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Wavelength

UMass Boston



VOLUME II
ISSUE 2
NOVEMBER 25, 1980

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Church of
Scientology
Mission of
Cambridge



Cults in Boston

Profits for "Prophets"

Community Action

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Welcome to the second issue, this year, of Wavelength. The front cover photo was taken by Stephanie Romanos; and the back cover photo was taken by Stephanie Womak.

Our photo contest has been cancelled due to a lack of response.

We are in need of people to write articles, fiction stories, poetry, and contribute art work. Please contact, or visit our office. Our office is located in Building I, sixth floor, room 91, and our extension is 2609.

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Special Thanks: Pam Annas, Century Publishing, English Department, Mass Media, Point Press, The Pub Club, and The SAC.

Printed by Charles River Publishing
45 Lansdowne Street, Cambridge, Ma
02139

Roxbury Community College Fights for a Home

"The facilities in which RCC is forced to operate are a disgrace. On the day of my visit huge chunks of plaster had recently fallen from the ceiling...I was appalled by the condition of the bookstore, a dark, dank unhealthy basement. The Dean of Academic Affairs enters his office through an old bathroom in which a sink is still standing...These are third class surroundings for what many consider to be second class citizens."

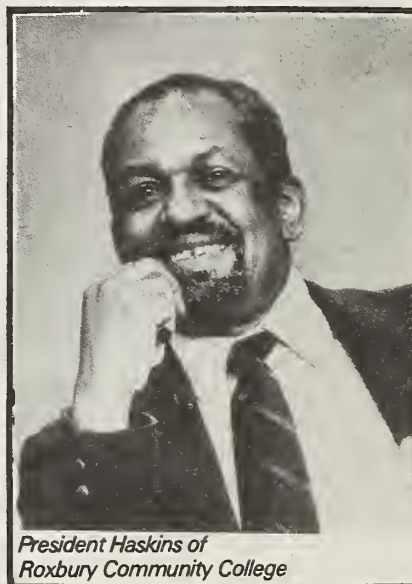
*Chancellor Laura Clausen
Board of Higher Ed.*

By Rick Bowers

Roxbury Community College is a 700 student institution located in the heart of Boston's most beleaguered neighborhood, and is often referred to as the stepchild of higher education in Massachusetts.

Since its inception nearly a decade ago, RCC has been torn by years of internal division and plagued by a history of official neglect. More than any other college in the Commonwealth, RCC has faced insurmountable political and economic obstacles in the path of its academic growth and vitality.

Currently, the school is housed in cramped quarters in a run down section of Roxbury. But the administrators, professors, and students continue to pursue their educational goals, despite

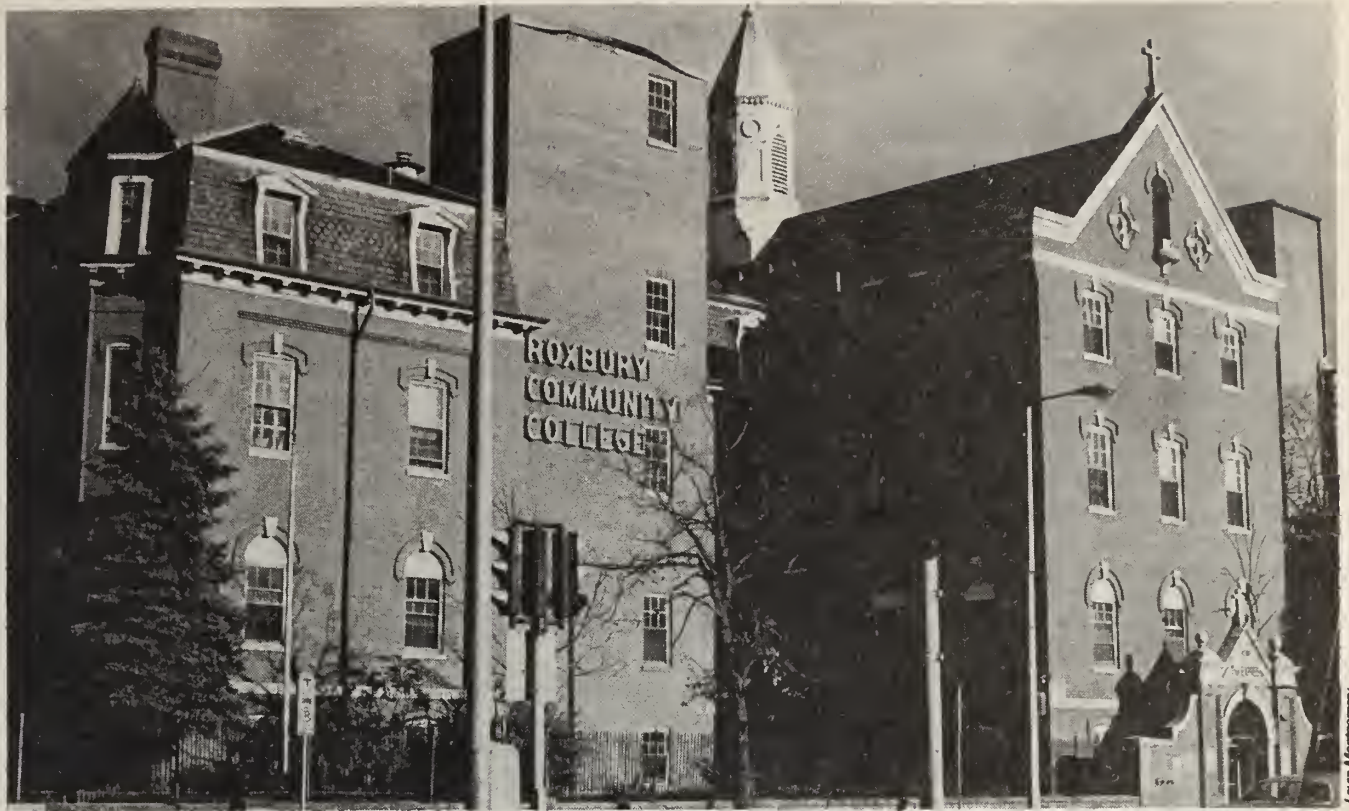


*President Haskins of
Roxbury Community College*

the obvious barriers that exist. In large part, the motivation behind the educational process at Roxbury's struggling college is the hope that the school may soon move to better facilities.

