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Wavelength

UMass/Boston



Volume 1

Issue 3

February 25, 1980

Jim Lonborg

From Red Sox star
to UMass student

Reorganization:

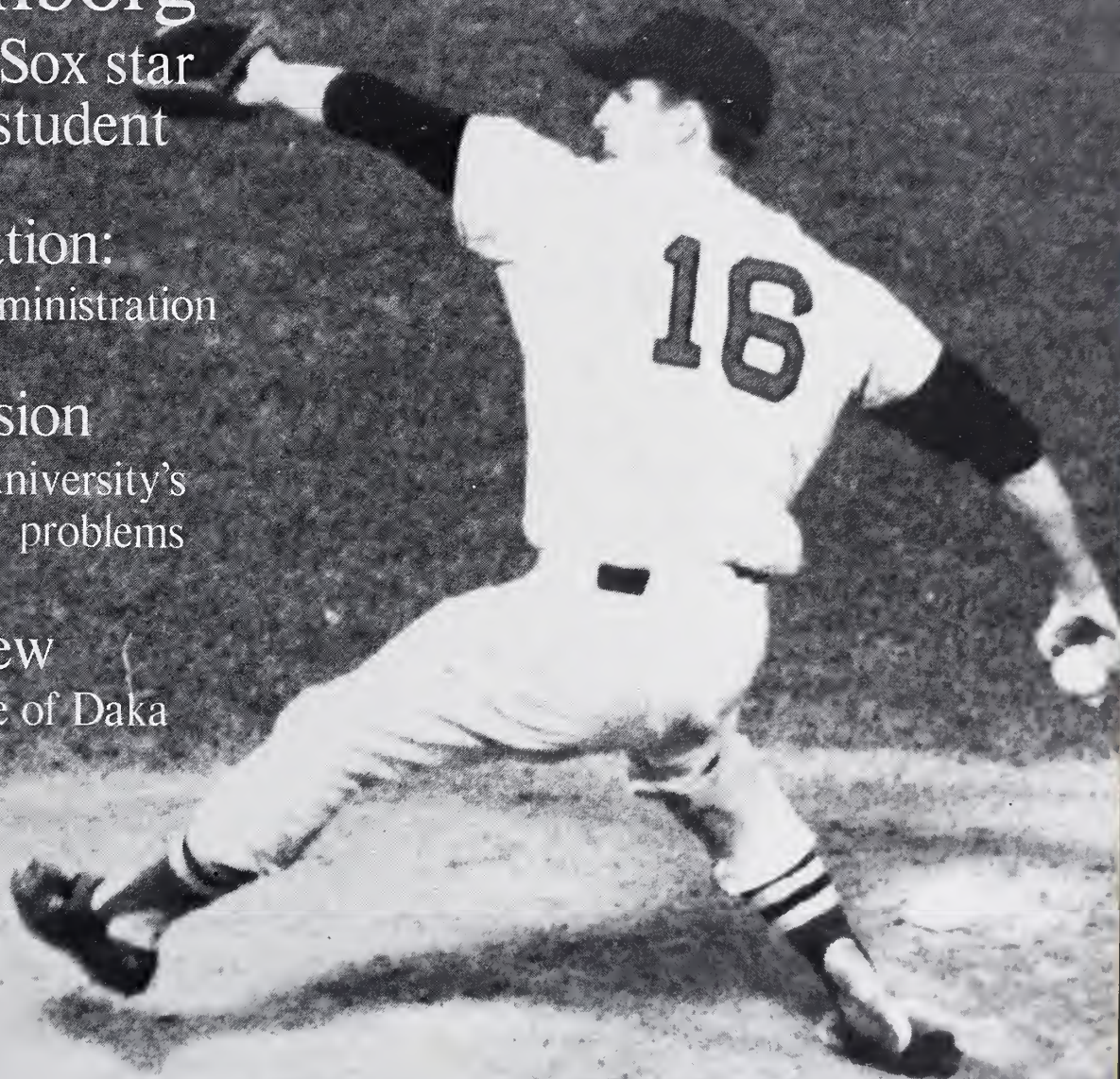
Crisis in the administration

Racial Tension

A look at the university's
legacy of racial problems

Food Review

The darker side of Daka



Plus fiction, poetry and art

**GIVE U/MASS
PROGRESSIVE STUDENT GOVERNMENT**

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- Allocating SAC Funds Fairly
- Revamping Proficiency Exam
- Stamping Out Racial Harassment
- Improving Day Care
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- No Reorganization Without Student Representation

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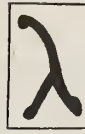


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Welcome to the third issue of *Wavelength*. We'd like to credit Greg Walker for the graphic on the outside back cover and Steven Eric Emmond for the graphic on the inside back.

Although we have expanded to forty-eight pages, we still lack the space to print all the quality material we receive. We've tried to cover a variety of subjects which reflect the diverse interests and concerns of the university community. We actively encourage feedback, as well as suggestions for future issues.

As *Wavelength* continues to grow, we will need more resources to produce the kind of quality magazine students deserve. Up until now, we have been operating on a shoestring budget, supplementing much of the cost out of personal funds. If you enjoy *Wavelength* and would like to see more issues, write to the SAC, submit material, or join us on our staff.

We are still located in Building 010/6/066, x2636.

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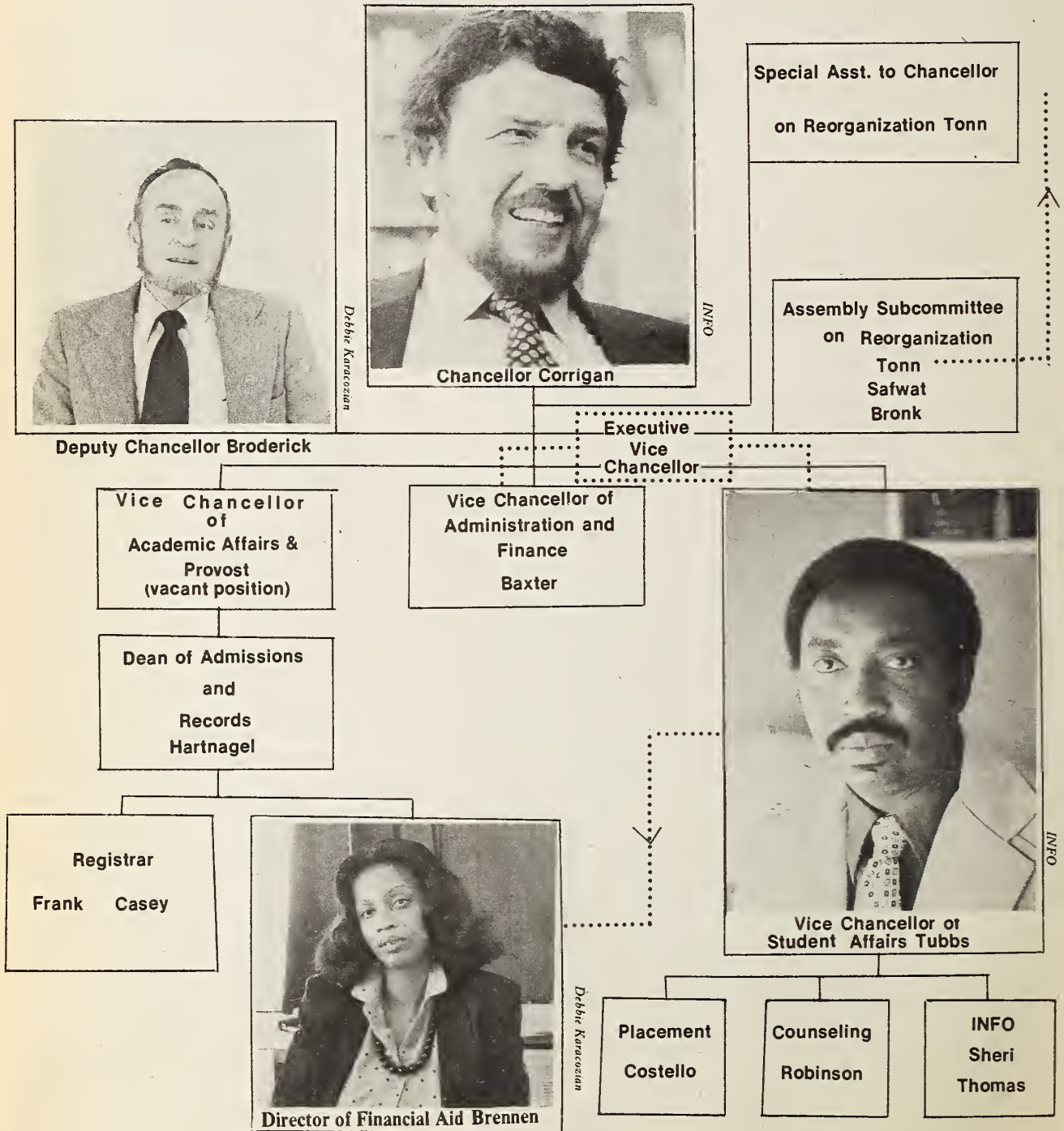
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Special Thanks: The English Department, The Point Press, The Pub and the Media Center

ADMINISTRATIVE SHAKE-UP



Musical Chairs at the Top Who's Left Standing

The usually anonymous and invisible offices on the 3rd floor of the Administration Building have been in a state of chaos since the beginning of the Spring Semester. The cause of the uproar is a skimpy document called the *Special Report of the University Assembly Planning Committee*. To understand the amazing impact of this small report one must follow a trail littered with clumsy decisions, petty power struggles, mangled egos, and profound decisions made in hasty disregard for those most intimately affected.

"Having worked with John Silber, I'd say Corrigan isn't fit to walk on the same intellectual street as Silber."

John Robinson

The controversy rages around two main issues: many feel the report was ill-advised and contains features which are in conflict with the special needs of UMass/Boston, and that Chancellor Corrigan's implementation methods are insulting to his professional staff. The axle upon which the controversy turns is the Office of Student Affairs, with Vice Chancellor of Student Affairs LeVester Tubbs at the center. As a result of the controversy, Vice Chancellor Tubbs has offered his resignation. "I have resigned," states Tubbs, "for two reasons: lack of communication between me and the chancellor, and an irresolvable difference in philosophy on what the role of Student Affairs at UMass should be."

Reorganization, on an abstract level, means a change in structure, a systemic overhaul. Reporting lines are changed; offices are moved from one area to another. But the changes never occur in the abstract. Philosophies about the nature of the organization motivate changes, and people are hurt or helped by those changes. In addition, personal politics play a major role in the kinds of changes which come about.

The tool of change is power.

The Hierarchy

When Chancellor Corrigan came to UMass eight months ago, one of the first

changes he made was to institute the Office of Deputy Chancellor, a position created from the vacant Vice Chancellor of Academic Affairs Office. He placed Academic Support Services Director James Broderick in that position. Corrigan and Broderick taught together at Bryn Mawr University several years ago.

"I consider Jim Broderick the prime mover behind the reorganization plan. He's been trying to get something like this through for a long time," asserts Tubbs.

Broderick denies this charge, stating that he sees his role as temporary until a

because the present structure does not allow the chancellor enough time to work with external reorganization plans, the legislature, and to attend to other off campus duties.

Tubbs disagrees. "It's not the chancellor's job to lobby; his job is to run the campus. That's why we have a President's Office."

One of the concerns about the executive vice chancellor position is that it will add another layer to an already top-heavy administration. "Any time there is another layer inserted into the system, no one is too happy," comments Baxter. he agrees, however, that "in context with external reorganization, the new plan makes sense."

Along with complicating the lines of authority, the additional cost of such a position is a source of concern. SAC Chairperson Lucky Dodson comments, "If he is going to spend money, spend it on the students, not on administrative staff." Tubbs estimates the new position, when secretarial staff and an assistant are added, would cost up to \$100,000.

At present, the executive vice chancellor position has a dim future. The President's Office is not in favor of it, and it seems unlikely that the Board of Trustees would approve of such a move. The chancellor has stated, however, that "the executive vice chancellor position is still theoretically possible."

What is of more concern is the moving of offices under the vice chancellors and the report's suggestion that the Affirmative Action Office no longer report to the chancellor. The Affirmative Action move has been vetoed by the chancellor, but other moves are still under consideration. The Financial Aid Office move has already been accomplished

continued on page 30



Debra Karacozian

Faud Safwat



Boston Herald American

Jim Lonborg

Recalls His Red Sox Years

by Rick Bowers and Al McNeill

Jim Lonborg's career in medicine was interrupted some years back when the tall, slender Californian left the pre-medical program at Stanford University and signed with the Boston Red Sox.

The opportunity for "instant money", and a love of baseball drew Lonborg away from the halls of academia. After proving himself to the Red Sox brass, he found himself in the starting rotation of the team's pitching staff. For the millions of Sox fans who still remember the Impossible Dream season of 1967, it's a good thing Lonborg postponed his medical

career. That year, Jim won twenty-two games, providing consistency for the young Boston pitching staff, and beating Minnesota Twins on the final day of the season to give Boston the pennant.

Today Lonborg is thirty-six. His professional career is over, and as a student at UMass, he is resuming the career he left behind so long ago.

"Since I've arrived here I've been more than pleased with the university," Jim said in a recent interview. "I had made a decision to go to dental school, and I wanted to find a school that would get me back into the flow of being a student. I

needed a place that provided the academics that would allow me to feel comfortable in a scientific background. UMass offered me both those things."

So far, Jim says he has been able to keep a fairly low profile at the university and blend into the academic life here. He's just another student, he points out, laboring over his books without any paychecks coming in. On occasion, however, the former Red Sox star's unusual past does complicate the present a bit.

"I remember sitting in one class when the professor asked us to sign our names to an attendance sheet," Jim laughs. "As I

was walking out of the room this guy looks at another guy and says 'who's that jerk who signed his name Jim Lonborg?' These kinds of things happen every once in awhile. But, you know, I just consider myself to be another student."

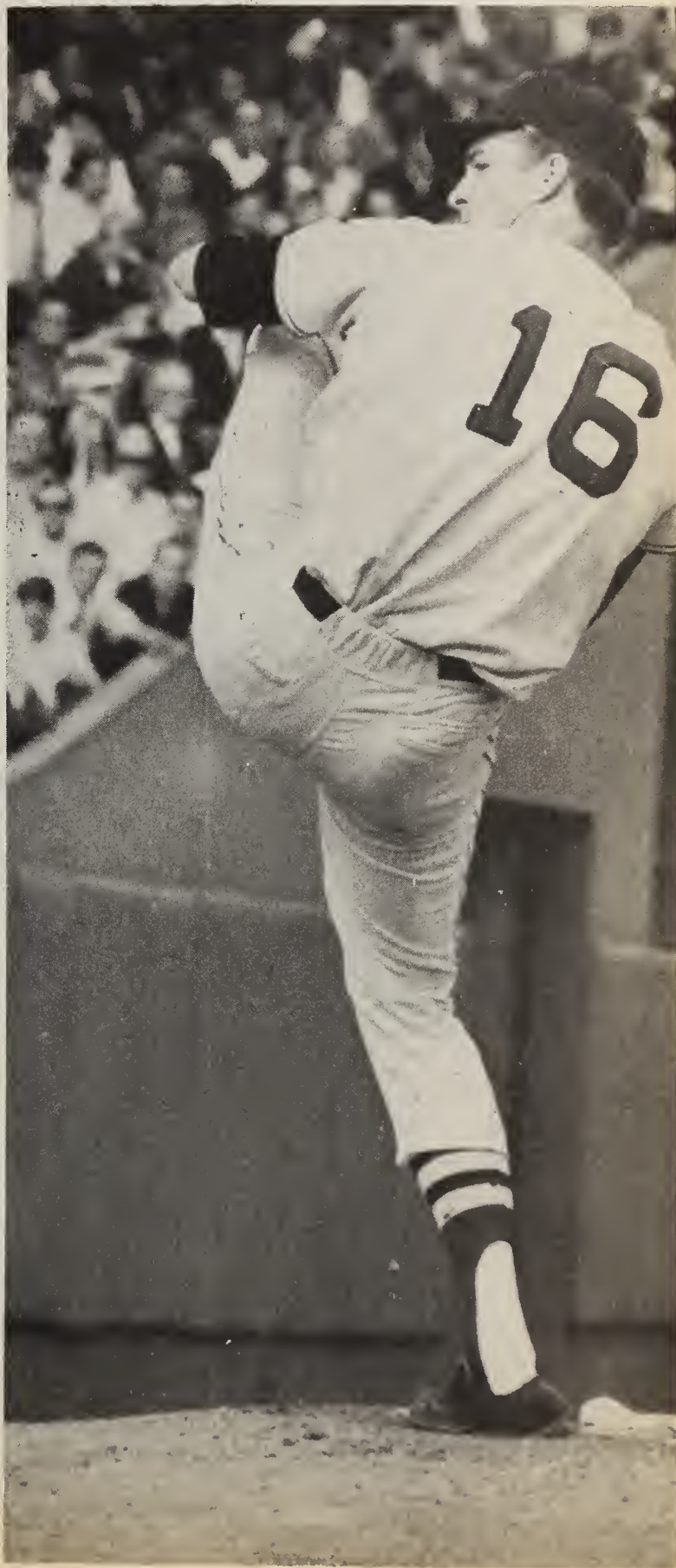
Lonborg left Stanford in the spring of 1964 for spring training with the Sox. He received his undergraduate degree in 1966, finishing off a semester's worth of credits through correspondence courses while playing. He's currently boning-up here at UMass in preparation for the classes he will begin in July at Tufts Dental School.

Lonborg compares playing with the Red Sox to being a college student. He chose UMass/Boston because he feels comfortable with our academic environment and enjoys the number of older students who attend class here.

When Lonborg recalls his old baseball days in Boston he rattles off such names as Bill Monbouquette, Rico Petrocelli, Reggie Smith and Jerry Adair. He rarely gets out to Fenway Park to see the current team in action saying he prefers to watch the games on television from his home in Scituate. With his baseball career behind him, he spends as much time as possible with his wife and five children who saw him only sporadically when he was pitching for the Sox, the Brewers, and finally the Phillies.

The biggest day of Jim Lonborg's major league career came in the final game of the 1967 season, the day the Impossible Dream was transformed into reality. It was October 1, 161 games had been played and the Red Sox found themselves desperately in need of one more victory. Boston's record was 91-70. The team they had to beat, Minnesota, had the same record, and Detroit had 90-70 mark. The Tigers were playing a double header in Chicago and needed a sweep to tie the winner of the Red Sox-Twins game. As Lonborg walked to the mound that day, he knew a victory meant, at worst, a tie with Detroit; at best, a pennant for the Sox. A loss meant The Dream was dead.

Despite the fact that the Sox had turned the early season, 100 to 1 odds, into even money, there was an air of pessimism among the Fenway faithful that day. Lonborg had never beaten the Twins, and with Dean Chance pitching, they were indeed a formidable foe. Chance had a history of giving Boston batters fits. He had allowed only six runs in the last four starts against the Sox, and with hitters like Harmen Killibrew and Tony Oliva behind him, he was awesome. In



Boston Herald American

addition, as all true Red Sox fans know, the team has a tradition of snatching defeat from the jaws of victory. Red Sox fans that day were by no means irrational.

Although Lonborg pitched masterfully, he couldn't wipe away those grimaces of doubt. The Twins scored early on a first inning double by Oliva and made it 2-0 in the third, capitalizing on an error by Yaz in left. By fifth inning, the situation was grave. Chance, who was known to get stronger as the game progressed, was safely through the early innings, and the Minnesota ace was mowing down Boston batters with relative ease. By the sixth inning, the Red Sox needed a hero. Jim Lonborg led off with what was to become one of the club's most illustrious frames.

Jim didn't let the fans down. He didn't slam one of his rare homeruns, but he did lay down a bunt, an unfieldable bunt that caught third baseman Ceasar Tovar flat-footed and brought 37,770 fans out of their seats. "Chance falls off the mound when he pitches and Tovar was playing deep," Jim said later. "Besides, the last thing they expected was a bunt."

Even the most pragmatic Sox fans will concede that Lonborg's fifty-foot roller down the third base line was the catalyst for the

team's sixth inning rally. Jim carefully edged off first, Jerry Adair laid his bat across the plate and peered intently out toward Chance. Bang — a base hit to center sending Lonborg to second and bringing up Dalton Jones. He followed Adair's act with another single but the screaming throng wouldn't be quieted. With the bases loaded and only one out, Yaz stepped to the plate and the Fenway faithful sensed that the tide had turned. The stage was set, the actors had their roles and Red Sox broadcaster, Ken Coleman, described the drama:

*Chance leans in
Right hander to the belt
He throws —*

Yastremski swings and lines a base hit into center field

*Lonborg is home
Adair is around third, he'll score
Jones is safely to third and
it's tied — two-two*

After Yaz's heroics, the Twins fell apart. They threw to wrong bases, made wild pitches, had an error in the field. By the inning's end, Dean Chance had not only left the game, but had left Fenway and was on his way back to chilly Minnesota. The Red Sox had plated five runs and now Lonborg was assigned the difficult task of stifling the powerful Twins offense. he got into trouble in the eighth when Bob Allison hit a rope into the left corner. Killbrew scored from second and Oliva was rounding third when Allison decided to test Yastremski's aim. Yaz, playing the wall cleanly in the left, planted his foot against the wall and gunned



UMass/Boston student Jim Lonborg

Stephanie Romanos

a strike to second base, nailing Allison and saving another run. It was now 5-3, and the Sox needed only three more outs.

