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Wavelength

UMASS/BOSTON



Volume 1

Issue 2

December 5, 1979

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In the classroom, in the offices. Who does it? Who gets hurt?

Literacy Standards —

How proficient are the proficiency exams?

Parties, Parties—

A valiant search for the high life on campus.

Sports at UMB—

A look at the Athletic Department's coming expansion.

Plus fiction, poetry, and art . . .



Russell Waters

Pondering the future at Mass College of Art



Jean Hall

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Welcome to the second issue of *Wavelength*. We are indebted to William Hannon of Mass. College of Art for permission to use graphics with (MCA) after the artist's name.

Mary Doyle Curran's "Prayer on My 62nd Birthday" originally appeared in *The Massachusetts Review*.

We mistakenly credited JCB's poem "Cafeteria 010," used in *Wavelength* #1, to Glen Sheldon. Our apologies to both poets.

We would also like to apologize to those many people whose work does not appear. We have expanded to forty pages and still there is not enough room for everything we'd like to print. The editors have used discretion in trying to present the highest quality material submitted.

We still need submissions and help in producing the magazine. Our office is still 010/6/066, telephone x2636. Have a restful vacation.

—The *Wavelength* Staff

*Graphics on the back cover and inside front cover are by Jean Hall, a student here at UMass.

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Institute for Practical Politics presents: The Art of Getting Elected

by Rick Bowers

About two dozen influential Bay State politicians will be at the Harbor Campus this Saturday to participate in the first Institute for Practical Politics, a day long series of discussions and workshops revolving around the topic of "getting elected." Over 200 UMass/Boston students and faculty members are expected to participate in the December 8 conference which will run from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. in the UMB faculty lounge. This list of participating politicians includes John J. Finnegan, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee; Chester Atkins, head of the powerful Senate Ways and Means Committee, and Sandra Graham, state representative and former UMass/Boston student.

"My reason for participating in the conference is to show young people that it is important to enter the field of politics," Graham said. "I know many have been turned off by the system, but I think the way to change it is from within. What I'm going to try to impress upon them is that they can get involved at any level, and they should because they are the future."

The conference will give interested UMB students an opportunity to work closely with a wide range of political professionals. In addition to the state legislators who will be present at the conference, there will be members of the Boston School Committee, Boston City Council and the Boston Mayor's Office. Following a brief address by Representative Finnegan, participants will divide into small, informal workshops where they will thrash out practical problems related to campaigning, lobbying, and political organizing.

The day's agenda also includes a complementary boxed lunch in the Building 020 cafeteria where William Bulger, president of the Massachusetts Senate, will speak. After lunch, another round of workshops will begin, giving students an opportunity to discuss new topics with different politicians. The conference will close with an address from Senator Atkins, whose record of "getting elected" is virtually unequalled in current

Massachusetts politics. At the age of thirty-one, Atkins has been elected to the Democratic State Committee, the Massachusetts House of Representatives as well as the State Senate. The Concord democrat currently holds one of the most powerful positions in the legislature as the chairman of Senate Ways and Means.

The Institute for Practical Politics is being organized by Professor Franklin Patterson of the Center for Studies in Policy and Public Interest in cooperation with the Student Activities Committee and the Division of Student Affairs. According to Patterson, the conference is open to all those students interested in learning more about the political process and not simply to those seeking careers in the field. He said he hoped students would come away from the conference with a better understanding of the importance of "getting elected" in the political process.

"I hope that students will come away with a realistic and practical sense of what you have to do in planning a campaign, organizing it around issues that are important, getting money for organizing

a campaign and getting participation and support for what you want to do," Patterson said. "Part of what I hope happens is that our students get a sense of the practical possibilities that exist in public service."

About half of the political figures that are scheduled to participate in the conference are products of public higher education themselves. Representatives Finnegan, Collins, and Harold are graduates of UMass/Amherst, while McHlynn and Graham are UMass/Boston alumni. Graham, who holds a position on the Cambridge School Committee as well as in the House of Representatives, says she got involved in politics in order to help "change the system."

"I would say to young people that it is their responsibility to get involved in the political process because it rules and judges every single thing, everything that they want to do," she said. "I want them to be in a position to do whatever they think should be done in this country."

In addition to giving students a chance to speak with the politicians on an in-

Politics continued on page 37



Former UMass/Boston student Sandra Graham will be among the twenty-four Massachusetts politicians who will take part in the Institute for Practical Politics.

UMB Athletic Department Expansion

by Stephanie Romanos

The UMass/Boston athletic department, in anticipation of the new Clark Physical Education Center which is due to open in late spring, has begun expansion of the men's and women's varsity programs. Since the fall of 1978, the department has added intercollegiate teams in men's ice hockey and soccer and women's volleyball and softball. And the women's basketball team, dormant since the 1976-77 season, has been resurrected.

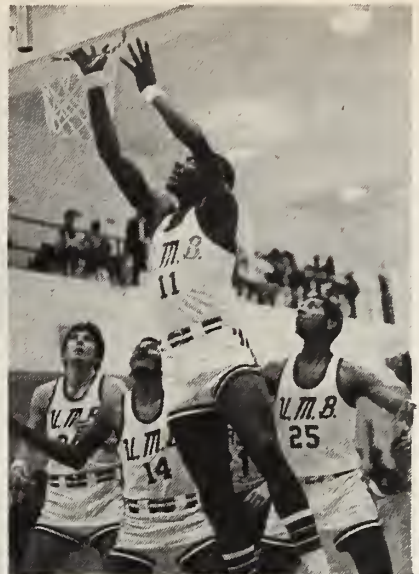
The athletic department itself is in a state of transition. When the Boston campus was originally founded, a commitment was made to intramural and recreational activities, but there were no provisions made for participation in intercollegiate competition. However, the decision to limit the athletic program to exclude varsity athletics was never accepted by everyone involved in university politics.

The original plans for a physical education center date back to the construction of the Harbor Campus in 1974. At that time, Governor Dukakis, who was opposed to any large-scale expansion of UMB's athletic program, chose to

withhold the funds which the state legislature had appropriated for the construction of a new athletic facility. University lawyers responded by presenting the governor with a lawsuit which they eventually won during the last year of the Dukakis administration. Construction of the Clark Center finally began about a year ago.

Reorganization of the athletic department began this fall when responsibility for the varsity programs was transferred from Intramural Athletics Director Paul Finnegan's office to the office of Vice Chancellor Tubbs. Until that time, Finnegan had been acting, without benefit of title, as athletic director. To fill the need created by the expansion of the varsity program Tubbs appointed varsity basketball coach Charlie Titus to act as coordinator of the varsity athletics program. In addition, acting SAC Director Heinz Bondy has been appointed athletics liaison. Mr. Bondy's responsibilities involve serving as a communications link between the vice chancellor's office, the Athletic Department, and the firm in charge of the construction of the new facility.

The vice chancellor's office is now in-



Stephanie Romanos

UMass/Boston Hoopsters finally have a home.

involved in the process of searching for a facilities manager. The position is one of six staff positions, including that of athletic director, which will eventually need to be filled in the athletic department. The selection of a facilities manager is receiving priority, though, because of the urgency of finding an individual to assume the responsibilities involved in the final planning of the physical education center. As the main supervisor of the complex, the facilities manager will handle the "nuts and bolts" of the new building and will be responsible for allocating space for intercollegiate, intramural and recreational university programs as well as for community use.

At present, Dean Bishop of the School of Education at UMass/Amherst is acting as a consultant to the vice chancellor and is advising that office in the planning of the facility. The center, which is due to open in mid-April, will probably not be in full operation until the fall of 1980. An athletic director and five additional new athletics personnel should be on staff by July 1.

This fall, an athletic committee was appointed by Vice Chancellor Tubbs. The planning committee is responsible for formulating a proposal for an intercollegiate program which should be submitted for approval to the Board of Trustees by mid-April. This committee now replaces the University Assembly's Athletic Committee. Members of the student/faculty committee include Heinz Bondy, Professor Max Schleifer of the Psychology Department, and George Barbarro, former chairperson of the Assembly's committee.

Expansion continued on page 37



Stephanie Romanos

The new Clark Physical Education Center, although scheduled to open in mid-April, probably won't be fully operational until the fall of 1980.

SEXUAL HARASSMENT

by Janet Diamond and Loren King

graphic by Denise O'Malley



“Everything has a purpose — like rape for instance. It keeps women from sitting around with their skirts hiked up,” said the writing teacher to his class. He then chuckled. The class responded with dead silence.

Carol, a first-term freshman, was shocked, embarrassed, and angry. She wanted to speak up, to say that his statement was rude, unfair, and insulting. She wanted to get up and leave the classroom. But she didn't. Carol was afraid. Afraid because he was her teacher and in control of her grades. Afraid because she didn't know how the other students would respond.

Carol never reported the incident, although she discussed it with friends. She had looked forward to school before the incident. Now Carol dreaded attending the class.

This incident occurred at UMass/Boston. In varying degrees, sexual harassment occurs here at UMass as it does in classrooms and workplaces everywhere. Sociologist and Law and Justice Faculty Member John Bauman states, "Sexual harassment certainly is a problem at UMass. I know of male faculty who use their positions to make women uncomfortable. I've heard enough stories about one night stands and slam-bams in the office to know it's true."

By no means new, the problem of sexual harassment has been traditionally treated as a joke. We've all seen the cartoons which show the boss chasing a secretary around the office. Few women find the image funny.

In the past, women have dealt with sexual harassment by submitting to the act, ignoring the incident or by withdrawing from the situation. As women increasingly demand social and economic equality, these old responses no longer make sense. Resistance, both formal and personal, has become a viable alternative for the first time. But resistance involves risks as some of the stories in this article illustrate.

What exactly is sexual harassment? One of the reasons the problem has been ignored for so long is that it is difficult to define. Sexual harassment can run the gamut from insulting remarks such as the one documented above to sexual blackmail such as a boss demanding sexual favors in exchange for giving his secretary a pay raise. However, the causes, consequences, and responses are very different from one end of the spectrum to the other. In addition, the ways in which we deal with sexual harassment will depend on the nature and severity of the incident. As Ann Froines, director of Woman's Studies at UMass said, "Sexual blackmail should be against the law. But sexually offensive comments are

something we are going to have to struggle with in a different way."

Although sexual harassment appears in many forms, common factors may be found. In every sexual harassment case these writers encountered at UMass/Boston, the following elements were present: The man occupied a position of power over the women; the women felt both angry and isolated; the women were frustrated because there was no safe avenue open to them for redress.

This article has been divided into separate areas in order to discuss those causes and effects which make each situation unique.

THE REMARK

The experience related in the opening few paragraphs of this article is an example of insulting, offensive behavior in a situation where those being insulted are not in a position to retaliate. The teacher is in control of the students' grades and the classroom atmosphere.

"I've heard enough stories about one night stands and slam-bams in the office to know it's true."

—Professor John Bauman

Carol chose to continue the class, but her confidence in the teacher was destroyed. She would never take a course with him again. She simply waited out in silence the rest of the semester. Because she was a new student and didn't know any of her classmates, feelings of isolation were triggered. She was unsure if she would be supported if she objected to the teacher's remark. Fear of hostility by the teacher and fear of rejection or denial of the action by her fellow students kept her quiet and gave her no outlet for expressing her rage.

Froines commented that the perpetrator of this form of harassment three or four years ago we would have called a sexist or a male chauvinist. Now, however, we have further identified it as a form of sexual harassment. It needed its own category. She also points out that statements about a group are felt personally by members of that group.

Although the damage done to Carol by his statement was neither severe nor prolonged, the professor continues to affect new students.

BEING PUT IN YOUR PLACE

"I was in an introductory science course along with two friends," explains Diane. "It was held in the large science auditorium. The instructor continually made sexist and racist remarks during his lectures. One time, for example, when he was describing the mating habits of rats, he said, 'It would be nice if it were that easy for people, wouldn't it girls?'"

"He made at least one offensive remark per class over about a three-week period. My friends and I would discuss it after class. It upset and angered us. We considered asking other women in the class if they, too, were bothered, but then we decided to confront him directly. We spoke to him once after class. He was hostile and unresponsive. He said if we didn't like the class, we should leave. During the class following our meeting with him, he made an offensive remark, then looked up at us and said, 'I hope I'm not offending you ladies, although I hesitate in calling you ladies.'"

"We were shocked that he would attempt to embarrass us publicly. The next time we came to class everything was proceeding as normal when suddenly the chairman of the department walked into the auditorium. 'It's those three right there,' the professor told him, and we were called out of the class like naughty third graders.

"We set up an appointment to talk with the department chairman at that point. At the meeting, it was suggested that if we disapproved of the professor's teaching methods we should withdraw from the course. The chairman took the professor's side completely without question. The professor told the chairman that we had continually disrupted his class, which was totally untrue. The chairman believed him without even asking us if he were right.

"It was more humiliating and unfair than anything I've ever experienced in 14 years of schooling. Finally, the three of us sat down and composed a long letter detailing the remarks that were made during the lectures and why we found

them upsetting. We presented copies to both the professor and the chairman. It was only then that the chairman admitted we had legitimate complaints. Things were better after that, but we lost all respect for the teacher and discouraged others from taking courses with him."

Diane emphasized that it was only because she had friends in the class for support that she took any action.

"He threw the first punch," she said. "If he hadn't publicly reprimanded us by calling the chairman in, it wouldn't have gone any further."

This is a classic situation of blaming the victim. Diane said she and her friends had to 'prove their innocence.' "The chairman was on the side of the professor all the way," she said. "He put us on the defensive, so we felt compelled to compose a list of grievances in order to convince him that our complaints were valid."

THE DIRTY OLD MAN SYNDROME

"He put his hand on my leg and left it there. I couldn't believe it. I looked at the hand, then I looked him in the eye and laughed. He removed his hand."

Susan took the class with the chairman of her major's department, never expecting to be accosted while on a field trip. At first, she noticed that while talking to him he would put his arm around the shoulders of women students, including herself. This bothered her and she would move away when he came near.

Then the field trip incident happened. Before the field trip, she was an active member of the class. One of the top students in the class, she was moving comfortably towards an 'A' grade. After the incident, the teacher's attitude toward her changed. He became uncooperative and ignored her work. The situation climaxed when a complex ongoing project was destroyed at school. Instead of reacting with sympathy, he blew up at her as if she had blamed him, when in fact she had only expressed her sadness over her loss.

When she attempted to tell her advisor about the problem, the advisor told her to "ignore him, take him with a grain of salt." Distressed and frustrated, she considered changing her major or transferring to another school. Her 'A' grade had turned into a 'B-' and her semester's efforts were destroyed.

The situation Susan described involves a teacher who is considered 'harmless' — a mere nuisance. He is not harmless, however, because, as Susan points out, he uses his power as a teacher and as a chairman to put himself in a position where he can fondle women.

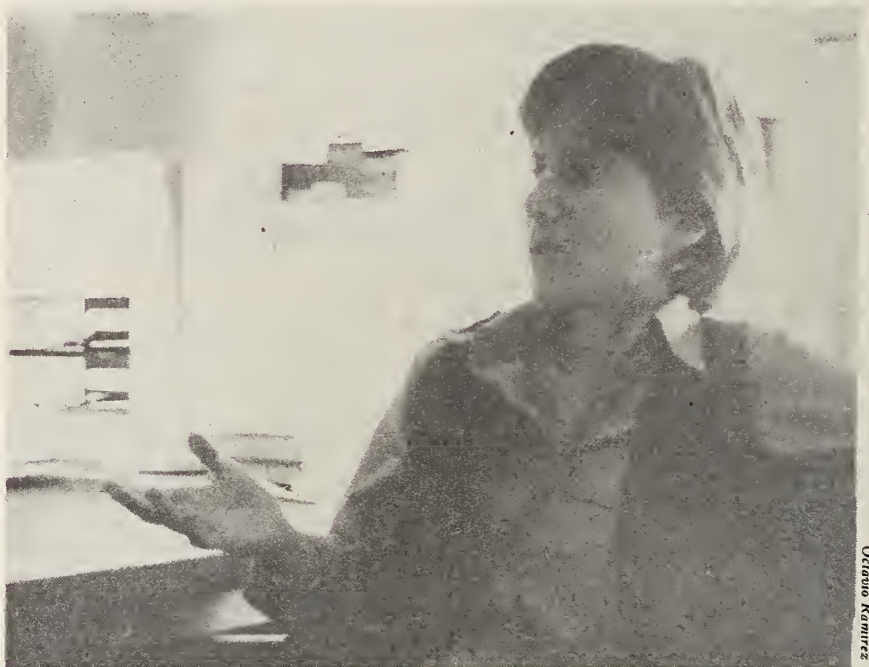
As with many harassment cases, his crime is not that he is affectionate, but that he intimidates and manipulates women through his position. His crime is that he "plays favorites" with the women who cooperate with his advances; he plays nasty with those who do not.

His position is solidified and aided by women who ignore or laugh at his behavior. They, of course, are concerned about their jobs or their grades, or are ignorant of the consequences of his behavior. The lack of respect he creates by his antics tends to discredit his entire department.

here was this young, hip teacher who wore jeans to school and I really looked up to him.

"He was always pretty aggressive with me," she continues, "and one thing led to another. Pretty soon we were dating regularly. He never overtly pressured me to sleep with him, although I did feel pressured to be hip and cool about the whole thing. I also worried that if I didn't, he might hold it against me."