In recent months RCC officials have been pleading their case to the state legislature. The school's top administrators and its State House advocates are seeking thirty million dollars to build a long awaited college campus in the Roxbury area.

Earlier this year, the legislature included the thirty million dollar appropriation in the 1981 Capital Outlay Budget. The budget was later signed by Governor Edward J. King, who pledged to improve conditions at the troubled college. The appropriation, and the King



Laura Montgomery

Roxbury Community College

pledge, were viewed by RCC officials as the final victory in the college's fight for a permanent home.

However, two months have passed since the signing and no action has been taken by the King administration. The bonds needed to begin construction of a new building or to allow the college to move to an improved site have not been issued and at this time RCC supporters are beginning to question the governor's intentions.

Currently, several construction projects approved by the legislature and signed by King are in limbo because no state bonds have been issued.

King endorsed the thirty million dollar appropriation in the midst of great media, political and social pressure. The *Boston Globe* featured three editorials calling for the funding of a new Roxbury Community College. Senate President William Bulger, Speaker of the House Thomas McGee and the entire Black Caucus had urged the Governor to back the measure. And Boston Mayor Kevin White actually held a press conference on the steps of the State House in an effort to raise the RCC debate.

But more importantly, fourteen-year-old Levi Hart had been killed by a shot from a Boston Police officer's gun the week before, and the city's minority

community stood on the verge of violent reaction. Many speculated that a refusal by King to fund the college, which black civic leaders had been fighting for for almost a decade, would push tensions past the breaking point.

Third Class Surroundings

Today Roxbury Community College is housed in a once condemned nursing home at 424 Dudley Street. There is little debate that the exhausted three-floor structure is inadequate as a college campus. The building lacks a central heating system and in the winter months temperatures often vary as much as twenty degrees from one classroom to another. RCC also lacks the cafeteria, auditorium, and athletic facilities usually taken for granted at other community colleges in the state.

The school is bulging at the seams. Admissions have been increasing at RCC and faculty lounges and some offices have been transformed into classrooms. One office at RCC is shared by eight professors!

Laura Clausen, Chancellor of the Massachusetts Board of Higher Education, recently called the situation a "disgrace," and said that the "intolerable conditions should not be

permitted to continue."

"The facilities in which RCC is forced to operate are a disgrace," Clausen stated after a recent inspection of the college. "On the day of my visit huge chunks of plaster had recently fallen from the ceiling...I was appalled by the condition of the bookstore, a dark, dank unhealthy basement. The Dean of Academics enters his office through an old bathroom in which a sink is still standing...These are third class surroundings for what many consider to be second class citizens."

"I think you'll find that the college is in very bad condition," added Senator Owens, "To those who doubt, I suggest they go and walk through the place and see first hand what it is like."

Even before the college admitted its first student, plans were underway to construct a new campus. While Roxbury Community College's sister institution, Bunker Hill Community College, expanded programs in a newly-built Charlestown campus in the 1970's, RCC's growth was blocked by a series of obstacles linked to its location and to its unique status as the state's only predominantly minority college.

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By Donna Neal

Community Action

Learning Outside

The Student Activities Committee is responsible for funding a variety of programs. Some of the more visible ones are the Film Series, Ticket Series, WUMB, Mass Media, Wavelength, and the ever-famous Beer Blasts. But the SAC also funds other, less visible, yet equally important programs. One of these is Community Action.

The SAC sub-committee on Community Action, under the direction of chairperson Ginger Southern, allocates money to nine programs located in Roxbury, Chinatown, Columbia Point, South Boston, and Dorchester. The money given to these individual programs goes towards either operational expenses, or for hiring work-study or special funded (03) UMass student-staff. Working in a community program can be a very rewarding experience. Students learn to expand upon the skills they develop in a classroom setting.

The exposure to the daily running of social services can be overwhelming for the uninitiated college student. Students encounter problems with funding, tutoring, and counselling that can be awesome, but they also help sharpen interpersonal, communication, and managerial skills. Many of the students already involved in community work admitted that the monetary compensation they received was in-

significant when measured against the experience gained in their work. But the time is fast approaching when even the few UMass students actively involved in these programs will have a difficult time gaining practical experience in field work

Mary Nee of the South Boston Neighborhood House and Sandra Albright of Little House echoed the concerns of other program directors when they spoke of the shrinking supply of available funding for community programs. The cries of angry, overburdened taxpayers have caused both federal and state governments to reevaluate spending habits and all social service agencies will be hard pressed to provide even their existing services if and when the anticipated cutbacks come. On the University level, recent cutbacks in grants and work-study allocations have already caused a gap between the number of work-study students and the great number of work-study jobs available. All the community programs supported by SAC rely

tremendously upon dedicated work-study student staff. Several of these programs such as the Roxbury Boys Club, Little House, Hand to Hand, and the Little House Health Center are at a virtual standstill because they have not been able to find work-study students to fill their openings. This year's decrease in UMass student involvement has prevented many youngsters from receiving the educational help they need, and many are unable to find alternate sources of help. Ginger Southern has stated that although her committee prefers that the sponsored programs hire work-study students, there are a limited number of 03 positions available. Students who are interested in these programs should contact her at the SAC offices in building 020.

Each of the following programs receives some funding from the SAC and needs student involvement.

Hand to Hand: The Asian American Society

This program is affiliated with the UMass Asian-American Society which is a registered student organization (RSO) at the Harbor Campus. The program is located in Chinatown and encompasses a health center, the Chinese-American Citizens Alliance, resource workshop in historical and cultural expression, photography, lectures, films, day care and tutoring. Presently this program needs at least two students as bi-lingual workers on its staff which includes areas of legal referral, job placement, day care, health, recreation and tutoring.

Big Sister and Big Brother Program

This program, under the direction of Bernie Sneed, a UMass student, is located at Columbia Point. It involves



Children's playground at Columbia Point

the Classroom



Roxbury boys Club, center of Ujima tutoring program.

Laura Montgomery

working with boys and girls between the ages of six and twelve. A UMass student involved in this program spends a typical week working with a child helping him/her develop recreational, social, and educational skills.