No one in Fenway park sat down for the ninth inning. The faces that had been tinged with pessimism were now gleaming with expectation, and the more exuberant fans edged toward the railings, anxious to flood the field after the final out. Ted Ulander momentarily quelled their enthusiasm by leading off the Twins ninth with a single, but Rod Carew hit into a double play. Rich Rollins was now the batter. Jim Lonborg and the Boston Red Sox stood a single out away from clinching at least a share of the American League flag -- and nearly 40,000 people inside the park, plus thousands more outside, were ready to explode.

Ned Martin called the shot.

*Jim Lonborg is one out away from his biggest victory ever
His twenty-second of the year
His first against the Twins
The pitch is looped toward short stop
Petrocelli is back
He's got it
The Red Sox win
There's pandemonium on the field.*

When Rico Petrocelli squeezed that light fly ball off Rollin's bat and ended the game, all hell broke loose at Fenway. Fans surged onto the field in a mass of frenzied excitement. Red Sox euphoria had turned into outright madness. The throng hoisted Lonborg onto their shoulders, kids climbed the backstops,

even those who were perched on the billboard outside the park released their grips and threw their hands into the air. Shouts of "We're number one!" were everywhere. Respectable people who had left their homes nervously had been transformed into fanatics. The Impossible Dream had come true.

When Jim Lonborg signed his 1968 contract, he was asked by the Red Sox management not to ski because they feared he might injure himself on the slopes. He did not comply with their request. He continued to ski, not to spite the Sox management, but because, for Jim, skiing was one of the most exciting activities outside of baseball. "When you're skiing, you're fighting the mountain," proclaimed Jim. On a fateful day in December of 1967, the management's fears were confirmed as Jim lost the fight to the mountain.

On December 23, while making the last run down the mountain slopes of Lake Tahoe, Jim tore two ligaments in his left knee. He was immediately taken to the hospital where they placed his leg in a temporary cast. Jim was then driven to San Francisco, where he spent Christmas Eve at his parent's home. On Christmas Day, Jim was examined by Doctor Solloveif, a leading knee doctor in California, who recommended he fly

back to Boston and have his leg operated on as soon as possible. On December 26, Jim arrived in Boston and was examined by Doctor Tierney. On the following day, December 27, Tierney and his surgical team operated on Lonborg. The operation was deemed successful, and the doctors predicted Jim would be able to pitch in two months.

On February 7, the cast was removed from Lonborg's leg and his rigorous road to rehabilitation began. However, Jim was to be plagued with physical ailments and social pressures while striding down the arduous road to recovery.

Lonborg's 1968 season began badly. On March 25, Haywood Sullivan announced that Jim might be placed on the restricted list. When a player is placed on this list he is ineligible for payment. The press sensationalized this incident, claiming it was a form of punishment imposed on Jim because he failed to comply with the management's request not to ski. Reporters inferred the management was punishing Lonborg and that being placed on the restricted list amounted to no more than a fine. However, during a recent interview with Jim we asked him about this situation. He said, "They did that mainly for roster reasons. . . They weren't doing it to punish me. They weren't doing it in order to be in a position not to pay me." The final outcome was that Lonborg was not placed on the restricted list, but was sent down to the minor leagues instead; thus, enabling him to be paid, and to get into shape for the '68 season.

Jim was well ahead of his rehabilitation schedule in the Spring of 1968 when arm and shoulder problems cropped up. The basic reason for these ailments was over-anxiousness. "I tried to throw too hard, too early," explained Lonborg. Throughout the year, he was plagued with these problems and was unable to recreate the phenomenal year of 1967. The Cy Young Award winner plummeted from a 22-9 record to a dismal record well under the .500 mark.

In 1969 Lonborg went to spring training ready to prove he could re-duplicate his 1967 record. However, arm troubles again kept him from pitching the way he had in '67. "I had a lot of pressure on me after having a great year in '67. I was in a position where nobody told me to take my time, to do it this way and you'll be fine. But instead it was a matter of 'hurry up!' You have to get in shape. The club needs you," he said while reflecting back on his year of 1969. He attributes his arm troubles to being "over

anxious" and to trying to make a come back too early in response to the pressures exerted on him.

In 1970 Jim oscillated between good and bad pitching performances; between the minor and major leagues. Despite the fact that he had a record of 4-1 when he pitched for the Sox, he showed little of his Cy Young Award winning form. He spent a great deal of time in the Red Sox farm system at Louisville, where he was gearing up to make a comeback.

Lonborg started the 1971 season in the minor leagues. He had a bad spring training, showing only momentary glimpses of "the old Lonborg of '67." For the last time, the Sox management sent him to the minor leagues so he could regain his confidence and pitching ability. When they called on Jim in the latter half of the 1971 season, he was ready. He posted a 10-7 record. He had made his comeback. The three years of rehabilitation, where he had met with physical ailments, social pressures, and frustrations were behind him and he was ready once again to pitch in the Major Leagues. His team-mates and the Red Sox fans were behind him one-hundred percent.

On October 11, 1971, the Red Sox management negotiated a trade with the Milwaukee Brewers. Jim Lonborg was part of that trade. The trade sent George Scott, Ken Brett, Billy Conigliaro, Joe Lahoud, Don Paveletich, and JIM LONBORG to Milwaukee in exchange for Marty Pattin, Tommy Harper, Leu Krause, and a minor league ballplayer.

Jim's career with the Red Sox had ended.

"Lonborg's a pro who made a comeback. I didn't think we could get him; they gave him up reluctantly," said the Milwaukee Brewer's general manager. In his post-Red Sox era, Jim Lonborg proved he was a pro and he did come back; again, and again, and again.

Throughout the remainder of his Major League career, Lonborg continued to comeback. The years he spent in Milwaukee and in Philadelphia were fruitful ones. He maintained better than a .500 mark in his pitching, and at one time won eighteen games for Philadelphia. Although he never had another year like '67, he proved he was a Major League pitcher, and, above all, a professional. When he was released in June 1979 by the Philadelphia Phillies, the title of "Gentleman Jim" was still his.

A few weeks ago, Lonborg discussed his years with the Red Sox in general and the '67 season in particular. The following is a series of excerpts

ON DICK WILLIAMS

I think Dick Williams has to be one of the real strong sources of the team's success. He instilled an awful lot of talent and direction into that hodge-podge of talent that was going off in all different directions. He got the support from the front office to just come down and bang heads, and get everybody going in the right direction, which he did. He instilled into his players the importance of winning every single day, without exception, which is the way it should be. Of course, in order to do that, he made fundamental baseball a way of life for us. He would use some not-so-pleasant things to get things done. For instance, he would verbally abuse you if you constantly made stupid mistakes. I think all of us got tired of being verbally abused and just became better players.

ON 1967

Well, Carl had an excellent year, I had a very good year, and a lot of people had good contributing-type seasons. It's hard to say about the '67 season because a lot of teams had a chance to win that thing at the end. The White Sox in particular. Then we did. In that last week, on Thursday, we lost to Cleveland. That really dampened our hopes. But then, Thursday night, the White Sox had two of their pitchers blown out of the ballpark. They dropped a double-header, and all of a sudden, we were right back in it. There was an awful lot of timing that was important. We were in the right place at the right time. And then, to have the whole season climax in a final weekend series was a very unique build-up of emotion. All that time -- and the struggle came down to the very end. And in a sense, the World Series was anti-climatic because there was just so much emotion jammed into that last weekend, into our last game.

ON THE FINAL GAME

Very obviously, the last day of the season was the most exciting day of my career. It was my single most exciting game. To be able to pitch in a game for the pennant to be carried off the field on the shoulders of the fans knowing that you're going into a World Series situation, or at least you've got a shot at it. Had Detroit won, we would have faced a play-off. It was the single most exciting part of my career.

continued on page 45

Racial Tensions at UMass

by Rick Bowers

Black professors, administrators, and students at the University of Massachusetts at Boston are expressing concern about the school's racial climate, and, in some cases, anger over the policy decisions that are affecting it. The surprisingly low percentage of tenured blacks on the faculty, the racial differences between factions of the student government, and a controversial plan to reorganize the administration have influential members of the UMass/Boston minority community questioning the direction in which the university is moving.

"I don't think there's any doubt that the university is moving in the wrong direction regarding race relations," says Sociology Professor James Blackwell. "The more and more we create situations where we don't want blacks in leadership positions on this campus, the more and more that smacks of racism in its rawest form."

Blackwell is not alone in his criticisms of the UMass/Boston racial situation. Affirmative Action Officer Robert Johnson claims that the university is guilty of "institutionalized discrimination." Members of the Black Faculty Caucus have characterized the university's commitment to hiring black faculty members as "half-hearted." And Vice Chancellor of Student Affairs, LeVester Tubbs, who's recent resignation announcement stunned the UMass community, claims that a plan to reorganize the administration has "serious racial overtones" and is "insensitive to blacks."

"When I arrived at UMass/Boston in 1972, blacks on campus were a greater number than they are today on a percentage basis," says Tubbs. "The black faculty was actually more involved in determining the academic mission of the institution and really concerned with what was happening. There was more black awareness on the part of the student population. I think in recent years that's disappeared. I'm not criticizing the black faculty and staff for not being active, it's because we've lost so many leaders.

Interview with

James Blackwell

Professor Blackwell is an influential member of UMass/Boston's Black Faculty Caucus and has been a faculty member here for over ten years.

Wavelength: As a sociologist, how would you define racial tension?

Blackwell: Racial tension, in sociological terms, refers to the anxieties and stresses and weaknesses in interactions between persons of different racial groups. This may be lodged in the feelings of hostility people have, purely on the basis of race.

Wavelength: Would you say that racial tension manifests itself here at UMass/Boston in any particular way?

Blackwell: Of course, it certainly does in a variety of ways... I think the manifestations can be both overt and covert. They may be in terms of the subtle things people do to each other at the department level, at the office level. It may be manifested in the lack of interaction between them, based purely upon their discomfort in interacting with a person of another race. It may be based on their isolation from each other, and it may even be manifested in their overt behavior toward each other. That is, sometimes people do say and do racist things... it happens. It's real, but I think we are guilty of intellectualizing patterns of behavior and not confronting these things head on.

The tremors shaking UMass/Boston's racial landscape are also catapulting it into the local media. Channel 7's "Black News" recently completed a three-part series on racial tensions at UMass/Boston. According to a member of Channel 7's staff, the "station was virtually bombarded with calls" about racial problems at the university. The inquiry concluded that the minority hiring record at Boston's only urban state university was dismal: nine departments have never had any full-time black faculty

Wavelength: You've been on the UMass/Boston faculty for ten years now. How has the racial climate changed here?

Blackwell: I think in the early part of this decade there was a tendency for people to reach out and understand each other and to try and establish significant working relationships with each other. There was a difference in the hiring patterns than you find today, I think that's where you get a lot of the problems today. The hiring problems, the tenure problems... bring to fore perceptions and manifestations of racism.

In the first part of this decade, we had a commitment from the top that permeated the entire structural fabric of the administration and the faculty. They tried to hire people who were representative of the Boston community so we could have a diverse faculty, a diverse student body, a diverse administration; racially, and ethnically. I don't believe we have had that same commitment, that same fervor since 1974. The data clearly shows that we had in excess of fifty full and part-time black faculty members. That has been cut by fifty percent.

Wavelength: What about the argument that many of these faculty members left for better jobs on their own volition?

Blackwell: There are those who argue this, as our chancellor has, and that may very well be the case, but it is only a partial truth because it does not get at the situations within those particular academic departments that made it easy for these persons to accept those other jobs. If a person is told, not time and time again, but even once, "the real

members. This particular problem is epitomized by the English Department which has no black faculty members among the department's ninety-six teachers.

Institutionalized discrimination, racial tension, racial overtones -- in some ways these terms defy proof and clear definitions. But a number of recent interviews indicate that there are common threads woven through the perceptions of many influential blacks at UMass/Boston. Among them are the

Pushing Blacks to the Limit

reason you were hired is because you are black," and the person who is saying this dismisses all of the high standards and qualities that person has, by any objective measures, then that person is going to quit, naturally, and is going to interpret that kind of a remark as a very racist comment. I have been told that these kinds of things have been told to black faculty and administrators at this campus. In instances like this, there is reason to question the motivations, and sometimes the motivations lead to semblances of racism.

Wavelength: Is the university moving backwards in regards to race relations?

Blackwell: Very definitely so. I think it is one thing to put out a number of pronouncements, and quite another to translate them into action. There is no mistake that the chancellor has articulated his personal commitment to affirmative action in any number of ways. The problem concerns transforming the rhetoric into manifest action. Where there is no evidence of this, people feel it may be no more than lip service. I think, with regard to faculty and staff, it is necessary for this university to do more than pay lip service to the idea of hiring more minorities and it is *absurd* to say that we cannot find minorities equally as competent, if not more competent than white faculty members and white administrators on this campus. That's ridiculous to say.

Wavelength: In a conversation I had with the chancellor today, he said the university had failed in finding "tenurable blacks." Do you think this is a real problem?

Blackwell: Well, my answer to that would be, if other universities can find them, why can't we? What is it about the nature of this university that would make tenurable blacks say, "I don't want to come to the University of Massachusetts at Boston?" If they do come, they sense here something existing on this campus which makes them feel "this is not the place for me". We have to do a great deal of introspection and examination about ourselves — in terms of our intent, the signals we communicate to people, subtle cues we give to people which tell them "we are going through the motions, but we don't intend to hire you at all." Or do we communicate to them a sense of genuineness? If we do feel that you're the person for us, we will hire you, as opposed to going through some ineffectual kinds of motion . . . Look, since 1970, this society has trained more than triple the number of blacks alone with PhD's, and other universities are hiring them. They're reaching out. They're making an honest and genuine effort to go out and find those persons. Why can't we?

Wavelength: Do you think the university is doing enough to attract and keep minority students here?

Blackwell: From all I can see, I don't think the university really is. We get some contradictory statistics about the number of minority students on this campus, depending on what comes through one office compared with what comes through another office. The proportion of minority students on this campus ought to be significantly higher

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issues of tenure for black faculty members, UMass/Boston's "lukewarm" commitment to affirmative action, and the reorganization plan that led to the resignation of the most senior black administrator at the university.

On January 18, Vice Chancellor of Student Affairs LeVester Tubbs was informed by Chancellor Robert Corrigan of a plan to reorganize the university's administrative structure. A portion of the plan, which moves the Financial Aid Office from Tubbs' authority in Student Affairs to the jurisdiction of the Admissions

Office, has already been implemented. If fully implemented, the plan will move Tubbs down one level in the administrative hierarchy and will move several offices presently under his jurisdiction to other areas of the hierarchy. The university's highest ranking black administrator claims that the proposal has "racial overtones" and is "insensitive to blacks on campus."

"I refer to racial overtones largely because I've been circumvented," Tubbs says of the reorganization plan. "To me, as a person in charge of responsibilities,

people ought to at least talk to you and deal with you as they relate to those responsibilities. But when you're circumvented, and you're a minority in a situation, and when things you're working for have been totally destroyed -- and you've had nothing to do with it -- well, I can't help but feel racial overtones."

Tubbs also says that weakening the Office of Student Affairs will adversely affect black students on campus. As the highest ranking black administrator, he has been active in pre-freshman programs geared at helping students overcome the shortcomings of the urban educational system. He has been active in recruiting and enrolling minority students, and he has worked closely with black cultural groups on campus in planning lectures and events that relate to black students.

"I made it very clear that I can't be just a black vice chancellor," he emphasizes, "I have to be in a position to deal with all students at this institution ... on the other hand I also have to be a role model, an image, an advisor and counselor for the black students."

Another racial overtone that Tubbs sees in the reorganization plan is in its effect of distributing minority personnel from his office to other offices in the administration. Currently, there are ten minority personnel in Student Affairs. Chancellor Robert Corrigan strongly denies that the intent of reorganization is to "spread out" minorities among the administration. A recent draft of an administration report called "The Mid-Fiscal Year Report to the Board of Trustees", however, strongly implies that the university should be doing just that.

"Statistically speaking, there is no major shortage of minorities in professional staff positions," the report states. "Nevertheless, the concern on the part of the campus is that minority appointments be spread over a broader range of support programs within the campus and not be concentrated in one or two areas."

"He said something very stupid in his mid-year report to the trustees," claims John Robinson, Director of the UMass/Boston Counseling Center. "He said we have enough minorities on cam-

pus but we need to 'redistribute' them. I mean, he may think that but to have the nerve to put it in writing! ...You're damn right it was deleted. He wouldn't have got off this campus alive without deleting it."

On February 7, Tubbs announced his intention to leave the university. Angry over Corrigan's decision to move the Financial Aid Office from his jurisdiction, Tubbs says there is a philosophical difference between his and Corrigan's view of how Student Affairs should function. Corrigan acknowledges the difference, saying that the office should be a student-service oriented department. Tubbs believes his office should provide advocacy and aid to students as well as services.

For Tubbs, the reorganization plan represents a significant depletion of power. In addition, he views his "communication problems" with Corrigan as an indication that the current administration has no intention of dealing with him. When discussing whether he could live with the implementation of the plan, Tubbs said that he had "never been a puppet" and "didn't plan to be anyone's showcase nigger."



Affirmative Action Officer Robert Johnson

university's racial history, saying that his office has never had the support it needs to deal effectively with Affirmative Action programs.

"When I first came here, I gave the administration a proposal on how I thought the Affirmative Action Office should

Johnson also points to the new reorganization plan as an example of how Affirmative Action considerations are not taken seriously when campus policies are being formulated. Had he been informed of the plan when it was being drafted, he says, he could have pointed out the problems it created for some blacks on campus.

"Affirmative Action must be a consideration at every level of decision," he claims. "That's not happening. Affirmative Action is placed on a back burner. They don't see fit to involve the Affirmative Action Officer in high-level policies."

One of Johnson's strongest criticisms of reorganization concerns its symbolic significance for blacks on campus. "The demotion of Vice Chancellor Tubbs -- the most senior black administrator at the university -- only reinforces in many people's minds the idea that the university is not responsive to the minority community," says Johnson.

Tenure is another area where Johnson has found it difficult to turn his recommendations into reality. He claims that Affirmative Action considerations should be weighed in all stages of the tenure process. University policy, however is to weight such considerations only after a tenure candidate has met other criteria. Johnson has had little success in convincing the administration that increasing the number of minority faculty members should be one of many considerations in the initial tenure review.

Dean Michael Riccard's record of
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"Affirmative Action is placed on a back burner. They don't see fit to involve the Affirmative Action Officer in high level policy,"

Robert Johnson

"One of the things that concerns me is that this issue is basically on the structures of the campus, but keeps on getting turned into a black-white issue," says Corrigan. "Tubbs happens to be black...I think it will be unfortunate if the issue continues to be addressed in racial rather than structural terms."

Affirmative Action

The Office of Affirmative Action was created in an attempt to help cure UMass/Boston's racial ills. However, Affirmative Action Officer Robert Johnson is skeptical about the role his office can play in increasing the number of black faculty members, in assisting black professors embroiled in controversial tenure disputes, and in overseeing student enrollment. Johnson is also critical of the

operate and the kind of staff it needed," he says. "I have not received any positive responses, even from the chancellor. Affirmative Action is not a priority at most institutions; people don't really care about it."

Since his hiring a year ago, Johnson has stated a number of times that his office needs more personnel if it is to be effective. At this time a proposal from Johnson to the chancellor is sitting on Corrigan's desk requesting one additional full-time staff member. According to Johnson, the added staff member would free him up to work in areas such as student enrollment, which are presently being neglected because of understaffing. Nonetheless, Johnson and his secretary remain the only members of the UMass/Boston's Affirmative Action Office.

A Case in Point:

The Tenure Trials of Dr. Jefferson Cleveland

The tenure case of Dr. Jefferson Cleveland is the latest entry into UMass/Boston's embarrassingly bad record of not holding on to black faculty. Dr. Cleveland, one of the most popular professors at the university, is the only black faculty member in the Music Department. He has taught full-time at UMass since 1973 but, when his contract expires in August, 1980, he will be out of a job, and UMass will be left with a Music Department comprised entirely of white males.

Cleveland's tenure case has been fraught with bureaucratic errors and im-procedures from the very beginning. In late October of 1978, Cleveland was told by Department Chairman John Huggler that the deadline for submission of his tenure dossier to Dean Riccards was December 10. On November 15, Cleveland was informed that the actual date for submission was November 10. Cleveland worked from that Wednesday evening until 3:30 a.m. Saturday attempting to put together a respectable dossier. At 5:30 a.m., he woke to a phone call from a detective in Euclid, Ohio informing him of the murders of a younger brother and sister. Cleveland left immediately for Ohio and went from there to Georgia where the deceased were interred. He returned on December 4 to find that the dean had not stopped the tenure process and that evaluations from the Music Department had been sub-

mitted during his absence -- a violation of the tenure procedure. Cleveland requested an extension over the Christmas vacation to finish compiling the tenure dossier but was refused by the dean. He was told that December 11 was the final date. The dossier Cleveland submitted on the 11th was, he felt, "incomplete."

The dossier went to the Collegiate Personnel Committee for evaluation. The final vote was 3 for granting tenure, 3 against, and one abstention. The reasons for this non-vote were based on the committee's inability to decide if Cleveland's outside activities were service or professional activities. Also, the committee felt Cleveland's department had not made a strong enough case for the granting of tenure. Cleveland feels this sentiment hinged upon a particularly weak letter of recommendation written by John Huggler.