Joyce soon began to feel uncomfortable with the situation and withdrew from the relationship. Shortly after her involvement with the teacher ended, he began seeing another student from the same class. "In all, there were definitely three and possibly four women in that one class that he became involved with," Joyce said. "I felt guilt and shame at first and I avoided him for a long time, but I learned a lesson. It's something I would



Olatunwo Ramirez

Janice Irvine, formerly of the Health Education Center, lost her job after assisting women in filing a sexual harassment complaint.

THE MÉNAGE

"Young, naive, and very impressionable" is the way Joyce describes herself when she came to UMass as a freshman two years ago. "I was in an introductory course where most of the students were freshmen too. Others in the class told me they thought the teacher liked me, but I didn't notice it. I came from a small high school where it was common for students and teachers to be friends, so his interest didn't seem unusual to me. I soon realize he was pursuing me, and I felt very flattered. After all,

never allow to happen again."

When questioned, the professor stated that he had never engaged in any activity which could be interpreted as harassment. Furthermore, he said, "To my knowledge, I never used my position as a professor to take advantage of a student." His position, however, does present him with a conflict of interest, he indicated. "My lifestyle is more like a student's than like a typical faculty member," he said. "My job is tied in with my social life. I enjoy students and I feel very comfortable with them, especially with female students."

Harassment continued on page 28

It was one month ago that scores of Iranian students seized the American Embassy in Teheran taking 62 Americans hostage and initiating a test of wills between the governments and the people of the two nations. The students in Iran, with the support of the country's religious leader, the Ayatollah, demanded the extradition of their deposed Shah as a condition to releasing the American hostages. The United States, characterizing the demands as a "flagrant violation of international law" and a "clear case of political blackmail," refused to yield to the Iranian demands. This international stalemate has had some far-reaching repercussions for the 45,000 Iranian students that attend colleges in the United States.

Four days after the embassy was stormed President Jimmy Carter ordered that all Iranian students in the U.S. were to report to immigration authorities immediately, and that those here illegally were to undergo deportation procedures. Under the conditions of the presidential order a student may be deported if the student has left school, if the student's visa has expired, if the student is working without permission, or if he or she is in poor academic standing.

The perceptions of those Iranians who support the takeover and the perceptions of those who deplore it seem to run like parallel lines with no single point in common. "In accordance with human rights we demand the perpetrator of 37 years of treason, crime and corruption be handed over to us," one Iranian said. "We stand firm in our convictions and will not yield to the veiled threats of a corrupt American government."

"We wanted a democracy not a theocracy," an Iranian student in the U.S. responded. "I think the

seizure is extremely irresponsible and in defiance of all international law. I don't understand how such action can be endorsed by the legitimate government of any country."

In a recent interview, two Iranian students from UMass/Boston, each holding different perspectives on the international crisis, spoke on a number of issues ranging from the validity of Iran's charges against the shah to the role of international law in the tense dispute. According to Ardi Batmangheldj, an Iranian student who has spent much of his life in the West, the shah should be returned to Iran for trial but not as a condition to "terrorist actions." Ardi expressed outrage at what he termed the shah's oppressive policies but emphasized his belief that Khomeini was worse. "When religion becomes involved in the state there is more room for oppression," he said.

The other student interviewed wished to remain anonymous, fearing retaliation from some Americans who might find his pro-Khomeini stance offensive. According to this student, the issue is one of "Iranian rights." He urges all Iranians to follow the lead of the Ayatollah.

"Khomeini has a long history of working for independence," the student said. "During his fifteen years in exile he never stopped his activities. During that time his leaflets and his speeches were taken very seriously

because nobody could accept the government of the shah. We can well appreciate this long opposition, even while under exile, against the government. Also he never compromises with America or any other country."

Here follows portions of those interviews:

AN INTERVIEW WITH TWO

Iranian Students

by Rick Bowers and Al McNeill

What was your immediate reaction to the takeover of the U.S. Embassy by Iranian students?

My reaction at first to the takeover was that I was horrified. It was a breaking of all international agreements and diplomatic rules; but, if you take it within the context of the students' demands, which is the return of the shah, and if you remember that the shah was placed in power in 1953 by the CIA against the will of the people, and that he is responsible for close to 100,000 deaths, then I can see some justification. However, I still do not support the takeover. I do, however, support their demands.

Do you think it was wise for Khomeini to support the takeover?

As far as Khomeini supporting the take-over, while the action was initiated by students, it seems that it is now being supported by the legitimate government of Iran. It seems that it is an act of terrorism and that is the first time that I can remember such a thing happening.

For Khomeini it was politically wise — very much so, because the greatest majority of Iranian people support it. However what is going to hurt is going to be the reaction of the U.S. after the fate of the hostages is known — which could go either way.

Do you think that Khomeini is a good representative of the modern Iranian people?

What was your immediate reaction to the take-over of the U.S. Embassy in Iran?

I could have expected such action from the Iranian people because they have seen Americans interfere with Iranian affairs after the second revolution. The Iranians couldn't take that. After the second revolution they lost many lives because the Americans wanted to put someone in power. The result of the revolution was zero. Losing so many lives — that is why we have taken over the embassy.

Do you think it was wise for Khomeini to support the takeover?

A government should represent the people, and the people and government should act as one body. I think the best thing the Iranian government could do was to support the students in order to stabilize the revolution. As long as we do not have decentralization in the country our revolution will not break down and render us, as we were before, powerless.

Do you think that Khomeini is a good representative of the modern Iranian people?

Certainly, yes, because he has a long history of working for the people, for independence. During his fifteen years in exile he never stopped his activities. During that time his leaflets



Yves-Claude Perinard

Pine Boughs

by Barry Shelton

With the fall came the rainstorms. Everywhere I walked the streets were slick with sodden leaves. Dead starlings lay on the sidewalks like lumps of tar. The skies were wadded with clouds and the wind roared through the treetops. Broken branches were scattered across the lawns like gigantic, shedded antlers of prehistoric beasts. Whenever I passed beneath a tree, I kept my eyes fixed on the branches overhead, expecting some monstrous limb to crack down on my head at any time.

At night my sleep was jarred by dreams. Once, I woke in the middle of the night to answer the telephone, only to discover the sound I heard was the radiator banging wildly in the kitchen. Nightly I lay in bed listening to the ticking of my watch and straining my eyes to detect the movement of its phosphorescent hands.

I began to drink heavily. My work seemed pointless. All my friends behaved foolishly, enchanted by their own incessant chatter, like senile gypsies. I was afraid to look in a mirror. I took down the one in the bathroom and stowed it at the back of a closet. I did not shave. I spun a web of silent hours around my life, walking by the river, driving aimlessly in my car, watching TV in the dark. I ate at odd

hours, wolfing each mouthful like a man who had been lost for weeks in a dark wood.

II

An old friend telephoned. He asked if I could drive out to his home in the country that coming weekend. The storms had toppled several trees on his property. His wife had heard them crack in the night. He wanted me to saw them up for firewood. He offered to pay me.

The last time we had seen each other was just after he returned from the war. I had avoided the draft and participated in the anti-war demonstrations. I sensed he resented me and that our friendship was over. I told him I would come, but refused to accept any money. It would be my pleasure to help.

After I hung up I sank into an armchair. My throat felt as if I had swallowed a stone. My palms were wet. I felt for my pulse. I lit a cigarette and after one pull crushed it out. I had to bury my face in my hands.

III

His wife came out to greet me. She

took my hand in hers, leaned forward quickly and pecked me on the cheek. She smelled like apples. She led me inside and told me he was taking his afternoon nap. She served me coffee and cookies in the living room while we chatted. She produced a photo album and showed me a picture of myself, taken years ago at a football game. I remembered being drunk. In one hand I clutched a bottle of whiskey and in the other I waved a white handkerchief. My face was expressionless, almost gray. It looked as dull as rock. I could not tell if the white handkerchief was a gesture of farewell or surrender.

In another picture she was feeding cake to her husband. He had white frosting smeared on his nose and chin. We both laughed. When she smiled she looked much younger. I glanced at the picture again. I had forgotten how tall and handsome he looked in his dress uniform.

IV

During the war he was a lieutenant with the artillery. He was in Saigon three days, waiting to be assigned a unit. He told me all this at the V.A. hospital the last time I saw him. He and two buddies were sitting in a restaurant when the

bomb went off. All he remembered was that the shock seemed to go on and on until he thought it would never stop. And then he heard a very loud buzzing in his ears. I remember being fascinated with that last part of the story, while he sat in the wheelchair, the legs of his pajamas rolled up and pinned where his knees should have been.

V

I stood up as he wheeled himself into the living room. When he smiled the skin stretched taut across his cheekbones. His face was pale, the color of a drum skin. There were tiny purple veins beneath his skin at his temples. His eyes shone black as a crow's. I thought if I touched his forehead it would feel as cool as bone. I could imagine what his skull looked like. His shoulders were pinched, his chest was concave. His Adam's apple jutted out like a knob. I had to bend at the waist slightly in order to shake his hand. I smiled down at him. I became conscious of my height and sat down. He wheeled himself a little closer to me. I remarked how well he looked. He said I had not changed one bit.

VI

Dinner was superb. Conversation was subdued, murmurous, polite. I made a point of complimenting his wife on her cooking and praising him for marrying so wisely. I raised my glass to them and thanked them for having me. They, in turn, toasted me, an old, old friend.

Halfway through the second bottle of wine, he dozed off at the table. His head slumped to one side and his jaw slackened. His wife and I finished the wine alone. Once or twice I glanced at him. For all I knew he might have been dead. Then she told me he dropped off that way every night. I suddenly felt very sorry for her. I realized how difficult her life was, yet she remained cheerful and alive. I experienced a moment of anguish, as I considered the circumstances of my own life. I found myself wishing I had an ounce of her courage. I looked across the table at her. She smiled. At the end of the table he began to snore.

VII

The pines were enormous. They blocked out the morning sun and pitched a giant tent of darkness over me. Pine boughs swept the sky like the wings of condors. The floor of the dark wood was

thick with needles. The air was so still I could hear the buzzing of insects. Two smaller pines had been felled, their stumps jagged like broken teeth. I went to work with the chainsaw, trimming branches from the trunks. I established a rhythm and the cutting was easy. The rasping of the saw drowned out all other noise and I concentrated on the blade. Sawdust spouted in all directions. My nostrils filled with the fragrance of fresh-cut pine. My hands buzzed through the coarse leather gloves. The gas motor heated up quickly. I began to sweat. One by one I lopped off the limbs. The work was simple and exhilarating. I felt rejuvenated. I imagined myself as a lumberjack, a builder of settlements, a brave pioneer alone in the primeval wilderness. I attacked the body of the tree. I cut away sections as heavy as boulders. When they fell off I felt the ground tremor beneath my workboots.

VIII

She said something I couldn't hear. I smiled and pointed at the chainsaw. I slapped my ears like a moron. We shouted at each other over the growling of the saw. We grinned like fools. She was wearing her hair piled on top of her head. Shoots of it hung down and curled on her neck like vines. She yelled again. I heard her this time. She was telling me to be careful.

IX

I shaved and showered and towelled off in front of the mirror in the guest room. I stared at my body. My stomach was still flat. My chest and arms were firm. My thighs were strong. I felt powerful. I was young. There was nothing wrong with me.

X

At first he protested, but eventually we wore him down. It would be fun. She told him it would be good for him. He finally relented. I wheeled him to the end of the blacktop and hoisted him into my arms. She folded up the wheelchair and I followed her across the grass to the dock on the pond. He was as light as an armful of dead leaves. I sat down on the edge of the dock with him in my lap. I had an absurd image of myself as a ventriloquist, holding a wooden dummy. I almost laughed out loud. He muttered he felt ridiculous. We scoffed at him. I told him to wrap his arms around my neck. I edged us off the

dock. He was as bony as a monkey. The water was cold. He howled and I whooped with laughter. I held him with my hands under his armpits. We turned to watch her dive. She kept her legs straight and together, the toes pointed, as she entered the water.

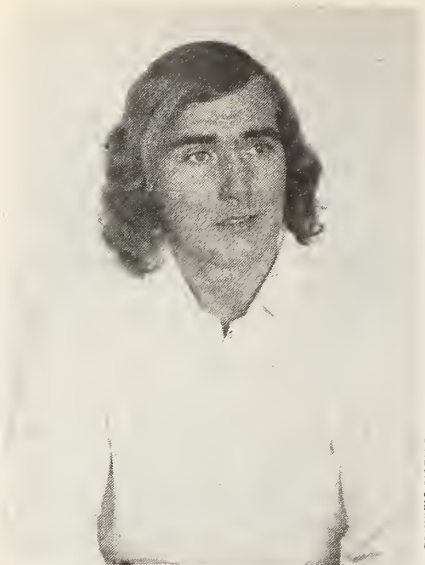
I supported him while he dog-paddled. He tired quickly and his teeth began to chatter. Finally I towed him to the dock. I jerked him out of the water and sat him on the dock. He huddled there, shivering. The stumps of his legs quivered. They were blue. I hauled myself out of the water and rubbed his back with a towel. His skin was pitted with goose bumps. I lifted him into the chair and covered his shoulders with the towel. I placed another on his lap. He looked dazed, like an old man who had fallen overboard on a trans-Atlantic cruise and had been miraculously rescued.

We sat and watched her in the water. She swam with the long, arcing strokes of an athlete. Her arms almost paused at the top before they cut into the water. I dove in and swam with her. We mirrored each other's movements. Our arms crawled through the water like serpents. We rolled and swam on our backs. We glided like rays in the ocean. We dove like otters. When we stopped we were in the middle of the pond. We treaded water and caught our breath. It was growing dark. The wind had come up. We were engulfed by the blackening woods. She headed for shore. Her husband was just a dark shape on the dock.

I was alone. I felt like the survivor of a shipwreck being washed up onto a new world. I felt like the only man on Earth. I kicked and plunged into the cold blackness to see if I could touch bottom. It was deeper and darker than I expected.

XI

I pulled the cord and the saw gasped and started. I began leveling off the jagged stumps. The saw whined and bogged down against a thick knot. I tried to muscle through it with brute force, applying more pressure to the blade. The saw screamed and bucked and leapt out of the wood. Its teeth narrowly missed my thigh. I let the saw fly, sputtering, from my hands. I began to tremble. My legs felt weak, rubbery. I sagged to my knees. Pine needles pierced my skin through my trousers. I was nauseous with fright. There was a loud buzzing in my ears. Gradually, the noise subsided and was replaced by the whisk of pine boughs.



Olatavio Romirez

Earl Porter

fall of 1978 and thereafter, and all students (including transfers) who entered in spring of 1979 and thereafter must successfully meet the writing proficiency requirement prior to accumulating 60 credits. (Transfers entering with 60 or more credits must meet this requirement during their first semester in residence.) Students with 60 or more credits who have not passed the requirement must meet with a skills specialist in the Academic Support Services office, register for Fundamental Skills 044, limit their courses to no more than 12 credits, and retake the exam or resubmit a portfolio as soon as possible. Students who have completed 68 credits, but have not completed the requirement, will be administratively withdrawn and all registration for future courses (except Fundamental Skills 044) will be rendered

members of the Proficiency Evaluation committee. If either, but not both, of them feel the exam is a fail, at least one other member of the committee reads the essay before a final decision is made. Students who fail, but feel they have been graded incorrectly, have the right to appeal to an appeals committee.

All information on all procedures dealing with the English Proficiency requirement is available at the Academic Support Services office (020/3/625, x2851).

The History

In the Spring of 1978, the faculty, students, and staff Senate passed the proposal for the English Proficiency requirement. This proposal was subsequently accepted by CAS Dean Michael Riccards. The exam is regulated

The increasing problems with Proving Proficiency

by Stephen G. Cain

16 College of Arts and Sciences students were administratively withdrawn from the university this fall because they had not taken the English Proficiency exam. The shock and outrage expressed by the students, and the people who heard about the affair was initially ignored by the Fundamental Skills committee. This lack of action was supposed to have served as an object lesson to these students and to the student body as a whole on just how importantly the exam is being taken. Through a distinct lack of publicity and the continuing informational problem which seems endemic to UMass/Boston (i.e., if you don't go out of your way to inform yourself about what's going on, you get lost in the shuffle) the majority of students "still don't understand what the story is, what the consequences of not taking the exams are, and just how serious an affair the university is making it." The English Proficiency exam, though fraught with problems, is here, and every student must accept and deal with that fact.

The Facts

The College of Arts and Sciences requires that all freshmen who entered in

invalid.

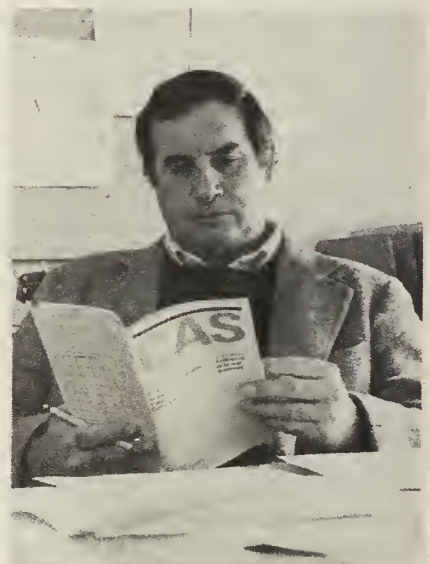
The proficiency examination is offered four times a year, in October, January, June, and August. The next exam is being given on January 3. The booklet of readings for the exam must be picked up at the Academic Support Services office (020/3/625, x2851) as soon as possible. The booklet consists of three sets of readings, each set containing from two to five short selections on a common topic of the sort which might be encountered in a junior-year course. Each set of readings is approximately fifteen pages long, so that all of them can be looked over before one is chosen. Of the three sets of readings, one is geared to the social sciences, one to the physical sciences, and one to the humanities. When the student takes the exam, he or she will be given two questions about the set of readings he or she has selected. The student must answer only one of the two questions. The answer should take the form of a relatively polished essay, seven to ten paragraphs in length. The student may bring an unmarked dictionary to the exam but may not bring any notes or the original reading sets; new ones will be provided at the exam. The exam lasts two hours.