Ujima African American Society

This program, located at the Roxbury Boys Club, is strictly a tutorial program. Over the past three years the Ujima RSO has expanded the program to include girls. It helps youngsters who are having difficulties with school work. The program also attempts to broaden the cultural and social spectrum for urban youth.

Little House Health Center

The Little House Health Center is a multi-service health center which has served the Dorchester area for the past seven and a half years. They provide

adult medicine, pediatrics, obstetrics and gynecological services as well as screening programs for sight, hearing, and blood pressure problems. It is affiliated with several Boston area hospitals including Carney, New England Medical Center, and St. Margaret's. These hospitals provide the medical staff, and the Federated Dorchester Neighborhood Houses provide the mental health staff through the Little House. On a monthly basis there are 1400 visits to the center. The center is open five days and two evenings weekly. This is the first year that SAC Community Action has funded the program. The resources from UMass are for students to work in clerical positions. Director of the program, Geraldine Dunn, stated that, "our problem right now is that nobody has applied for these positions and we need the help."

Little House

The Little House is a separate organization from the health center and offers programs primarily for youth and teens, although adults and senior citizens are also involved in programs. The Little House runs an alternative High School that presently has twenty-two students enrolled in classes. It has a Senior Aid Outreach Program where senior citizens visit other senior citizens who are unable to get out and help them with a variety of tasks from shopping to letter writing. There is also a mental health program which is staffed by three full-time social workers. For teens there is a drop-in center, along with sex, drug, and alcohol education program. Thursday nights there is a recreational program for retarded young adults at the house. The SAC money going to this organization, which is also being funded for the first time, will be used for tutoring youngsters.

The South Boston Neighborhood House

The South Boston Neighborhood House offers a variety of programs for all ages. These programs include a teen center, adult art, seniors, counselling, and youth recreation. Julie McClusker is a UMass student from C.P.C.S. who has been involved with the center for five years. She is working in the after-school program, in which children participate in a number of structured activities ranging from cooking, to art and music. SAC funds go toward a cultural and ethnic awareness program. This program exposes children to cultures other than their own. Two UMass students are presently giving instruction in art and music.

Student Activities College Prep program

This program is located at the Harbor Campus and involves seventy-five Boston High School students per semester. The students explore possibilities for academic, cultural, and social success. It provides extensive classes in Math, English, Biology, Spanish, French and other subjects. The program also includes monthly lectures which provide career information.

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Campus Controversy



Stephanie Romanos

*Should military
recruiters
be allowed on
campus?*



Kent Worcester

YES

When UMass/Boston students go to the polls in the spring they will exercise a unique democratic right. The SAC has magnanimously offered the campus community the opportunity to vote to subvert the First Amendment of the Constitution.

Those of us who have taken the time to read the Constitution may be a little confused. But, a student representative to the SAC has assured us that such a referendum is "one of the more democratic means of deciding any issue". Interesting. Does this mean that South Boston residents are entitled to vote on whether or not Blacks and Hispanics ought to be allowed to live in that community?

It is a valid analogy. We cannot permit such a vote on this campus without condoning similar referenda elsewhere. The South Boston example illustrates the absurdity of such a notion. Although the referendum may well be strictly defined as democratic, in as much as it is a vote by the people, it is certainly not sanctioned under our Constitution.

The argument to ban military recruiters from our campus carries great emotional force. So did the argument to prohibit the Nazis from marching in Skokie, Illinois in 1977. It is often difficult to accept the fact that in order to protect our own freedom of speech we must necessarily protect the right of others to express their opinions, regardless of how offensive those opinions may be. Over 2,000 members of the American Civil Liberties Union resigned in disgust over the ACLU's defense of the Nazi's right to march. Apparently, they had misunderstood the intent of the First Amendment, the text of which is printed on the back of every membership card.

There is another disturbing aspect of the arguments employed by the anti-recruitment forces. It is their big brother attitude toward those students they see as too feeble to fend for themselves. This attitude exposes a belief that the

NO

In 1972, in a vote supervised by the Student-Faculty Assembly, some 70% of students on this campus voted to ban military recruitment from UMass-Boston. In a campaign led by Vietnam veterans, the main argument used against the recruiters was that there was no way this school should participate in the debacle known as the war in IndoChina.

It was self-evident at many colleges and universities in those years that the issue involved was not free speech. The military dominated the federal budget (three times more money was spent on the military than on health and education combined), they'd had recruiting offices in every town, and they had at their disposal vast sums for advertising which falsely offered job training and good prospects.

The issue involved, rather, was the nature of the armed forces; the active role the military played in protecting business investments around the world. The military had intervened against popularly chosen governments (Iran in 1953, Lebanon in 1958, Dominican Republic in 1965) the military had intervened at home against protestors (Kent State in 1970, Wounded Knee in 1973), and the military was keeping in power the Thieu regime that the U.S. government had installed only a few years earlier.

Inside the military no one was allowed to question their officers, organize in any fashion, or agitate against the war. Clearly, the military wasn't interested in free speech for its own ranks or for anyone else, and students across the country consequently moved recruiters off campus.

The ban on military recruitment is still university policy (albeit ignored last year). The recent assembly ban on discrimination, practiced by the military against gay people, only strengthens this policy. The real question is why should this policy be changed? Yes, the U.S. government is

masses of students are either too ignorant to see through the promises of the military recruiters or too helpless to resist their advances. This reasoning is as unsound as it is condescending. Nothing can scare away a potential recruit as quickly as the connivance and obvious insincerity of a military recruiter. Furthermore, our well-intentioned protectors are completely ignoring those students who may sincerely wish to enlist.

Finally, the recruitment issue is a moot point. If those opposed to the presence of military recruiters at UMass voiced similar concern with other incidents of recruitment on campus then their arguments might be more persuasive. Recruitment implies an attempt to enlist someone's services or to enroll someone in a program. Are the anti-recruitment forces opposed to the presence of recruiters for business, religious, anti-racism, and anti-nuclear power groups on campus? Generally, they are not. And when there is opposition to an individual group's recruitment efforts on campus, it is characterized by an insidious selectivity which only serves to invalidate the very argument expounded.