However, one committee member said Cleveland should be awarded tenure on the strength of his community involvement alone. Cleveland has done volunteer work for Lena Park, NAACP,

SNAP, the Urban League, and he tapes at least two religious TV shows for Channel 7 every Sunday. Cleveland also received a unanimous vote for tenure from his department. One of his major submissions for the category of scholarly activity was his authorship of a new United Methodist hymnbook. The new hymnbook is being distributed throughout the U.S., Canada, Australia, and parts of Africa to the over 10 million United Methodists.

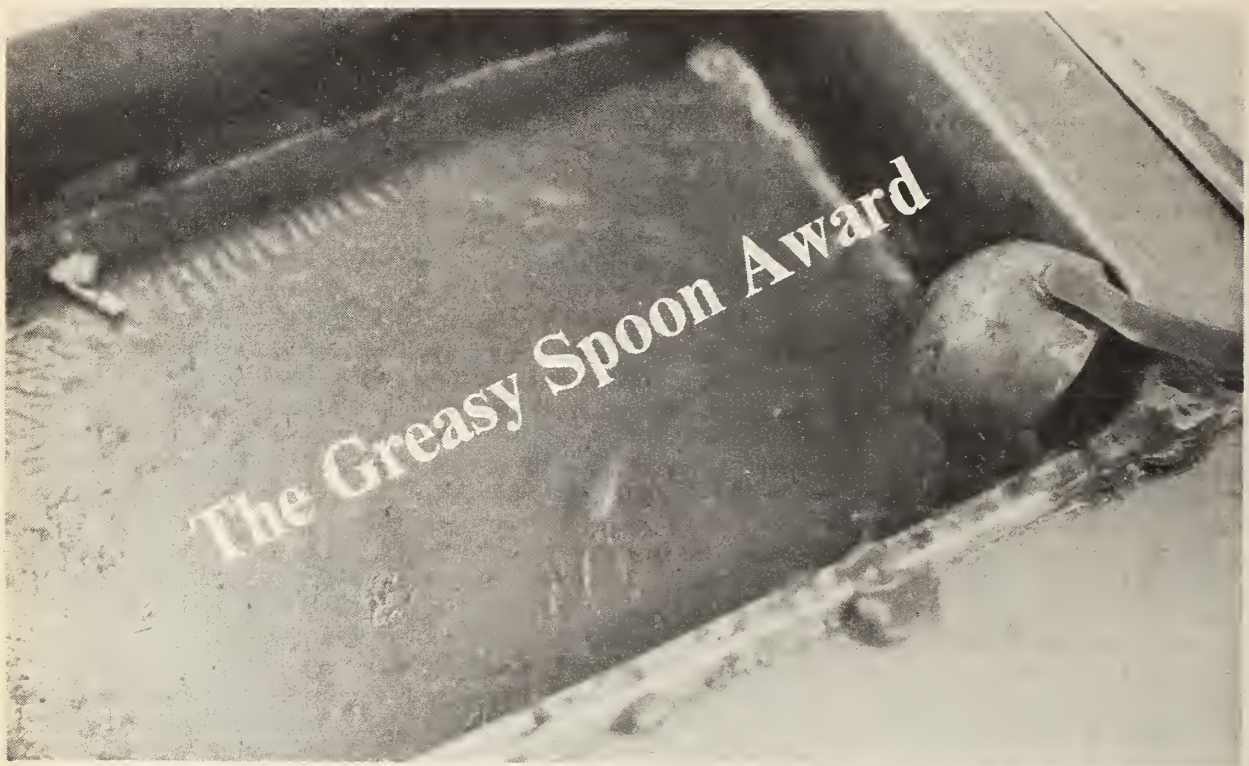
Cleveland feels, "One of the crucial issues is that they do not know how to evaluate my work, and they have not sought a means to evaluate it nor have they contacted me for suggestions. One colleague referred to this work (the hymnbook) as a 'cultural artifact.' It is not an artifact. It is a piece of legitimate research and it is derogatory to call it an artifact. The hymnbook is not intended for a small segment of people. It has been written for all denominations."

The dean evaluated Cleveland's case and turned it down. Cleveland recalls, "The dean requested student evaluations. The amount of evaluations that were available did not reflect the amount of students I had taught or the number of courses I had taught, and because of that he decided he would give me less than excellence in teaching and I have gotten excellence in teaching all along." Cleveland claims part of his student evaluation file was lost by the department and that some letters were removed by John Huggler because they were unfavorable to the Music Department as a whole. "In essence, they said that I was the best teacher in the department. One student said that if it were not for me it would be simply demoralizing to be a music major. Another student said she had taken theory with two other professors here at the university and had heard so much about me that she audited my theory class. She said she was so glad she had taken my class because the range of material I gave out and the way I taught the class far superseded any of the



Jefferson Cleveland is one of the blacks denied tenure by the university

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Debbie Karozian

By D. Neal and R. Powers

In the beginning there was *Haute Cuisine*, then Joe and Nemo's, and on the day of rest, while someone was sleeping, (and all the other eateries were closed) DAKA was created. If you know about Rosemary's Baby then you'll understand when we say this was Julia's Child. This year, to the surprise of no one, the many quaint bistros located on our campus have been among the top contenders for the International Greasy Spoon Award.

Our campus was recently graced with two world famous chefs, the queen of American cookery, Betsy Crooked, and the renowned French chef, Pierre La Puque. The following interview shall leave no doubt concerning the outstanding qualities that make our cafeterias so well suited to win the award.

Wavelength: Why are the UMass/Boston cafeterias in the running for this infamous award?

Crooked: By foot and mouth, oh excuse me, word of mouth, news has spread through the Boston area that the food here is out of this world.

La Puque: More specifically, my dear, from another planet. We felt that as such, we should investigate some of the more renowned entrees.

Wavelength: What are some of the better known dishes?

La Puque: Each cafeteria has a distinctive style . . .

Crooked: And odor.

La Puque: Ah, *oui*, the magnificent fragrance of the hamburgers frying in your 010 — *Par Excellent!*

Crooked: No, no my dear, it is the hot dogs.

La Puque: *Mon Chere*, the combination of the two is a symphony to the nose. Pure magic.

Crooked: We also found delightful the arrangement of the condiments and the abundance of insect life. Amazing!

Wavelength: What is it about the hamburgers that is so outstanding?

La Puque: The *versatilite*, but of course.

Wavelength: Versatility?

Crooked: Yes. They can either be consumed, or for variety they are also excellent pucks for hockey. There are rumors that several players of hockey swear by them as the best of the best as far as pucks are concerned.

La Puque: *Mais Oui* and the cheeseburgers make les frisbees magnifique. And the price — beyond compare.

Wavelength: What other foods have you enjoyed in the 010 cafeteria?

Crooked: I have found, and I believe that Pierre will agree, that the salad bar is beyond reproach.

La Puque: But of course.

Crooked: The scheme is magnificent, the yellows of the lettuce, the greens of the tomatoes, beautiful, simply beautiful. Where else can you create a masterpiece for only 12 cents an ounce?

La Puque: And *mon chere*, we must not forget the dressings, coagulating so superbly.

Crooked: And speaking of coagulation, the gravys that surround some of the main dishes they are memorable. Really quite unlike anything I have yet seen in this competition.

Wavelength: Is atmosphere also judged in the competition?

La Puque: *Oui*, and what 010 may lack in cuisine it more than compensated for in atmosphere.

Crooked: Oh the lovely view of the gas tanks is marred only by the blinding afternoon sun on the harbor. Of course, for a quieter aquatic scene there is always the pool. So interesting to watch belly flops with brunch.

La Puque: But the dining room's hours are one of its best features. Imagine closing at 3:00 (I believe they start the process of closing much earlier) when, as

I understand it, your so called "free period" begins at 2:30. The arrangement is excellent from our point of view.

Wavelength: How do you both feel about the other eating facilities that are offered?

Crocked: Well, as we moved across the campus we anticipated similar high standards. We were not disappointed.

La Puque: The cafeteria in your building 020, although apparently not as spacious as 010, has a distinctive flavor of its own. The sailboat salad bar and the abundance of cash registers surpasses the 010 experience. Again the display of the condiments, the relish, the ketchup, the mustard, are even more unbelievable than 010.

Crocked: I love the way the cream pitchers form delicate ring patterns on the table top. The fare here is consistent with the quality of the 010 cafeteria. However, the atmosphere in this building should be ranked higher. There's something about the traffic on Morrissey Boulevard on the one hand, and the stimulation of the Science Building on the other that even the pool of 010 cannot contend with.

La Puque: I was especially impressed with the method of tray and dish disposal. American technology is wonderful.

Crocked: But Pierre, you're jumping ahead much too fast. We have neglected the wonderful soups.

La Puque: You are absolutely correct. There is something exquisite about their chicken noodle soup. I believe it has to do with the absence of chicken and noodles.

Crocked: I was impressed with what was called a ham salad sandwich. It had the delightful consistency and flavor of a cur's regurgitation.

La Puque: You are quite correct. It was among my favorites. The desserts make an excellent final touch.

Crocked: You're right. Crusty jello and scummy pudding, especially when embellished with non-dairy, non-whipped, toppings and crowned with five day old marachino cherry is my idea of an A No. 1 finale to a greasy spoon meal.

Wavelength: Was there anything else that caught your attention on campus?

La Puque and Crocked: Yes. Yes.

Crocked: Although the management of the administration cafeteria might not be the same as 010 and 020, the quality level remains the same.

La Puque: I agree. Although *petite* the gusto with which the nutrients are served is consistent with that of its sibling cafeterias.

Crocked: Unfortunately the coffee is not



"This is just not greasy spoon material." Betsy Crocked

of the same high quality. A spoon does not stand on its own in it.

La Puque: However, the single file arrangement of food acquisition compares much more favorably than the open spaces of 010 and 020.

Crocked: Yes. The close quarters of this cafeteria offer the unique opportunity of sampling your neighbor's meal without straining your back.

La Puque: Ah — and I was *amoured* with the terrace that provides a view of nothing and goes nowhere. A wonderful visual feast of bricks. But Betsy, I know you had strong feelings about the early morning repast.

Crocked: I was both amazed and disappointed in their vast breakfast menu but one can only hope that they improve with time. Their pre-wrapped sandwiches and Greek salads show that they are earnestly headed in the right direction.

La Puque: As far as we are concerned, these three cafeterias do meet the high

standards of the Greasy Spoon Award and if not this year, then next they should win this honor.

Wavelength: But what about the remaining food services? More specifically, Earth Foods and the Faculty Lounge.

Crocked: My dears, these were not even considered in the running.

La Puque: Unfortunately they have no place in our competition.

Wavelength: But why?

La Puque: Earth Foods for instance has a limited menu that needs beefing up. And the atmosphere is just not right. Far too, how do you say, pleasant. Also they lack something but I cannot quite place it.

Crocked: It is the preservatives and chemicals my dear.

La Puque: Ah yes. It is the snap, the zest of additives that they have not quite captured.

Crocked: They are far too mellow for the award.

La Puque: And they provide table-cloths. Checkered no less! But their satellite sandwich and soup stand could create a place in our hearts if only they would replace the bland with some hearty grease.

Crocked: And as for the Faculty Lounge, what can I say? They have a wine list, unlimited portions, and an eleventh story view of Boston. This is just not Greasy Spoon material. There is something not quite right about busboys in white jackets. And the color co-ordinated napkins and table cloths were just a tad too pretentious. The bookish atmosphere is a bit constrained, yet watching the comings and goings of jets from the airport does create an interesting alternative to intellectual conversation. It is an atmosphere that is just too restrained, too confining — not unlike some of the

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"The yellows of the lettuce, the greens of the tomatoes, beautiful, simply beautiful." Betsy Crocked



Billy

A Short Story

by

Maris Nichols

It's funny how you read all those stories about first love and always so innocent and soft. All flowers and baby powder and stolen kisses. Well, Billy had a full-grown beard when I him, heavy, curly, and some kind of red like a wild fox. I guess you could say our affair was nothing if it wasn't dirty and funky as that old run-down store.

We didn't have a shower there. I used to swim in the pool at school just to take a shower afterwards. Had to rip off a bathing suit too and the ugly pea-green thing didn't even fit. That place we lived in was just a big room, shaped like a rectangle with skinny useless windows way too high to see anything out of. Right in the middle was this greasy wood display case with a glass front. You could tell they used it in the old store for displaying stuff -- candy bars, band-aids, shaving cremes, toothpaste, ace-bandages.

One side had these long shelves that went all the way up to the ceiling and there was this crapped-up black linoleum, kind of blotchy and caked with crud. On the other side was an old soda fountain, built-in, with the square aluminum holes for the sauces. They had hot fudge, butterscotch, and strawberry. Some of them still had labelled lids, that's how I know, and even ladles sticking out of the holes.

Way up front, near the door, was Billy's old second-hand baby grand. It was was out of tune really bad. All over the top of it were these round rings from his glasses of Jim Beam he'd put there when he was playing and a lot of cigarette burns from when people couldn't find an ashtray so they'd leave the cigarette lying over the edge, but it would burn down, you know, and make a little black dent.

You couldn't move a damn thing in that place. The soda fountain wouldn't budge from the wall, the case weighed about a hundred tons. I think that crappy linoleum was glued down with industrial cement, that kind you see on T.V. where it holds steel beams together.

I'm telling you all this stuff because I know this doesn't sound like much of a place for first love, if you know what I mean, but I swear, making love with him was always good and I mean always. I saw him after that one time in a bar somewhere and we left right away and got it on in the front seat of his old truck and he kept on saying "Oh mama, I miss ya so bad - why dont'cha come back. And even though the seat was all torn up and the stuffing was coming out and there was a bunch of greasy rags and oil cans and stuff in there, it was still the best. I bet it'd still be good today. I can tell you, no man ever made me feel so good. He knew just how to move, but he never made me feel like he was trying, you know, to make me feel good. Even now sometimes I think, when I'm blue over some man I got a thing for who doesn't even notice me, I'm gonna go back there and find that Billy -- never met a man could move so smooth.

But he was a drinker. I knew that first night I met him cuz we sat up all night drinking Jim Beam. I liked to drink all right myself, but he'd get kind of crazy -- not violent or anything -- but he'd cry. And sometimes I'd get mad and say "I don't wanna be your mother, I wanna be your lover." (Because his mother, see, she just kind of took off when he was twelve.) But he'd always end up getting me going again, no matter how drunk he was, and that's another way he was different from a lot of men I know.

It was funny how we met. I was out in the bars listening to music and I brushed my hair real good that night so it was full of electricity and shiny as a polished tea kettle. I knew I looked good too, cuz the men were checking me out and a couple kept

asking me to dance, but I was getting kind of bored. I didn't feel like dancing because it was too crowded and the music was crummy. So when that band went on break and the guy came out and said there was gonna be a back-up band I figured I might as well just leave because they're probably gonna be worse than the other band.

Well, I was just about to leave too when I heard that voice. Thick and smooth like whiskey, but with a rough-edge grit underneath. I never heard anything like it before, except maybe on records. I guess it was about the sexiest voice I ever heard, kind of like a cross between a black man's voice and a white man's voice -- you know the kind I mean, warm and low-down dirty, not flat but drawn-out, long, the kind of voice full of the bad-love blues that makes you want to love that man right for one time in his life.

I started picking my way back down to a hole in the crowd so I could see where that voice was coming from. Now he wasn't some big guy with a lot of muscles, just kind of skinny with long legs. His face was half-hid in the shadows and his eyes were closed, but when he put his head back, the light made shadows on his cheeks and his eye sockets looked like little caves. His beard flashed under the lights in the bar, giving off its own little sparks of gold electricity.

Well I stood there listening to that voice til the first band came back on and then he walked right over to me -- put down his guitar and walked straight through that bar like I was the only one there and said "A woman like you gotta have a man somewhere in this crowd. Why dont'cha point him out to me so I can let him know ya just found somebody new."

Now, I like men to be a little forceful, but I'll tell you, this was something else.

It wasn't til later I figured out Billy was kind of blown up with words. He thought he was some kind of poet. See, he wrote all the lyrics for the band. But that toughness was just like the shell of a turtle because if you knew him like I did, you'd get to see that quivering stuff like jelly inside that was so much smaller and softer than what was on the outside. Like when you see what a turtle's like, really, inside, you can understand what it needs a shell for.

He was crazy all right, that Billy. I never seen a man could burn and laugh so loud at once, or be so tough but call his woman "mama". I never seen a man could see sick humour in everything. I guess it was all part of his shell, if he couldn't make himself laugh, I think he would've cried all the time.

What a voice though. I'll never forget it. He was some singer. That voice was low and rich, filled with dirty thoughts even when he was singing the most straight-forward type song. He talked like he was always writing the words for a rock and roll song -- dirty and rhythmic and low and leaving off a lot of words you're supposed to have.

His hands on the guitar were kind of small for a guy's, almost delicate. But the way he handled that guitar, you'd think he was about seven feet tall. His eyebrows would come down low over his eyes when he wasn't singing, just playing, and he'd seem like he was somewhere else where you couldn't go. See, it was all this emotion I felt behind his voice, I saw it in his hands too, that made me want to love him. I wanted to love a man who'd be happy for love, and that Billy looked like he'd been without it for a long, long time.

But I'm getting ahead of myself here. I meant to explain sort of how I ended up living there in the store when I was only seventeen.

See, my mother called him a lousy good-for-nothing kid from the wrong side of the tracks, you know, besides thinking

he was too old for me, just because he never finished high school.

That's howcome I ended up living in that old store.

I told my mother to go to hell and then I started shoving a bunch of stuff into bags and boxes; whatever I could find.

I suppose I don't need to tell you my mother, being Catholic, doesn't believe in premarital sex and when she found out me and Billy were doing it, she got real upset and said later I'd never find a man who'd marry me and I certainly didn't intend to marry him, did I? And my father came in during all this and said, "You think I want everyone to know my daughter's shackled up with some shiftless good-for-nothing?"

Now, I'm not much for swearing usually, but that time I said, "Well, I'm gonna shack up with him because I love him and you don't need to go making it into some vulgar goddam thing. I don't give a fuck for getting married and I probably never will and I don't give a goddam if I don't."

Well, my father turned a kind of grey-looking color. He looked real bad, like he wanted to hit me, but my mother said, "Let her be. She's just upset, she doesn't know what she's saying." And that made me real mad, cuz I knew exactly what I was saying and I meant every word of it.

"No way I'm getting married to anyone when I'm only seventeen. and as far as kids go, I'm not in any hurry to go wreck my figure just to have some brat puking all over my shoulder."

Then I just walked out.

But the funny thing was, let's see if I can explain this. See Billy, deep down, I guess he wanted something like what my parents had, a bunch of kids, a big old farmhouse, kind of a permanent home. So pretty soon he was pestering me to get married. He used to sing this line from a song -- "I wanna have a dozen children mama and I want em all to look just like me."

But right from the start I said, "No way I'm getting married to anyone when I'm only seventeen, and as far as kids go, I'm not in any hurry to go wreck my figure just to have some brat puking all over my shoulder." See, I had a lot of kids in my family, and ever since I was seven years old I was changing them, and burping them and giving them their bottles. I had enough of that for awhile and I wanted to do some other stuff--go to New York City, go anywhere, see the world all over, and Billy, he just wanted to stay in that hick town all his life. He hated cities so bad.

So it was kinda funny, you know, like leaving home to get away from all that stuff and living in that run-down store, and Billy always wailing rock and roll or banging on that old piano but wanting really to get married and settle down. I just kept saying, "You know I'm not the motherly type."

But man, I loved loving him. He made me feel like the sexiest woman in the whole world. Sometimes my girlfriends tell me about how some man told them they were fat, or always pointed out some flaw in their figure, you know, like

A Student Guide to University Governance

by Monica Hileman

"An hour on the subway in, and an hour on the subway out; four courses every semester, and a couple of times five. I worked part-time all the way through one job. I worked thirty hours a week. To study, have some time to spend with my wife — I didn't have time to go digging around for what was happening on campus. But if things were more visible, more accessible, well, then I might have been more inclined to do something." - UMass student, Class of '80

There are two views usually expressed regarding the lack of student participation in university activities and governance bodies. One is apathy -- students do not care. The other view expresses the "Unique UMass Experience," generally described in terms of alienation, lack of continuity, and confusion.

There are many reasons students do not become involved with organizations supposedly representing their interests: lack of time, lack of information about the organizations, and a feeling that either student input is ignored or the organizations are already controlled by those who serve in them.

This month the annual Student Activity Committee/Student Trustee election is being held on February 27, 28, and 29. Although the SAC is the most visible student group on campus, the election results from last year show that of the 7,925 students eligible to vote, only 1,384, or 17.5 percent, voted.

The University Assembly also had a problem with student participation: there were not enough students interested in serving on the assembly to warrant an election. The Assembly is the "University-wide governance body" made up of 40 percent students, 60 percent faculty, with staff receiving three voting slots. The Assembly, described in the Constitution of the

University of Massachusetts at Boston as "the major representative body," can be a very important organization.

Other governance bodies on which students serve are the senates of each college and the Board of Trustees which has one voting student member from UMass/Boston.

The SAC is best known for its beer blasts, its film series, and its funding of other student organizations on campus. When you get your tuition bill each semester, the \$18 Activity Fee goes into the Student Activities Trust Fund. The twenty-four students on the SAC serve on 4 committees: Media and Publications, Cultural Events, Community Action, and Recognized Student Organizations. They decide how your money gets spent. Based on a projected head count, the fiscal year 1980 (FY80) SAC budget is \$259,533. That sounds like a lot of money to play with, but after Administration (24 percent) and Media and Publications (26.5 percent) are taken care of, that figure is cut in half.

