcastic grin, full of immense hatred. His body was stiff from the beating. A beating he had received because of a shirt. The soles of his feet were covered in welts and burn marks from the shapr edge of a knife and the smoldering tip of a cigarette. His breathing was unsteady and shallow, as if he was dead almost. The living dead.

He would never hit his children, he promised himself, a promise which his father had also made when he was a boy. He reached down and picked up a crutch which lay at his feet. He positioned it under his right arm, and slowly began to hobble away from the barn, and from the house. The house that was now alive with flame. A house that burned and smouldered in the evening. He had had his experience and had survived. Or had he?

In the corner of a barn, four baby swallows were ready to make their first attempt at flight. As weak downy covered wings began to flutter wildly, they squawked and began their ascent. Three made it to the rafters about a foot or two from their nest, but one didn't. It lay crumpled on the barn door, wings twisted and aching. It lay still and then its wings fluttered slightly as it prepared to try again. He knew he had to, to survive.

Katherine Arlene Murray

LOVE

Did you ever love a guy,
But knew he didn't care?
Did you ever feel like crying,
But knew you'd get nowhere?

Did you ever look into his eyes,
And say a little prayer?
Did you ever look into his heart,
And wish that you were there?

Did you ever feel like sighing,
When the lights were way down low?
Did you ever whisper, 'God, I love him '
But never let him know?

Don't fall in love my friend,
'Cause you'll find it doesn't pay.
It always causes hearts to break,
It happens every day.

Did you ever wonder where he is at night,
And wonder if he's true?
One day you'll find you're happy,
Then next you'll find you're blue.

When it stops you'll wonder why,
You'll wonder day and night.
You see, my friend, you're losing him,
No matter how you fight.

Love is fine, but it hurts so much,
And the price you'll pay is high.
If I had the choice between love and death,
I think I'd rather die.

So I say, don't fall in love,
You'll be hurt before you're through.
You see my friend, I know it's true
Because I fell in love with you.

MICHAEL JACKSON

You're a boy full of shyness
With a smile so bright.
You're warm and you're tender
You're a special delight.

From the start of your life
I've watched you grow
From the Jackson Five
To Michael alone.

With the man that I see
The boy that soars
You're crying in silence
Like never before.

And when you're on stage
You're higher than low
Through your feet you feel the rhythm
Then your golden heart flows