Opposition to the military recruiters reeks of anti-military sentiment, and nothing else. Whether or not this sentiment is justified - and as a veteran I believe much of it is - is not at issue. The application of the First Amendment cannot be dictated according to the sensibilities of a particular state, city, neighborhood, or college campus. Enforcement of the First Amendment would then be left to mob rule. It's a great way to start a revolution; but when they tear up the Constitution, where does that leave the rest of us?

no longer involved in Vietnam, but the armed forces may soon be asked to intervene in a war over Middle Eastern oil we claim as our own. The government seems still unable to recognize the right of different countries to develop their own form of society and their own foreign relations.

Such an involvement would cost thousands of lives and millions of dollars and would make a nuclear holocaust all the more likely. The damage the Ku Klux Klan, for example, does is minimal in comparison. Yet we are far more willing to keep the Klan from setting up a table in Building 020. By excluding certain groups, such as the Klan, aren't we already choosing which ideas we find acceptable?

"All right," ONE MIGHT CONCEDE, "the military may have made mistakes, or may even be a negative thing. But isn't it a necessary evil that we need to defend our shores against Russian invasion?" Such an invasion seems unlikely given the large military capability this country has; the advanced missile and submarine systems, the retaliatory capabilities. The Soviets have no reason to wage a war that no one would win. A far more urgent issue is the question of why the great majority of U.S. citizens have so little input into the political and military decisions made on a daily basis in this country. Our concern should not be towards imagined troubles abroad, but real problems here at home.

Ten years ago, UMass-Boston students concluded that the military was too large a scale form of legal crime to be allowed on campus. It is more important in 1980 to counter the recruiter's promises than it was in 1970, because fewer people recognize the potential danger of another Vietnam. In the final analysis, it is far better to oppose the military now - the recruiters, the registration, the possible draft, the increased spending - than to find ourselves in another needless war which holds the possibility of world destruction.

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Profits for Prophets

Cults in Boston

By Ken Tangvik

Boston, a city dominated by a student population, is a prime recruiting area for various international religious cults. Every day, many young people come into contact with cult recruiters. This contact is likely to occur on the main streets, on the subway, or in the Boston Common area. Some cults have established themselves on campuses and have offered free "rides" to Florida. During last year's student occupation at UMB a local cult member started several fist fights during the demonstrations, which had to be broken up by campus police. Organized cults have also held large social functions at the UMB Harbor campus.

An open-minded, adventurous, curious, or naive person is often enticed to visit a particular cult, and many of these people become "converted" very quickly after undergoing a harsh, intense process in which various mind-control techniques are used. Sometimes it takes only a week-end to become fully indoctrinated into a cult. Traditionally, after a person joins a cult there are three options: he will remain a cult member and give up everything else; quit the cult, often after being deprogrammed; or spend time in a mental institution.

During the past month, *Wavelength* reporters have researched and visited two of the more successful and dangerous cults in Boston; The Unification Church (Moonies) founded by Reverend Sun Myung Moon, and the Church of Scientology founded by L. Ron Hubbard. In this article I will describe my personal experiences when I encountered these cults, and I will also provide some background history of both the Unification Church and the Church of Scientology. Many of the facts concerning the Moonies were obtained from former members.

As one member of the Unification Church stated, "This great country, America is being destroyed by feminists, homosexuals, and communists."



Moon's \$400,000 mansion on Beacon Hill.

Visit to the Moonies

Since the Moonies are highly visible throughout the city, I had no problem meeting them. I was sitting by myself reading in the Boston Common when a young man and woman walked by and asked if they could sit down with me. I politely replied that it would be fine and they began to ask me simple, friendly questions such as "What are you reading?", "Where do you go to school?", and "What do you study?" They then began to compliment me by saying that I had a good heart, was friendly, and that I had beautiful eyes. Precisely what they were doing was trying their best to inflate my ego. The woman, who spoke with a German accent, continued to stare into my eyes as she invited me to take a tour of their home, which she said they shared with other philosophy students from around the world.

I agreed to visit their home and was astonished to find that they lived in an elegant mansion formerly owned by the Jordan Marsh family. Brilliant chandeliers hung from 30 foot ceilings and every room had detailed wood-work on the walls. Wall-to-wall carpeting covered the floors. There were ballrooms, music rooms, and also recreation rooms that had new pool and ping-pong tables. They did not show me the bedrooms that consisted of dozens of sleeping bags on the floor; only their director is allowed a bed to sleep on.

My two friends gave me a complete of the \$400,000 mansion and then invited me to join eight other "friends" who were casually eating dinner. After seeing all the food, I quickly accepted the offer and began to eat a hearty meal consisting of salad, a casserole, vegetables, and coffee. The topic of conversation during dinner was how the Unification Church has been persecuted by unfair media coverage. My two original friends sat close by and watched intently as they became aware that I knew I was having dinner with the Moonies. In order to appear like a potential convert, I assured the group that I had heard some bad things about the Moonies, but that I had an open mind and was willing to check them out for myself. This made everybody breathe a sigh of relief. Everyone smiled.

After dinner, my two friends invited me to attend a "special" lecture that was being held in the house on this particular evening. A man named Aidan Barry, the director of the Unification Church of Boston, was to be speaking on "The Divine Principle." With my curiosity increasing, I could only accept the offer to stay.

Aidan Barry is a young, handsome, energetic Irishman who is a very persuasive and dramatic speaker. He spoke for approximately 90 minutes to an audience of only eight people. I later realized the lecture was being staged for myself and one other non-member who

had also been invited to dinner.

Using bits and pieces of history and twisted biblical quotes, he came to the ultimate conclusion that the Moonies were the only true path to God and that Reverend Moon was a Christ-like figure sent by God to fulfill Christ's mission. Despite Barry's skilled delivery and his intellectual appearance, his lecture was full of dogma and contradictions. For instance, at the beginning of his talk he stated that there was no such thing as a "miracle," but later on he stated that since he joined the Unification Church, he had witnessed a series of "miracles" in his life.

Quotes FROM REV. MOON

The Master Speaks

"I am the thinker, I am your brain."

"Telling a lie becomes a sin if you tell it to take advantage of a person, but if you tell a lie to do a good thing for him, that is not a sin."

"In restoring man from evil sovereignty, we must cheat."