Although the SAC is not a policy-making organization, its control over the SATF money makes it very important,

especially for student groups looking to fund their activities. RSO's receive 10.8 percent of the budget. There are sixty active RSO's on campus this year, ranging from a Marxist Study Group to the Society for the Advancement of Management. Most groups are social clubs formed around either an academic discipline or a sport.

Theoretically, any group that meets RSO requirements, at least 12 student members and a constitution outlining the group's purpose, structure and procedures, is eligible for funds, a telephone, and a room - if space is available - as well as access to the INFO Center, and campus media advertisements.

However, there are cases where groups meeting the RSO requirements are turned down. The reasons given for not granting RSO status are: lack of space on campus, lack of funds, and the opinion of SAC members that the new group would only duplicate a function already served by an existing RSO. With the members of the SAC in the position to decide which eligible groups get funding, whether or not priority should be given to active issue-oriented groups arises. Critics of the SAC's practice of



One of the SAC-sponsored events.

continued on page 34

handing out money to groups that do little more than throw parties feel that the money could be better spent on organizing activities that reflect the interests of the student body as a whole.

As with RSO funding, the SAC Cultural Events Committee expenditures are also debated when group priorities are involved. The largest chunk of Cultural Events money, \$9,000, is spent on beer blasts. The next three biggest items are Film Series, The Lecture Series and the Ticket Series. A frequent complaint among students is lack of diversity in the types of social events and films. A SAC member responded to this by saying, "That has to do with the people involved in organizing the events. If you had more diversity among the students serving on the SAC, there would be more diversity in the things they organize." Cultural Events account for 16.2 percent of this year's budget.

The largest portion of the budget is allocated to Media and Publications. This money goes to run the Mass Media (\$13,200 for FY80), the Point Press (\$26,050), and WUMB (\$28,356). Although the Point Press, a student run press and composition shop, and the radio station offer excellent on-the-job training opportunities, they seem to be unusually large operations to be financed from the Student Activities Fund. Both the Press and WUMB are trying to become more self-reliant; the Press is trying to generate more revenue but needs a director, and WUMB is working towards getting a FCC license that would allow them to broadcast off campus.

Most students do not know the SAC has a Community Action Program. Tutorial programs for South Boston's Neighborhood House, Roxbury's Boys Club and Columbia Point residents, as well as neighborhood projects sponsored by the Asian American Society and the Student Veterans Union comprise 6.8 percent of this year's budget.

Historically, many of the people attracted to the SAC come from groups on campus who have had to rely on the SAC for funding. At each election the issue of special interests is raised. During the 1977 elections a new organization called the Ticket claimed that the SAC was dominated by radicals and minorities who did not truly represent the UMass student body. The members of the Ticket were for the most part, members of the Irish Historical Society, a group formed in the spring of 1976 by recent graduates from

Boston Latin High School. When asked about the Ticket platform, several people on the campus at the time said they mainly remember the racist tone of the campaign. The next year, the United Slate was formed in response. This year, a new party called the Progressive Student Alliance will also be running candidates for Student Trustee and SAC positions.

Although the SAC elections receive the most coverage, the SAC is not involved with university policy-making. Its power comes from the money it controls and the access its members have to the administration and the media.

The University Assembly

1) *Faculty and students may be organized into governing bodies, such as senates and assemblies, departments, schools and colleges. The Constitution of the major governing bodies must be approved by the Board of Trustees.*

2) *When appropriate, governing bodies shall have the privilege or recommending policies and procedures affecting the campus and the University as a whole, including among other matters, academic matters of faculty status and student affairs. Also when appropriate, governing bodies will have the privilege of contributing to long-range planning, the preparation of the annual budget request and the allocation of available resources.*

Doc. T73-098, The Board of Trustees Statement on University Governance

The University Assembly is a unicameral body that represents students and faculty. It has the power to "review and consult" on matters relating to admissions, the goal of the university, and university policies in general, according to the Constitution of the University of Massachusetts at Boston. According to a student long involved with governance on campus, the Assembly is a useful tool in the hands of the chancellor. If the Assembly's position coincides with the chancellor's, then he can use its recommendations to support his case before the Trustees, but if the Assembly disagrees, its recommendations are easily ignored. Or, as one former student member of the Assembly quipped, "It was like playing croquet with the Queen from Alice in Wonderland."

A few years ago College 1 and College 2 were two separate colleges, today they are two separate buildings. The idea to merge the two colleges was not supported by the Assembly but the decision was made anyway. At the time there was much out-cry from students and faculty concerning the unresponsiveness of the administration. People serving on the Assembly today attribute that unresponsiveness to former Chancellor Golino.

More recently, when the Assembly recommended that the 12:30 free period remain unchanged, the acting Vice Chancellor of Academic Affairs, Robert Steamer changed the free period to 2:30 anyway. This was after the students had voted for the 12:30 free period in a binding referendum. Apparently only the recommendations of the Assembly were



Debbie Karacozian

The SAC in action

Nightflight

by Stephen G. Cain

Ace Bass bounces out to the pumps. Wham, bam, thank you mam. Another 5 dollars of Sunoco's finest sent to the front to ward off those evil miles. Ace shuts the pump and jams the nozzle in one easy motion, turns, and smiles, for there, before his very eyes, is his Fish. If the Sunoco arrow were to spring from its neon bow the Fish would never fly again, but that's cool. Ace likes it right there where the day-glo sign beams fluorescent radiations onto the fresh wash, wax, and polish and the Fish gleams in smug, iridescent, blue beauty. "Ain't it purty," says Ace and he runs over and hugs the fender, being careful not to scratch the finish with his jacket zipper.

Inside the Fish is clean; no beer cans on the floor, no butts in the rear ashtrays. Under the dash, attached to a vent lever, hangs a pine tree-shaped Car Freshener. The mirror sprouts a hangman's noose; no fuzzy dice or graduation tassels for this baby. Up front, under the hood, well . . . this is the kind of car that should be driven slowly, through the center of town, so the driver's delight can be reflected back by the eyes of the innocent bystanders caught in the blue glow. But the Fish can still spread its wings and soar over the whitelines at a respectable clip.

Ace searches for a non-greasy spot on his sleeve and then wipes off any fingerprints that remain. He backs off a few yards, becomes absorbed in the Fish's glow for a moment, sighs "Ain't it purty," and bounces back into the station.

Across town, Conway picks shingles. The asphalt slabs whip down the rollers, slam into the stop, 160 pounds per minute, and Conway siezes the bundle, lifts, pivots, and drops the stack on the conveyor belt below which whisks the shingles out of the building and into the industrial complex beyond. The pounding rhythm of the machine works into Con-

way's mental structure and he moves with a muscular musicality as he twists and spins on his iron-mesh platform. Sometimes he shuts his eyes and picks in time with the changing tone of the machine as the pile reaches the proper height. The rhythm is steady and an unknown song streams through Conway's mind. He hears screaming guitars and feels the bass through his feet and begins to boogie up and down, kicking out his legs on the backspin and snapping his fingers as he waits for the shingles to stack. No jazz freaks work this job; rock n'rollers please apply.

Ace records the pump outputs, locks up the station and fires up the Fish. He purrs out onto 109, gooses the gas a bit, and heads into town, where he checks out the locals and cops some beers. Ace drives to the factory parking lot, opens a beer, flip-top in the bag, thank you, rolls a joint, and waits for the second shift to get out. The whistle blows. Conway emerges from the picking room, punches his time card and greets Ace. "Let's cruise." Ace pulls a hole-shot and clouts the lot with dust.

They roll through the night, smoking dope, drinking beers, and harmonizing with the radio. "Electric woman waits for me." They are no longer transistors on a circuit board being randomly activated by unseen economic impulses. They do not change from red to green at the press of a button. The Fish moves them through a fluid of freedom. And this is what makes it; this moment of rushing nowhere, no ass to kiss, no hassles, just the surface of the road disappearing beneath the gleaming blue hood and the bullshit melting away into the vacant darkness.

No destination but no matter. They are on the Road, the infinite asphalt animal which pulsates across the continent, thrusts its tire-scarred, tar burnt veins

against the gray distance, and yearns to be devoured by motion-starved creatures in hot pursuit of fleeting horizons. They swallow one mile and taste the Road as it winds down the sweet Florida coast on a steamy night, or pushes through the bitterness of the Bronx, or burns across the void of the Plains with a senseless urgency only to be consumed by the mountains and then the sea.

Ace and Conway sink back into the bucket seats and feel their hairlines recede into the plush headliner and out the fastback. They suck down the cool beer, afterburner for their parched throats, and stretch their legs past the engine, through the wheelwells, and down onto the road. The Fish eases the speedometer past 90 and the steady vibration whips through the taut cords of their bodies and explodes their skulls into brilliant streamers flaring out past the aura of the Fish's blue flame. These boys are cookin'.

Conway feels the ball-joint next to his right ankle separate and the front wheel come loose. The front end dives for the pavement, grinds for an agonizing eternity, catches and flips the Fish airborne. Conway turns and sees Ace's face distort with terror, watches the sockets of Ace's eyes turn black, then red, as the Fish returns to earth with a cataclysmic detonation and shrieks into a white-hot blaze.

Ace is confident in the Fish, though, and opens another beer, after chucking the empty into the wind. Conway shakes off the snatch of nightmare, changes the radio station, and says "Head through town, Ace, see if anything's happening."

Ace cools the Fish down to a reasonable speed, loops back through the dormant suburbs and slips onto the main drag into town. The Fish moves past the gas stations, dairy stores, pharmacies, insurance offices, and into the dark supermarket lot with a sublime grace. Conway searches the cluster of young bodies leaning against a liquor store wall and spots a friend who owes him money.

"I'm gonna hang out here for awhile, Ace. How bout you?"

"I think I'll just cool it tonight, Conway. Later."

"Hey, thanks for the buzz, man."

The Fish maneuvers between the people drinking in parked cars, accelerates through the changing lights and whips up the hill on out of town. Ace checks the gas, pats the dash, and says "Fish, you're looking damn purty. No red lights tonight, babe."

Preoccupations

Look at the design of my life;
the exact shade of my lipstick
and know
that occasionally
everything falls into place;

tomatoes bursting on the vine,
the laundry hanging on the line
can make me lose
my most major preoccupations.

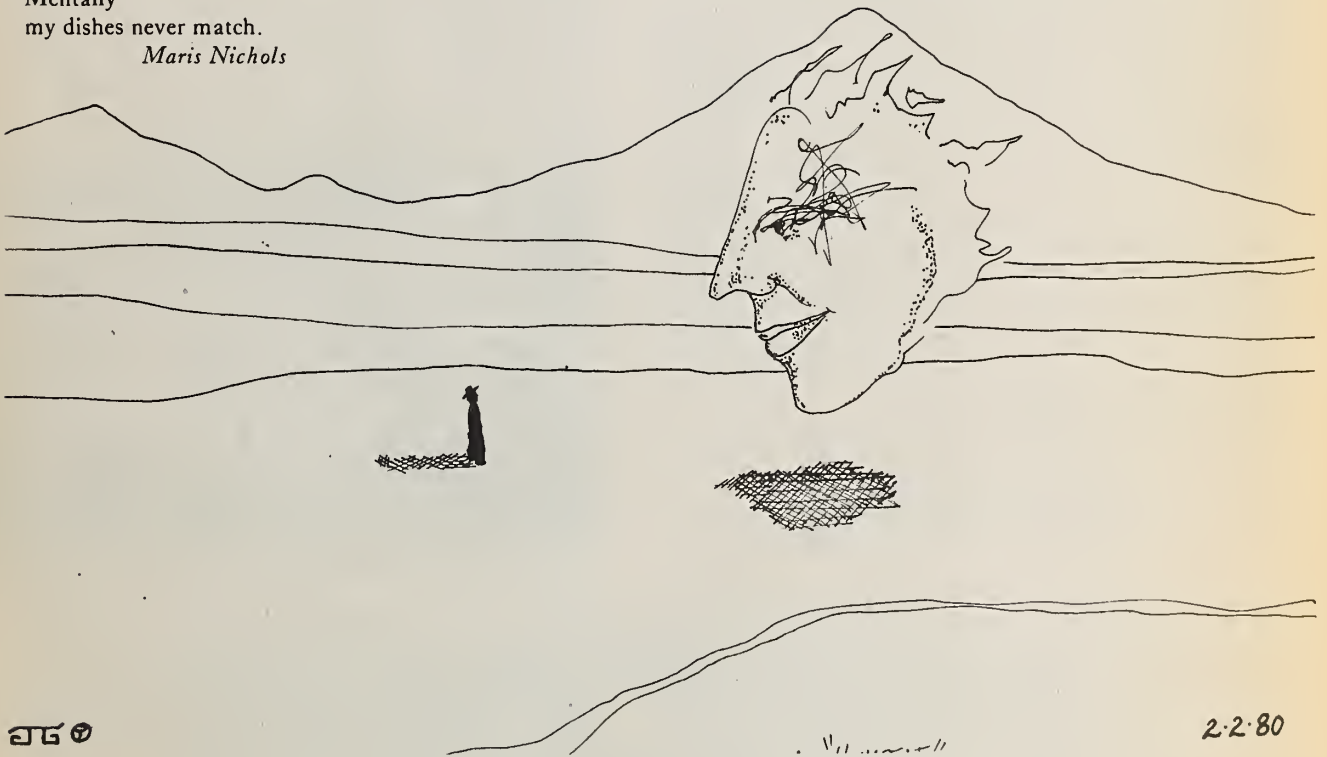
In winter I wander
to different locations.
Mentally
my dishes never match.

Maris Nichols

untitled

If ever she leaves you,
you'd see yourself like an autumn leaf.
Dying in perfect colour,
dry and carried by bitter winds,
— a fatal dancer existing on a breeze,
— a life given from without,
never from within.
Engulfed in a winter of your own creation.

Allison Hurley



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2.2.80

Before the Fall

Sometimes on Mondays
walking when the night
starts to descend
in curtains of silence
and the wind echoes
its loneliness
through the treetops
and the moon hovers in the sky
like some fallen angel
thoughts swell
and tears stain the dew swept grass.

John G. Hall

to G.E.

cascading rain hangs frozen
on willow's weeping branch.
a soft yellow street light
is frayed by tree's tentacles.
a spider's web illuminates
the velvet black night.
below hanging limbs of suspense
a simonized chevrolet beams.
white light bounces & bends
off its crystal coat.
the rainbow night
glows in eclectic might.

A.E.M.

A Space for Black Artists

by Karen Kelly

"It was during the fifties and sixties that dramatic events began to take place that helped to diminish this damaging legacy of negativism. African colonies began to emerge as independent states, civil rights activists began to win significant victories, and the hard-core of pride that we had managed to hang onto began to reassert itself positively. We are, once again, Black and proud. We began to reaffirm the proud heritage of proud people as we devoured all of the material we could digest on the culturally rich and beautiful motherland, Africa. We studied every page written on Her; we traveled to Her shores to caress Her; and in the process we renewed our love affair with Her. Black became, once again, Beautiful. And our positive assertion of this fact ushered in a new social order in this country. We forced the doors of education to open wider, and broadened the avenues of employment. Tall and erect, we entered.

from *The Image Makers*
A minority recruitment bulletin of
Massachusetts College of Art

These ideas serve as inspiration for the Black Artists Union (BAU), a Mass College of Art student organization located at 26 Overland Street.

Since the minority student drop-out rate at Mass Art is relatively high, the BAU sees its primary purpose as a system of support, encouraging black and other minority students to remain in school. Recognizing that support is an important part of being a working artist, the BAU offers beginning black artists a place to meet and to discuss their school and work related problems with other students of similar backgrounds and concerns.



Greg Walker

Only five blacks had graduated from Mass Art before 1972. Increased concern for civil rights and Affirmative Action in the late sixties and early seventies brought more blacks to Mass Art. In May 1969, three of the first black students at Mass Art formed the Black Artists Union.

Now and then, the BAU feels that the need for a support system of this kind is doubled because of what they feel is a low-key, but strong sense of racism existing in the Mass Art administration. The Union feels that many of the Administrators do not understand the needs of minority students.

Chairperson Greg Walker feels the lack of sympathy or understanding toward minority students at Mass Art occurs both in and out of the classroom. He explains that there is no full-time director of Minority Affairs, and that representation in the administration is limited. Sharon Dunn, part-time director of Minority Affairs, is an instructor who divides her time between classes, her family, and the union. Greg and the other members feel Sharon is doing a good job, but that a full-time person is desperately needed to give adequate representation to minority students.

There are only four minority instructors at Mass Art: one full-time, and three part-time instructors. Because of this, Greg



Anthony Williams

feels many black students have a hard time in studio classes. Because different backgrounds and lifestyles affect each person differently, the black from a low-income family, or the black from Africa or the Caribbean may have a different concept of color and form, which sometimes does not meet the standards of the white faculty members who have their own concepts of form and color.

Greg explains the cultural barrier between foreign students and white faculty members: "These students see colors differently than a white American student or teacher sees the use of color. An African student may use, say purple and yellow and other harsh, bold colors and this may meet with discouraging remarks from an instructor. Whereas white American students may be more prone to use paler, more subdued colors. Here there is a lack of understanding of the minority's background."

Nevertheless, Greg says, the Union and minority students at the school are taken very seriously as artists because they have many connections to the black community outside the school.

Besides giving artistic support to Mass Art's minority students, the Union offers a counseling program. The programs at Mass Art are strenuous. He says that there is a definite need to give support to the minority student who may not have received previous formal training in the arts,

and who are from low-income families and do not have adequate training for succeeding in art school. The BAU offers a family-like atmosphere, a constant flow of ideas, and help for the students who need it. They also hold tutorial sessions for their members in conjunction with the state and with AID.

Although only 17 percent of the students are minority, nearly 95 percent of them belong to the BAU.

Greg says that the Union *does not* support the move to Charlestown, a move still in the discussion stage. They disapprove of the move mainly because of safety factors. Students work in their studios very late in the evening, sometimes past 11:30. Since Mass Art is a commuter school, it would be both difficult and dangerous for students to make their way home from that area. While Mass Art's present location may not be ideal, BAU members feel the area is highly student-oriented atmosphere to working and to learning.

It is possible that the Union would support the merger between UMass and Mass Art because it may mean that minority student enrollment would increase. "And of course, the facilities couldn't get any worse," Greg adds, because the school was built for 500 students and now holds 1100.

If the merger does occur, though, many students feel that they may lose their identity. There is a big difference between the Black artist, artists in general, and other students, the Union asserts. A great deal of misunderstanding and stigma is attached to being an artist, particularly if you are black. Greg feels that the union operates differently from most other minority organizations. All members have one thing in common: they are artists. "All artists are poets," Greg says and their talents need to be nurtured very differently from other types of students.

The BAU encourages their members to show their work as often as possible, and the Union holds shows and exhibits as often as they can afford. The following art works and artists are all members of the BAU. Each one is a talented individual, actively involved in the Boston art world both in and out of school, even though all three realize what they are up against in terms of finding jobs and gaining good positions in the work world.

Student Profiles

Greg Walker

Greg first received formal art training when he was in high school. At that time he was involved in two art programs, one of them in conjunction with Mass Art, the other in conjunction with AID. Right after graduating from high school, Greg was accepted and attended Mass Art. Right now he is a second semester sophomore, studying industrial design.

"As an industrial designer you must have artistic knowledge as well as technical knowledge. Everything you touch, except architecture and fashion, has been designed by an industrial designer, from a box to a microphone." Greg says that each department takes care of its own students. Because the industrial design department is so small, students know their teachers well. Greg feels that the one to one relationships have been very helpful to him, both as an artist and a Black.

He feels that the Black artist has a very special role. "Being an artist is the same as being a political activist. We shouldn't be painting apples and oranges because it's been done a thousand times before. We should be dealing with subject matter that makes the viewer aware and realize their background heritage and art."

"I have a responsibility to myself to do well, and a responsibility to put out subject matter in my work that suggests things that the viewer will learn from. Art is a good way to get into peoples minds, through colors and forms. If it is ugly or beautiful, they will learn from it, they can look at it and get the point."



Greg Walker

Robyn Johnson

Robyn is a fashion design major at Mass Art, with a great interest in the fine arts. She first received training in design and construction at the Occupational Resource Center, where she studied tailoring extensively. She then went to B.U. for a year to study Art Education. Beantown Productions awarded her the most outstanding designer for 1978, and she has appeared on Channel 4's *Mzizi/Roots*. She also free lance designs for individuals, and her work has gained a fine reputation in the Boston area.

Although she designs everyday wear and sportswear, she most enjoys working with theatrical costumes, because it enables her to express herself in a way which regular, ready-to-wear clothing does not permit. Since the theatrical department at Mass Art is quite small, Robyn's opportunities for designing costumes are limited at present.

When asked about her chances, as a black woman, of getting into the fashion design business in New York, she said "I know what I'm up against, being both Black and a woman, and I know it will be tough, but I try not to think in that way. It may be an advantage that I am a woman, in fact. There's a first time for everything and maybe something will come my way. I always try to keep a positive attitude about it all. I try not to look at things on that level, even though I know the problem exists."