The exams are graded by at least two

by the Fundamental Skills committee of the Senate. It is administered by Academic Support Services.

The student input into the process and the formulation of the exam has been miniscule to nil. One of the few students to immerse himself into the turbid waters surrounding the exam is Earl Porter, student co-moderator of the Senate and the sole student member of the Fun-

Exams continued on page 32



Olatavio Romirez

Joe Schork



Trouble with the T

by *Monica Hileman*

"No he never returned, no he never returned
And his fate is still unlearned,
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of
Boston
He's the man who never returned."

Many of us remember the song about Charlie, an unfortunate rider on an earlier form of the MBTA (then called the Metropolitan Transit Authority.) The other day, as I sat for several minutes on an immobile Green Line train somewhere under the city of Boston, I peered out into the dark maze of tunnels and wondered what a song about a present day Charlie would sound like.

Charlie's adventures on the MTA are nothing compared to what the riders of the T experience today. People have become so used to bizarre occurrences and constant delays which are never explained that, as one elderly passenger put it, "Every time I put my quarter in, I feel like I'm taking a chance. It's like gambling, you don't know what's going to happen." As a means of adaptation daily riders of the T have developed a hardened attitude of resignation. Riders of the

Green Line have become especially adept at this.

One afternoon the train I was riding to Lechmere suddenly stopped in the middle of the tunnel with no station in sight, not unusual in itself — until over 20 people emerged out of the darkness and packed their way onto the already crowded train. No one seemed the least bit surprised.

Anyone who is a regular rider can tell at least half a dozen stories, mostly of frustration and outrage. One evening, as I waited on the platform at Columbia Station for an inbound train, I thought a riot would break out. We had been waiting for half an hour for a train and boarded one that finally came into the station, only to find, after sitting on it for five minutes, that it was a "crippled train" and could take no passengers. Everyone got off to wait for the next train, which the conductor assured us was right behind. Ten minutes later a train approached; people lined up in anticipation. The train slowed as though it was about to stop and then went on. The crowd became somewhat annoyed but waited calmly for the next train. Five

minutes later another train approached. Believe it or not, this train slowed and also went through amid cries and shouts. The young man next to me managed to kick it before it sped out of the station. Finally, after 45 minutes and three trains, one came along that stopped and wasn't crippled.

Stories of outrage and frustration abound; where to direct that outrage is not always clear. Is it the operators, the company that built the equipment, those who are supposed to maintain it or the high-level management at fault? Explaining the causes of the T's deterioration is not an easy endeavor, but tracking down the management is a good place to start.

By now everyone's heard of Robert L. Foster, the new chairperson and chief executive officer appointed by the King administration. Foster made quite a splash this summer when he proposed shutting down our public transportation system on weekends, and more recently with his drastic cutbacks in bus service. Foster has been a controversial figure from the beginning because of his lack of experience, the "typographical mistake" on his resume, and his failure to list one of his homes in the report of his assets. After being sworn in on January 29 of this year, the chairman's controversiality continued with his purchase of an Oldsmobile equipped with two-way radio and trailer hook-up acquired with MBTA funds (which he later totaled one night on his way home.) Other extravagances such as sound-proofing the office that he took over from the former chairman bothered people who worry about the T's growing deficit.

In the period between Foster's appointment and his approval by the MBTA Advisory Board, the question of possible conflicts of interest arose. The questions were prompted by his past employment at Refuse Energy Systems, a garbage-to-energy plant located on a landfill in Saugus, where Foster managed the incinerator facility. Whereas a garbage-to-energy job has little connection to managing a public transport system, certain people at Refuse Energy Systems apparently had connections to Governor King. Martin De Matteo Jr., who hired Foster on at the plant (and also controls the M. De Matteo Construction Company) is a contractor with "strong ties in Massachusetts political circles." One explanation of why the King administration chose Foster to run the MBTA is that

The T continued on page 34

In Search of the Holy Stein

a jestful quest



by R. Powers and D. Neal

In order to justify our positions as Wavelength Knights Errant, we decided to pursue a burning issue at UMB — How to enjoy oneself with little or no money on campus. We went through many weeks of preparation before we felt ready to go on our quest for the perfect campus party and the revered, but missing, Holy Beer Stein. Many hours were spent building up our stamina until we were able to endure mass quantities of warm beer and endless hours of ear-bending, banal conversation. Once secure in the knowledge that we could handle this assignment, we donned our armor, grabbed our lances, and were off.

We left no known stone unturned in pursuit of the revered but missing stein. We knew that we would not be tilting at wine-mills. We felt it our duty to leave no party unturned, no matter how small. The jest was on.

We trudged doggedly from building to building battling waterlogged plaza blocks that sought to drown us and elevators that tried to take us to

nonexistent floors. Thank the stars there were only two buildings to be conquered. Working on a hunch, we investigated a suspected English Club party. It was late September and the number of possible places that could be harboring the Holy Beer Stein were few and far between. After a hard fought battle with a fire breathing elevator, we reached the pinnacle of Building 010 and surveyed the English Club lounge. What we saw looked promising. It could indeed be the temple of the Holy Beer Stein. Wanting to be inobtrusive we adopted an air of pseudo-Shakespearean intellectualism. Once inside, however, we quickly discovered the error of our ways as we were the only pseudo-intellectuals there. We hastened to discard our pose and took up the quasi-literate, drunken debauchery of the crowd. But alas, although we plowed through a mountain of empty beer cans, the stein was not found. Saddened, we resumed our resolve, and it was on with the quest.

Straining our minds as to another

possible location for the stein, we decided to head for foreign lands. More specifically, the fifth floor of Building 020. Rumor had it that the Holy Stein had returned to its homeland, the German Club. It was Oktoberfest, the season for beer. Could it be so easy? Could this be the place? The atmosphere was ripe, anticipation hung in the air along with the aroma of sauerkraut and hops. Going up in the elevator, we could hear the faint strains of the Beer Barrel Polka. Yes, this might be the place. The room was dark but not still. Could this be the shrine at last? There was a small glow at the far end of the room. Could this be some kind of eternal light marking the presence of the Holy Stein? As we drew near, we realized yet again our hopes were dashed; it was not to be. The light was just a plain naked bulb shining on one lone member of the club belting out his own rendition of "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." We tramped on.

Once more across the breach, we found ourselves in Building 010. This time the

land of ATAASO was beckoning us on. Perhaps the Ancient Scholars would have the information we sought. Surely one of these learned ancients would have the key to unlock the door of our quest. When we arrived, the party was quiet. The scholars were huddled around their leader, the wisest in the land. The leader spotted us and called us forward. The other scholars pushed back, giving us a clear path to the throne. The leader sat resplendant in her flowing robes, clutching the symbol of her power, a magnum of champagne. It was obvious that whatever knowledge she parted with would not help us. We turned away. Worn from our seemingly endless quest, we decided to rest. Soon it would be All Hallows' Eve, indeed a night conducive to parties and beer. We checked over our map, crossing out the futile areas already explored. There were still many areas left that could be holding the stein.

Anticipating a multitude of possible locations for the missing stein, we got an early start on All Hallows' Eve. The tale had been told that the Ancient Order of Republicans could once more be found on campus. We looked for a small room because we knew it would be a minute gathering. We found them in the bowels of 020. Truly, they were a bunch of dark horses. There they were, drinking warm champagne and remembering past political glories. The mood was too depressing for the stein to survive. The search continued. Onward and onward we roamed, wandering over the halls of the first and second floors of 020. Finally, towards noon, we reached the third floor. There was lots of activity; things looked promising.

We chanced upon a Counseling Center party. Many were in costume, and we mingled freely in our armor. Could our stein be here in disguise? No, it wasn't. The mood was too mellow for our wild party-loving stein. We trekked on down the hall to the land of SAC. We arrived too late; the party was over. We were told that a good time was had by all, but that the stein had not been seen. The driving beat of Latin music could be heard in the distance.

The going was tough in the teeming jungle. The heat was unbearable, and we were forced to shed our armor. Our lances worked feverishly, hacking away at the dense tropical undergrowth. Deeper and deeper we went, the jungle growing higher and higher until the trees met and

blocked out the sun. Still, we could hear the music growing louder with every hack of the lance. We kept going. Monkeys jumped from tree to tree over our heads. Echoes from parrots calling for crackers rang in our ears. Suddenly our lances struck metal. Quickly we cleared away the growth of centuries. It was the door to the vast 020 lounge. Our hearts were lifted as we opened it and the sounds of Spanish voices and rhumbas filled the air. We had arrived at last. After such a hard battle, the stein must be here. Our armor back on and shining, we entered and toured the area. Our eyes beheld a most wondrous sight. Mountains of food, rivers of liquid, and millions of handsome dancing couples. This must be the place, the atmosphere was right. Onward we went, searching every corner, but again, no stein. We moved on. Riding down, our hearts descending faster than the elevator, it seemed our quest would never end. Yet there were still more possibilities. Could the Pub be one of them?

The Gay People's Group was holding a bash. Could there still be hope? We traveled back to Building 010. We opened the doors in time to catch some live entertainment, but the stein was not among this happy group. After the many and long journeys of the day, we decided to rest again.

Time marched on. On Veterans Day, we once more took up the cause. The Vets, we were told, went all out for their parties, and it sounded as if the stein could possibly have taken up residence there. We entered their land ever-watchful for the missing stein. The beer was flowing, and there was plenty for all. We felt at home among these men who also had been on quests through teeming jungles. We looked under the pool table and around the beer kegs, but the stein was not at home. Oh, the pain! Oh, the heartbreak of it all! Would this quest never end? Our last hope was the Women's Center across the hall. Cautiously we entered, not wanting to build our hopes up too high. The mood was quiet. The party had just begun and many were still arriving. Looking everywhere, it seemed that the stein had eluded this group also.

Feeling the sting of the arrows of defeat, we dejectedly returned to our starting point, *Wavelength*. But we shall not give in; the Quest continues. But it is apparent that we can not do it alone. We need volunteers for the quest, so please come join us. If, perchance, you should see the Holy Beer Stein in the clouds, perhaps, rising above the Kennedy Library, let us know. Until then the search goes on, and on and on

PARTY GRADES

German Club — Grade A

Hitler never had it so good. If his beerhall putsch had had as much food and drink, he would have ruled the world.

ATAASO — Grade B-

Not enough people know they're above the average age. But, as the saying goes, "Age is just a state of mind, and if you don't mind it doesn't matter."

SAC — Grade B+

Where else can you meet the future Louise Day Hicks and Dapper O'Neil of the year 2000 Boston City Council?

Latin American Club — Grade A+

Great food, great music. Lots of suave-looking Latins. Only thing missing was Ricky Ricardo and his bongo drums.

Republican Club — Grade C

Warm champagne, dull conversation, and very few people. Then again, it is hard to interest people in ancient political parties.

Counseling Center — Grade B

For effort. They have enough problems.

The Veterans — Grade A

Food and beer to serve an army. Not unlike Sherman's march to the sea, a quiet affair.

Women's Center — Grade B

A quiet, relaxing oasis for both genders.

UMB Jazz Group — Grade A+

Great music by Alain Ayche, Dana Marcus, Steve Monahan, Steve Jounakos, Chris Cirker, Robert St. Pierre, and Mary McClory. They almost played for Kings, Carters, and Kennedys.

Gay People's Group — Grade A

Halloween Pub bash, great live entertainment (although what belly dancers have to do with Halloween is beyond us.) Only complaint, it was a buy your own booze affair.

English Club — Grade A + + + +

(So we're prejudiced) Not all Shakespeare and grammar. Has a tendency to continue all hours until the last person passes out. Happy little affairs that don't end in the morning.

Campus Controversy



Lucky Dodson SAC Chairperson

Earlier this year the UMass Board of Trustees called for the merger of UMass/Boston and Mass College of Art. Should this merger take place?



Nancy Cross Student Trustee

No

Definitely not! First of all, we have no idea of the needs of the students of the Mass College of Art. The whole reorganization process has to do with the problems of UMass/Boston and Boston State, and the idea that these two schools often duplicate services in a state of dwindling college enrollment.

By incorporating the Mass College of Art into the university system, we would be taking on an added burden that I feel we are in no position to address. One of the main problems that we already have on campus is space, along with very low funding from the state legislature. In addition, the Charlestown Navy Yard, which the art college desires for a new site, seems much more suitable to their needs than our campus would be.

If any consideration is being afforded to constructing a new building on this campus, my thought is that it should go to the College of Professional Studies, which is putting burdens on the space of the College of Arts and Sciences. I also can't understand how an intelligent group of individuals, such as our board of trustees, could draw up a reorganization plan without consulting the school that it proposes to incorporate into its multi-faceted system.

Recently, I took the time to listen to an interview with the assistant president of Mass College of Art. One of his answers to the question on the merger plan was, "Most art students don't pursue the liberal arts-oriented education process, but focus more on the arts." He went on to say that some of our great artists have never had an undergraduate degree, nonetheless, their expressions of art are acclaimed around the world.

The beauty of the Mass Art facility is that it can deal with its students on a much more personal level. In addition, putting committed art students in with students from other majors who are not serious artists can only result in total chaos and that 'genius' I spoke of is lost.

One of the supposedly positive aspects of the program of-

Yes

Yes. I feel that with the inevitability of reorganization in Massachusetts public higher education and with the present conditions of the Massachusetts College of Art's physical plant, this would be a positive step for both institutions to take.

The Massachusetts College of Art is in dire need of a new physical plant. At the present time, part of the college is located on Brookline Avenue in Boston while other space is located in warehouses three or four blocks up the street. Although UMass/Boston is located on two sites, its physical plant is in good condition (Accreditation Report of University of Massachusetts released in 1979), while the Mass College of Art's buildings have quite inadequate classroom space as well as studio space. In plain terms, Mass College of Art needs a home, and UMass/Boston can provide that home.

There is plenty of space on the Columbia Point peninsula to house Mass College of Art, without building a new building. Studio space as well as classroom space could be provided for by the purchase and refurbishment of available space in the Bayside Mall (a large abandoned shopping mall located at the entrance to Columbia Point.) According to a report on the feasibility of Mass College of Art and the University of Massachusetts at Boston being combined into one, the available buildings are fully air conditioned and contain high intensity lighting. The use of Bayside Mall would provide ready access through the nearness of the MBTA station as well as ample parking space. It could easily be linked to the shuttle bus service. The distance from the Mall to the Harbor Campus is no greater than that between some parts of the Amherst Campus. The estimated cost of such an idea is approximately 4.5 million dollars. This is approximately 1.6 million dollars less than the cost of a totally new facility for Mass College of Art. By combining Mass College of Art and UMass/Boston in this manner, the state could cut spending (as Governor King would like to do) and could also solve the

Prayer on my 62nd Birthday to Andrew Goodman

Sixty-two years have not seen the tear of my eye,
not yet for me the glories of that perfect round globe,
celebrating the grief, the grandeur of our trudged world.

Andy, student, poet, haunts me this day—civil love bound—
dead at twenty, buried behind a dam that bursts
to flood and darken all hallways from Dorchester to Jerusalem.
Shall we build another Ark? Herd man child beast on board
and wait, wait still for silent dove and prisoned rainbow light.
O perfect tear slip from blind eye to clear crystal sight.

Arc of the Covenant, wounded dove, pigeon at my blind window—
open doors, shutters, squared houses, long dark prisoned hallways
into green grief and deepest darkest light.

O perfect tear, I pray, slip, slip quickly from blind eyes
to clear and crystal sight.

Mary Doyle Curran

The Meek's Bequest

You wave your antennae
cautiously about
as if conducting some unseen
orchestra, or foremanning some heavy
operation of many of your
fellows. Your

Sleek and streamlined
armour glints the changing
mirroring of light as you
propel yourself upon columns of
legs, their jerky chopping
like the rumbling iron
treadmill of an army
tank. The

Crumbs you capture in your
jaws seem more like giant
boulders in your scale,
and yet you heave them
high
and effortlessly rumble
on. So

Puzzling,
seeming so much
thought and toil
was spent on your design —
you, for your size,
a shaker
crashing over mountainous
loads set in your
way, and I,

A million tens
times what's in you,
scarcely fumbling
through a day
without the countless
steel and plastic
forgeries of your
design. Such

Weighty care and thought
went into you —
so little in the clumsy
step
of your undoing.

Albert W.B. Manzelli



graphic by William Roberts MCA

For Mirtha: Alegre

If I think about you at all
it's in October. A memory will
appear from the mulch and final
rumination of May's quick growth.
Our dreams might have come true too.
This is what I think at first.
But the winters have long since whisked
you from me. The dried things we once
gathered keep because they never
had a chance to fall. The cat-tails
and straw-flowers remain vased
and clear. I still have their
wizened hearts at my finger-tips
though this arid pulse is my own.

Robert Reitz

Pleiades

It's August, so we're in the right place for rocks to
fall all around us; fireworks, not into, but from the sky;
pretty night show, every time around. Merely twelve
moons till the next stone shower; a billion miles away
next August's rocks are now; they'll be traveling a
year, as will I; they can wait, so can I. Our meeting
will heat them visible to me; I will look up, and see
them; then they're gone. We both will wait.