"I think we will get on campuses and be successful there first. Once we can control two or three universities, then we will be on the way to controlling the reins of certification for the major professions in the U.S."

"We will influence the whole of the U.S. by influencing the intellectuals first. We are going to use them as the basis for the political world."

"If we can turn three states of the U.S. around, or if we can turn seven states of the U.S. to our side, then the whole U.S. will turn. Let's say there are 500 sons and daughters like you in each state. Then we could control the government."

"Every South Korean Embassy in the world will become the headquarters for an expeditionary force for the kingdom of heaven."

"We must forge a path toward influencing and ultimately controlling American campuses."



"All the male beings are in the position of the Lord, while the female position is parents to our children, whom God can love."

"What we have been enjoying in the Satanic world must be discarded by us and returned to God. So, we must deny ourselves, our parents, our family our friends, and everything else to return to God."

"You are in a position more elevated than Jesus."

"Unification Church members must be prepared even to marry the highest Communist staff members in the future. That is, we must be ready to marry even an enemy."

"I want to train you in such a way that you can be mobilized any time, day or night, whenever I call. I may not feed you properly or give you proper sleep. Even then, you cannot afford to complain."

"Everything I do is to train you."

After the lecture, my Moonie friends invited me to stay for the week-end, but I declined the offer and scurried out the front door while they tried unsuccessfully to get my phone number.

I later found out that periodically, week-end retreats were held at another Moonie mansion in Marblehead. It is during these week-end retreats that many new members are indoctrinated into the cult. The retreats consist of a series of four-hour lectures and workshops held continually in a carefully controlled environment. Each person is subjected over and over again to the dogma of the church. Every minute of the week-end is structured and visitors are allowed four hours of sleep per night at most. Anyone questioning the church's dogma is quickly and effectively subdued and separated from other non-members. Group hugs, otherwise known as love-bombing are constantly used to promote "brotherhood" and to emphasize that "we are all one." At the end of the week-end, visitors are put under extreme pressure to stay, and former members have reported that at times they were physically restrained. One former Moonie reported that the Boston director, Aidan Barry, choked her in order to prevent her from escaping the church.

If visitors are persuaded to stay after the week-end, they spend several weeks being programmed into the church's system of thought. One former member informed me that part of her training including taking cold showers every 20 minutes for several hours and kneeling for 40 consecutive hours under a tree.

Church members are trained to have complete trust in Reverend Moon. One young Moonie stated, "I have 100 percent trust in Reverend Moon. I would do anything he said, without questioning why." Since Moon is considered to be God's only messenger, members spend several hours per week praying directly to Moon for salvation.

During my conversations with the Moonies, I became aware that the group has a definite set of politics. They clearly favor Ronald Reagan for President and adhere to the policies of Jerry Falwell's right-wing Moral Majority. As one male member of the Unification Church stated, "This great country, America, is being destroyed by feminists, homosexuals, and communists." The

Moonies also believe that the salvation of the female can only come through marriage. The day after my conversations with the Moonies, I noticed several of them attending an anti-draft march and rally. During the march, they constantly screamed slogans such as "You people are following Satan," and they did their best during the rally to interrupt speakers with shouts about Communism. Also, I have recently noticed Moonies energetically campaigning for Ronald Reagan at the Park St. Station.

Korea's President Park, and Korean CIA leader Kim Jong Pil. According to Congressional investigations, Kim told the CIA in 1963 that he had "organized" the Unification Church and was using it as a political tool to solidify Park's power. As head of the Korean CIA, and later as Prime Minister under Park, Kim provided aid to many of Moon's financial and political projects both in Korea and Washington. Moon's group was the only "Christian" group in Korea that did not suffer from former President Park's

Moon's Unification Church was a major political base that was used to suppress the anti-Vietnam War movement in the U.S. Moon ran several full page ads in the Washington Post defending military aid to Cambodia. Unification Church members from all over the country lobbied in defense of Nixon's invasion of Cambodia.

Background of Unification Church

According to Allen Tate Wood, a former leader in the Unification Church, "Sun Myung Moon, a 55 year old Korean industrialist; owner of an air rifle factory, a titanium plant, a ginseng refining plant, and successful real estate entrepreneur in the U.S., is also the increasingly well-know creator of the alleged "messiah" of the Unification Church. Moon founded the Church in Seoul, Korea, in 1954. Today the Church claims more than one half million members in 50 countries. In the state of New York in the last three years, Moon purchased over nine million dollars worth of real estate. Under the banner of the second coming, Moon commands the allegiance of thousands of young people. They finance and operate a network of front groups whose sole purpose is to catapult Moon into a position of prominence and eventually of absolute power in American politics."

Further testimonies have also reported that Moon had close ties with South

brutal suppression of free speech and civil liberties. In 1975, Moon sponsored and organized a pro-government rally in South Korea in which 1,200,000 people participated.

Moon's Unification Church was a major political base that was used to oppose the anti-Vietnam War movement in the U.S. Moon ran several full page ads in *The Washington Star* and *The Washington Post* defending military aid to Cambodia. Unification Church members from all over the country lobbied in defense of Nixon's invasion of Cambodia. The South Vietnamese government paid round-trip fare to Vietnam for several Moonies with the explicit understanding that they would use the information they gathered in Vietnam to fight the peace movement on U.S. campuses and to generate support for the war. The Moonies also visited Cambodia and were portrayed by Walter Cronkite on CBS national television as a group of young Americans who had gone to Southeast Asia to "find the facts." In

front of cameras the Moonies begged for "more military aid for Cambodia in its struggle against Communist aggression."

During the Vietnam War, Moon, with the Japanese Unification Church, sponsored the World anti-Communist League's fourth conference that included a rally of 25,000 people in Tokyo. Senator Strom Thurmond attended the conference and the chairman of the conference was a man named Saskawa. Saskawa was a fascist youth leader in the 1930's and was instrumental in the Hitler-Tojo pact. He was convicted a Class A criminal at the end of World War II and spent several years in jail. Today he has close ties with Reverend Moon and is the president of thirteen major Japanese corporations, including the largest ship-building company in Japan.

Reverend Moon was an avid moral and financial supporter of Richard Nixon. The Unification Church held a rally of over 20,000 people in New York supporting Nixon during the war, and Moon personally fasted for Nixon. Moon was photographed being kissed by Tricia Nixon after Nixon's resignation, and he publicly declared that God had instructed him to forgive President Nixon.