Robyn says that there are more women than men in the BAU, but that more men are actively involved in politics of the Union. She hopes she can serve as an example to other minority women in the Union, who may also become involved. The Union, she says, keeps her strong and gives her the support she needs.

and begin her career in another city. "I've done all I can do in Boston," she says. "It's time to move on."

Anthony Williams

Anthony, a sophomore at Mass Art, first received formal training in high school. Access to photography and film equipment at his high school spurred his interest in the world of photography. Involvement with a Mass Art photo program when he was in high school led him to attend the College after graduation.

Anthony is the first Black male to enter the photography department at Mass Art, which makes him a representative and pathmaker for other minorities interested in this field.

Right now his main interest is in documentary photography. The difference between photo journalism and documentary photography, he says, is that in photo journalism the picture is used in a series, or as part of a written story. In documentary photography, the artist tries to convey a full story through just one photograph.

Anthony uses a Canon TX, a camera with no automatic devices. He says that some people consider a completely manual camera primitive, but he feels it allows him to be more creative. He feels, artists may rely too heavily on the automatics. He calls some of the newer more "advanced" cameras "California cameras" because the light meters have a tendency to blow out in temperatures below 20.

Anthony has been fortunate enough to develop a clientele of his own outside of Mass Art, and has done many portraits of people, and some catalogue work. After attending Mass Art he hopes to build his career as a professional photographer.



Anthony Williams



Anthony Williams

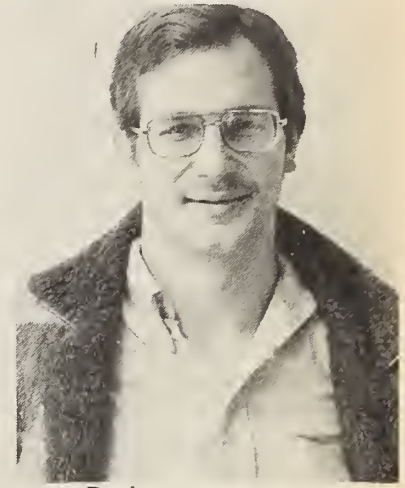
Campus Controversy



Chris Alberto

As a response to recent events in Afghanistan and Iran President Carter has proposed a return to draft registration. Is this proposal justified?

Stephanie Romano



Steven Petrie

Debbie Karacozian

No

No. At this time, officials in Washington are attempting to create a war atmosphere. There has been much discussion of American military responses to the current situation in Afghanistan, and President Carter has proposed the creation of a rapid deployment force. In addition to these hawk-like maneuvers, Carter has proposed a return to the draft registration. This blatant overreaction to the current international situation is, in large part, Carter's cold war election strategy. For this reason, Carter's proposal to renew draft registration should be opposed.

The current international scene cannot be understood unless placed in the context of Carter's "helter-skelter" foreign policy. Under the Carter administration, our economy has remained heavily over-dependent on foreign oil, which leads to such policies as Carter's support of the deposed Shah of Iran. Upon close inspection, we find that much of the president's foreign policy has totally disregarded democratic ideals and has, instead, yielded to the special interests of huge multi-national corporations instead. As a cold war chill continues to fall over Washington, we should ask ourselves whether another generation of the young is being asked to die for the failures of the old.

Carter's proposal to re-institute draft registration is but one more overreaction and inconsistency in his foreign policy. Throughout his term in office the President has "held high the banner of human rights" while supporting the repressive regimes of Somosa in Nicaragua, Park in Korea and particularly the Shah of Iran. Some of us still remember the contrived crisis in Cuba. According to Carter the minimal troops in Cuba presented "the greatest threat to world peace since the Cuban Missile Crisis!" Now, with the presidential election growing closer, he says the same of Afghanistan.

Under present conditions, renewal of the draft is an unnecessary deprivation of civil liberty and individual freedom. It takes us from our families, our homes, our occupations, and educations. Carter's reinstatement of draft registration is the first step toward the kind of situation that prevailed in the sixties; when objectors to this country's policies and priorities had no choice but to obey or be jailed.

Yes

Yes, I believe President Carter's proposal for reinstatement of draft registration is appropriate at this time. It is a bit foolish to allow the Soviet Union to wage an imperialist war without at least making some noise about it, and Carter's noisy call for draft registration, the grain embargo, and the Olympics boycott are the sort of furor needed. These sorts of actions are just about as far as the US can go toward showing the Soviet leadership that aggression has consequences. It is doubtful that draft registration will result in anyone actually being drafted. There was no US intervention in Czechoslovakia in 1968, none in Hungary in 1956, and, election year saber-rattling notwithstanding, there will be none in Afghanistan in 1980. Carter's announcement that the US will fight to keep the Russians out of the Persian Gulf is nothing new -- it has always been US defense strategy to forbid the Soviet Union control of most of the non-communist world's oil; the Russians know this and are unlikely to risk open war with the US. But for this deterrent to work, economic sanctions and the like are not enough; response in kind is necessary. The Russians must know that the US is still seriously involved in international politics, even to the point of national mobilization, if necessary.

This is why draft registration is a good idea. It has been convenient in the years since the American involvement in Vietnam to forget that nations, especially prominent nations, fight wars. Defense may well be the only proper reason for the existence of states. Be that latter conjecture as it may, the US is certainly a prominent nation, and has been more or less at war with the Soviet Union since the end of World War II -- A state of "cold war," which is actually a state of "hot diplomacy". Carter's draft registration proposal is hence more an act of diplomacy than an act of war.

Even a cold war, however, involves sacrifice. Midwestern farmers may sacrifice grain sales, the Olympic athletes may sacrifice four or more years of training, and young men and women may suffer potential, if unlikely, lack of freedom. Carter is certainly staging much election year theater around the Afghanistan issue, but that is to be expected. What is really important is that the American response be unified and decisive.

Student Anxiety Syndrome

By Donna Neal

Leafing through any college catalogue you are able to extract from it all the joys of the college experience. Pictures of students in serious study, the last dance at the Senior Prom, and the graduation processional all form lasting, pleasant memories. But there is another side to the student experience, and although not as pleasant, it is just as memorable. It is the trauma brought about by the Student Anxiety Syndrome.

Everyone has a certain amount of stress in their lives, but students often suffer more, due to the increased demands placed upon them in achieving their academic goals. The typical UMass/Boston student is usually beyond the average age bracket for a college student. Many are married, with family responsibilities, and are working part or full-time. And a substantial number are the first in their families to attend college. Adding these factors to the "normal" stress of college life may overburden some to the point where they experience a full fledged anxiety state.

A student in an anxiety state may not always know what is happening to him. He may just have a vague feeling that something bad is going to happen, even if there is no tangible evidence to support that feeling. According to Dr. John Robinson, director of Counseling at UMass/Boston, the abstract feeling can manifest itself in a variety of physical forms, the most common being nervousness, trembling, sleeplessness, and the inability to slow down or relax.

Dr. Robinson further states that student anxiety may be broken down into four primary units: family pressure, academic pressure, peer pressure, and internal pressure. "The irrationality of the expectations by the family can be subtle or overt. The family telling the student that a lot is depending upon him, or that 'we have saved for years to give you this opportunity', is an example of overt pressure. A more subtle pressure would be the family telling the student that they know that he will do well, or asking him what kind of job he expects to get when he graduates.



Counseling Director John Robinson

"There is also a more immediate pressure for the student who has been out of school for a number of years and has a family of his own. He often feels torn between work, and the day to day progress that he sees in that situation, and school, where progress is not always apparent until some future point. He may also feel guilty about taking time away from spouse and children. Tied into these feelings are economic pressures, not overt, but still taking a toll on the family, especially when the student is working and has to cut his hours or find another job in order to fit in his course schedule."

Academic anxiety pressure most frequently affects a student's performance. Its forms range from nervousness accompanying class participation, to the frustration that can occur while writing a term paper, to fear of not doing well on an exam.

Even sitting in a classroom can bring tremendous anxiety, particularly during the first few weeks of a semester. A student is often unsure of what is expected of him. The professor is lecturing to the class, explaining things on one level, and the student is understanding on another level. The student may want to ask a question, but doesn't for fear he will appear stupid.

You may be feeling this yourself, but

you are not alone. Chances are, if you are having trouble understanding the lectures, others are too. But everyone is afraid to verbalize their confusion, afraid they might appear stupid.

Part of the problem in the classroom is the feeling of some that we should be the "poor man's Harvard." Along with this is the question of how much we should concentrate on basic skills. Dr. Robinson says, "We say we want a university with high academic quality, but my feeling is that this is very inappropriate for this campus. We are not the Harvard of Columbia Point. This is not that place. We need teaching excellence and educational excellence, teaching quality and educational quality. If we could do that, then we would be a unique institution. We want to measure faculty by the number of publications. That's nice, but what are they doing in the classroom? How well can they meet the needs of the student in there? Students who come here don't come here to go into research when they leave, they come to learn a skill so they can survive in their field. We should concentrate on teaching skills rather than academic, with educational quality and teaching quality. This is very important to students, especially here, with our particular student population. These factors relate to the immediate anxiety in the classroom."

Lack of basic skills can put a lot of pressure on students and can cause a lot of frustration for professors. This is a reflection of the 1960's and early 1970's educational move away from basic skills to applicable skills. Many students have gone through twelve years of school but have not been adequately trained in the basic skills necessary to become successful in college. Due to vocal student movements of the past two decades, colleges have bent to pressure and have gone either to inflated grades, or to pass/fail. This trend is affecting many former students now in the marketplace who can't write a decent resume or conduct an interview because they lack the necessary basic language skills. The swing back to core requirements along with increased basic skills workshops can

continued on page 38

Saved by the Glass

by Drohan O'Neill

There were fifty-five minutes left to complete the history exam. The long hours of preparation and my confidence were pushed aside. There was sweat on my forehead and my stomach churned as I read the exam questions. The names and dates I thought I knew so well mixed together in my mind. The now incomprehensible questions remained unanswered as I wiped my brow and watched the time slip away.

Air, I need air. Oh God, why did they build this classroom without windows? I must get a grip on things. I try to write something, anything, but the pen keeps slipping from between the trembling fingers of my right hand. My heart races faster as I turn the exam to another page.

Question #5. Compare and contrast Bismark and Napoleon. Napoleon and Bismark? Bismark and Napoleon? In common? Contrast? Think, Susan, think. You should know. After all, you're a history major. Napoleon. The name sounds familiar. I've heard it recently, but where? Oh yeah, Saturday night at the Cafe. The common bond between Napoleon and Bismark is that they are both world famous french pastries. The main contrast between the two is in

shape. The Napoleon is square, whereas the Bismark is oval. Also, a Napoleon costs more.

Name two leaders of the British Parliament during the 19th century and discuss the major accomplishment of each. Let's see. London. Politics. 19th century. Who was famous then? I got it!

One of the leaders of the British Parliament during the 19th century was Mr. Sherlock Holmes. During his years as a key political figure, he was involved in many policy disputes with a member of the opposition party; one Professor Moriarty. But basically, his term of office was uneventful, and eventually he retired to his country estate of Baskerville to raise hunting hounds. He was replaced by a Dr. Watson (forgot his first name) also a famous member of the Royal Alchemy of Science and the discoverer of the theory of revolution.

Question #7, #4, #15, #8. Essay A, essay B, essay C. It's all mixed up and I can't remember again. There's only fifteen minutes left.

As I put the pages of exam questions inside the blue book, I feel sick. People gather their belongings and head for the door. I want to leave but the legs won't work. I sit paralyzed, the mind rejects

the command. Ellen comes up behind me. She nudges my arm and tilts her head towards the door. Try again. This time the legs respond. Walk forward. A huge pile of blue books on the professors desk, place mine on top. Finally through the door and out of the classroom.

"Hey Sue, what do you think about the exam? It wasn't too bad, huh? I think I finally passed one of his tests."

"Sure, Ellen, a real breeze. If I can just make it to the ladies room . . ."

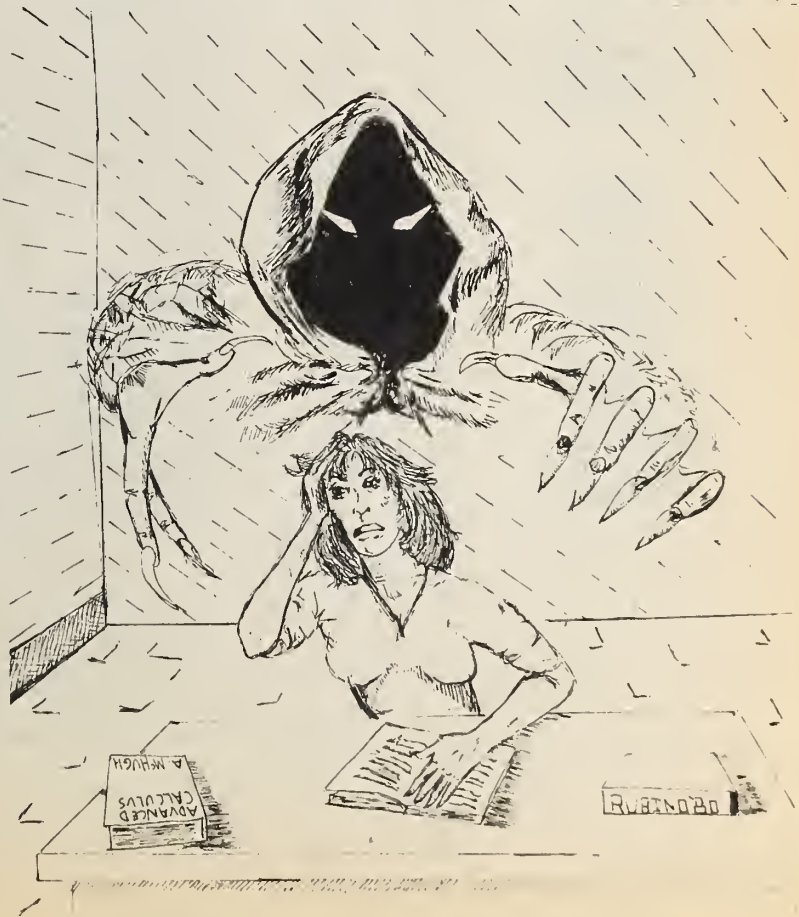
"Come on, Sue. We're going to the pub. You could use a drink."

"Do they have pastries there?"

"Now Sue, lay it on the line. I know somethin's been bothering you lately. What's the matter? You're a good student."

"I woke up this morning and my fish were frozen in their tank. And the damn landlord wants to raise the rent for heat. On top of which my three minute egg took ten minutes and exploded on the stove, and the disco duck freak upstairs was blasting away until early morning. All that quacking kept me up and I had to clean up the hall this morning, it was all feathers. Do you think I'm going crazy?"

"Come off it, Sue. You're one of the
continued on page 37



Tony Kubine

deta galloway

Morning on Creation Day

Morning on creation day
Your face to meet the virgin frost within the morn
And flowers fix their eyes amidst the thorns as if to
kiss the sun
Their colors rainbow painted against the clear blue sky
in gravity
A tapestry I cry!
Morning on creation day

Morning on creation day
The blood within my veins could not contain the ecstasy
of the surge that I feel
Knowing to understand how much my world is real
Spirit of the rock, the tree, the mountain, sea, and
endless breeze, heal the broken wings of the dove that
she may rise and soar high as the eagle, way upon the wind,
proclaiming as she goes
Morning on creation day

Morning on creation day
Oh, for a thousand ages, beyond the stretch of eternity
Forever, morning on creation day!
For until the blazing sunset scarlet hue, holds true
within it's walls the birth of nite
rich within it's ebony velvet, dread to flash the opposing
light the dawn's
May it always heal the wounds and with unbounded love
where passions roll the soul to reach the hands to clasp
again the hold within the frame
That man in humble never shame, bow down again, once
more to reclaim their souls from the burning flame
Again, within the name to rejoice
To live the morning on creation day

Morning on creation day
May we all hear the sounds from the choirs rising high
above the steeples
The bands again, and again, swelling, letting in the melody
songs, they've never heard before
That now will never be forgotten
Some one toll the bell
Again they tell it is the
Morning on creation day

(Pause)

feeling the life forms move to rest within the day, feel
the lost souls coming together again, together again, out
up from the rain, away from the pain, into the sweetness
of the morning on creation day
Nothing now to stop the birth to live within!!!

(dedicated to all who have heard the music)

Paradox

I.

The Territory . . .
the nervous silence of sleeping

Tragedy.

The light comes late,
The light comes to spite
It all.

II.

Waiting for the ritual to cause itself,
While I'm still trying to find the sentence
that does justice to the
bomb garden,
wisely planted
laconicly lush
choicely provoking
impervious to mysteries

That will evolve into trivia.

III.

So, I'm lingering
in the nakedness
That supports the contentions
of grinning trees
Everywhere.
The light comes with expectation.

Out The Other Door

Life after the first zero :
superimposing an
Occupation in space,
Inspiring the run & jump,
While the breeze through the
service entrance
Needs some mouthwash . . . later . . .
Roaming the toll-booths
in a kind of euphoric
Oneness with sensory paroxysms —
Finally the last zero.
No more denying everything,
No more waiting for the tide
That drowns the hope
behind
Uninsured eyes.
No more sane wet experiences
or nostalgia.
Just the Heaven Room,
with raquet ball
Jello & pizza orgies
and fantastic special effects.

Gary Evans

denying black professors tenure in the College of Arts and Sciences was also criticized by UMass/Boston's Affirmative Action Officer. According to Johnson, 80 percent of the black professors up for tenure at CAS have been rejected at the dean's level.

Currently, two black professors in CAS are struggling to reverse rejected tenure bids. Last year, Riccards turned down both tenure bids from the only two blacks to apply: Marcia Lloyd of the Art Department, and Jefferson Cleveland of the Music Department.

Despite his image of UMass/Boston's past, despite his current battles that usually end, at best, in partial victories, Johnson still sees some reason to be optimistic. At this time, he sees Chancellor Robert Corrigan as a man genuinely committed to Affirmative Action but questions whether his leadership can bring about positive change at this university. Johnson believes that the jury is still out on Corrigan and that UMass/Boston's chief administrator will have to do more than state his commitment to Affirmative Action if things are to change.

"If I thought the man was a racist, or was standing in the way of Affirmative Action, I would hint to that. But I'm saying up front that I think his commitment is real," says Johnson. "That's probably the reason I'm still here. If I'm wrong on that, then I don't believe in wasting my time."

Whatever future success UMass/Boston is to have in hiring and keeping black minority professors, or in attracting and keeping more minority students is currently as cloudy as Johnson's own future. He presents himself as an assertive and dedicated man, but, like Sisyphus, he may have pushed one too many boulders up to the mountain top only to have it roll back down again.

"I'm not a fool," Johnson says when looking forward to the future. "I'm not a martyr. I'm not going to lay myself out for a university to stomp on and kick my ass. I toy with the possibility of, at some point, perhaps soon, breaking away from this kind of thing and practicing law and approaching the problem from that point."

Black Caucus

According to UMass/Boston's Black Faculty Caucus, the university is guilty of institutionalized racism. A recent

report released by the group of professors states that there are no tenured black faculty in the College of Professional Studies, and only one tenured black professor in the College of Public and Community Service. The report also emphasizes, as did nearly all of the black administrators and faculty members interviewed by *Wavelength*, that four of the last five blacks to apply for tenure at CAS have been rejected by Dean Michael Riccards.

"It is our intention to put the university on notice that we view this situation as intolerable," the caucus report states, "and that we will have no other recourse than to pursue these issues with agencies external to the university, such as the Equal Opportunities Commission, and the Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination."

"I think it is important for this university to do more than pay lip service to the idea of hiring more minorities," adds James Blackwell. "It is absurd to say that we can't find minorities who are equally as competent, if not more competent, than white faculty members on this campus."

Despite the recent flurry of charges, UMass students, both black and white, are continuing with education as usual. The severe racial tensions that exist only a few miles from the Harbor Campus have not significantly affected the university's everyday academic setting. In the cafeterias, the lounges, and the classrooms, tension between whites and blacks is rarely visible.

A number of those interviewed praised the general student body for their maturity and openmindedness. The overriding concern of students seems to be to work for a good and productive education, and their liberal attitudes towards each other are a sign, however small or large, that not all the levels of UMass/Boston are fraught with division and tension.

"Whatever the problems that may exist between students, one of the positive signs is the fact that Imani, Ujima (two black groups) and the Irish Historical Society were trying to come together, as part of the Covenant for Racial Justice, to create a peaceful and cooperative environment," Professor Blackwell says.

Earnest Dodson, chairperson of the Student Activity Committee, also emphasizes his belief that the general student population has no deep problems with race. "When you come to a university, you're supposed to learn and accept

things that other cultures have to offer," Dodson says. "You tend to develop a respect for others by learning about them. I think students here are pretty liberal."

Dodson does not always see that same tolerance within the Student Activities Committee.

Student Government

The most important single organ of UMass/Boston's student government is the Student Activities Committee, which debates and decides how over \$250,000 in student money will be spent. The committee is composed of two political parties: the Ticket, and the Slate. The Slate is comprised mainly of minority students, the Ticket is very nearly 100 per cent white.

"There is racial tension on the SAC," says James Canada, the only black member on the Ticket. "You can see it in their voting and you can see it in their finger pointing. You can see it when the two groups come together over funding. There are strong racial biases, and anyone who says there isn't, I'll stand up, look them in the eye, and call them a liar."

Several black members of the committee angrily walked out of the last meeting of the fall semester after a heated dispute with a number of white committee members. According to several SAC sources, the incident was a manifestation of the racial tension that exists between many members of the committee.