D. Scott Robinson

Drawings from
Mass College
of
Art



by Joseph Hannaford MCA



by Lew Fifield MCA



by Joseph Hannaford MCA



Photo: Cummings, MCA

Mass College of Art

What's the next move?

by Rick Bowers

For the past 107 years Massachusetts College of Art has been preparing students to enter the field of professional art. Since its founding in 1873 the school has gone through some profound changes, evolving from a small, informal institution into a fully-accredited, nationally recognized art college with facilities for painting, woodworking, photography, designing and even glassblowing. Today MCA graduates hold a number of high ranking positions in such influential Massachusetts firms as Digital Equipment Corporation, The Gillette Company and Parker Brothers. They also serve as art directors in five of Boston's six major television stations.

Presently MCA is housed in two separate buildings in the Fenway area of Boston, one of which is slowly deteriorating toward a state of rubble, the other of which looks more like a warehouse than a college campus. But while the school's external appearance may not match that of some of our modern institutions, inside those aging walls the 1200-student college of art is thriving.

Unlike many of the state's public colleges and universities, MCA is still receiving increasing applications for admission. This year the school will turn away about 3 out of 4 of those who apply. In addition, students who are accepted into the college possess entrance examination scores that are among the highest in the state. As the only public art

college in the six New England states, the demand for courses has gone up 15 percent in the last three years at a time when many other public colleges and universities are wrenching under the pressures of declining enrollments and fiscal austerity.

The continued growth of Mass College of Art combined with its search for a new home in the Boston area has caused some unique problems for the school. At this time the school is anxious to take over and renovate a building in the old Charlestown Navy Yard which would serve as a new centralized location for the college and would bring MCA's faculty, administration and student body under one roof. The Charlestown site, which would cost about \$16 million to revitalize, would provide space for about 250 dormitory rooms for MCA students who come from all over the state to attend classes at the school.

"Today, 106 years later, we have outgrown the facilities which were specially constructed for us 50 years ago," said MCA President Jack Nolan. "During the past three years, in conjunction with planning agencies for the city and the state, we have been working intensively to develop a plan for a new harborfront campus at the site of the Charlestown Navy Yard."

The centralized location of the Charlestown site and the physical structure of the Navy Yard building are the two main assets that MCA officials find most attractive. The reinforced concrete

floors and heavy beams would supply ample support for the heavy equipment that is needed for metal forming, glasswork and other industrial arts."

"The possibility of us moving I can't really respond to because I hear a different story every day," said Al Gowan, head of the design department at MCA. "It's becoming a political football and a logistical can of worms. The reason that site is attractive to us is because it's on the waterfront, which is a romantic idea and, I think, that whole area around the Navy Yard will turn into an exciting community."

One of the things that is compounding the college's problem of finding a new home is the recent fervor over reorganizing the state's system of public higher education. According to a number of people recently interviewed at the school, reorganization could dash MCA's hopes of finding a new, permanent home in Charlestown and could end the school's century-old tradition of independence and autonomy. A reorganization plan recently unveiled by the UMass Board of Trustees would merge the administrations and possibly the physical locations of MCA and UMass/Boston. Among the ideas that have been discussed is moving the college of art into the vacant Bayside Mall at Columbia Point.

"I know some of the faculty there (UMB). I'm not casting any doubt on their own individual ability," Gowan said, "but college art departments that

are, say, less than twenty years old tend to be very weak. That's the nature of the game . . . With the way students are dropping off now, their chances of becoming a really strong art department are not very good. We are already."

While Gowan did say that he believed, under certain circumstances, MCA could be brought under the umbrella of the university system, he emphasized his opinion that the college must maintain separate facilities. "If Mass Art, and the college will kill me for this, were to become part of UMass/Boston (as a

successful, but they are the exception rather than the rule."

Claiming that the reorganization plan drafted by the UMass Board of Trustees was "based on no real knowledge of what goes on here (MCA)" Hannon warned that schools like UMB and Boston State better "clean up their acts before the legislature does it for everyone." In a recent interview, the MCA administrator candidly discussed his attitude toward reorganization in general and the possible merger of UMB and MCA in particular. Here follow portions of that interview.

between UMass/Boston and Boston State — for a number of reasons that everybody knows about — both are commuter schools and both draw from, if you're a businessman, you'd say from the same market area . . . This means that the large institutions are competing for the same students.

Wavelength: Where does Mass College of Art fit in?

Hannon: My feeling is that the college of art gets involved simply because it's in the wrong place. If we were like the Maritime Academy, forty miles away from the city of Boston, no one would even be talking about us as a factor. I think it's unfortunate that we have to be in the middle of it.

Wavelength: What kind of dialogue went on between MCA and UMass before the UMass reorganization plan was drafted?

Hannon: None, none that I'm aware of.

Wavelength: They just came up with a plan — they didn't consult you or anything?

Hannon: Nope . . . In fact I think the most striking feature of the plan is what it said about our Art History Department. It's clearly based on no real knowledge of what goes on here . . . Obviously none of them ever looked at the curriculum or the catalogue of the college of art because essential to getting a BA is the requirement to take 12 credits in art history, which is a hell of a lot more art history courses than most students are required to take at the university right now. Our faculty were not happy to read that they were not providing support to

"I think the common denominator, almost universally with this faculty, student body and administration is the belief that the college of art should be an independent school."

—William Hannon

separate campus) for the visual and performing arts I think that would be acceptable," Gowan concluded. "But if Mass Art is just going to be merged . . . under an already weak system, then no one will gain anything. I hope that doesn't happen, I don't think it will because the college has a lot more friends that have yet to surface. It's like an art Mafia."

According to William Hannon, assistant to the president at MCA, the college of art is caught in the middle of the reorganization process despite its climbing enrollment statistics and its national recognition. Hannon argues that while schools like UMass/Boston and Boston State are currently "competing for the same students," Mass College of Art is filling a need that doesn't exist elsewhere in the state system. According to Hannon, MCA's mission is to educate students to become part of the professional art world as architects, designers, painters and even film makers. He contends that the limited size of the college, its ties to industry and its narrow focus as a professional art school are all key factors in the school's success. According to Hannon, "There are art programs in universities that are suc-

Wavelength: From your point of view do you believe that reorganizing the state system is necessary?

Hannon: I don't think that there's any question that it's necessary, but it's got nothing to do with this college. If you focus on Boston, the biggest problem lies



William Hannon, Assistant to the President at Mass. College of Art.

studio students.

Wavelength: What about the UMass argument that combining the two schools would give other students, non-art majors, a chance to take more art courses?

Hannon: We whole-heartedly agree that the arts are an essential component of anyone's broad "liberal" education. However, nothing could destroy a professional school quicker than to have to provide services to a large, massive amount of non-committed students. This would destroy the school of art . . . There's an awful big difference between walking into a class on contemporary film here, or on modern western painting here, in which everybody in the room is a film major or a painting major than there is in teaching a large lecture class in which almost everybody is majoring in something else . . . We don't think it's appropriate for our students to be simply lumped into a large undergraduate student body . . .

There can be an arrogance in university education. There is a sense that it is the only form of education. Art and design schools have been around for centuries, not in the same form they are in now, and they didn't always grant degrees. But I would argue, and I think most people who teach in art schools would argue, that our tradition is every bit as rich and every bit as important and every bit as successful! We have a different purpose and our students are different . . . There are art programs in universities that have been successful, but they are the exception rather than the rule.

Wavelength: What other problems do you see in merging the two schools?

Hannon: When 70 or 80 percent of your course offerings take place in studios or workshops — this means you have very specialized classes. You have technical needs that are different than those of a liberal arts education, very different.

And I think that faculty credentials are a serious problem. Most artists over 40 in the United States probably only have an undergraduate degree, if they're over the age of 50, they may not have any degree at all. If the normal academic standards were applied to the hiring of the faculty here, then it would mean that people like Pablo Picasso, Frank Lloyd Wright, if they were still alive, Andy Warhol — I'm not even sure if I.M. Pei has a graduate degree — a large number of people who are clearly pre-eminent in the visual arts



Michael Norm MCA

would not be able to teach on the faculty.

Wavelength: Have you come up with any reorganization plan of your own?

Hannon: We try to avoid it like the plague. Someone once said "everybody wants to move the furniture around in someone else's living room." Even the athletic director at Boston State has a plan. We don't feel that it's our place to decide for the university what should be done with them. We're not a liberal arts institution; we're not familiar enough with their problems. On the other hand, we get a little resentful about being a pawn in this game because we don't have a drop in admissions.

This campus is no more placid than any other campus: there's no such thing as a placid campus. You'll find faculty that disagree with each other and students that disagree with each other and

faculty that disagree with the administration. I think the common denominator, almost universally with this faculty, student body and administration is the belief that the college of art should be an independent school."

Should UMass/Boston be combined with the Massachusetts College of Art? Should the Bayside Mall on Columbia Point become the new home of the 1200 student professional art school? These questions are not easily answered since a number of factors concerning faculty credentials, ultimate goals and administrative structures have not fully been addressed. What is clear, however, is that the perception at Mass College of Art is that it has been successful as an independent institution for over a century and that independence is critical to the future of the college.

The Above The Average Age Student

Organization welcomes all members

of the UMB Campus to join us.

Stop by and have a cup of

coffee with us. Room 1/4/177.

The Tunnel

by Michael Laskaris

The blue and green, styrofoam buoy came to a stop.

It lay quietly in the water, only bobbing back and forth when the wake of a passing power boat disturbed it. Although it had traveled clear across the bay, it did not drift now, nor did it wander from its mooring, which was now some 50 yards off the northwest tip of Great Brewster Island in outer Boston Harbor.

It looked like an ordinary lobster-pot buoy, of which thousands peppered the bay. This one, however, was special. It was painted blue and green because those were the colors of the ocean. And, being the same colors as the ocean, it would not be readily noticed or scrutinized, or under stormy conditions, even seen, for that matter. Its owner desired that it blend into anonymity and he had a valid reason for wanting it so.

The wooden stick which normally poked through the styrofoam on a lobster-pot buoy and which in turn was secured by a rope to the pot lying on the ocean floor below, was replaced — in this instance — by a dark gray, flexible, rubber hose. The hose was about 60 feet long. And, although only a foot of it poked into the air at the surface (through the styrofoam), the rest of it remained under water. The end of the submerged section was attached to and had been towed across the bay by a mini-sub.

Air was sucked through the opening of the hose at the surface by a compressor in the sub. The air was essential to keep the engine running and the pilot breathing. The sub was designed, as most submarines are, for concealment and subversive activity. The buoy and hose allowed the mini-sub to carry on in that tradition. The apparatus was a snorkel.

With the engine merely idling, the mini-sub lay still — parked on a gentle underwater slope. It was nearly high tide and the depth of the water was about 25 feet. For the moment, the diver piloting the sub remained inside. He donned his face-mask and prepared his scuba gear. He clenched the rubber mouth piece of the double-hose regulator in his teeth and breathed, testing the air flow. Mentally, he made a quick check of belts, gauges and j-valve. He was ready to come out. He pressed a kill-switch on the sub's

instrument panel and the engine died. Then he pressed a red button and water began to pour into the cockpit, to fill it and to equalize the pressure.

With the cockpit filled, and the pressure inside the same as that outside, the plastic canopy could now be easily removed. The diver released the catch which secured it and pushed the canopy up and back. He then extricated himself from the tight confines of the cockpit. Neutrally buoyant now, he hovered effortlessly over the sub and reached into the back seat. With a small grunt he pulled out a tightly sealed, polyethylene bag. It had a slight tendency to rise. It was large and would have been heavier than it was, were it not for its slight positive buoyancy.

The diver put the bag down and looked around. The light was so bad, the water so unclear, it was essential that he take a compass reading. His destination was close by, but he needed to be reassured in what direction to go, or else he would waste precious air stumbling around in the gloom looking for it. The needle on his wrist compass pointed to the sub — 005 degrees — which was nearly north. He would follow it in reverse — 185 degrees — or nearly south. That would bring him to his destination. Later, on his way back, he would follow the north heading and it would lead him directly to his sub.

Having determined in which direction to go, he shoved off, kicking slowly but strongly with his large rubber fins. He could feel the heavy drag of the large bag as he pulled it through the water. This, plus the nearly opaque water, made it seem like he had been swimming for a long time, but a quick check of his watch assured him it had only been five minutes.

Then suddenly, he saw it: The huge concrete mass slowly materialized in the haze ahead. Along the floor of the bay it ran, stretching from the Great Brewster Island, all the way to the mainland. He stopped and stood there to look at it, to absorb its awesome presence. Its enormous bulk towered above him. He ran his eyes along its barnacle-encrusted, seaweed-covered length. It seemed to extend forever, coursing and dipping on its long journey through the sea, like an endless freight train rushing silently by him. He

could almost smell the smoke from its "funnel", hear the clatter of its "wheels". Was that the wind on his face? Was it the earth that rumbled beneath him as it sped by? It was a phantom express, streaking head-long into the night and disappearing into the distance, into the gray, turbid water beyond. It was the tunnel.

With a little effort, he found the opening which he knew was there: A jagged 4x5 foot hole penetrated the reinforced concrete of the tunnel whose walls were three feet thick. He did not know what had made the hole, but it must have been quite an effort. Perhaps a ship collision; maybe explosives. Who knew? His people had discovered it quite by accident, only recently. Over the years it had assumed the ashen, non-descript color of the ocean floor. In the dim light it was not something you would have found easily.

With a sigh, he set the bag down on the rocky floor. Then, suddenly, the bag jerked, tipped over . . . slowly started to rise. Startled, he lunged for it. Beneath it, the sand and gravel moved, leaped up a few inches, then scurried off into the haze. He thought . . . Only a goosefish . . . and watched it disappear. He didn't like goosefish; you never knew exactly where they were resting on the bottom . . . until you stepped on one. Then they either innocuously swam off or . . . took a bite of your foot. The mouth of a goosefish, set with rows of sharp teeth, was as wide as its body. It could swallow anything that it could fit in its mouth, which meant anything that was nearly the size of its body. No laughing matter, this, for he had heard of an incident where a diver's entire rubber fin and foot were bitten off and devoured. But, he wasn't afraid of them, he just didn't like them.

Jonas Popavich wasn't afraid of anything. His mother was Lithuanian, an interpreter for his government; his father, a colonel in the Russian army. During Popavich's youth, the family had traveled extensively in the capacity of their employment. Consequently, young Jonas had had the opportunity to dive in every ocean in the world . . . and most of its seas. In doing so, he had encountered every form of undersea hazard there was. Once, he had even bested an eight foot shark in close combat. He could be

securely confident in his ability to handle any emergency. A goosefish was nothing.

Still, he was a little bit edgy this trip. Not at all his normally cool self. Was it because he knew this would be his last trip for the organization? Was he nervous about the consequences of his getting out? He had told his superior, Captain Galenkov about it. His reaction had been . . . noncommittal, and it puzzled Popavich. He knew that he was the best diver they had or at least one of the best. His loss to the organization would be felt, yet Galenkov had showed little concern, almost as though he was trying to hide something from Popavich. Or perhaps Popavich had over-assessed his own importance.

Nonetheless, he was getting out. The money he had made and sent home over the last two years would be enough to retire on. Retire. The word sounded strange to him, a young man of 26. Still, it was a lot of money and he could do it after this last trip.

Smuggling cocaine from the fishing trawler to the nearby islands for pickup by the local gangs had paid well. His job

was to transfer it via mini-sub, from the Russian fishing vessel ostensibly in port under Coast Guard custody for fishing violations to the tunnel on the Great Brewster Island. Neither sub nor he had ever been spotted during this undertaking because he never had to surface. He merely had to park the sub at the breach in the wall of the tunnel, then swim up the tunnel to an underground concrete alcove built there years ago, probably by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, and deposit his bag of cocaine. The local crime syndicate would arrange to pick it up. He imagined they sent out two people dressed as tourists, a man . . . and woman . . . in a skimpy bikini, perhaps. The harbor islands were tourist attractions; thus it would not be suspicious for a man and a woman to be seen leaving the island with a large green plastic bag. In fact, it would have looked normal, like they were taking their litter home with them after a day of surf and sand.

Yes, the job paid enormously well, but it had also taken its toll. The cold waters of the Atlantic had caused him to suffer recurring arthritic pain in his joints.

Worse, his sinuses would act up where they never did before. A doctor had told him to stop diving or suffer even worse sinusitis problems. Already he'd had one sinusotomy where his bony sinus was drilled and drained of pus.

But, all of this notwithstanding, he wanted out anyway, for it was a dangerous job and always had been. For now, with money in the bank and a girl waiting for him back home, he wished less and less to take the risks. He guessed it was what some divers referred to as being "over the hill". But he didn't care; his sweetheart and a villa on the Baltic were beckoning.

Popavich sighed and stared at the tunnel opening. He wasn't afraid of the tunnel . . . he just didn't like it. Even though he was being paid well to do the job, and had, in the beginning, looked forward to doing the work, it had been before he knew about the tunnel. The tunnel was dark, and for him, much too close. He kept telling himself that the interior was eight feet wide; plenty of room to move around in. There was no reason to feel trapped. But, nonetheless, that feeling stayed with him, time after time; it would not go away. The anxiety of what would happen, if he got into trouble, continued to plague him. There was just no way to get to the surface in a hurry and no diving partner to help him should the need arise.

He took a deep breath and made an effort to shed his anxiety. Releasing the powerful, quartz-halogen diving light from his belt, he flipped on the magnetic switch, pointing the light at the hole. A bright beam cut the blackness of the tunnel interior. It made him feel better, though the beam penetrated a few feet only. The light proceeded valiantly from its source, only to be thwarted in its effort by the plethora of particle matter which lay suspended in the water. But it was better than no light at all, he thought, as he climbed up and entered the forbidding orifice.