Today, the Unification Church has considerable political influence. According to *The Nation*, several female Moonies have infiltrated senatorial staffs in Washington D.C. by volunteering in the offices and eventually being offered full-time jobs. U.S. House member Donald Fraser, who led a Congressional investigation into the Unification Church had his house burnt down a few months after the hearings. The Moonies also initiated a smear campaign against Fraser in his home state of Michigan which ended his political career. Presently the Church prints a daily newspaper in New York City with a large, city-wide circulation.

One reason for Moon's success has been his ability to raise millions of dollars. Church members are brainwashed and forced into a kind of slavery to raise funds that support the church's elite. The following testimony of a former member sheds light on how their money is made. "In August, the entire American Unification Church began to raise \$294,000.00 for the down payment on an \$800,000.00 estate in New York. This money was raised by young people selling candies and flowers 16 hours a

Quotes from Former Moonies

"History is teeming with men whose desire for reform has led them to accept the superhuman philosophy of men like Hitler and Moon."

"If Moon's movement in America continues unchecked, soon he will be able to directly influence the outcomes of elections."

"They will start out mildly enough. They will befriend you and give you lots of ego reinforcement. Flattering you about your intelligence and 'good spirit'-they'll invite you to a chance to get 'deeper' understanding and continue urging you to come. They will use a method called 'love-bombing', only to gain control of you. Once you've begun their seminars they discover all your doubts and weaknesses through your daily reflections and they split you wide open so that you have no defenses to use your own will. After their 120 day workshops you will be asked to sign an oath, then you are a Moonie, selling candy, flowers, and soliciting only to bring honor to the totalitarian dictator Reverend Moon."

"Cut off from the world, you're bombarded with attention, excitement, marathon lectures on great changes coming in the world, singing, athletics -- all of it nonstop, with never enough time to slow down and collect your thoughts.

They will try to build intense, warm bonds with you and the peer pressure will be subtle beyond understanding. Each night while the recruits sleep, the leaders review what they've learned about each, where his/her doubts and weak points are. Believe us, behavior modification works. After just ten days of this you're so confused, guilty, exhausted, and eager for their sense of certainty that whatever world view they offer becomes the absolute truth."

"Rebel and they will squeeze your heart and mind till you collapse in tears and beg forgiveness. You may go on this way for years torn between leaving and staying. 'With God there is everything' they will say, 'and without God there is nothing.' So you stay because you've been convinced that God is only in the Moonies."

"With a degree in psychology, I was able to see some of the manipulation used during the process of brainwashing and the use of mind control. But that did not stop me from losing more and more of my decision-making ability....In his own words, Moon discloses the method, 'You must know the knack of holding and possessing the listener's hearts. If there appears a crack in the man's personality, you wedge in a chisel and split the person apart.'"

day on a diet of peanut-butter and jelly sandwiches. We would work three shifts, 24 hours a day for 40 days and provided 200,000 candles for the effort." Here in Gloucester, Massachusetts, Moon has made several investments including the Cardinal Cushing Villa for \$1,127,000, a lobster-packing plant for \$330,000 and a marina for \$650,000. The Church has also cornered the fishing market in Gloucester. Moon recently announced that he plans to spend \$200 million to build a Sun Myung Moon University system headquartered in Korea with branches around the world.

Visit to Church of Scientology

In order to stay undercover, I slowly walked down Massachusetts Avenue in Central Square and set myself up to be approached. A smiling young man with a clipboard stepped in front of me, blocking my path as he burst out, "Hi, I'm Mark, how are you? Nice day, hey!" I stopped, said hello as he stood very close to me and excitedly asked if I wanted to take a free personality test. He en-

Left- Scientologists in Central Square quickly assess personality of Wavelength photographer then make bee-line for Cambridge Headquarters



couraged me by saying, "It's great. You can learn all about yourself," adding that it just involved a few questions and would only take about ten minutes to complete.

I consented to try out the test thinking we could conduct the affair on the sidewalk, but he led me down a side street into a small building that had a sign on it saying, "Church of Scientology." While we walked towards the church he quickly fired several questions at me, leaving me no time to think about what I was doing.

peted office that was filled with shelves of books. I quickly noticed that every book in the room had been written by L. Ron Hubbard. Tom, the director, tried unsuccessfully to make me feel comfortable by asking general questions and then began to focus on my test scores. "Ken," he dramatically stated as he stared into my eyes, "These test results are incredible. You have tremendous potential." The Scientology minister continued to raise my spirits making me feel like I was the greatest living soul sin-

"If a man really wants to make a million dollars, the best way would be to start his own religion"—L. Ron Hubbard, founder of the Church of Scientology.

Once inside, I was welcomed by a robot-like secretary and was given instructions on how to fill out the test. I began to answer over 200 questions that were printed on one page and had to strain my eyes severely to read them. The questions seemed like normal personality test questions and were set up in multiple choice form. About one hour later I finished the exam, feeling mentally and emotionally exhausted.

The bleary-eyed secretary jumped up, gave me a pat on the back and handed me a book entitled *Dianetics*, written by L. Ron Hubbard, the founder of the Church of Scientology, and told me that she would put my test results on a graph. Within minutes she had graphed my results, and said that after a short wait, I could have my test results interpreted by Tom, who was the director of this particular church. While I passively waited, the secretary spent a considerable amount of time trying to convince me to buy *Dianetics*.

Finally, my big chance came. The director was ready to see me. The mysterious questions of my soul were to be answered. I walked into his plush car-

ce Christ, however he was merely fixing me up for the kill.

After building me up to a God-like level, the director quickly brought me back down to an earthly-level by explaining to me that, although I had extremely high potentials, there were several obstacles that had to be surmounted. These obstacles included: nervousness, anxiety, fear, and an unwillingness to enter into deep relationships. After I had heard this bleak report, he raised my hopes once again by informing me that the Church of Scientology had special courses designed to eliminate obstacles such as the ones that were holding me back from reaching my potential. With the skill and smoothness of a life-insurance salesman, the director then cleverly conned me into signing a contract where I agreed to pay \$35.00 for their first mini-course that would start on the following Monday. The crafty director then stood up, took my hand, and assured me in a fatherly tone that Scientology techniques would cure me of all my problems. Of course, I signed a false name and quickly exited the building.