The meeting became tense when a proposal to fund an event celebrating the African holiday of Kwanza was vehemently opposed by a group of white committee members. Opposition to the proposal was based on the argument that black groups on campus had already received more than their fair share of the SAC budget.

Oddly, the proposal had passed first reading the week before with little discussion. Laura Montgomery, chairperson of the SAC's Registered Student Organization Subcommittee, theorizes that Ticket members may have allowed it to go through in order to assure passage of proposals made by the ski club and the chess club, which were also on the agenda. "Second reading was waived for the ski club and chess club, however, Kwanza was put on the agenda for a second reading.

Tempers began to flare when Marty Nee, an influential Ticket member, and

the group's candidate for student trustee, led what appeared to be a carefully orchestrated attempt to overturn the first vote.

Nee began the debate by insisting that black groups had already received more than their fair share of the SAC budget. Another ticket member said that the dispute was cultural, not racial, and asked what the committee would say to the French club and the German club when they came in for money.

Michael Thomas, who brought the proposal, defended it, saying that the celebration would promote racial harmony on campus. He argued that his group deserved more funds than some other groups since it was more active and sponsored more events.

based on anything substantial. I thought it was a racist vote. During that time, when someone had first shot Daryll Williams, and there was so much racial tension in the city, I felt it would have been very constructive for the students, black and white, to come together. They obviously felt that wasn't important."

In many ways the University of Massachusetts at Boston is like a microcosm of the city itself. Its students come from all over the metropolitan area, bringing with them the attitudes and values that are so deeply ingrained in the cultures of Boston's various neighborhoods and suburbs. It is the unique blend of those attitudes and values that form the character of this urban univer-

"I came out and told everybody the reasons for my decisions. They weren't racial reasons, and if they have racial feelings towards me, if they think I hate niggers, that's their problem."

Marty Nee

Debate intensified, and discussion soon angered both proponents and opponents of the measure. Rick Barrows, a black committee member, faced the group and criticized some whites for voting on the basis of race rather than on the proposal's merits.

Finally, with the committee clearly divided along racial lines, a roll-call vote was taken. All the minority members of the committee voted for the measure; all but one of the white members present voted against it. At that point, every black person in the room walked out, bringing the meeting to an abrupt end. James Canada, the only black member of the Ticket, was the first one out of his seat.

"I was called a racist for that vote," says Marty Nee, "but I did everything above board. I wasn't trying to hide anything and I came out and told everybody the reasons for my decisions. They weren't racial reasons, and if they have racial feelings towards me, if they think I hate niggers, that's their problem."

Nee's comments were made in a tape-recorded *Wavelength* interview.

"There is racial tension on the SAC," says Rick Barrows. "The vote was not

city. The largest percentage of the students come from the nearby suburbs. About 12 per cent are members of minority groups. And about 35 per cent are from the city itself; including those areas where severe racial tensions sometimes flare into open violence.

That rarely happens at this university. Whatever kind of racism we've all been raised with seems to give way to higher priorities. But the usually peaceful educational atmosphere here should not blind us to the severe problems that lie beneath the surface. The racial problems of UMass/Boston tend to be subtle and, in recent years, they've been allowed to fester because so few people have been willing to look for them.



Blackwell continued from page 9

that it is, especially in regards to the original mission of this university. This university was established as an urban university — part of the mission is to reach out to the urban population of metropolitan Boston.

My strong belief is this: once we make the decision to have a kind of open admissions process, then it is incumbent upon the university to provide as many support services as it can, to give those students an equal chance at being successful. If we don't do that, we're being hypocrites . . . it may very well be, we will have to institute programs in basic skills for some students. We may have to have some teachers who are more successful at teaching basic skills programs. If they do, then the rewards for these teachers should be equal to teachers in other departments. Now, I think the university obviously has to have academic standards, and we should never water down out educational programs under any circumstances. Any time we water down the education to students, then I think the students ought to be insulted. They should scream holy murder.

Wavelength: Any closing comments?

Blackwell: There is a growing feeling on this campus among the black faculty and staff caucus that this university is not really prepared to deal with and to relate effectively with very competent black males at UMass/Boston. There may be some subtle move to try getting rid of black males who are in high academic administrative positions on this campus. Whether it is true or not, there is a growing perception that this is the case.



James Blackwell

Tom Calude-Ferdinand

at a speed approaching the speed of light and with no consultation with any of the people involved.

Lana Brennen, director of Financial Aid, comments, "If I could have had some control over being moved, I would have stayed in Student Affairs, but it's the prerogative of the chancellor or any manager to reorganize his staff. I had no control over this."

The lack of consultation on both this move and the formulation of the report are major sore points at all levels of the administration.

On Consultation

Mr. Tubbs and others have asked, "Why didn't the Assembly sub-committee consult with the people involved with these changes before making their recommendations?"

The Assembly LRPC, acting on a request from the chancellor, formed a three person sub-committee on reorganization last fall. The members were Professor Fuad Safwat, former dean of CAS who acted as chair; Professor Ray Bronk, chairperson of the University Assembly; and Professor Joan Tonn of the College of Management and Professional Studies. Tonn is now the chancellor's Special Assistant on Reorganization, having taken a leave of absence from her teaching duties to work full-time on this project. She will investigate in-depth the

their plan. One source was a questionnaire that had been distributed to the campus community. Students were not involved in the questionnaire. In addition, an extensive LRPC report from two years ago, when Mr. Broderick was on the LRPC, was used and two outside consultants were called upon. In the previous LRPC report, he states, administrative staff were consulted. That report, however, was rejected by former Chancellor Carlo Golino.

The two outside consultants, one from the University of Iowa and the other from the University of Pennsylvania, were sent information on the present structure of the administration. The consultations and recommendations took place by phone. Neither Safwat nor Bronk could recall the consultants' names. Tonn would not relinquish this information.

During the process, the committee consulted with the chancellor and the deputy chancellor, to inform them of what they had done and to check for objections.

Chancellor Corrigan has stated, "It wasn't necessary to consult with the people involved because the Assembly committee had a set of priorities and they had documents from several years past."

Others disagree on the consultation issue. Lana Brennen states, "If members of the committee had spoken to the people to be affected, they would have



John Robinson

Debbie Karaczian

different." Where the lack of consultation has people most upset is in the moving of the Financial Aid Office.

Tubbs claims that he was not informed of the move until it was in effect. Corrigan denies this. "Tubbs was informed prior to the move, but did not have it in writing. We went rapidly, [Tubbs] feels that my intent was less clear than I feel it was."

The report was submitted to Corrigan just before Christmas. On January 14, Brennen was told by Corrigan that the Financial Aid Office would be reporting to the Office of Admissions and Records starting the next Friday or Monday (January 18 or 21). "A month ago I wasn't even thinking that this would happen," exclaims Brennen.

Tubbs, after calling the chancellor and requesting a written confirmation, received a memo about the move on January 24.

"We did not have the time," explains Corrigan. "I believe in consultation, but we did not have the luxury of consultation. External problems made the time element essential. Spring may be the only time we have to get this unit in order."

Brennen comments, "If we had been consulted, some of these accusations would not have been made . . . The move was external to me. I had nothing to do with it."

The lack of consultation on both levels has caused a plunge in morale among the professional staff. Baxter says, "The process has been harmful; everyone's level of anxiety was raised by the way it was done."

Many professional staff first heard of the report through SAC chairperson and

"I believe in consultation, but we did not have the luxury of consultation... Spring may be the only time we have to get this unit in order."

Chancellor Corrigan

proposed changes and will report to the chancellor.

Commenting on the committee's charge, Tonn stated, "Our line of thinking was: what was the chancellor responsible for, and what kinds of structures would be needed for him to function efficiently." On the lack of consultation she replied, "If you're going to make changes about reporting lines at the top, you talk to people when you've got your ideas clear. In the end it is the chancellor's decision."

Safwat revealed that the committee had used several sources to formulate

had a better sense that this [the reaction] would have happened."

Vice Chancellor Baxter comments, "It's not the plan itself, but the way the situation was handled . . . There's always been a dispute over who owns what services." Baxter takes a philosophical approach to changes proposed in his area. "As vice chancellor of Administration and Finance, I've seen the computer center move in and out of my office several times. I've been here with several chancellors. You see things move around but you weather the storm . . . Lee's [Tubb's] situation is

student Lucky Dodson who had received a copy from the chancellor before it had been distributed to the staff. "It was bad that the report got distributed before anyone had a chance to discuss it. Information coming from the bottom up instead of the top down is always disturbing."

John Robinson, director of the Counseling Center under the Student Affairs Office declares, "Not consulting your staff on major changes is poor managerial practice. The chancellor is naive. He's never led a university before and he doesn't know what he's doing."

Commenting on a comparison made between Corrigan's tactics and those of Boston University President John Silber, Robinson offers, "Having worked with John Silber, I'd say Corrigan isn't fit to walk on the same intellectual street as Silber."

Don Costello of Placement Services states, "When the administration comes in and makes changes without feedback, that's professional disrespect."

Broderick notes, "The other changes are not going to be made without consultation with those involved."

Student Affairs

At the center of the philosophical dispute is the Office of Student Affairs, its relationship to the rest of the campus, and its function. Under the present structure, the vice chancellor of Student Affairs shares an equal relationship with the other two vice chancellors, at least on paper. The proposed restructuring would change that. In addition, with the strict division between academic and non-academic functions, nearly half of the offices under Student Affairs would be moved elsewhere, severely weakening the effectiveness of that office.

Many students feel that Student Affairs is their only representation on the administration. Student Affairs personnel agree. Lucky Dodson feels that student services should be under one person. "No one should have to go to several places to get something done."

Lana Brennen, reflecting on her years in Student Affairs, comments, "People in Student Affairs feel they are advocates for students. Student life is very important on campus because this is a commuter campus. You have to have a lot of student-life people here because we are dealing with non-traditional types of students. If I had a choice, I'd stay in Student Affairs. It's my home."

She further states, "The reality that

we would be leaving Student Affairs was painful. Financial Aid is a student affair. Student Affairs is the Motherland. We look at the move as if we're going to a new land."

Vice Chancellor Tubbs is upset over the loss of this office and over the proposed removal of Info, Prefreshmen Programs and others. He and other Student Affairs veterans see this as part of a historical process to undermine the effectiveness of the Student Affairs Office.

Corrigan feels this view is uncalled for, "The entire university is for students," he asserts. To which Lucky Dodson responds, "They may be there, but I don't see them going out of their way for students."

"My concern isn't people, my concern is process and structure."

Joan Tonn

Tubbs

The focal point of the Student Affairs dispute is Vice Chancellor Tubbs. Many feel that Tubbs is Student Affairs, that he embodies the philosophy behind Student Affairs.

Lucky Dodson declares, "What's good about Lee Tubbs is that he's visible on campus. He goes to SAC meetings and he socializes with students. He's not afraid of students."

Tubbs' staff show an enormous degree of loyalty towards him. John Robinson states, "I came to UMass because of Lee Tubbs, and I didn't have to; I took a salary cut to come here. The salary here is just a cut above welfare so that's not why anyone would work in student affairs, for the money."

One of the areas that Tubbs is most credited for is the development of the Prefreshmen Programs. The grants which fund these programs were arranged through Tubbs and staff members are anxious to point out that Tubbs has a national reputation for his work in this area. Yet on the proposed reorganization plan, those programs would be moved to the academic side of the system.

"By transferring the Prefreshmen Programs, they are taking away from Tubbs all his work, because he got the

grants," states Sheri Thomas, Info director and former student. Prefreshmen Program Director Charles Desmond was requested to remain under Tubbs because of Tubbs' expertise in this area.

Corrigan and Broderick view the transfer in a different light. "Tubbs is to be commended for bringing to the campus and developing those programs, but I never agreed that those programs should be reporting to him," states Broderick. Corrigan states flatly, "The federal government is responsible for the grants."

Tubbs has announced his intention to resign. As the situation escalated, and insults, real or perceived accumulated, Tubbs felt an irreversible breakdown between him and Corrigan which left no

alternative but for him to resign his position, lending a prophetic dimension to Don Costello's comments. "They're trying to force Tubbs out. Many people don't like him, even people who don't know him."

Student Affairs vs Academic

Costello and other professional staff see the reorganization in a broader light as well. "You have to look at this historically. Student Affairs has always had to fight to maintain its position. It's an age-old problem of academic versus student affairs."

Ray Bronk, assembly chairperson and one of the authors of the plan, expresses one view, "The trend across the country is to separate into academic and non-academic functions," a position others see as arbitrary and unrealistic. "You can't separate a student into academic and non-academic areas," points out Tubbs.

John Robinson elaborates on this point. "Student Affairs is an academic function. The problem is in utilization of available resources. The Student Affairs staff is qualified to teach courses and the university could benefit from this, but when I have requested, begged, to be allowed to teach even one course, they won't let me. I can teach at Harvard, but I can't teach here . . . What the

academics don't realize is that without Student Affairs — counseling, financial aid — they might not have any students to teach.”



Debbie Karcozan

INFO Director Sheri Thomas

The transfer of Financial Aid to the academic side has brought this conflict into sharp relief. The chancellor feels that, “In order to meet the needs of incoming students, admissions and financial aid must be together. Those groups working together will create better access for students.”

Douglas Hartnagel, dean of Admissions and Records, where Financial Aid has been relocated, states “The transfer is a model that can provide the kinds of services students need.”

Broderick concurs, “The programs would benefit from a closer co-operation from the academic side,” adding, “Realistically, there's always more power in academics.”

Costello, former Admissions director when Admissions was under Tubbs who has worked in both Student and Academic Affairs, states, “When the academic take over, what you get is a lack of leadership,” adding, “This present reorganization plan is part of a historical process to give power to the academics.”

Lana Brennen concludes, “I'm just one more domino in the history of student affairs.”

People or Process

The issues raised by the reorganization plan are many and complex. They extend far beyond the report, striking at some of the deepest held beliefs about the function of UMass. The relationship between the university's human elements — students, faculty, and staff — are questioned.

The university is in a state of flux. Still new and growing, UMass has yet to define its identity; the reorganization plan can, therefore, have an enormous impact on the direction this protean institution will take in future years.

Broken down to its simplest terms, the conflict seems to be one of people versus system. This is, perhaps, over-simplified, but many of those involved declare this is the case.

Don Costello sums up these feelings. “The most important thing is that the people involved can work together to meet the mission of the university.”

This attitude calls for constant sensitivity from administrators influencing reorganization in the next few months. It is not enough to study systems as Joan Tonn, who has stated “My concern isn't people, my concern is process and structure.” is doing. That may be her job, and as the chancellor point out, “It is *my* job to be concerned about people.” Still,

blocks on an organizational chart cannot be moved about as if there were no people in these positions.

The administrators often seem so removed from the daily life of students that we pay no attention to their activities. But the actions and decisions of those folks on the 3rd floor of the Administration Building have a direct bearing on the quality and kind of education we receive. If these people can't communicate, if they can't be clear on who we are and why we exist, then UMass is in a great deal of trouble.

Chris Alberto, candidate for Student Trustee, sums up his reaction to the reorganization plan this way: “The move to reorganize the administration, especially the Office of Student Affairs, without student representation, is anti-student, anti-democratic and outrageous. It cannot be tolerated. It shows lack of concern that endangers the university.”

Jamaica

Strong gusting winds
 Towering mountain peaks among the firmest rocks
 Hottest noon day sun
 Deep blue rivers, ocean water
 Jamaica, Jamaica
 Jamaica land of my birth
 Jamaica land good enough for my spirit's worth
 Jamaica, Jamaica
 Take me home by land, by sea
 Jamaica, I long to be with thee

Jah land where people are warm
 Jah land where my father still farm
 Jah land with Poinsettia's charm
 Jah land of Logwood, Eucalyptus balm
 Jah land of morn
 Jamaica, Jamaica

Xamaca
 Horizontal
 Yon mountain
 Draped scarlet setting sun
 Glowing fire to the days undone
 Hard fought victories won
 Land birthed by children whose wisdom has come
 Land upon the beating drum
 Jamaica, Jamaica
 Jamaica land of my birth
 Jamaica land good enough for my spirit's worth
 Jamaica, Jamaica
 Take me home
 By land, by sea
 Jamaica, I long, to be with thee

deta galloway
 May, 28th, 1975



Steven Eric Emmond

Progression

Sitting here
 watching my
 thoughts
 march back &
 forth
 out of mind's
 grasp
 down my arm
 my leg
 reach my knee
 dive
 off into their
 imaginary pool
 swim across the
 floor
 to the closet
 disappear
 through a small
 crack
 in the wall.

John G. Hall

Resisting Conclusions

My calculations are careful.
 My clownish convolutions
 do not afford
 an imaginary life.

I am doing the best that I can:
 There are still so many cars and
 no where to go
 there is snow sticking to the ground
 I am not able, am not able.
 It isn't spring,
 It never will be spring.

Stick head in ground,
 Burrow under covers,
 world outside no good,
 go back to bed.

Maris Nichols

twilight

a rhapsody!
 orange clouds &
 purple suns
 ignite
 the world of violins.
 bright eyed clowns
 like empty ballerina slippers
 filled with air
 dance across the horizon
 no s
 h
 a
 d
 o
 w
 s
 c
 a
 s
 t
 unicorns gallop
 in clover fields.

on earth's dark side
 Aurora weeps her morning tears.

A.E.M.

bound by the vote. Both Steamer and Golino are no longer with the university and many of the students now on campus don't remember the merger of the two colleges or the free period issue. But everybody remembers how last semester ended without a reading week. This major inconvenience, which had an adverse effect on many of our final exam grades, originated in the Assembly. The Academic Affairs Committee of the Assembly is in charge of drawing up the university calendar. The reading week problem resulted from the decision to expand the semesters at UMB from 13 to 14 weeks as part of the effort to upgrade standards. Once the decision had been made to expand the semester, there were three possible ways to do this: start school before Labor Day, start school after Labor Day and have exams in January, or follow the regular schedule and cut reading week. The third option was chosen.

Not having a reading week was bad enough, but what really disturbed students was that they didn't know about the change until the end of the semester. By then it was too late to do much catching up.

The merger, the free period issue and the reading week are three instances which illustrate two central questions regarding the assembly: how responsive is the administration to the recommendations of the assembly, and how representative is the assembly of student interests?

At present there are eight standing committees of the Assembly: the Steering Committee, the Committee on Committees (handles nominations of Assembly members to committees), Academic Affairs Committee (develops "policy recommendations relating to every aspect of undergraduate academic and curricular life"), Graduate Council (deals with "all matters relating to the administration of the graduate program"), Budget Committee, Planning Committee, Student Affairs (non-academic support services for students, foreign students, athletics and student discipline and grievances), and the Institutional Review Board for the Protection of Human Subjects Committee (required by the Federal Government to "review and recommend policies concerning research involving human subjects").

As mentioned earlier, the Assembly should consist of 40 percent students and

60 percent faculty, but there have been problems attracting student representatives. Lack of active student representation in the Assembly can only have a negative effect on the student body as a whole. When issues like the pass/fail policy or the transformation of incompletes into "F's" are discussed, student participation is of obvious importance. Even though the powers of the Assembly are limited, important changes can be made before the student body is even aware they are being discussed. At the least, student participation keeps us aware of pending decisions before official decisions are made. This gives us a chance to organize around issues as they come up instead of after the fact.

A student representative can only be effective with strong support from the rest of the student body. All of the student representatives interviewed said they would like to see more involvement from students and more interaction between students who serve on the Assembly, the SAC, and other college governance bodies. They also expressed a need for the student body to define more long term goals and to maintain continuity in working towards these goals. They all agreed upon the need for more regular media coverage.

Up until recently, the *Mass Media* covered the Assembly meetings on a regular basis. However, activities in the state legislature regarding the future state of public higher education, have taken precedence in the school newspaper's coverage of campus governance bodies.

The remaining Assembly meetings this semester are scheduled on the following Mondays at 2:30 in the Small Science Auditorium: February 25, March 10, 24, 31 (the 31st is "provisional"), April 14, 28 and May 5. Meetings are open to all students.

According to the Assembly's by-laws, the annual election "shall occur no later than April 30." The exact date has not yet been set.

Other Governance Bodies

"The right of members of the College of Arts and Sciences to participate in decisions affecting their responsibilities and careers is a basic right and gives substantial authority to the Senate. Subject to the authority of the Dean of the College, the Chancellor, and the President, and to the final authority of the Board of Trustees, the Senate is the

primary instrument by which this right is exercised on matters of College governance."

The Constitution of the College of Arts and Sciences

Many students at UMass have recently become aware of the College of Arts and Sciences Senate (see Vol. 1, issue 2, "Proving Proficiency"). Each of the colleges has a governance body composed of faculty, students and staff. In the College of Professional Studies, it is called the College Council, and in the College of Public and Community Service, it is the Policy Board. Just as the Assembly recommends policy to the chancellor, the college governance bodies recommend policy to the dean. Although student participation is important for each, this article will deal only with the CAS governance body.

The CAS senate is a group of elected representatives, twenty-two of whom are students. The Senate makes recommendations concerning a variety of issues; curriculum, admissions, administrative operations, the budget, and planning and development of the college. nominating the dean and in reviewing his performance "at least every five years."

If you've never heard of elections for the CAS Senate, this is not surprising. These elections are supposed to take place every two years, with the majors in each department voting for a representative, but this doesn't always happen. Earl Porter, Senate Student Co-Chair found that part of his job entailed "going around to the chairperson of each department and convincing them that it was their responsibility to see to it that the elections are held." Porter welcomes more student involvement in the Senate. For more information, he can be reached at 787-5792. For information concerning the other colleges, contact the dean's office.