Popavich pulled the bag in after him. It was then that he felt a sharp pain in his thigh. "Piezda — bastard!" he yelled into his mouthpiece, the oath traveling up through his rubber hose and bubbling unintelligibly out of his regulator. He looked to see what had caused the pain and saw a rusted steel, reinforcing-rod jutting out from the jagged edge of the opening. Impaled upon its sharp end was a strip of black rubber. He pulled it off to look at it and only then realized it was part of his

The Tunnel continued on page 38



Man With ★ Bags

by Roby Colodny



Jean-Claude Ferdinand



Jean-Claude Ferdinand

The Theatre Arts Department invites you to view its Fall production, *MAN WITH BAGS*, Eugene Ionesco's most recent play in English — or rather, in the very American idiom of playwright Israel Horowitz's adaptation. *MAN WITH BAGS* (*L'Homme aux valises*) is a highly contemporary epic journey in which some seventy characters materialize in the dreams of a central character, identified only as the "First Man", who manages to be both very specific and very universal. This cycle of dreams is neither surreal nor particularly absurd, given the

everyday reality of dreams; it makes perfect sense, but its logic is not that of waking life. Richard Eder of *The New York Times* described the world-renowned Ionesco's latest effort as a "rich, varied and most remarkable work . . . it takes the form of a kaleidoscope of scenes, some funny, some somber and some shocking."



Jean-Claude Ferdinand



Jean-Claude Ferdinand





Jean-Claude Ferdinand

This highly visual production is directed by Tim McDonough of the Theatre Arts department. Lisa Webb designed the lighting. Sound effects and music were arranged and mixed by Ed Murray. Bea Flammia and Stephanie Dwyer designed the costumes, and Sharon Whitman developed each character's make-up. The choreography was done by Mary Fowle and Jill Frushtick and Janet Kenney organized the many props in the show. And Don Meuse designed the set. All of these people, excluding the director, are UMass students.

Performances are in the Building 020 Theatre and there is no charge for admission.

Performance dates:

- 12/5 Wednesday 2:30 p.m.
- 12/6 Thursday 2:30 p.m.
- 12/7 Friday 7:30 p.m.
- 12/8 Saturday 7:30 p.m.



Jean-Claude Ferdinand



Quick and the Dead

As a Pennsylvania child
the only dead I knew stretched
in endless, white-crossed rows
from a Gettysburg meadow to the Burma Road.
They hung (I read) in parachute harness
from steeples somewhere in France.
A school-boy did not know their number.

Later there were those dead
who did not come to school again
and those who succumbed bravely to leukemia
between the pages of Reader's Digest.
The dead were hidden
wrapped like white gifts
and whisked beyond.

Soon my phonebooks will be lists
of alphabetical dead. Like a bigot
I have learned to live with this integration.
They have moved up the long blocks toward
my naive suburban bastion, but the nameless
dead who fill the world with invisible tears
do not haunt me now.
Ancestral dust has swirled
and settled close about.
I am peaceful in the knowledge
it must one day be deep enough to cover me.
The last known dead.

Robert Reitz



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Falling Bricks

Sinking in the quagmire of the past's refuse,
The spidery legs of the insect bend under the
weight of the printed word.

Too weak now to call out it can only struggle
to hold its position.

Watching it, that venomous snake of computer tape,
seizes its chance and coils around the bending legs.

Higher and higher it slinks, choking the words before
they can be read.

And the bricks fall off.

To rescue the insect few now come.

And those that do, with swords grown dull,
stab blindly at the numbered scales.

The passing crowds of pushbuttoned arms
stop to watch the fight.

The arms recoil in disgust to see the snake get cut.

While with strong voice the few shout out Newman's holy words;
that all has value in the whole.

The fight goes on into the night.

And the bricks flood down.

The rising sun gleams off the fallen bricks.

The battle—worn few rest on tarnished swords
and watch the snake reach the summit.

Its muscles taut in tight construction,
the insect's fate has just been sealed.

The battle-weary few drop one by one
with none left to continue the fight.

And past the site of the last great battle,
the blind, deaf, mutes do walk,

As the last brick crashes down.

Drohan O'Neill

The Shadows Beneath the Charles St. Bridge

I don't know when they gather there
Or how they come,
Or from where. Like

Shadows they're always just
Behind me,
Beside me, or in front; so
After a while I don't
See them anymore
Or hear them —
They're just there. But

Even shadows take the night
Off,
And none's so foolish
To stay out in the rain

Save these;

And year after year they're the
Same,

Only thinner.

Albert W.B. Manzelli

Careless Dwellers

Another seven years
begins like ice,
like waking. The apparent change
a butterfly aroused,
if not from the fire of sleep,
from a past contained and useless
abandoned like the wrappings
of a child's Christmas.

A glance beneath the visor reveals
hooks already in the jaws.
The bones unfleshed inside
this buckler rattle
like empty claws.

Another circle
begins like dawn, directly overhead.
Out of the north parts we have come
a roughshod, downhill horde
great company for to burn,
All that the creeping things
dumb in burrow and nest
shall feel the heat
of our transformation.

Robert Reitz

Mad in a Business Suit

Bountiful crops this summer
over the rainbow
maidens with iron lungs
and I go forth
declining slightly
until darkness clings to my shirt
like desperate men at war
halfway back halfway there
pressure of the present
as I accelerate in poetry
last year the weather meant something
inheriting an acre of white-oak
a sea of honeysuckle
country girls in taffeta dresses
coming to town
to insert pins
in human cushions
a club formed to subdue
that old longing inside.

Errol Miller

graphic by David Julian MCA



Jazz #27

No such thing
as inhibition
when the sounds
start

the singing.

No such thing as reason
when the miles of
melodies

disappear
in the supreme love
of final tone.

Gary Evans

Winter in Three Parts

a short story by Maris Nichols

Part I

It was a grey, damp November afternoon when Ellie's doctor told her she was pregnant. Ellie went into the clean little bathroom off the examining room and sat on the toilet with the seat down and cried. The nurse stood by wringing her hands nervously and Ellie cried and cried. Then she washed off her face with cold water and looked at herself in the mirror. She expected to see some little bulge, but instead she looked thinner. Her breasts, though, seemed heavier than usual, like right before her period.

Outside she found a phone booth near the subway and called Robert. "I'm pregnant," she said, "would you come and pick me up?" She watched for the big, green Ford but then remembered that she had forgotten to tell him where she was and so she went back to the phone booth and called him up again. This time she started crying after telling him how to get there, (she wasn't too sure where it was so she described the neighborhood and said she thought it was near a restaurant they had once eaten in.) Then she said "hurry up please," and he said "I will, I'll be there soon."

At the hospital, they gave Ellie a questionnaire to fill out and on the top it said "Therapeutic Abortion." Under "reason", someone had typed in "recurrent situational hysteria." Ellie was embarrassed to think that the receptionist had read that and she felt ashamed for carrying on in the doctor's office. People came and took her to different rooms and asked her all sorts of questions, and gave her a test where she had to blow up a balloon. Everyone kept asking her the date of her last menstrual period, and Ellie had to keep saying she didn't know.

Finally she decided to make up a date, but after that nobody asked her.

After all the tests had been completed, they snapped a little plastic band on Ellie's wrist and brought her to a room. Inside there were two beds with curtains around them and a T.V. There was a woman with bleached hair and a tube coming out of her arm in the other bed. She looked kind of white and Ellie was scared. "Did it hurt?" she asked the girl but the girl said "No way. This is my third one. They give you this injection" (she waved the arm with tube coming out of it) "and you just get a few cramps. It's nothing." Ellie thought this woman was pretty tough because Ellie was terrified of doctors and hospitals and used to hide in the girls room in high school when they gave out physicals.

She didn't have to get into any kind of hospital suit or anything so she just sat on the bed and fiddled with the little knobs until the back came up with a whirring sound. Then she stared reading "One Hundred Years of Solitude" which she had bought especially so she would have something to read because the man in the bookstore told her it was a good book and a lot of people liked it. It was all about this family in Mexico where a lot of strange things kept happening, but Ellie couldn't manage to follow the drift of it too well so she just sat and smoked and then called up her friend Betsy and said she felt stupid being in the hospital with all her clothes on when she wasn't even sick. Betsy came to see her and they went down to the basement. She bought three candy bars out of a machine and took them back up to her room. The girl in the other bed had gone home and after a while Betsy left too. There was nobody around and Ellie felt lonely and scared.

The nurse came at 9 o'clock and gave Ellie a little red pill and then she went right to sleep. The next thing she knew someone was waking her up again and it was still dark. She felt very tired and didn't care what happened. The nurse came and gave her another pill, and then someone came and gave her a shot in the rear end. Ellie felt kind of dizzy and couldn't move her arms or sit up. They said "don't sit up" and put up bars on the side of the bed so it was like a crib. Ellie was really out of it by that time. Pretty soon somebody came and rolled her onto a stretcher and then somebody else put a big needle in her hand which hurt, but Ellie didn't really care because it seemed like it was all happening very far away, and the pain seemed like it was in somebody else's hand. They put a shower cap on her and wheeled her into the operating room. The last thing she remembered was somebody putting little socks on her feet and legs and covering her up with a sheet. "Maybe I'm going to die" she thought but she didn't really care because it was too hard to try and think about anything anymore. A man with green eyes and a green hat leaned over her and then everything faded away.

Ellie opened her eyes and she could see the ceiling. There was another lady next to her, all covered up. "I'm alive" thought Ellie. And then a nurse came over and said "Somebody's waiting to see you" and Ellie said "can I go back to my room?" but it was hard to talk and the words came out funny. Then Robert said "Hi babes" really softly and leaned over and kissed her while the nurse was wheeling Ellie into the room. She tried to sit up but fell back down again and Robert showed her a white rose he had bought her. He put it on the dresser. Ellie said "I'm not pregnant anymore."

Part II

The clouds hung low and cold in the moody sky over Boston as she walked along Newbury Street. Her collar didn't protect her thin neck from the wind, and she clenched and unclenched her fists in her coat pockets; one torn so that whatever she put in it fell down through the lining and bumped up against her leg. There was no sunset this night; indeed, the sun seemed never to have come out at all. Instead, the sky all day stayed a peculiar whitish-grey, with a queer, vaporish consistency. Her feet dragged heavy over the cobblestones on her street, and the doorway, when she arrived was dismal. Her little apartment seemed ex-

cruciatingly bare to Ellie when she got home and she pulled the blinds to hide the ugly view. It suddenly seemed to her that she could not take the tacky furniture, the dead-end job, the poverty, the cold, anymore. She wanted nothing more than to live in California on the beach and be eighteen again. To forget her life, and myriad loves; to forget the harsh greyness of urban life. "I want to sit on a screened porch fanning my fat pink face" she thought. But of course her face was thin and white, and she couldn't do this.

The whole impact of her state did not confront her all at once, but rather attacked her slowly like a small but dangerous animal. Her heart blew up like a great purple balloon, livid with hate, misunderstanding. "I can't love, don't love" she recited to herself all day long. "I can't love anything." And the clouds took on hostile shapes as they formed themselves into menacing creatures. Ellie ceased to look at the sky but watched instead the scuffed toes of her boots, always trudging, plodding, nowhere, nowhere. All the world was her enemy. But surely there was a benevolent force somewhere. In California perhaps?

A long time ago she had an affair with a man she had nearly forgotten. Only certain details clung to her memory, more of herself than him; her silly dreams and the petty ironies of trying to love someone so unlikely. . . . She remembered that he had never let her forget her bad skin, and that his not-quite-divorced, not-quite ex-wife was a cool and flawless blond, long limbed and lovely. A cool, self-contained woman while Ellie was frayed at the edges like a torn electrical cord, smoldering with desires which could not be accommodated into the shallowness, the shadows of her everyday life. "Give yourself a break" he used to say, in a tone of voice Ellie came to detest. After he left, Ellie drowned her deep sobs in the whirr of the hair dryer. Bending over from the waist, she flung it furiously through her heavy hair.

Afterwards, seeking safety, she slept wit Nuna and felt her solid white flesh press up against her in the night like a great hunk of polished stone. She loved, but did not say, seeking instead to understand Judaism and reading Nuna her poems. Nuna baked bread, her full form compact and she kneaded. . . .

The grey courtyard outside the windows pressed in on her. The apartment itself began to contract, getting smaller and smaller until Ellie began to feel like Alice in Wonderland, only it wasn't her arm or leg that was sticking out the window, it

was her great, bruised soul flapping in the breeze. "In short" she quoted from T.S. Eliot, "I am afraid." Afraid of this meaninglessness, this terror, of always looking wrong, being wrong. "I want to be alone" she thought. "Alone in California."

Part III

In California, Ellie met a nice man. A modern man, and a talented one too. He wrote for a small newspaper and owned a sweet dog. With him she went to the high cliffs outside of San Diego late at night where he persistently tried to make love to her. The moon reached out over the Pacific and chilled her. Within her she felt the child that was not there. She thought of stories she had heard of amputees' feeling, still feeling their nonexistent limbs. Finding it hard to kiss the man, she slept with him repeatedly, as if to separate, once and for all, the sex from the love in her life. "Don't fall in love with me" she said but he only smiled, took her out to dinner, held her and held her and held her until the lines between love and sex became sufficiently blurred and she thought of Robert again with longing and regret. Violence in her measurements of what should be caused her to hate California, to hate its cool, blue skies, its sunny, lazy life. The East Coast seemed bound up for her with things hard and grey; strivings, forgivings. She wavered. She took a job and lived on the beach for a month. Her skin grew brown; she began to love the man she did not love. In her confusion she said, "Let me come and live with you," and he did. Now Ellie felt the child closer, and yet farther away. It moved, and yet was dead. She loved, and yet she did not. She was empty as a shell washed up on the indifferent beach, the life once contained within her sucked out like an oyster from its home by a fierce tide. Her shell echoed and the clouds began to menace her again. The man became impatient. He accused Ellie of using him but she only suffered her guilt and did not deny it. Using him, like a tool she began to dig her way out of her confusion. Finally, she decided, she had to go back east.

The L.A. airport blurred in a twinkle of lights laid out under the vast sky like some fantasy fairy-land. Too many screwdrivers made Ellie imagine the jet's whirring to be some zooming within her own brain. As she kissed the man for good, she noticed some tears on his lashes and she forgot temporarily, who she was and where, exactly, she was going. Clut-

ching her ticket she stumbled through the gate and took her seat beside a young mother with a sweet baby boy who laid his damp, baby-smelling head on Ellie's lap and slept. Ellie's chest hurt her and she sat, staring past the woman's peaceful profile out the tiny, dark window into the dense starless sky. It was black as a chalkboard and Ellie crossed her hands on her chest and prayed hard, "please let me die in Boston."

April, in Boston, looked like November and Ellie shivered even in her down coat. She shared a taxi with a big black man who badgered her into showing him the sketches she had in a notebook on her lap. Her careful pencil sketch of Robert's sleeping head impressed him but Ellie looked at it indifferently. It seemed queer to her seeing the restless love alive in those pencilled lines, the reddish-brown curls so painstakingly drawn. The driver swore as the taxi careened through the Sumner Tunnel, and Ellie was afraid. She clutched her sketchbook to her chest. Vaguely, she wanted to comb her hair and her mouth felt sour and bad.

On Boylston Street she got out and paid the driver with three crumpled up dollar bills. And then, hoisting her pack onto her back she wandered down this familiar street, wondering where Robert was. In her address book she found his number and stopped at a phone booth. With stiff fingers she dialed his number, shrinking back instinctively from his voice. "Hello Robert" she said. "I'm back." She looked down at her sneakers and bit her lip. She felt still a little drunk and, realizing she had no lover, no baby, no apartment, and no job, she said "I've got to go now." Boston was as tight and grey as ever, Robert was stiff and formal.

She walked past her old apartment, past the doctor's office, past the park and the coffee shop and the record store and sat down at a little table someone had left outside the market all winter. It was rusty and cold. She pulled a little book out of her jacket pocket and blew on her fingers. With a felt-tipped pen she wrote in it "Boston. April, 1977."



Joyce was doing an independent study project with the professor at the time of her involvement. She claims he showed little interest in her project, that there was no midterm, no final, no papers and no required attendance. In the end, she received a grade she felt was more than she had earned. The involvement with the teacher obscures the issue of her grades. "It may have been just his way of teaching," she speculates. "Or maybe he was easier on me because of what happened. I guess I'll never know."

While student/teacher involvements do not themselves constitute harassment, classrooms ought not to be used as the private hunting grounds for a teacher's social life. The professional ethics of the teacher who uses his role in this manner must be seriously questioned.

THE CONFRONTATION

Barbara has worked in several different capacities at the university for years. Three years ago, she applied for a position in her area of expertise. The new position would have meant a substantial increase in both salary and status.

The man who was in charge of the hiring was impressed with her qualifications and told her she had the job. He then asked her to sleep with him. She flatly refused. One week later she was informed the job was filled by a man. Barbara said she considered the hired male less qualified than she was. As in the case of the student who became involved with her professor, sexual harassment obscured the issue of merit and performance for Barbara. "I'll never know if I would have been hired if I had slept with him. It was a complicated situation. But I'll say this — sex was certainly a bargaining factor."

This incident clearly illustrates how sexual harassment may be used to keep women from advancing in their professions. The harassment did not damage her self-image, Barbara said, but it did affect her career development.

"The old boy network still makes the decisions, still calls all the shots. Women might do the brainstorming and the legwork, but always a white male has the title and gets the credit. If I sound bitter, it's because I am," Barbara finished.