Background on Church of Scientology

Perhaps the best way to understand the motivation for the growth of the Church of Scientology would be to quote its founder L. Ron Hubbard. During the late 1940's Hubbard, then a science-fiction writer, declared, "Writing for a penny a word is ridiculous. If a man really wants to make a million dollars, the best way would be to start his own religion." The truth of this statement is proved by the fact that presently the Church of Scientology is grossing an estimated \$100 million a year worldwide.

In 1950 Hubbard published *Dianetics, The Modern Science of Mental Health*, and by 1954 he had founded the first Church of Scientology in Washington D.C. By 1978 the church claimed to have 38 U.S. churches with 41 more abroad and 172 missions that consisted of 5 million followers. Reasonable estimates, however, are that the U.S. Church of Scientology employs 3,000 full-time staffers, and that there are 30,000 followers. Since 1950 Hubbard has published a huge collection of books, articles, and tape-recordings that have been distributed internationally.

Hubbard claims that his method can free a person from human misery. He says that our earthly troubles are caused by mental images which he calls engrams. Engrams are the recordings of painful experiences either in this life or from a former incarnation which prevent human beings from reaching their highest goals and potentials.

To detect these engrams, Hubbard created a galvanometer with a needle dial. A Scientology minister "audits" a subject by having the person hold on to the galvanometer and answer detailed questions about his/her "present or past" lives. The gyrations of the needle supposedly detect the engrams.

Through forcing the subject to confront the engrams, the Scientologists claim to clear the person's memory bin, thus raising both body and mind to a super-human state of total freedom. Many experts in the field of mind control and brain-washing believe that the techniques used by Scientology ministers are very dangerous. Margaret Thaler Singer, a University of California psychologist who has interviewed over 400 former cult members states, "These routines can split the personality into a severe, dissociated state and the recruits are

hooked before they realize what is happening."

Hubbard continually adds new grades and levels to his method. The "clearing" course costs approximately \$3,800, but to obtain the highest level, a member has to spend about \$14,000. I have a personal acquaintance, a former member of the Church who worked two full-time jobs for three years to finance his auditing in Boston.

Although he is very clever, Hubbard has not been without serious problems. Last August, in Portland, Oregon, a jury found the Church of Scientology so fraudulent that it awarded a 17-year-old former member over \$2 million in damages. In Florida, *The St. Petersburg Times* has documented a series of attacks by Scientologists on reporters and others who have questioned the church's operation in Clearwater. Included in these attacks were smear campaigns against reporters, linking them with such groups as the CIA, the FBI, and the Communist Party.

Scientologists also staged a fake hit-and-run accident with a car that was transporting Clearwater Mayor Gabriel Cazares, who had openly criticized the Church. In 1976 the IRS turned up \$2.86 million in cash aboard Hubbard's 320 foot yacht.

Despite these problems, the church's revenues have been consistently high. The church has bought \$8 million worth of properties in Clearwater, Florida. A recent defector from the church has at-

tested that the Clearwater organization alone last year was grossing as high as \$1 million per week.

There are many different theories about why young people are being attracted toward extremist cults such as the Moonies and Scientology. Many believe that the Unification Church, with its rigid moral codes and demanding conduct, seems to offer consistency and authenticity to young people in search of commitment. Accordingly, in a climate of permissiveness such as exists in our society, young people often seek models of authority in ordinary everyday life.

Many view cults as a product of a decadent, alienated society that thrusts people onto distorted paths as they search for meaning and values. In this very demanding and confusing world that we live in, cults offer an ideal - demanding total commitment of an individual. The Unification Church and Church of Scientology each offer an island of certainty in an ocean of troubles, and this can be tempting to an alienated individual. Through these extreme cults, young people are given a sense of importance and destiny. Experts agree that any person is capable of being indoctrinated into a cult under the influence of brainwashing techniques. Whatever the reasons may be for the existence of cults, one fact remains clear: that the elite hierarchy and financiers of these cults are continuing to make hundreds of millions of dollars in profits at the expense of their followers.

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¿Que Pasa?

By Nelson Azocar

Ha sido un placer para nosotros, el saber que esta columna tiene un impacto positivo dentro y fuera de la Comunidad Hispana de la Universidad. Nos alegramos al escuchar los diferentes comentarios que nos han traído ideas frescas y nuevas perspectivas para el futuro.

Les paso a informar que actualmente estamos organizando un Concurso Literario en Espanol, el que se dividirá en tres categorías:

1. Cuento corto 2. Poesía 3. Artículos políticos

Se puede escribir sobre cualquier tema, y también participar en las tres categorías antes mencionadas. A los finalistas se les notificará con anticipación por escrito y los temas ganadores saldrán publicados en las próximas ediciones de esta revista. También a estos se le hará entrega de Certificados y premios.

La fecha final de entrega de trabajos, esta fijada para el día 12 de Diciembre. El concurso esta abierto a todos los estudiantes de U.M.B.

Esperamos, que nuestros talentos locales aprovechen esta oportunidad para dar a conocer sus virtudes que son muchas, pero, que muchas veces son negadas por la falta de publicaciones en Espanol.

!Hermano (a) da a conocer tu inventiva, tu pasión y tus conocimientos!
!PARTICIPA!

También quiero darles a conocer que se organizó y se llevo a cabo el día Viernes 30 de Enero de 1981 la mejor fiesta hispana que se haya dado en la Universidad en los últimos años. Esta se celebró con motivo de la Semana de la Herencia Hispana (12 al 18 de Octubre)

que fue declarada por las Autoridades Locales del Estado de Massachusetts. La fiesta "Bienvenidos con Salsa" se destacó por la magnífica actuación de "Rady Montero y su Orquesta", a este grupo también se le conoce con el nombre de "Elegua" en el mundo artístico del Jazz. Esta orquesta esta formada en su mayoría por ex-integrantes de "Los Bravos" y "Mango Santamaria".

El grupo actualmente ha sido elegido el mejor representante de música latina en Boston. Esto lo destacaron grandes diarios como *The Boston Globe*, *The Real Paper* y *The Phoenix*. Como pueden adivinar la fiesta fue un éxito total.