An article dealing with governance bodies would certainly be remiss to end without mentioning that supreme body -- the Board of Trustees. Appointed by the Governor, it is described by the Student Affairs Newsletter as a "respected group of community leaders, educators, and business persons who establish policy for the University, maintaining ultimate responsibility."

The Student Trustee is the voice of the students on this board, not an easy role to fill. It requires someone not easily intimidated or impressed by people in powerful positions, unafraid to speak up

repeatedly in the interests of the student body, and able to be persuasive. Without communication and support from the rest of the student body, the position isn't worth much more than a good addition to a person's resume.

All the student representative positions involve attending meetings, talking with people, and keeping up with the various things going on with other student representatives, as well as with the administration. Presently, there seems to be little communication between student representatives and little cooperation. What is needed is a more cohesive approach to student representation. If representatives cannot get together, and share with each other what is going on in their particular sphere, then perhaps they could regularly submit articles to a student newsletter which would keep us all informed of SAC business, committee reports in the Assembly, subjects discussed at Board of Trustees meetings and important decisions being made in all the college governance bodies. Without some effort to pull together as students with some common interests, student representation will continue to be a disjointed affair.

Being a student representative can be a

great learning experience. Unfortunately, the experience gained by one group of students is seldom passed on to the next. This is a difficult problem to solve given the rapid turnover of the student body.

Perhaps there could be some sort of student orientation by students for students provided for all the incoming freshmen and transfers. This would help prevent the now-that-I-know-what-goes-on-at-this-place-it's-time-to-graduate-syn-drome.

Who knows? Maybe some day we might even have a student union. There has been talk of it for years. Imagine a student union with offices for all the RSOs and student representatives, a student information center, student support services, offices for student run operations, and a bigger pub. A student union would go a long way towards making UMass a less alienating experience.



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other classes she had attended for credit. The department chairman didn't like those letters and took them out." Huggler maintains the 3 letters he removed after conferring with members of his department were weak and illiterate and that Cleveland's accusations of the letters being complimentary to him and insulting to the department are false.

"Lowering a department's standards to fulfill Affirmative Action quotas provides a slice of life that isn't very interesting."

John Huggler

The tenure case was passed on to Acting Chancellor Claire Van Ummersen who upheld Dean Riccards' negative decision. In order for the dean to reverse a department's vote for a professor's tenure, unanimous in Cleveland's case, he must have, according to the UMass tenure process, "clear and compelling reasons" for the action. Cleveland felt that the dean's reasons were not substantial and that the chancellor's decision was equally insubstantial. He subsequently filed grievances with the Affirmative Action Office, the Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination, the Faculty-Staff Union, and the Black Caucus.

A series of hearings followed with the new chancellor, Robert Corrigan. At the first hearing, Asst. Chancellor Joel Blair appeared, instead of Chancellor Corrigan, and declared that the hearing could not be held because Cleveland had legal counsel with him and the university did not. "They knew I was going to have counsel and the university has three of its own lawyers. That was a way of delaying," states Cleveland. There was another hearing which Corrigan attended. He upheld the negative decision stating that there were procedural irregularities but they were rectified in the tenure process. Cleveland said, "This is absolutely absurd. How can you rectify the removal of letters from a file? How can you rectify giving the professor the wrong deadline?" The major portion of Corrigan's letter was a reprimand to the FSU for its handling of the case.

On December 20, 1979, a hearing was held with President Knapp. The university had 2 lawyers in at-

tendance; Cleveland had none. A decision was to be delivered to Cleveland, at the absolute latest, on January 25. He heard nothing until February 6; Knapp's decision was negative.

The case now goes into arbitration, and Cleveland feels sure that the university will continue its delaying tactics beyond the term of his contract. "I'm up against institutional racism. It seems to me that my work and the whole general issue of

my tenure centers around my blackness. Being black, they look upon you in a different light, to see if you can cope with the situation at UMass. I felt that I was on trial." The status of the tenure case now is, as John Huggler characterized it, one of "accusation and denial."

Affirmative Action at UMass/Boston continues to be discussed by the administration as something that will take place in the future. Essentially, the plan is to spend a lot of money and hire a big-name black as a full professor, and, hopefully, this name will draw other blacks to the UMass/Boston faculty. However, there are already black names on the faculty, but most of them are being driven away. Clyde Evans, a nationally-known philosophy professor, won tenure last year after a long and bit-

Academic Support Office while continuing part-time duties in the English Department. Marcia Lloyd of the Art Department is currently battling for her tenure. The English Department lost a nationally-known black Faulkner scholar last year, Thadious Davis. After an ardent search in the job market, the department hired another black professor, but the professor eventually declined the offer. Cleveland said recently, "There is a paucity of black tenured professors on the faculty. There couldn't be more than 7 or 8 at the most in a body that numbers around four hundred. Ed Strickland, head of Black Studies, is the only black to receive tenure right away without having to protest on some level during the seven years I have been here. Everybody else, all blacks, had to protest. That is continuing discrimination, institutional racism. How do you explain that? Are we all that bad?"

Things are different here for black professors. One attitude towards Affirmative Action was summed up by John Huggler: "Lowering a department's standards to fulfill Affirmative Action quotas provides a slice of life that isn't very interesting." Out of 6 tenure candidates turned down last year, the 4 whites all had negative votes from their departments. The two blacks rejected, Dr. Cleveland and Marcia Lloyd, had positive recommendations from their departments. Cleveland's was unanimous and Lloyd's was 4 for, 2 against. This does not seem to indicate any lowering of departmental standards. Cleveland added, "It is difficult for some whites to accept the fact that a black is the most popular professor in their department."

"I'm up against institutional racism. It seems to me that the whole general issue of my tenure centers around my blackness. Blacks have to keep proving themselves at every level. It is frustrating and degrading."

Dr. Jefferson Cleveland

ter struggle. He also won the Distinguished Teaching Award last year, but is on sabbatical leave now, counselling at Harvard, and there has been some speculation that he may not return to UMass. Marilyn Truesdell has been removed from a tenure track and has been demoted to a position in the

The unfortunate truth is that UMass/Boston has acquired a national reputation for denying equal opportunity to black faculty. "Blacks have to keep proving themselves at every level," said Cleveland. "It is frustrating and degrading."

sanest people I know. Everything will be fine. Stop worrying, will you?"

"But I'm taking eight classes this semester and seven of them are in history."

"Why the hell would anyone take eight classes?"

"It's the only way I can get away from the disco ducks. And besides I want to graduate in June, so I can enter the Miss America Pageant."

"The Miss America Pageant? I take that back. Worry."

"See, I got this thing for Bert Parks . . ."

"Bert Parks? He's not even the Master of Ceremonies anymore."

"What? You mean I took up guitar for nothing?"

"Hey Sue, where you going?"

"Well, I hate to drink and run, but I have a Victorian English exam tomorrow and I better get home and study for it. I'll call you later, maybe. Take care and don't drink too much."

"I won't. See you later, Sue. And take it easy. You're not going nuts."

I go to my locker and get my coat. I place the books for tonight's study in my tote bag and head to the bus stop. The bus stop is crowded with a hundred other bodies. All waiting. All looking. Maybe at me? Do they know I flunked? The bus pulls to a stop and I press forward, aiming for the back. Good students in front, bad ones in back. The bus stops at the train station. That was fast. Where the hell is that train? I got to get home and study for the next exam, and then the next, the next . . . The litter crumples under my feet as I pace the platform. The wind directs scattered matter at me. Discarded cigarettes and papers surround me, possibly sensing one of their own. Another discard? Another rejected piece of matter?

With a rush of air the train pulls into the station. The doors fly open. There is an empty seat in the corner and I sit down. The train jolts as it moves out of the station and the litter waves good-bye. The exam is still with me. I try to distract myself by reading the posters. Unfortunately the poster opposite me assures me that I, too, can get a college education.

It only takes seventeen minutes to

reach my stop. Precisely seventeen. Yes, that's me, or was, precise and correct. Always. The brakes screech, the doors fly open, and I dash from the car.

Out in the open, near home. I feel a little better but not much. The walk home takes ten minutes. Timed it once, never wrong. Halfway down the street I stop and peer through the supermarket window. I need things but the store is too crowded. My reflection in the window peers back at me and I study it. Nothing amiss physically. Then why do I still feel clammy and shaky? I'll just study a little and then get a good night's sleep. Things will be better in the morning.

Darkness comes early now and it takes a few minutes for the eyes to adjust to the dim light. I fumble for the light switch. The room is bathed in a soft white glow. My coat falls from my shoulder and floats down onto the chair. Habit arranges the books on the desk. The clock strikes four. Study is the most important thing now. Six more exams this week. Fear of failure wraps around me. I struggle to shake off the foul blanket, knowing full well that I am powerless to prevent its return. The hours race by faster than the turning pages. My eyes begin to sting and my hands start shaking. Nine o'clock now. I know I'm doomed to flunk all six exams. I need a break, but push on. Panic takes over. Sweat beads form on my brow.

My heart, the palpitations are starting again. This has to stop. I must be strong. A chill shivers up my spine. I push away from the desk as if it is engulfed in flames. My head throbs again. Slowly at first, but gradually gaining force until I want to scream. I try once more but the vision blurs and the words jumble. I can't read. Oh God, please help me. The nerves are taking control. They must be stopped. I have to do something. I know — a drink. A drink will calm me down and then I can finish.

I know there's a bottle of scotch here somewhere so why is it all I can find is three packages of lime kool-aid? Oh wait a minute, did I put in the desk drawer? Ah, the golden liquid flows smoothly from the bottle into the glass. It alone contains the power to stop the panic, to push it away, to quiet the nerves. My lips and eyes burn as the liquid goes down. A second gulp, and then another, and another, until the last drop is sucked

from the glass. It has to work, it must. But it's not. Nothing has changed. I'm still shaking. The heart beats faster and faster. It's not working. It's not working. I must lie down, I won't allow this to happen, I won't.

Ten o'clock. Time keeps moving. Rest and set the alarm for two and then finish. Pillows cradle my head and the blankets melt my frozen veins. Maybe the golden liquid hasn't failed. It's finally taking effect. The heart slows down. The panic seems to be drifting away. Sleep, sleep will make things better. I toss and turn but soon get comfortable. My eyes feel heavy, and then . . .

"Susan, you're a failure and always will be. You can't do anything right. I don't know what will happen to you."

"No, you're wrong, Mother. I only flunked one exam. Why won't you leave me alone? I won't pay forever for one exam. Stop it, stop it! Shut up?"

A beastly roar drains my voice and I pound the pillow into the metal headboard harder and harder until blood oozes from the cracking skin. They're wrong. I must prove them wrong. I can see the exam. It grows and grows and as it does, it changes into a horrible monster.

Under the veil of darkness I see the hideous creature approach. Every fiber of my being trembles and my arms clamp to my sides. I am impotent, powerless. The paralysis is complete. The creature's blood red eyes burn through my body and its death black claws reach for my head. My body convulses with agony as the creature's claws rip away my skull exposing the pulsating brain. The blood flows down in never ending waves. My last chance is to kill the monster. I must get a knife or something and kill it. Once, twice, over and over I slash at it and then . . .

Pain. Pain brings me back. I turn on the lights. Vaguely, through the blinding light I look at my hand. There is blood running down my arm from a gash. I must have knocked over the glass on the nightstand and cut myself on the broken pieces. I run to the bathroom and wash it off. The cut is deep. I try pressing a cloth on it but the blood won't stop. Oh shit! I'll have to go to the hospital and get it stitched. How will explain it? The doctors will think I'm nuts.

"Susan Adams, please come into room five. The doctor will see you now."

"Wow. That's a deep cut. How did it happen?" As the needle moves in and out among the folds of my flesh I frantically try to think of an answer that's believable.

"I really don't know, doctor. I was studying for an exam and I must have fallen asleep at my desk and knocked over a glass. When I woke up my hand was all bloody."

"Exams huh. I remember times in medical school when I would stay up all night and cram. Business tends to pick up around here during exam weeks because of all the students living near by. Some come in here thinking their having a heart attack, others come in because they can't sleep. It's the same old story. Exam anxiety. But we all get over it."

"That's not my problem doctor. I just fell asleep, that's all."

"Well then I guess you're one of the lucky ones. Now I want you to go home and get some sleep. I'll put a bandage on your hand. Try not to use it for a few days because the stitches are in a difficult spot for healing."

"But Doctor, this is my writing hand. I've got six more exams to take."

"Six more exams? What are you, student of the year, or just plain nuts?"

"Would you believe both?"

"I'm sure your professors will understand Susan. You can't possibly write with that hand."

"Can't write? That's right. I can't write! Hey, would you mind putting that in writing? Thanks doctor. I got to go home and feed my goldfish."



Anxiety continued from page 24

alleviate a large portion of anxiety for a student. It also helps professors deal with students, as less classroom time is spent trying to pick up lost ground.

Assistant Professor of Psychology, Joan Liem also feels there is a lot more anxiety at UMass/Boston than on a residential campus because we are a commuter campus and have a different student population. "Students here are juggling many more things than I certainly tried to juggle as a student. A lot are not only dealing with the requirements of school, but are also working and taking care of families. Frankly, I don't know how they do it. I feel it can be a very stressful situation. You often see the results not only in

anxiety, but in depression and psychosomatic complaints. I did a study with one of my classes a number of years ago. I asked the students to keep track of the critical life events they experienced during the semester. Periodically I asked them to fill out a questionnaire that looked at symptoms of anxiety, depression, and psychosomatic complaints. A pattern developed. There is a rhythm to the academic semester. It starts off reasonably slow, except for the first hectic week when students are trying to get classes. Then there is a lull. Tension begins to build till mid-terms. This is followed by a second lull, and students begin to relax a little. But then tension starts to build and it continues to increase right through finals. It's very predictable every semester."

Exam anxiety is a complaint frequently heard at both the Counseling Center, in the Administration Building, and at the Peer Counseling Center in Building 020. It is one of the predictable, traditional, forms of student anxiety. Now, though, many students are feeling worried over written work. Exams and term papers can inflict a tremendous amount of pressure on a student. These are graded and give to the student a concrete measure of how well he is coping with his studies. The pressure over written work can be either internal or peer pressure. The student wants desperately to succeed. At the same time he may be competing with twenty other students for the "A." Many times to help alleviate some of the pressure, students resort to taking incompletes. This is one option available to students here but should only be used when absolutely necessary. Incompletes have a rippling effect over the following semester. A student may increase stress upon himself when he is taking five or six new courses while also trying to complete work from the previous semester.

Interestingly, stress does not always have to be in negative terms such as exams, finding a job, or financial problems. It can often be related to positive events. Getting married, having a child, or getting an A on an exam or paper can cause a student stress. The student has demonstrated to himself and the professor that he has a grasp on the material. Now he might feel pressured to live up to the standards he has set. Student anxiety can also arise out of the feelings of alienation that surround a commuter campus. Often a student comes in, takes four classes in a row, and leaves. He doesn't have the time to form

friendships that would allow him to share his feelings and let off steam. It's always reassuring to know others are having similar problems, that you are not alone.

If you are a student experiencing stress, there are services on campus that can help you. The Counseling Center is located in the Administration Building on the second floor, across from Health Services. There are always counselors around to see students in crisis situations. But Dr. Robinson encourages students to come early, before things get out of hand. "It's always good to get a mental health check-up. When we see a student in a crisis situation, about all we can do immediately is calm the student down. We prefer to see him sooner. There is, however, a waiting period for appointments. Last year, our first year of operation, we saw 1,100 students. That shows me there is a need for these services on this campus. But we are understaffed. In most long-term cases we have to send the student outside the university to get the appropriate help. Fortunately student insurance will cover the cost, up to \$500. Unfortunately, sometimes a student needs help beyond that point, and if we had more staff, the student would not come back to point one. But I feel this is where the Peer Counseling Center, in Building 020 can work for some. We have a highly trained and dedicated staff of professionals and students there. Some students might feel better talking to another student rather than a 'shrink'. We exist solely for the students."

Professor Liem feels that perhaps more women students would seek help than male students. "I think women have been socialized to feel it's more acceptable to go seek help when they have problems than for male students who have been socialized to feel they must deal with it themselves. I don't think the experience of anxiety is any different, but the willingness to seek help might be."

As you can see, there is nothing unusual about student stress. You are not strange or crazy for seeking help. Anxiety and stress not only affects your performance in school, but also your interpersonal relationships on the outside. Nobody makes it through life without problems, so be smart. If you're feeling pressured, get help. The services are here for students, don't be afraid to check them out. And do it before you are a nervous wreck.

Genteel Psycho Ward

I

The feeling of the thing is orange
Orange and green and bright striped artifice
Draping the grey personae
A day glo shroud
A psyche bouquet of brain cell wilt
Motionless
The square circle of twitching polar regions
The feet and the fingers
r.p.m.ing the message; I am alive
I AM ALIVE
Morsely Coding the staccato wireless
Please connect SOS
I am alive

The microwave button
X-rays heating inside out in 45 second
Intervals
The surface is cold
But probe
Probe with needles
Probe with fingers
Probe with heart
The heat is inside I am alive

II

The disguises are clear
The poker chips pass
The give and the take
The black and the red
The win and the lose
We are in training for life
The blank pain faces
Open and Close
The day
The meat processed white bread sandwich day
The clothes drier clangs the whole story
Round and around
Cleaner, drier
No better for the wear

The dispersed bodies
Slipped and shuffling their fear dance
Tread on boots eager for flight
Cornered
Sitting this one out
She's only passing through
The tap from behind affronts her hubris
With Lithium eyes say
I am alive

III

In the sluggish morning
Back to the sun
Back against the sun
The surging professionals
Descend
Invade
Pervade
Ring around the silence
With bell shaped enforceable
Expectations
The plastic serrated knife
Smiles grind uselessly
Against the angular foxhole quiet
The temper of the blade is insufficient
The vadium maintains
Roars
gorges itself on
The power of the not-word
Sparks in the air
Arcing the room I am alive

IV

The magic talisman
Dated Polaroid faces
Coded info — unnecessary really
The one's who look up are them
The one's who look down are us
Look up
Space filling syllables pulled out
Hastily assembled into order
Spill across the room
Bounce off the walls
The excess returns home
Fills her ears
Identified
Yes, I made those sounds
Giggles Snickers Random relief
Rampant apathy
The fish is bad
The phone is orange
Four minutes to go
The weedend smothers out
The monday rushes in

Ready or not
I am alive

Janet Diamond

saying too bad your tits are so small or something like that, and I'll tell you, Billy never said one bad thing about my figure ever, even when we'd have a really mean fight.

Anyway, I kept on trying to get him to go to New York. "You gotta see it" I'd say. "It's nothing like this town, it's so big and you gotta ride the subway for an hour just to get from one end to the other." But he'd say he hated cities, they were too big and dirty and there wasn't any trees and stuff. I told him about that big park right in the middle and how they had concerts and plays and stuff and there was even a zoo in there but he just kept on saying cities weren't natural and people weren't meant to live like that. We never had the money anyways, cuz I was still going to high school and he just played in the band but he never had a real job.

And sometimes when the trailers went by, he'd whimper in his sleep and grab me real tight... with his whole body curled around me, all hot and kind of sleepy- smelling...

Lots of people would probably think I was sorry later I got involved with him, and dropped out of high school and all that. But I'll tell you, I never regretted loving him one bit, because before it went bad, it was so good, and I loved him so much -- sometimes I think I'll never love anybody that way again in my whole life. It was like taking a brand-new car you never drove yet and putting it down to the floor on a long, flat stretch of the interstate and just going faster and faster til the trees are a blur of green and all you can hear is the screaming of the engine and you know it's gonna take a long, long time to stop without anybody getting killed. And it's like that too because it's something you can only do when you're too young and too stupid to think much about what you're doing. When you get older, you get afraid to take those kind of rides, and your car gets older too, and it just won't go that fast, even when you push it.

Now it's kind of hard to explain this, but I really loved that Billy.

Sometimes when the weather was warm we'd go up the mountain and find a field somewhere and make love, and afterwards I'd be looking up through the leaves to the sky and the birds would be making some kind of symphony almost, and I could feel the grass and the dirt sticking to my hips and shoulder blades and could smell the way the pine trees filled up the sky, and the dirt smelled so clean and he'd be going around picking flowers or something and I'd see his neat little ass and I'd think to myself, "Fuck New York. I don't wanna live there." And I'd think how I could be happy sleeping on clean sheets every night with him -- you know the kind you see in the department store advertisements with flowers or something all over them and the pillows would be brand-new looking and real puffy. And I'd think about having some nice big old house with fireplaces in every room and a big, cheerful

kitchen with millions of flowers and plants all over the place. There'd even be a big full garden I could look out my window and see, with tomatoes bursting on the vines, nice and ripe and red, and lines of clean laundry strung out in the sun to dry. I'd picture us with a bunch of kids with that curly fox-colored hair he's got, and little cheeks like macintosh apples and round eyes like green marbles and I'd yell out to him, "I love you baby -- I'm never gonna leave you, ever." And he'd come over and hold me real close against his chest and he smelled so good, kinda sweaty, like a man should smell, and he'd say "You're my woman, mama, no man's ever gonna love you like I do."