BLOWING THE WHISTLE

Jim Hoopes was the director of the Health Education Center (HEC) at

UMass for four and a half years. During that time, women on his staff have stated that he took advantage of them sexually. The allegations against him range from abusive language to outright assault.

According to several women working at the center, the following situations, among others, occurred:

"We were at his [Hoopes'] house for a massage workshop, a required part of our training. He often held workshops at his home. He came into the room naked and invited us to take our clothes off as well. We were shocked and left the room."

On another occasion, one woman involved in the incident said, "He demanded that I give a massage workshop in the nude and I refused. He became adamant and insisted that being nude was the correct way to run it." The woman ignored his instruction.

Another time, Hoopes allegedly grabbed one of the women, pulled her over his lap, and spanked her. When she angrily protested, she relates, he laughed and said he was "just being playful." According to the woman, this was typical of his response to any woman who would object to his harassing behavior.

and barred from the center. Health Services Director Stockton said he rehired her so that she would not misconstrue his actions as being retaliatory. Stockton said she was transferred to another department because, "She was part of the problem."

Most of the programs at the center have been suspended because there is no longer a supervisor for them. Women involved in the programs said that Irvine, a former program supervisor is qualified to fulfill that function. Irvine stated she has been unable to obtain a job description for her current position with the Center for Counseling and Resources. When asked why Irvine was not allowed to return to her former position with the HEC, Stockton would not comment.

Sources involved also say that the locks at the HEC have been recently changed, and women involved in the complaint who continue to work here have been denied keys. Stockton states that this is a matter of university policy.

Both before and after reporting the incidents, the women involved said they have suffered harassment and trauma. They said their personal lives have been

While student/teacher involvements do not themselves constitute harassment, classrooms ought not to be used as the private hunting ground for a teacher's social life.

Last summer, fifteen of the HEC staff women called a meeting to discuss their reservations about working with Hoopes. The next day the group took their complaints to their supervisor, Janice Irvine. The women decided to register a formal complaint against Hoopes with the university.

In August, Hoopes resigned his position at UMB. He stated, "I resigned because it became obvious that I had lost the confidence of my staff, not because I am guilty." Hoopes declined further comment on any of the charges filed against him.

Since that time, the women at the Health Education Center have experienced what they feel is retaliatory action. After Hoopes resigned, Irvine was fired. She was subsequently rehired, but was transferred to another department

disrupted. The women from CPCS whose competencies (course credits) were under Hoopes' control have had to postpone graduation.

Many of the women who brought action have not received school paychecks since Hoopes' departure. Center staff women also say their programs have been suspended and may be eliminated next semester. Stockton said program changes would have happened anyway and were not the result of the women bringing charges against Hoopes. In response to these actions, the women have also brought charges against the university.

The fifteen dissenting women have had to retain legal counsel for the actions filed against Hoopes and the university. This is an expensive and time consuming process. The women further state that their lives have been emotionally,

economically and professionally disrupted.

This situation illustrates the tangible fears women have about reporting incidents of sexual harassment. The women said their complaints were initially treated as a joke by the university. Sources among the fifteen women said that upon his hearing of the complaints brought against Hoopes, Stockton said, "But isn't that part of your training?"

All of the women involved feel that the alleged university retaliation shows how risky fighting back against harassment can be.

CONCLUSION

Sexual harassment gets a large share of its power by being a subject unfit for discussion. But this is changing.

Several surveys highlight the epidemic proportions of this phenomenon. A recent poll of federally-employed women shows that 93 of 150 women surveyed have experienced sexual harassment on the job. Of the 93, 73 percent responded that their personal incidents of harassment took the form of remarks or jokes. 46 percent stated that they were touched; 44 percent responded that they were promised special treatment in return for sexual favors; 30 percent said harassment was a condition of promotion or special privilege; and nine percent were assaulted on the job.

A *Redbook* magazine self-answering survey showed 88 percent of the 9000 women who answered have been sexually harassed at some time in their careers. The Boston-based organization Alliance Against Sexual Coercion takes on five new sexual harassment cases per week. At least one of those five is a group case, they said.

These facts make it clear that sexual harassment is a large problem. It is one of the prevalent aspects of the larger problem of practiced inequality among men and women. In the university environment, it is magnified by the inherent unequal relationship which exists between students and teacher. The issue, then, is one of power. We cannot change the power relationship between student and teacher, but we can demand that the power be used judiciously and ethically.

Two things are necessary in order to begin to rectify the problem of sexual harassment. One, the problem must be brought into the open. Only through

discussion can an understanding of the problem be gained. Two, an avenue of safe and fair formalization of complaints must be established within the university. No such system currently exists at UMass. All of the women interviewed for this article expressed the need for such grievance procedures, citing that had there been one at the time they were harassed, they would have used it.

This article is by no means a conclusive study of the entire problem of sexual harassment at UMass. In many ways, it is merely the exposure of the tip of the iceberg. Many of the women we contacted were reluctant to have the issue discussed publicly for fear of recognition and reprisal. Others, only after speaking with us knew they had been sexually

harassed. At the time, they were unable to identify their experience in those terms although they believed that something wrong had been done to them. In any case, there is much more to discuss about this issue and we invite our readers to respond.

All events in this article are true. However, Carol, Susan, Joyce, Barbara, and Diane are fictitious names. In some cases, departments and dates have been changed to protect the parties involved. All names and details in the BLOWING THE WHISTLE section, however, are true names and details. Our purpose was not to expose and reprimand individuals but to expose and explore the problem of sexual harassment as it exists at UMass/Boston.



The Looking-Glass Man

Everything gleams from the looking-glass man
eyes blue as lapis lazuli
skin tight leopard, sleek and smooth
voice purring soft and low
a charmed boy who could pour it on
left every woman he met in titillation
coaxing and quixotic
he was always prepared

Like Richard Corey he glittered when he walked
in pointed toe shoes
a male Messalina
in leather, always leather
collar turned up — cheshire grin
he could seduce a praying nun
with the sway of his hips

He used women like paper towels
and did not care for breathy gossip
whispered in the darkest places,
for he always had a boy waiting
to be pricked by Narcissus' thorn

Bed and bored, he went to Hollywood
looking for what was behind the mask
darkly he treads through the glass — looking
for that reflection in the pool
that he fell in so long ago.

C. Alberino

What is left of the modern Iranian people, yes. Because the people that do not agree with him are now, or a great many of them at least, are out of the country. And those are mostly educated people. The majority of his support is uneducated, working class people in Iran.

What about the contention that Khomeini is simply exploiting this issue so that he can hold onto power? Some people feel that before the takeover his power base in Iran was being depleted. The one issue on which Iranians are united, however, is in hatred for the shah. Do you think that he's exploiting this issue in order to keep himself in power? In order to keep his revolution alive?

It is having that affect but whether Khomeini is deliberately doing it, deliberately using this issue to unite the country is a question that must be understood in the following context. Khomeini is a religious person. The CIA report on him states that he is a philosopher-theologian with very little political knowledge and political savvy; so if he is doing this, he's doing it through the advice of the people around him. I don't think Khomeini has enough political background to be able to use that.

How would you compare living conditions under the shah and Khomeini?

This is a very sticky point. Picking the lesser of two evils, I would prefer living under the shah. I want to reiterate that the shah is bad, he is a murderer and he's a criminal and he's a thief: but I think when religion is involved in running the state there is much more room for repression. The shah used to repress the intellectuals, the communists and all the dissidents. Khomeini is doing the same; however, he's got another kind of repression which is religious repression: repression of women, repression of Shai, repression of the Jews. I think it is just another sect.

Rights in Iran are a joke. You don't and you didn't have a right. The shah was established and had time to expand SAVAC. The Islamic religion, the Islamic government, right now, has not had time to expand the secret police, which is now re-establishing. They haven't reached the stage of torture, however, they have been beating up dissidents and things like that. But I think in the 37 years the shah was in Iran, ruling Iran, that in that same period the Islamic religious government is going to have many more, and worse, tragedies.

Did you live under the shah?

Yes, I lived under the shah — for some time I used to go to school in Scotland, but I went back for the holidays. An example of what I have is, I had an interaction with the shah's secret police once, the SAVAC. A barber I used to go to since I was a kid, started pumping me for information, trying to get me to speak against the shah. People used to get you to say something against the shah, against the nation, in order to find out where you stood. And this person I knew since I was five or six years old. It seems as though the job (SAVAC) comes before friendship or anything else.

I knew a dissident family that we were very, very friendly with; the father of the family was a lawyer — a very prominent man. We knew that his cook was a member of SAVAC and that he was tortured on many occasions. He's a lawyer right now, very active in politics; but the thing is, he's gone underground again because he cannot function under Khomeini because of a new kind of political repression.

and his speeches were taken very seriously because nobody could accept the government of the shah. We can well appreciate his long opposition, even, when in exile, against the government. Also he never compromises with America or any other country. Certainly he represent Iran and we appreciate that and we support him.

What about the contention that Khomeini is simply exploiting this issue so that he can hold onto power. Some people feel that, before the takeover, his power base was being depleted. The one issue that Iranians are united on, however, is hatred for the shah. Do you think that he is exploiting this issue in order to keep himself in power? In order to keep his revolution alive?

No, I don't think that this was the idea. The consequences of the takeover in the U.S. has been negative for revolution. Now everyone supports the high cost of oil and the criminal in the country. The idea was not to make Iranians stay together because imperialism is the enemy of the world — anywhere in the world, and as long as it exists it is against Iranians. Now, in this way, we give some energy to imperialism.

And also, every week or every once in awhile, Khomeini gives an order that we all go out in the street and the people find themselves together. They forget about any decentralization.

Is he turning the state into a theocracy?

This idea initiates in the west where they believe that religion and government cannot get along which I think is a big lie. Religion and government can get along . . . How can we throw the ideology away because of what the west says?

How would you compare living conditions under the shah and Khomeini?

Khomeini represents Islam and Islam means freedom of speech everywhere. The shah did not. During this revolution democracy is a big lie — we can't have democracy because it is a time that we will end up with negative results. During a revolution you cannot have democracy because that opens the way to opposition. During the revolution you have got to have dictatorship — not for everybody, but for those who are opposing the people — the will of the people.

Did you live under the shah?

Under the shah life was frustration, depression, because if I tried to express my ideas I would only end up in jail or being killed. Those who knew what was going on — the intellectuals, students, religious people, and professors — they couldn't say anything. They'd end up losing their lives.

Do you think the shah should be extradited?

America supports international law, right? Law states that whoever commits a crime in a country — if his action is considered a crime in another country — he is also considered a criminal there. So if he is still a criminal he should be extradited to the other country. Americans don't even want to understand that they are supporting a criminal and that international law says that he must go home.

Do you think it was wise for Carter to order the deportation of some Iranian students? Was it justified?

Do you think it was wise for Carter to initiate deportation procedures against the Iranian students in the U.S.? Do you think it was justified?

This deportation is becoming a witch hunt. The Japanese felt the effect after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. I'm not comparing the two, but maybe they could be compared. We're already feeling it. The people that have been deported are I-94 which means their permission to stay had run out for one week. These are technicalities that they're going to throw people out on. Students in Iran have taken a step and I don't think Carter should throw Iranian students out of this country because of it. However, I can also see it from the American point of view, Carter has to take some action.

What would it mean for you personally to be deported?

I'm not going to be deported. However if I was, I don't think I'd enjoy life so much. I could go to Britain because I have a background there. If I were forced to go back to Iran — well I won't go further. I won't expand on that.

How do you hope the situation will be resolved?

I would like to see the shah returned, the hostages go free, but being realistic, I know that the shah won't be returned. Then I hope some sort of compromise can be reached; however, knowing the little of Khomeini that I do, I know that he is not an individual to compromise, nor will the students. So the question is — What is going to happen? I don't know. I hope the hostages go free.

If it could help the situation from an American point of view I would say yes, but I do not think you will get anything from it. You will just force the innocent students who have nothing to do with the situation to go back.

What would it mean for you, personally, to be deported?

If the time comes that I have to go home, if it is necessary for me to go home, I will leave. I am here for an education but as long as my country is not independent, no matter how educated I am, I am nothing but a slave.

How would you like to see this situation resolved?

Iranians are talking about their rights. They want their shah back. That's their right because the shah is Iranian and he did a lot of terrible things and he has to go before the court. I don't believe in any negotiating which means forgetting about your rights. I don't think the Iranians will step back because of the ideology of Islam. As Khomeini says, 35 million are prepared to die for it. We will not compromise and negotiate the situation. Seriously, I have some ideas of the next steps to be taken but I do not want to say my ideas until Khomeini says his. If I say something and if Khomeini says something else, that means we have different ideas in the same situation. At this time I think everyone in Iran is waiting. I am waiting for the next step that Khomeini says, then I follow.

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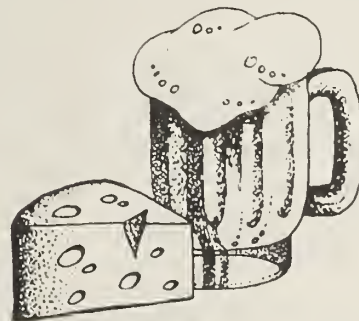
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damental Skills Committee. Porter recently viewed the inception of the exam in retrospect: "Had students really been involved with it two years ago at the beginning, I don't think the result would have been the same. If the students had been there saying, 'How are you going to define standards? how are you going to identify people who can't write and offer them help early?' maybe another system would have evolved. But, unfortunately, students haven't been getting involved."

However, as more students come up against the deadline and are forced to examine the ramifications of the exam, the number of students involved in a movement to reevaluate the exam should climb. For the four exams given to this date, beginning in January of 1979, the average rate of failure has been 45 percent.

Why the Test?

Joe Schork, assistant dean of Academic Support and a member of the Fundamental Skills committee, answered, "The purpose of the exam is to make sure that people are capable of doing the reading, the writing, and the discussion which are parts of almost any upper division course. This is especially necessary in the case of transfers who haven't been through our own little first and second year mills. And sometimes we don't know what their previous training and preparation is, yet they're in the midst of taking major courses in preparation for our degree. The test is to make sure that the standards that have always been expected are really there. It's a way of reinforcing the whole push of the new core curriculum, which involves reading skills, writing skills, and thinking skills, not just in English courses, but in every course."

Earl Porter replied, "A big problem with this university has been that you can wade through Freshman English, not take any more English courses, write papers for other courses and not have anybody criticize you on your writing style, and eventually graduate without being able to write in a clear and concise manner. That problem, especially in a university that practices open admissions, needs to be addressed. You also get the sense that there are some people at this university who would like to see it, not as a Harvard, but not as the poor man's Harvard either. UMass has a somewhat negative profile in the community and, of course, being professors and ad-

ministrators here, this reflects on them professionally. So a lot of them tend to lean towards, 'Well, let's get those standards up. Doesn't matter how we do it, let's get them up.' That's the expediency factor in the Senate."

Who Fails?

There have been no demographic surveys yet of the people who have failed the exam, but the people involved have gotten some general impressions of the students who fail.

Joe Schork felt, "The people who fail fall into two and a half categories. There is a fairly large category of people who say, 'I didn't think it meant anything.' Then there is another group made up of non-native speaker transfers. Some of them have grave difficulties. And there is a small group of people who somehow have slipped through, either here or elsewhere, courses where they should have gotten that type of training and really need the type of remedial course that we suggest, which is Fundamental Skills 44."

One teacher, who has dealt with students who have taken the exam and failed, said, "It is rare to find that anyone who has failed the exam is one of the marginal students the exam was

their legs are cut out from under them. Those groups in the community that historically and repeatedly don't get the high quality education are the ones who fail. That translates into the black community, the poorer urban areas. It is not going to invite disaster to the white middle-class that comes here. It's the poor people who are going to get burned by this."

The Pressure

An English department tutor, who recently took the exam and passed, described the experience: "I went in feeling, 'If I can't pass this, I don't belong in school.' I went in, I was prepared with my big dictionary under my arm, and I really felt like I was back in kindergarten. I went to a parochial school and they had nothing on this test situation. They walked up and down the aisles, they passed out papers, and we were told not to turn them over. Then I heard someone yell, 'Don't touch that paper.' Up and down the aisles and no one smiling, every word was clipped off until the tension built. I felt it was all unnecessary and anyone who was not going in with any amount of confidence like I did would just be thrown. So I was not surprised when I found out 45 percent of the

"I went to a parochial school and they had nothing on this test situation. I was not surprised when I found out 45 percent of the people did not pass."

—An English department tutor

originally designed to detect. Most are carrying full academic loads, some are on the Dean's List. They are usually serious, hard-working students."

Porter said, "The university is now, on open admissions, accepting students who come here for two years, get passing grades, have no reason to believe they are not doing well, and hit the proficiency exam and find out that the university is saying that they're not up to their standards and that they want them to leave. An extremely debilitating experience for a student, especially if the student is a product of an educational system where it was difficult to be motivated or if the education itself was not of the best quality. They come in here and have had to doubletime in a lot of areas just to stay abreast and they're thinking that they're doing fine and all of a sudden

people did not pass. I'll bet for a good percentage of those who failed the tension was the deciding factor."

Another student, who failed the exam, stated that it was simply, "A nightmare."

Schork, one of the administrators of the last battery of exams, said, "We're pros. The same way when you take a law school aptitude test or your college boards, it's not your normal atmosphere. It is meant to indicate that we're serious about this. It's not to frighten people, but just to make sure that this is very serious business."

The obvious difference between the writing proficiency exam and a college board test is that the writing exam is exactly that — the student is not checking boxes on a computerized form. Also, the evaluation of the exam is different and far more subjective than the

yes or no read by an electronic scanner.