But somehow, even when I felt like this I'd know way deep down I couldn't stay and we'd never get the house with the fireplaces, or the garden, or the kids with the macintosh cheeks and I'd get to feeling really sad, and he'd say, on the way back to town, "What's the matter with you, now you're getting all depressed again."

And I'd just say, "I always get that way after we make love. I makes me feel kinda quiet and sad."

So you see, that's why it took so long to end it all. Because I'd always go back and forth -- first New York, then the garden, the kids, the sheets.

Lots of times I'd say, "Now we gotta stop doing this Billy." And I'd tell him I didn't love him anymore and he'd say, "You do. You always will." And then I'd stay out my girlfriends for a few days but he'd always know where I was. One time he climbed up the drainpipe in my window when I was there and he said, "Oh mama, you gotta come back, I can't live without you." But sometimes it isn't enough to be young and in love. You gotta think of your future. You can't stay in some little hick town all your life trying to get a man you love to work.

I used to think about this song a lot, but I can't really remember the words. It had something to do with going out into the world and how you couldn't ever be satisfied going back where you came from again. I can't remember who wrote it, but that damn song made me think about New York and I kind of thought maybe that was some place I wanted to go. I figured there must be a whole lot of places like New York in the world, but that was a good place to start. Like there, you could meet all different kinds of people, smart people and interesting people and people who had all different kinds of lives from all over the place. See, that kind of stuff was what I wanted -- you know, variety.

Well finally, I ended up dropping out of school and I got a waitress job because we needed money real bad. It was a little diner type place right near the bus station. Lots of nights Billy would come in right before I got off work and I'd never make up a check and always tell him get whatever you want but he'd never get anything besides an egg-salad sandwich and a glass of chocolate milk.

While I was waiting on my customers, I could see the buses leaving for Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Boston, and New York City. And I took my money and hid it in one of the sauce containers in the old store.

Lots of times I'd tell Billy I had a bad day and only made five dollars in tips, but I really had fifteen or twenty usually and I'd never buy a thing. I just saved every penny. I wasn't sure really what I was saving for, but I guess I figured one day I'd have to leave and then I'd need money for a car or something because I wasn't going to stay in that little hick town all my life.

After I had that job awhile, Billy got so he wouldn't do anything anymore. He didn't even practice with the band,

even though Cooter would bitch they couldn't practice without the vocalist.

Lots of days he'd just drink Jim Beam all day, or go down to the bar and drink beers off his friends til I got home and then he'd start accusing me of being unfaithful to him and he'd say, "You're never gonna find another man who'll love you like I do." And I'd say, "Why don't you grow up and get a job or something. You think I like working in that greasy diner all day long?"

Outside the store you could hear the traffic going by on the interstate, especially at night when the big rigs would be coming in from Florida, or Texas. And sometimes when the trailers went by, he'd whimper in his sleep and grab me real tight, and then, while he was lying there asleep, with his whole body curled up around me, all hot and kind of sleepy-smelling, and I'd be able to see out the window and the trees would be black against the sky and I could see my crumpled-up waitress uniform and the ugly white shoes, and the stockings and underwear all scrunched up together like that and I'd put my head down on top of his head and cry a little bit myself. I'm not sure why, I guess because I knew I'd leave him one day, and because I knew he needed me a little bit more than I needed him, because of his mother leaving him and all that. Those trucks used to really scare him, they made a lot of ugly noise, big, rude farts almost, and the bed even shook sometimes.

I could see a lot of stuff from the window of that diner. I'd be able to see the little bunches of people pacing back and forth in front of the terminal, looking at their watches, checking in their pockets to be sure they had their tickets, and then finally, in a hurry, kissing each other goodbye.

The mothers were the saddest ones to watch, their faces bright and stained with smiles seemed to crack in half at the last minute, right when their kid got swallowed up. And afterwards -- when the bus was really gone -- they'd walk back to their cars real slow and careful, like their legs were made out of china, and when they got in they'd sit behind the steering wheel for too long, just staring at nothing, before they started up the engine. Just sit there, with their hands on the wheel.

I remember the way it was that day. The clouds were thin, the mountains behind the store were dark blue.

I got off work early and I went to the square in the middle of town. It wasn't dark yet and I bought some popcorn from the vendor on the corner.

Then I went in the square and sat down on a bench. I was just sitting there, still in my waitress uniform, and there was nobody there but me and a couple of old Italian guys, coughing and smoking cigars. I fed my popcorn to the pigeons. And I kept looking at the mountains behind the stores. They were turning navy blue in the dusk, like velvet, and the library looked so small, and even though there were cars going around the square, it seemed really quiet to me.

And I was thinking really hard about me and Billy and about how he'd talk a lot when he was drinking about everything he was gonna do, and he'd make it sound real convincing too, but then he'd never do anything but sit around listening to rock and roll and drinking Jim Beam in the old store.

That's how I knew nothing would've changed.

And then I decided to just go on down to the bus station next to the diner and buy myself a one-way ticket to New York City, and then go home and get my stuff and my money at the store.

But when I got to the store, Billy was sitting on the piano bench with a bottle of that whiskey in front of him and a glass and he looked surprised and happy to see me, like he wasn't expecting me at all. And then he got another glass and poured me out some of that stuff and then he started unzipping my waitress uniform and kissing me all over my neck and shoulders and he said, "Aw mama, I thought you were gone -- promise me you'll never leave. I can't live without you." I felt like my ribs were gonna crack when he held me, and I put my head down because I felt kind of funny, you know, and my eyes stung and I thought about how the next bus wasn't leaving til tomorrow anyways and I said, "No baby, I won't."



Loving, I'm Giving

Artists and poets
And ye who build fun
Pulling fantasy-futures
From out of the sun,

It's just a dis-ease which acts
Just on its whims, throwing
Mine to one side,
Leaves me hanging . . .

(On limbs)

Bouncing up, falling down again
Swaying, the gusts relentless,
Throw me there, hit me back again,
My former course, now a rent mess,

But my good mind and my love go on
Tracking their true course,
And guide the real me through
This storm some call hell

And my life's still worth living —
(And that doesn't mean "it could be worse")
In just loving, I'm giving
Helping others stay well.

Poets and playwrights
And ye who sing songs
Showing all of us good above all of the wrongs:

It's just a dis-ease which acts
Just on its whims, throwing
Mine to one side,
Leaves me hanging

*D. Scott Robinson
Winter, 1975*



Spring — 80 UMass Film Series



DATE	TITLE
2/25-26	The Hills Have Eyes! directed by Wes Craven
2/27-28	Pink Flamingos w Divine, Mink Stole
3/3-4	Rocky and His Friends w Bullwinkle, Tutor Turtle, Fractured Fairy Tales, etc.
3/5-6	Monty Python's And Now For Something Completely Different w Eric Idle
3/10-11	Alice in Wonderland w Playboy Playmate Kristine Debel
3/12-13	The Innocent directed by Luchino Visconti
3/24-25	2001: A Space Odyssey directed by Stanley Kubrick
3/26-27	The Omega Man w Charlton Heston, Anthony Zerbe
3/31 4/1	Magic w Anthony Hopkins, Ann-Margaret
4/2-3	Young Frankenstein w Gene Wilder, Peter Boyle
4/7-8	Enter the Dragon w Bruce Lee, John Saxon
4/9-10	Attack of the Kung Fu Girls w Cheng Pei Pei
4/14-15	Muscle Beach Party w Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello
4/16-17	Bikini Beach Party w Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello
4/22-23	Blank Generation w Blondie, Talking Heads, The Shirts
4/24-25	Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones
4/28-29	On The Waterfront w Marlon Brando, Karl Malden
4/30 5/1	Billy Jack w Tom Laughlin, Delores Talor

All films will be shown in the Large Science Auditorium on the indicated dates at 2:30 p.m.

265-7100 479-7101 269-3400

Avenue Thrift Shop

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AN OPEN LETTER FROM THE UNITED SLATE:

It is important to those of us who are running for office that students remain aware of the imminent SAC elections scheduled on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of February. Lincoln captured the standards of democratic participation when he spoke of government of, by, and for the people. The United Slate was formed precisely because there were those of us who felt the student government at U. Mass./Boston fell far short of Lincoln's standards.

Just who or what is the United Slate? Basically, we are pluralistic. We ideally are portraying this university community as one of overlapping social, racial, and ethnic groupings, each with a voice in issue and policy decisions. Our experiences working together over the past several years gives us strong reason to vigorously support the premise that it is through peaceable conflict over issues that compromises emerge, resulting in a workable, if not optimal, student policy that we feel assures the participation and rights of those comprising the university community.

We have contended that the most likely reason for students' lack of participation on campus stems from a general feeling of impotency, of alienation from a system that has valued little its group individuality, needs, and interests. This is beginning to change, however, only because the United Slate has tenaciously vocalized and created salience for the issue of campus cultural diversity. As pluralists, we view a healthy, vital system resulting from the interactions and contributions of a heterogeneous student society which is reflective of a world society. The experience we gain from the diversity of race, ethnicity, and class, which is found in the microcosm of the university, can only enhance the success of our experience in the macrocosm of the world. It is the sincere belief of those representing the United Slate that current world events support the reality that American society can no longer afford to ignore the components of its "melting pot."

Our record on SAC gives clear indication of a fulfillment of our commitments and an adherence to our platform promises. Although our semesters on SAC have been spent mostly in defensive action (since the United Slate has never had the majority voting membership), on the other hand, we have served the University well in impacting budget decisions, blocking in-Committee political maneuvers which we felt did not serve the University well, protecting the interests of RSO's (Registered Student Organizations), keeping them informed of fiscal and policy changes, and we provided first-rate minority group representation and input into SAC issue and policy decisions.

Like Martin Luther King, we have the same dream: "that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed." A giant step can begin on this campus when you vote for the United Slate.

Signed by members of the United Slate,

AT-LARGE

Ernest "Lucky" Dodson, TRUSTEE
Gladwell Otieno Saul Ortega
Jonathan Baron Greg Macdonald
Davy Pérez

CAS

Barbara Lomax
Brenda Fair
Horace Griffith

CPCS

Ruth Ann Richards

patrons that frequent it. These two examples are obviously just not cut out for our award. But with diligent work they may eventually reach our standards. However, we are sure the other cafeterias shall long be in the running as the indigestive tracts, or should I say digestive tracts, of the university population can attest to.

Wavelength: One last question before you go. Can either one of you tell us if our cafeterias will win this contest?

La Puque: All I can say is don't count your pigeons before they are fried.

We saw our honored guests off at Columbia Station and then proceeded to the stomach pumping room of City Hospital because we had ingested quite a bit of the above mentioned foods. We are both doing better now and cards and letters can be sent to City Hospital, rooms 202 and 204.



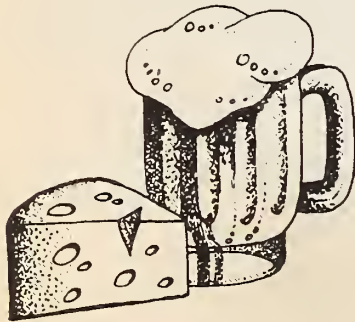
Debbie Karoussian

"Par Excellence!" Pierre La Puque

*

THE UMASS PUB

After a long day of school, between classes or for a quick lunch, why not stop in at the UMB Pub. Movies every Thursday night, games and low low prices.



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ON BOSTON AND PHILLY FANS

I think They're a little rougher in Philadelphia but the same kind of intensity is right here. It's great to have people who are so knowledgeable and so vocal, compared to fans in other towns, say San Diego or Oakland where you just don't get the same oomph from the crowd as you do in Boston.

ON FENWAY PARK

I had no choice but to pitch in Fenway, but I always contended that The Wall helped you as much as it hurt you. I would have loved to have seen some studies done as to how many line drives were saved from being home runs by that Wall, and just turned into singles and doubles. Fenway Park also has a grass infield that is wonderfully kept. This was a big advantage for me because I was a sinker-ball pitcher and always tried to keep the ball down, hoping the batters would hit into the dirt. Fenway is a much more desirable place to pitch than some modern, Astro-turf fields where the ball moves much faster on the ground.

ON THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

The National League players had a tendency not to be so "buddy-buddy". They had a much more aggressive style of play. I think they slid into second base a lot harder, I think some of the hitters were more aggressive, I think there was a

better quality of hitters, one through seven, in the line-up than in the American League. There's a strike zone difference between the leagues that I think is pretty real. In the American League, the umpire positions himself directly behind the catcher and there's more of a temptation to call strikes high in the strike zone. That hurt me because I could never pitch up. In the National League, the umpire positions himself in the corner and, always having pretty good control, that helped me.

ON BILL LEE

The real wild ballplayers kind of get weeded out. They force their own hand generally. Front offices of these organizations don't know how to handle wild ballplayers. Managers generally don't know how to handle them, and they shift from team to team. I guess you could say managers like to have somebody that fits a mold so they can follow directions. Free spirits, free thinkers -- your Bill Lees -- are difficult to handle because they're difficult to understand. But Bill Lee is an excellent pitcher and an excellent baseball player, he's dedicated, hard-working and competitive. To me, it would behoove a manager to understand a guy like this and get more out of him. Bill was only unusual in that he was guy with an awful lot of interests, and he wasn't going to let baseball interfere with those interests. He was a pleasure to have on the team, a real joy. He broke up some of the monotony.

ON THE DESIGNATED HITTERS

A lot of pitchers don't like it because they have pride in their ability to swing the bat. I think it takes away some of the good managerial skills a good manager can use to win ballgames. I don't know if it improves the offensive nature of the game, but I think it makes it easier for the managers.

ON TODAY'S RED SOX

I think the team's chances are excellent this year. When you look at everything in perspective, and I can do that now that I'm out of the game, I can really second-guess them. You want a team that has won over ninety games in the past four years, which is what they've done. They're still a damn good ball team. I think they've been unfortunate that other teams have come along that were just one or two games better. So, to look at it from that stand-point, you don't want to change the complexion of the team too much. To go out and find better pitching is not as easy as it sounds without destroying the continuity of the complex you already have. So the Red Sox have the foundation. They just have to hope some of their pitching develops. I think they have an excellent chance of winning it all next year. I don't think Baltimore can maintain the pace they did last year. New York's a little stronger, but if the younger pitchers come through, the Red Sox can win it.

Long Nights & Winter

Isolated moments frozen in time
drift by my window like flocks of wild geese
in lonely november

Memories etched across my mind
like frozen patterns left by skaters
on some forgotten pond

John G. Hall

Rough Edges

When will the mourning end, my love.
Words shooting diffusing the surface,
Fires burning, charring the rough edges of the heart.
Leaning towards illusive high towers,
Stumbling, crumbling visions biting the core,
Charging gold plated crosses testing sanity,
Replenished fluids births an unyielding armor.

Denise R. Maffett

Letters to the Editors



Sexual Harassment

The article on Sexual Harassment which appeared in your December 5, 1979 issue shed an unjustified suspicion on the faculty of the Biology Department. Despite your disclaimer at the end of the article that "in some cases departments and dates have been changed to protect the parties involved", the setting and the lecture topic mentioned in the episode "Being Put in Your Place" point very strongly to a biology course.

I would suggest in the strongest possible terms that your commendable intent of protecting the parties involved should have been thought through more carefully to avoid the incrimination of parties which by your own admission are not involved.

Edna Seaman
Chair, Biology Department

S.A.C. Hassle

At a December Student Activities Committee meeting, a proposal submitted by the African-American Student Organization Ujima, was rejected by S.A.C. members in a roll call vote 7 to 6. The proposal was a request for funds to celebrate Kwanza. Kwanza is a black religious holiday celebrated December 26th through January 1st. The secretary and the chairperson the cultural events subcommittee stated that they reviewed the S.A.C account and rejected the

request when they found that Imani and Ujima received about forty-six hundred dollars during the year. The sum they said was entirely too much for two RSO's to receive and it would not be fair to other RSO's if the two organizations were granted the request. In defense of that argument, one S.A.C. member stated that he hoped everyone would participate and share cultural diversities. The question asked by Imani and Ujima was why did the secretary and chairperson of the cultural events subcommittee compare the funds received by Imani and Ujima with other RSO's, when there is no comparison. Why not compare Ujima to the Ski Club or Irish Historical Society. Some of the very people who signed the Covenant of Racial Justice, Equality and Harmony rejected the Ujima Proposal. A realistic comparison would be the total number of RSOs who received more money than Imani and Ujima put together. Furthermore, any event funded by the S.A.C. is open to the UMass community regardless of one's background, race, color, creed or religion. Many people thought that signing the covenant would ease racial tension and communicate on higher levels than taking one's color into consideration. Harmony and spirit among people of color can only be achieved inside one's heart. The rejection of the Ujima proposal was not in the spirit of the Covenant, but clearly in some people's opinion, a decision with racial overtones.

Robert J. Moore

We done good letters

I just wanted to express my appreciation for the high quality of the first issue of *Wavelength*. It is an interesting and well written news magazine and I am pleased by its quality. Good luck to you and the rest of the staff.

Robert A. Corrigan
Chancellor

I would like to convey to all of you my congratulations on an excellent first issue. I am well aware of the hard work, energy and persistence that went into the creation of this magazine. I really think you have done a fine job and I am confident that there will be many outstanding issues to follow. You, the S.A.C. and all those who helped put out the magazine have good reason to be proud of the result.

Heinz Bondy
Assistant Vice Chancellor

I just looked through *Wavelength* and am very impressed. Knowing a little about the difficulties of getting out any publication, I appreciate your accomplishment. You and the editors and writers are all to be congratulated: somehow, you have produced on campus a serious, literate, interesting magazine.

James H. Broderick
Deputy Chancellor

Mass College of Art

This is to compliment Rick Bowers for his fine article "Mass College of Art-What's the Next Move?" which appeared in your December 5, 1979 issue. Mr. Bowers came to the assignment without any preconceived ideas regarding the College of Art and his objectivity shows through.

I would like to correct one error, however, I am quoted as saying "essential to getting a BA is the requirement to take 12 credits in art history." That passage should read BFA (Bachelor of Fine Arts). **THIS IS NOT HAIR SPLITTING.** It is in fact an essential point since the BFA is the professional degree as opposed to the liberal arts oriented BA in art. The difference in degree nomenclature is symbolic of the very real difference in curriculum and emphasis in the two forms of education.

While I feel that Mr. Bower's article was essentially accurate in presenting many of the issues which concern the College of Art, I found no such sensitivity present in the remarks by student trustee Nancy Cross.

Ms. Cross makes a number of assertions which I challenge. First, she ignores the fact that Columbia Point lies well outside the center of the professional activities upon which MCA depends. Where are the art supply stores, printing firms, advertising agencies, galleries, photostat houses, architectural firms, graphic design studios and typographers?

Second, Ms. Cross makes no mention of dormitories. Yet, MCA is not a commuter school - it draws students from all over the state and the New England region. Are we to assume that the communities of Savin Hill and South Boston are going to open their doors and provide us with student affordable housing?

Third, Ms. Cross suggests Bay Side Mall as an appropriate location for the College of Art at a cost of approximately 4.5 million dollars. For the last five years, I have been Chairperson of the Campus

Planning Committee here at MCA. As a result of this position, I have become very aware of the complex physical plant requirements of the institution. A professional school of art and design requires very special spaces with very special mechanical, ventilation, and power needs. A studio can be an industrial scale foundry or printing plant, a series of drafting tables or a glass blowing furnace. I frankly would like to know on what information is the Universities' proposal based? Ms. Cross mentions a feasibility report (a report, by the way, that no one at Mass College of Art has ever seen), yet, I know of no contact between the University and MCA in which the information necessary to make such a proposal was obtained.

As to Ms. Cross's concern for the taxpayers, I would like to point out that the Commonwealth has already spent a substantial sum of money to develop a Master Plan for MCA at Charlestown. In addition, the legislature has appropriated approximately 8 million dollars for first phase construction.

Fourth, there is no mention in Ms.

Cross's statement of the Boston Redevelopment Authority. According to that agencies "Boston Plan" it is committed to refurbishing Bayside Mass as a shopping area." Reconstruction of the Bayside Mall will begin in 1980, resulting in approximately 100,000 square feet of modernized retail space. . ."

Finally, I know of no one at MCA who has suggested that the UMass art student is less dedicated than a Mass Art student. I would strongly suggest, however, that the objectives of their education is different -- and appropriately so. To quote Ms. Cross once more "although UMass Boston's Art Department is very good, it presently does not have adequate studio space."

It seems to me that Ms. Cross would better serve the University in her role as student trustee by pressing for adequate facilities and support for UMB's art department rather than deciding for the College of Art its future.

William J. Hannon
Assistant to the President
for External Affairs

Adjectival Mania of The Last Serend

In the elusive radiant crepuscled horizon,
flaming out in tender glorious arcs of wonder,
Life is like a frisbee!! Spinning its spiral webs
across the oceans of my mind . . . Distant tears call
from crescent waves. The nymphs and sylphs and Adonis
in their Sisyphusian struggle have strangled the screeching
phoenix. What means this adjectival mania?

The wind's whisper calls the muses from eternity;
Orpheus bellows out his harmonious song; blinded by his
Oedipal grief. And in long corridors of the mind Hermes
wings his way on sudden metaphors slinking away through
gloomy shadows of the long lost cities streets.

When the last long rays of the setting sun
creep over the gilded butterflies wings; all God's
children sing, Glory For The Morning that rises on high
peaked mountains of ice, the glaciers of our soul melt
in the weakening willows of the riverside bend.
How much can we say about adjectival mania

A contribution from The Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow Society of the Graciously
Boston Area, Chapter 006.