Another source felt, "We're not here to weed out people who can't keep their cool under those kinds of circumstances. That shouldn't be a definitive factor in a student's overall standing here at the university."

The Ultimatum

One of the major questions concerning the exam is the right of the university to withdraw students for failure to pass the requirement. Joe Schork defended the policy. "First of all, it's a decision of the faculty on a matter that was debated seven, eight, nine months in the faculty, student, and staff Senate. Secondly, no student ever has to face a reduced load or even more drastic consequences, stopping those courses dead until he passes the exam, without at least three chances to do it. Any transfer, no matter how many credits, has at least three chances."

Yet there are surely still going to be students who fail the exam for one reason or another. Earl Porter outlined one common scenario: "Another problem is a student who gets through Freshman English, decides to be a biology major, sticks almost exclusively to the sciences, and, perhaps, carries a 3.8 or a 3.5 average, fails the proficiency exam, and is withdrawn from the university. I don't think that UMass/Boston, especially in this time of declining enrollment, should have a system that would take a student of this calibre and withdraw them from the university. Certainly the university has some responsibility to give a good student a reprieve if they're not going to identify the writing problem early enough."

The sixteen students who were withdrawn this fall were all transfers who missed the August exam and had accumulated more than 68 credits. Two of the students withdrew and the other fourteen appealed to the Fundamental Skills committee. Their appeals were at first ignored. Joe Schork: "We let them stew for a week. Hell, yes. We didn't write them a letter saying that we realize you have blown this. We let them come in and make an appeal and there was mercy."

The students were allowed to take the exam that was given on October 19. Five of the students failed and appealed their test scores. Two of the five were successful and had their scores changed to pass. One of the remaining three accepted the withdrawal and left. The other two students are currently fighting their withdrawals, and are asking to, at the least, be

allowed to finish the semester. Porter comments, "It's a hell of a price they are exacting from these people. They've been allowed to come this far into the university. The university isn't going to gain anything by removing these people now. The university will return their tuition, but the money they have already spent on books, the time they have put into it, and the money they lost not working elsewhere is all written off. The counter-argument is that it's not fair to the other students, the students who went by the rules and took the exam when they were supposed to, but that is vengeance, not justice. It's not going to effect the other students whether these people finish the semester or not."

This group of transfers was the first to face the ultimatum. As each semester passes, the forced withdrawals will grow and cases like this will no longer be isolated to transfers.

The Judgment

The Proficiency Evaluation committee, which is made up of professors from varied disciplines on campus, discusses a random sampling of papers before the grading begins in order to establish a standard. This process continues until a consensus is reached as to what constitutes a Pass and what is deemed a Fail. The committee took three hours to do this before the most recent battery of exams was graded. The long and arduous grading was completed and the decisions posted. Some of the people who failed appealed to an independent appeals panel appointed by the Senate. More than half of the cases heard by the appeals panel ended in a reversal of the grade. The large scale of the testing process (176 people took the last exam) was credited by Joe Schork and Lois Rudnick, a member of the appeals board, as being responsible for the misjudging. The possibility of maintaining consistent standards in grading, from one committee of examiners to the next, from one board of appeals to the next, seems even more impossible when considering the increasing number of students who will be taking the exam as the deadlines approach.

Questions

"The way that the proficiency exam is working right now, especially for these first students who are taking it, is very negative. It is a weeding out of those students who have come here and were not able to write well, and went through Freshman English and passed that or

sometimes, in the Placement Exam, they were told that they placed right out of Freshman English 101 or 102 and then they take sophomore courses and pass, or even do well, and do not have any idea of with the proficiency exam. Supposedly, the core curriculum is going to correct the core curriculum is going to correct this, but there have been questions coming up in the Senate, like at the last meeting, where one professor asked, 'I have several students who clearly can't write to our standards. What do I do with them? What kind of authority do I have over them? Can I force them to take a Fundamental Skills course? Who do I tell about this?' Another professor questioned what part of his efforts should be directed at improving writing skills. Should he allow so much class time per semester to this or is he just supposed to identify people or work in some manner to correct this problem or what? No study has been done of this. I have yet to talk to anybody who has been told by a professor in a core course, 'Your writing skills are not up to par. You'd better get some help before you take the proficiency exam.' Which, in itself, is a problem. Is every professor going to be trained to identify students who are deficient and know what the requirements and standards are? I don't see that as practical.

"Another problem is how should one's writing ability figure into one's grade for a history course, for example. You may be an excellent writer but a poor historian. Is your writing ability going to account for a quarter of your grade or something, and have your history grade on your transcript maybe 25 percent inflated because you happen to be a good writer or vice-versa?"

"It has been difficult to offer any alternatives to the exam in the Senate because they just got the proficiency testing through and they are just implementing it. So, they are certainly not going to start considering alternative programs. They are tired. They went through a lot of work to get this exam and to try to get it working and solve the problem of poor writing. But there are a lot of questions still left." (Earl Porter)

Regardless of the numerous and multiplying problems associated with the English proficiency requirement, there is no way around it. It exists, and though increased student awareness and action, may eventually result in a policy change, it seems like it's going to be here for some time to come. Good luck.

Foster was recommended to King by the construction companies.

Eight months after Foster was sworn in, a resolution calling for his dismissal was presented to the house by Representative Richard Volke of Chelsea. Volke maintained that Foster "never should have been appointed in the first place" and cited the serious decline in service since January as grounds for his dismissal. The house declined a debate of the matter. The general feeling among the representatives was that Foster had not been chairman long enough to do anything to the system one way or the other. Representative William Galvin of Brighton pointed out that the refusal to debate the proposal should not "be interpreted as a vote of confidence in Mr. Foster . . . the legislature wants to give him an opportunity to see what he can do. There is a certain wisdom in recognizing that one individual is not responsible. The MBTA is far more complex than that."

To understand the workings of the T, that "certain wisdom" is essential. Or as one person I spoke to in the course of my research exclaimed, "You're writing an article on the T? That's a rat's nest!"

There are T buffs who claim that the current problems of the T are the same ones that plagued the transportation system back in 1917. In that year, the city of Boston called in a consultant to evaluate the causes and remedies for The Boston Elevated Railway's financial difficulties. The consultant found that there were several measures such as improving communication throughout the system, maintaining equipment on a more regular basis and improving relations between labor and management that would tighten up the system's operation and improve the financial situation.

Although labor relations (especially with the operator's union) have been a problem, the big struggle for Foster has been with the Advisory Board which is supposed to oversee the MBTA budget. The Advisory Board is the representative of the 79 cities and towns served by the T. It was created by an act of legislation back in 1947 when the MTA was formed. The people of each municipality are represented by their chief elected official who has one vote and a fraction of a vote more depending on the service their community receives from the T. Each of the cities and towns must pay their weighted portion of the T's deficit based on annual assessment of ridership and, in the case of

local service (buses, trackless trolleys and street cars), the amount of loss from operations serving that area. Many feel that the assessment procedure is unfair to inner city residents, for they are forced to pay the most for the parts of the system widely used by residents from other cities and towns.

The battle over Foster's request for a supplemental budget of \$26.6 million was, to a large extent, a battle over the communities attempting to keep the deficit down. It was estimated that had the increase received approval, Boston would have to have added an additional \$6 million to its share. (The Advisory Board ended up approving \$10.9 million, but Foster continues to press for more.)

The T raises only about one fourth of its operating cost through the fare box. The rest of its expenses must be raised selling bonds or through the federal government. Since the passage of the Urban Mass Transportation Act of 1974, the T has been able to count on more federal funds, and expects to receive

about \$36.5 million in Federal Operating Grants for 1979.

Since the Advisory Board refused Foster's request for the \$26.6 million supplemental budget, there have been rumblings from the King administration about disbanding the board or cutting its budget, or taking away some of its power. In August, Foster said he had discussed the possibility of drafting emergency legislation to strip the board of its control over the budget. At that time the reply from the Advisory Board's director, Jim Smith, was that Foster "ought to take a look at the increase in the number of T employees, the number of T employees who take home private cars, the budget overruns in various departments and the overtime budget."

The Advisory Board's restrictions on the budget have often been used as the excuse for poor service and service cut backs. When the Beverly to Ipswich line was suddenly closed down this September without any prior notice to the communities it serves, Foster blamed the ac-



Boston has one of the oldest public transportation systems in the country, dating back to 1852 when the first horse-drawn street railway ran one car between Harvard Square, Cambridge and Union Square, Somerville. Following the success of this line, a "wave of entrepreneurial enthusiasm" swept several businessmen and investors into the market and soon there were many competing transit companies. This was a temporary situation, however, after a number of mergers and takeovers, there remained only a half dozen companies. In 1887, Henry M. Whitney, a steamship operator and real estate speculator, formed a syndicate out of the West End Street Railway and bought up stock in the other remaining companies. Ten years later, a group of rival capitalists formed the Boston Elevated Railway Company and the West End Street Company was, in turn, taken over.

The streetcar was perhaps the most important factor in the development of the city of Boston and its surrounding areas. "To real estate men the simple procedure of placing a coach on iron rails seemed a

miraculous device for the promotion of out-of-town property." As the streetcar lines branched out, the city expanded. In 1889 electric cars were introduced to the streets of Boston, and by 1900 the outer limits of the city's electric railway lay at least six miles from downtown.

The legislature recognized the importance of the transportation system and 1894 when the Boston Elevated Railway was incorporated, the legislature enacted a bill "To promote Rapid Transit in the city of Boston and vicinity." By 1917, the year in which the state took over the company, Boston had an extensive system of rapid transit and surface lines serving Boston, Cambridge, Somerville, Malden, Everett, Brookline, Arlington, Watertown, Belmont, and parts of Chelsea and Newton. The Boston Elevated Railway existed under the public control act until 1947, when the Metropolitan Transit Authority was born. On August 3, 1964 it became the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority.

tion on the Advisory Board's stinginess. As it turned out, more than \$10 million in rehabilitation funds have been approved by the federal government the year before. James Smith commented, "He blames us when in fact the money was there all along, and the line could have stayed open but for a bureaucratic mistake made by somebody high up in the MBTA. The fault again is with the T's senior management." (Apparently the T later discovered the federal money and announced that the line should be back in operation by mid-December.)

Some members of the Advisory Board feel that the demand for a supplementary budget is a maneuver by Foster to drive up the budget now, before Governor King imposes the famous 4 percent cap on spending some time next year. In fact, figures show that not only should the original budget of \$285,363,583 have been sufficient for 1979, but there could have been a surplus at the end of the year.

Another reason given by the T for poor service is the lack of vehicles in running condition. This fall about one-third of the T's bus fleet sat in disrepair as the percentage of scheduled bus trips grew dramatically. In August of last year, the percentage of missed trips was 1.17 percent. This August it was 3.9 percent. By October it had grown to 8.2 percent compared with last October's 1.3 percent. Over the first ten months of this year the number of scheduled bus trips that were missed totaled 66,000 compared with 27,670 for the same period last year.

Next to the buses, the service on the Green Line has shown the greatest decline. This problem is mainly due to the new LRV's (Light Rail Vehicles.) The town of Brookline became so disgusted with the new cars constantly breaking down that they planned to sue the T and the Boeing-Vertol Company which produced the LRV's. This was Boeing's first crack at building subway cars, and judging by the failure rate of the prototypes (30 were sent back to Boeing and of the remaining 100, 22 are being repaired or "modified") perhaps they should stick to other types of vehicles. The current T management, however, cannot be held responsible for the decision to buy the albatross LRV's. The choice of Boeing can be traced back to the time of the Nixon Administration when the T wanted to buy European-made subway cars, but was persuaded to buy American.

While the T may not have been in the best possible shape at the onset of the King administration, the appointment of Foster certainly didn't help. The number of key high-level employees that have left since Foster took over is unsettling. Some say that over a dozen experienced people have either resigned or been fired. David Gunn, the former operations director, quit within the first week of Foster's management. Other key people that left were the deputy of operations, the director of commuter rail, the budget director and the director of construction. This exodus of experienced management has left a gap which the Foster administration has yet to fill.

The T has long been a "political dumping ground" and there are many

problems that have become ingrained on all levels (some beyond the scope of this article). As the price of gasoline rises and less people are able or willing to drive, the performance of the MBTA becomes less of a joking matter.

This summer, during the "energy crisis" I saw people at the trolley stop give up, and return home for their cars. If I had a car, I probably would have done the same thing one morning when I waited almost an hour for a train that I could squeeze onto. Getting on the train, I happened to hear the man in front of me ask the driver, "What was the delay?" The driver answered, "What delay?"



Yvon Claude Ferdinand

Season's Greetings

from

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No

ferred to Mass Art was the access to a large art history department that the merger would provide to MCA students. Not to discredit our wonderful art department here, but I know that it is in no way, shape, or form comparable to the art curriculum of Mass Art. MCA is noted across the state and country for its accomplishments.

The question now is if you don't like the UMass plan what do you propose? It is very simple. The present structure of higher education is one that lends itself to providing comprehensive educational opportunities to the citizens of Massachusetts. It does this by offering a tri-structured program consisting of a university system, a state college system, and a community college system.

What we need is not a massive reshuffling of the present system, but a more dynamic structure. This could be accomplished by creating a "super" board of trustees that presided over all the state schools. This board could concentrate on areas such as budgeting and the smoothing over of the student transfer process between the community colleges that offer associate degrees to the 4 year colleges and universities that offer bachelor of arts or science degrees.

I am watching this process very closely. It is a known fact that we have a Governor who is not the least bit supportive of public higher education and is only too happy to see different college administrators at each other's throats.

Yes

problem of what to do about Mass College of Art.

Academically, UMass/Boston would be the greater beneficiary of a merger between itself and Mass College of Art. Although UMass/Boston's Art Department is very good, it presently does not have adequate studio space. With the hopes of new buildings being erected in the near future dim, the possibility of converting the Bayside Mall is the one way in which UMass/Boston could gain adequate studio space. Not only would the campus gain adequate studio space, but it would also acquire expanded undergraduate as well as graduate programming.

The idea that a UMass/Boston art student is any less dedicated than a Mass College of Art student is ludicrous. A UMass/Boston art student is just as dedicated as a Mass College of Art student. Both take their studies seriously as do most students in both of the institutions. It is true that Mass College of Art is recognized throughout the country as an excellent art college. This reputation would not be smeared or lowered in anyway by merging with UMass/Boston. The University of Massachusetts (including the Boston campus) is also known and recognized throughout the nation as an excellent university. If the reputation of Mass College of Art were to be effected at all, it would only be further improved.

By merging UMass/Boston and the Mass College of Art, liberal arts programs and professional courses would not necessarily be cut back. The merger would bring to UMass/Boston a well developed undergraduate and graduate art program, which would only enhance UMass/Boston's art programs. Mass College of Art's programs would not necessarily be cut back by a merger, in fact they would also be further expanded (more studio space, etc.). The College of Professional Studies and the College of Public and Community Service would also remain the same. Students in these programs would also be able to take courses not previously offered in the art department.

Overall, I feel that if reorganization is inevitable, the best way in which the Mass College of Art and UMass/Boston could benefit would be to merge together. If the merger were carefully worked out, it would be beneficial to both institutions.

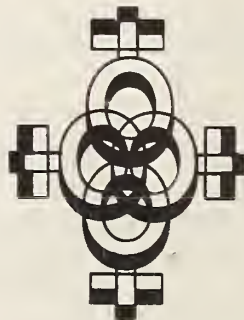
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closure, resignation; resigned to putting out roots, owning a few chords and filling the space, saying it is enough/it is never enough. the t-shirt and whose team we're on, the cut of line where some acknowledge the gift of tools, affirm the break with inertia, test the new dogmas. In the convenience of reflex lies the core of danger.

technique, assignation; assigned to a result, bending form and perceiver to face, praying it is enough/it is never enough. Time is the ultimate critic, apprehended only at its exorbitant expense; only without a trace can we enter and leave its realm. the mind sets the angle of the hand, the cut of line cross land, cleave stone, part the tissue like breezy curtains. Full and moist the night air presses, seamless, yet without skill.

John Zieman

formal basis, the conference will also give the legislators, who decide the budget for schools like UMass/Boston, an opportunity to see the university and to meet its students. Last year, for example, Finnegan and Atkins were probably the two most influential members of the legislature to have a voice in the UMB budget.

Students interested in attending the conference who have not yet registered for it should contact the Student Activities Committee for further information. The following is the schedule of events for the conference.

Schedule of Events

9:00-9:20

Registration and coffee in Building 020 faculty lounge. Each participant will be assigned to a workshop.

9:25-10:00

Keynote address: John J. Finnegan, Chairman House Ways and Means and Representative, 14th Suffolk (Harbor Campus district).

10:15-11:45

Workshops — round I. Four workshops, two on campaign issues and strategies, two on campaign organization. Each workshop panel will involve at least three invited participants.

12:00-1:00

Complimentary lunch in Building 020 Cafeteria. Luncheon Speaker: Hon. William M. Bulger, President, Mass.



Chester Atkins

Senate, representing 1st Suffolk (Harbor Campus district).

1:10-2:25

Workshops — round II. Repeat of the morning session with different panelists. This will provide an opportunity for participants to attend workshops on different topics.

2:30-3:00

Summation and Closing Address: Chester Atkins, Senate Chairman of Ways and Means.



Expansion continued from page 3

The Clark Physical Education Center, named for longtime community activist and former member of the University's Board of Trustees Catherine Forbes Clark, houses three main sections: a gymnasium, a swimming pool, and an ice rink. The gymnasium includes basketball and volleyball courts, with a seating capacity of 3500, training rooms, a weight room, a combative room, and areas for dancing and gymnastics. The 25-yard pool has a separate diving area and will accommodate 300 spectators. The rink, with a seating capacity of 1000, will be operational year round. Construction is also now beginning on the outdoor facilities, about eight tennis courts, a softball/baseball field and a soccer/field hockey field.

The athletics department made the first step toward obtaining membership in the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) this fall, when UMB was registered as an affiliate member of the NCAA. The affiliate status indicates UMass/Boston's interest in full NCAA membership and will make scheduling easier because it provides assurance to other colleges that UMB will comply with the official rules of the NCAA. In order to obtain full membership, UMass/Boston must offer programs in at least four major sports. As a member, UMB's participation will be on either the Division 2 or Division 3 level, depending on the sport.

Now, with the opening of the Clark Center imminent, the University community is addressing itself to the issues surrounding the expansion of the varsity program. To some, the facility is seen as the first step toward athletic participation on a level compatible with the UMass/Amherst campus. There is a good deal of speculation that the Clark Center should stimulate enough alumni interest to persuade support of an athletics

scholarship program.

Inevitably, once scholarships enter the University picture, full-scale athletic recruitment is sure to follow. To those who support big time college sports, this type of recruitment is as necessary as the facility itself. But to others, recruitment poses some serious ethical questions in respect to academics. To them, athletic recruitment looms large as a harbinger of academic decay.

Still, the majority of campus sentiment seems to favor support of at least one sport on a high level of competition. But here again there is a difference in perspective. The veteran status (five years) of the basketball team makes them the sentimental favorites. But many people feel that UMB will take advantage of the natural resources of the area (Charlestown, South Boston) and develop a really solid hockey program. At any rate, speculation is the name of the game, and nothing is certain until the doors of the Center finally open.

A Liveable Pain

Honesty
you called it,
after the first cup of coffee
and eggs over easy.
Something earnest in the eyes
something firm
without guilt—
ancient nemesis of the heart.
I washed down regret diplomatically,
mulling
over the hash browns
how beautiful you are
and what is the appropriate coda
for two who have come to care
differently.
I suspect brass with few strings,
slightly dissonant
with a suggestion of blue;
but time will conduct
other orchestrations.
This ache has manageable boundaries.
It is a
liveable pain.

Roby Colodny

wetsuit. He thought that he must have scraped his thigh against the rod as he was pulling the bag in.

Shining the light on his thigh, Popavich saw green fluid oozing from a foot long tear in his rubber pants. He examined the tear closely and discovered that the rod had cut through his skin as well as his pants. He was bleeding from a gash in his skin and the blood was green; as it always was at this depth. The gash did not seem to be too deep, however, even though the blood issued freely. And since it did not seem to hamper his leg movement, he decided to continue on.

Popavich turned away from the opening and started swimming up the tunnel; up to the underground alcove which lay hidden in the bowels of the Great Brewster Island. Here was where he would make the drop; deposit the cocaine he was carrying, and had carried all the way from the fishing trawler. He swam slowly. It was a gradual ascent, but he kicked slowly, for the weight of the bag burdened him.

As he swam, he swept the light from side to side, in a feeble attempt to illuminate as much of the area in front of him as possible. But he found that when he did so, he frequently caught glimpses of the tunnel walls; first, . . . one gray, curving wall would come indistinctly into view on his left, only to disappear in the darkness, . . . then another gray, curving wall would loom up on his right, only to disappear also. Each time he glimpsed them, he shuddered, for altered as they were, in the rhythmic pulse of his sweep, they seemed to come at him, to squeeze the air and thus the life from his body. And each time he glimpsed them, he took from his mouthpiece a great gulp of air . . . as if it were his last.

Popavich stopped swimming.

He had to, for he felt dizzy and light-headed; he was breathing erratically. Immediately, the walls stopped rushing in on him. This would never do; he had to get hold of himself. He put the bag down and sat on it. His heart was pounding and he attempted to control it by regulating his breathing. He counted to seven, inhaling slowly and deeply. Again, he counted to seven, this time exhaling, deeply and slowly. He continued to do this until his heart rate normalized and his breathing, once again, became more natural, less labored. He was feeling better — now that his body functions, as well as his

emotions, were coming under control. He would rest a moment longer before moving on.

It was then that something pelted his head.

It was something soft and yielding, not hard, for it did not hurt his head. But it did startle him! He reacted immediately by swinging the light in the direction from which he thought it came. He saw nothing. He poked around in his immediate vicinity and still discovered nothing. It was probably a small eel, common enough in these waters, and harmless. It could even have been a piece of kelp, wrenched from its holdfast and carried off by the slight current in the tunnel. He shrugged it off. As an afterthought, he glanced at his thigh and saw that it was still bleeding. It would have to be tended to soon, but not now. He had wasted too much time already. Besides, the less time he spent in this tunnel, the better he liked it.

His free hand reached for the bag and he was about to shove off when it happened again.

Something shot out from the unlit shadows and careened off his facemask. It slid over the edge of his mask, which was at a sharp angle to the object, and bounced off his shoulder. He couldn't see what it was, nor did he have time to ponder it, for in the next instant he was pelted again. This time, the thing hit his airtank and seemed to tumble down its length, rattling the pullrod of his J-valve. The hell with it, he thought, and kicked off.

But again he was pelted.

And again, and again. It had to be kelp and debris, he thought, giving up the idea that he might be swimming into a school of eels. The eels would have swum around him, unnoticed by him; whereas, whatever was indiscriminately striking him was, in fact, quite noticeable. He swept his light from side to side and still saw nothing. No eels, no kelp, no debris of any kind. He was baffled, but not enough to stop his progress. He swam resolutely on.

Then suddenly, something bit him.

A sharp pain issued from his thigh, . . . his wounded thigh. The pain drove so deeply that he impulsively jerked his knee to his chest, with the rest of his body rolling with the action. At the same time, he dropped the bag and brought his hand around, swiping his thigh in an effort to dislodge whatever was biting him. His hand collided with fur; soft and wet. It hit the fur hard, dis-

lodging it and sweeping it from the wound. But more soft, wet fur took its place and Popavich was directing the light toward his thigh now, as the situation threatened to get out of hand.

In the narrow beam, he saw what was happening.

At first his eyes widened, then they glazed over with disgust; his mind recoiled and revolted as its frame of reference became twisted at the loathsome reality before him. He lay there, immobile in the water for what seemed like hours, as he watched the creatures feasting at his wound. Three, four, maybe five — he couldn't think clearly to count — clung to the rubber of his pants eating his leg, chewing on the bloody break in the skin; lapping the oozing blood from it till it flowed freely. He saw, and knew now what had pelted him and he knew he was in trouble. There was no doubt in his mind what they were. They were rats!

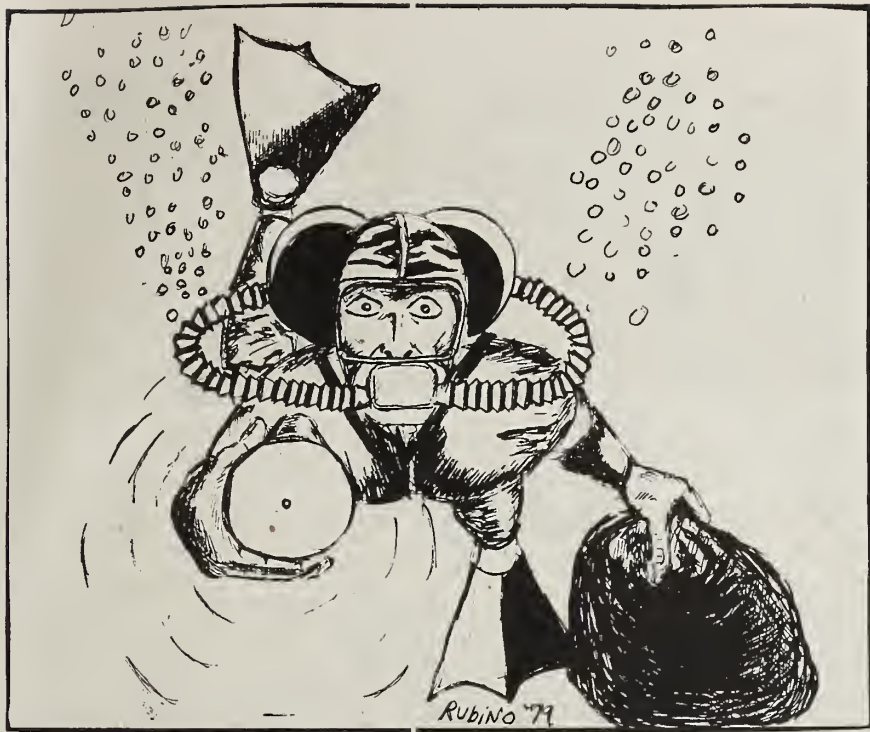
They were wharf rats and excellent swimmers. They were capable of remaining underwater for up to three minutes. Sometimes longer.

When finally he had overcome the shock and inertia which had paralyzed him, Popavich raised the light and brought it down, butt-end first, against his wound . . . against the feeding rodents. The preoccupied rats were stunned and blown away by the impact. They dispersed into the darkness beyond. None returned. He thought he must have scared them off and then he grimaced, biting down hard on his mouthpiece, for the impact of the blow had caused him great pain.

His painful, bleeding leg decided the next course of action. He would continue his journey and get out of the tunnel, fast. He would swim at top speed and stop for nothing. He groped around for the bag, found it, grabbed it fiercely and took off as fast as his legs could kick. But after about 30 yards of strenuous swimming, he noticed something ahead, at the periphery of his light beam.

More rats!

Genuine fear assaulted his senses. Swimming toward him now were some 30 to 40 more rats. What was it that he had learned in school about this most robust breed of the successful Norway rat — the wharf rat? Yes, now he remembered: When driven by hunger, thirst or foul weather, they were enormously resourceful and vigorously unrelenting in their attempts to satisfy their needs. *Vigorously unrelenting!*



Tony Rubino

But now they were upon him, and so quickly, that he only had to do that which he had mentally prepared himself to do. He did not stop, but swam swiftly into the thick of them, while clearing the way with his light. He knocked the leaders aside with it and created a gap in their midst, which he swam through all the faster because of his fear. He had never seen rats act like this and it scared him. But in this case, fear was his ally and his fearful action bewildered the rats. They were confused and they collided with his air tank and bounced off the plastic bag. They tumbled and slid off his body and were left in his wake. Popavich could swim faster and he did; in a short time he had outdistanced them.

But the rats were not through with him yet.

Perhaps by means of some uncanny ability to telepathically communicate a message to each other, the thwarted rats, the ones he had just outsmarted and vanquished, had made it known to the main body of their allies that they needed help. This larger body of rats being further up the tunnel and closer to the alcove, had just filled their lungs with air and were on their way to help.

"Rubizia! Valna puza! — bastard-sons-of-the-devil" Popavich muttered breathlessly. It was the most ancient and evilly descriptive oath he could think of, as he saw the solid mass of gray, white, black and pied abomination swarming toward him. Hundreds of wharf rats could now smell his bloody wound. They were dri-

ven by hunger and they would be vigorously unrelenting in their determined attempt to satisfy their need.

Again, Popavich swam directly into them, swinging his light wildly in an attempt to break up the horde, as he had successfully done before. But they were too many this time. As he punched his light into the living wall of wild-eyed vermin, the blow was softened and checked. The momentum of it was stopped and actually reversed by the sheer weight of oncoming rats. And then he felt their mass against his body; first touching, then enveloping him; then driving him backward and overwhelming him with their number.

He was surrounded; immersed in a sea of squirming wet fur, totally inundated by seething malevolence. Then, they started to bite him; one bite, then two, five, ten; now more than he could count or swing at. More than he could stand. He thrashed out with his arms and legs, rolling over and over as he did so. He took to swinging his light like a hammer, in short jerky strokes, for totally surrounded as he was, he could not swing his arm very far back or forward without dozens of rats adhering to it and weighing it down.

And then it happened.

While hammering madly, his light struck the tunnel wall. Popavich had become disoriented, rolling and tumbling among the rats. He couldn't tell up from down, left from right, nor how close he had drifted to the wall. The glass lens of

the light, although thick, was not unbreakable; it shattered. Cold seawater rushed in on the hot filament; it exploded softly and went out. The ensuing darkness swept comfortably over the rats, — who were not adverse to it. But it roared in on Popavich, — who was. It rushed over his body. It blanketed his eyes, destroying his logic and crushing his mind with the fear it brought with it. Darkness reigned in the tunnel and soon, . . . so would the rats.

It was then that Popavich broke the first rule of diving: he panicked.

It was total folly to panic and he knew it, but he screamed like a baby anyway. He screamed at his mouthpiece with such force that he expelled all the air from his lungs. True, the rats had terrorized him, but it was the darkness that had gotten to him; that had pushed him over the edge. The force of the scream tore the rubber piece from his mouth. He retrieved it quickly, for the hose hung close around his neck. Breathing from it, however, was another matter. In order to clear the small amount of water from the mouthpiece, he would have to blow forcefully into it, expelling the water through the expiration hose. But this was impossible, for there was not air left in his lungs to do so. He had expelled it all when he panicked.

And all the while, the rats tormented him; gnashing at him with their little hard, sharp teeth that cut through his rubber suit and his flesh as well. They understood the fear and panic of their quarry and it fired them up for the kill.

There was only one thing left to do; it was a 100-to-1 shot. He would have to chance inhaling the small amount of water, in the mouthpiece; he would suck it into his airless lungs and thereby clear the mouthpiece. He knew he would cough violently, but there was no other choice. The mouthpiece would then be clear of water, even though his lungs wouldn't. But his lungs would involuntarily and forcefully exhale the water, causing him to cough it back into the mouthpiece and out through the expiration hose. After that, with any luck, the next inhalation would draw in pure air.

So Popavich inhaled the water from his mouthpiece and it sprayed into his lungs. He choked, as he knew he would, exhaling the water back out and channeling it out through his mouthpiece. Then he inhaled, waiting anxiously for the life-supporting air to flow into his tortured lungs. But there was not air to be had; he inhaled only seawater. Again, he hacked and choked while grabbing frantically for

the air hose and searching for leaks. He found plenty, for the hose had just been mounted by rats and they were puncturing it with those sharp little hard teeth. In desperation he tried to suck up some of the air which bubbled wastefully out of the punctured hose, but it was useless and his lungs only took in more water.

Popavich was drowning.

And during the remaining conscious moments of his life, he was only vaguely aware that his wetsuit was being shredded and torn from his body by the gnawing rats. He was also only vaguely aware when he proceeded to feast at his unprotected nakedness. It was all very vague, because mercifully he wasn't feeling any pain. All feeling was gradually leaving his body, as did eventually his consciousness. His life ebbed and when he finally blacked out, death claimed his soul. But not his body, for the rats laid first claim to that.

They tugged and pushed at the diver's inert form until it finally reached the surface. They were now in the alcove. The rats themselves were short on air; they had been underwater a long time; it had been a long battle. They gasped for air upon reaching the surface and rested a moment to regain their strength. Then, they floated the body over to the steps and with an extraordinary effort, shouldered it up, an inch at a time, until it remained there of its own accord.

The plastic bag popped to the surface and bobbed unnoticed by them, in the shadows.

Also unnoticed by them was a man . . . and a woman . . . in a skimpy bikini. The woman recoiled in horror and disgust at the sight of the feasting rats. It was all too much for her and she bolted for the opening that led outside to the surface of the island. The man didn't blame her. Not one bit. With a grimace, he steeled himself and pulled the bag of cocaine to him with a boat-hook. With one eye warily on the rats, he bent down and retrieved the bag.

He hadn't known the diver. It was better that way. He had been instructed merely to unleash the 12 cages of rats into the alcove pool. The rest, he was told, would take care of itself.



Ilene Silverberg MCA

I'm A Country Woman And I Know It All Too Well

I'd rather dig four-inch holes and plant sweet corn
 But am I not uprooted?
 I'd rather be an early morning little girl
 With my frock blowing in the wind
 Across the open breezy plain
 With a tin pitcher in my hand
 (For the early morning workers)
 To join them in their songs
 (Mine is a speeding song)
 Each day quicker

I'd rather be tending goats and feeding cubs
 With sixpence nipples
 On Fanta bottles
 And watch Green Lizards change colors
 There are so many animals and weeds to know
 To feel the earth cave beneath my feet
 Walk through Pangola Grass
 Provoking her essence to fill my mouth!
 But am I not alienated?

Still remember the wackled kitchen of wood and limestone
 Brown from pimento wood smoke
 And the corner bench has never lost its wax
 Flowers bloomed all year round the house,
 And upon the old silent graveyards
 And I remember the old stone steps
 I used to sit and watch the sun drop into eternity
 And the morning reaching for the trees
 Her brilliance like one thousand summers placed in one

And I remember those quiet tracts, numerous
 They lead to special places
 (The pampered forest, faithful in her watch)
 Now, they tell me someone else has shifted those tracts
 To work the land
 Am I removed?

Deta Galloway
 12/13/77



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LG. BOILED LOBSTER	Price on Request
LAZY MAN LOBSTER	Price on Request
BAKED STUFFED JUMBO SHRIMP	6.95
SHRIMP SCAMPI	6.95
BROILED SCALLOPS	4.95
BROILED BOSTON SCROD	4.95
BAKED STUFFED FILET OF SOLE	4.95

Above served with Potato or Vegetable, Salad,
Rolls & Butter

Deep Fried Seafood Specialties

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Jean Hall