Esperamos que en un futuro no muy lejano como "The Boston Globe, The Universidad que tanta falta le hace, y así, dar a conocer una buena parte de nuestra cultura a otros estudiantes y a la Comunidad.

Otro evento importante, ha sido la formación en esta Universidad de una coalición de minorías, que se conoce con el nombre "Third World Caucus" (TWC) que cuenta con la participación de grupos como: Imani, Ujima, African Student Union, Asian American Society, y la Union de Estudiantes Hispanos.

Esta es una idea que todos los estudiantes debemos acoger, apoyar, participar y ayudar en todos los proyectos de esta organización. La idea principal y trabajo del TWC es:

1. Juntar grupos que históricamente sufren de una realidad común, como, racismo, discriminación e aislamiento por el lenguaje u otras causas.

2. Establecer bases de unidad, para así cristalizar las aspiraciones y demandas de los estudiantes del TWC.

3. Asegurar a reafirmar los Programas de Acción Afirmativa, para que se cumpla con los Acuerdos que la Ley estipula.

4. Hacer publicaciones en conjunto que informen y den a conocer las experiencias y problemas comunes que nos afectan. Estas publicaciones ayudarán a desarrollar un mejor entendimiento entre grupos.

5. Alentar a miembros de la Facultad y Administración en el proceso de reclutar y retener las minorías en las Escuelas, Colegios y Universidades. Para así poder crear y desarrollar una red de intelectuales que puedan influenciar en las decisiones educacionales y sociales, dentro y fuera de la Universidad.

Como pueden apreciar el TWC es una organización que presenta y afronta problemas comunes que afectan a las minorías. Esperamos de la participación de más estudiantes hispanos.

Mé despido deseandoles buena suerte a todos los participantes en el Concurso Literario y recordandoles que el día final de entrega es 30-1-81 en la Oficina de Wavelength Magazine Edificio 010 6th Piso salón 091 ext. 2609.

Animense a escribir y participar en el concurso compañeros (as) estudiantes!

Nota: Se hará un reclutamiento para la Union de Estudiantes Hispanos y el PRSU. Se encarece la registración para estas organizaciones.

!Hasta la próxima!
Nelson Azocar
H.S.U.



If only there were fifty foolproof ways to avoid inopportune encounters with a professor, many students would be able to avoid a lot of unnecessary trauma in their academic lives. Teacher-dodging is the last of the great taboos; everybody's doing it, but nobody will admit it. In fact, the success of a TD really depends on the optimum stealth of the student; this secrecy is crucial.

The art of professor avoidance is as old as education itself. Recent studies, however, show that as educators have become more permissive, the rate of dodging has skyrocketed. Statistics for the academic year 1979-1980 reveal that an estimated three out of every four students enrolled at accredited colleges and universities in the United States have admitted dodging at least one professor during their academic career. Furthermore, a startling 66 per cent confess to having dodged two or more professors.

Fifty Ways to Avoid Your Professor

The explanations for dodging are as varied as the methods employed. The two most common reasons are the skipped class and the incomplete. The chronic dodger has skipped literally dozens of classes. A casual dodger may skip an occasional class and never fall far enough behind to suffer an incomplete. Statistics suggest, though, that continued random skipping does lead to incompletes.

Authorities believe that the current trend of gross indulgence at most American colleges and universities is directly responsible for this epidemic. Attendance is rarely taken after the first week of classes: weekly quizzes are virtually non-existent; errant behavior is seldom even noticed; and incompletes are often accepted with an attitude of utter nonchalance by both students and faculty.

Academic transcripts ultimately suffer from this lack of discipline. But what about the side effects? The response of the student frequently manifests itself in professor avoidance. Teacher-dodging is an art that is sometimes effective, but

always a challenge. In fact, the physical and emotional demands met by the most artful dodger are often extreme. Many students find themselves ill-prepared to execute successfully even the most routine manoeuvres.

In Boston, a sophomore student fell four stories to his death on Commonwealth Avenue. The student, who was later revealed to have been skipping an American Romanticism class, lost his footing on a window ledge in the College of Liberal Arts at Boston University. Boston Police investigation produced evidence indicating that the young man had been trying to avoid an unanticipated encounter with his English professor.

The rate of accidents directly related to teacher-dodging has been increasing each year at an alarming rate. Although the mortality rate is still very low, it too is on the upswing. The figures suggest that today's student is employing more

dangerous methods in his efforts to avoid confrontations with professors. This fact indicates a general panic which can be attributed to the student's inability to accept an active and decisive role in his own discipline.

At Bennington College, three students suffered severe frostbite last winter when they lost their way in the woods surrounding the Vermont campus. The students spent two nights in sub-zero degree weather before local police managed to track them down. The students, who were all history majors, explained that they had run into the woods in order to avoid a history department meeting which had just recessed in an adjacent building.

Students on campuses throughout the country are subjecting themselves daily to severe physical as well as emotional abuse in efforts to dodge their teachers. Most students still refuse to put their lives on the line. As one Brandeis coed explained: "I don't mind getting caught in a stall in the men's room, but I won't jump out any windows."

Technique varies. Many students are

virtual prisoners on campus. A majority of students claim that they would consider plastic surgery if the costs were not prohibitive. An overwhelming number of students has stopped using campus elevators at all because of exit restrictions. One frustrated French major at Wellesley College enrolled in a Racine seminar under an assumed name, and sported a pair of dark glasses and a wig to class for the entire semester. The stratagem worked perfectly with one minor flaw; she was never able to get credit for the course.

Reaction from professors has been mixed. Some believe that the results of these studies will force educators to re-examine their policies concerning incompletes and related academic issues. The majority of professors, however, refuses to accept responsibility for what they perceive as a student's lack of motivation and inability to discipline himself. They see this traumatic period as a



Stephanie Rormanos

One UMB student claims to spend more time in trash barrels than in classes.

necessary stage in the student's development, and they vehemently oppose the application of the 'blaming the victim' theory to this issue. Many agree with the professor of sociology at UMass/Boston who stated: "These kids should have learned how to study long before they got here. There's no babysitting clause in my contract."

The author's name has been withheld in order to protect her identity.

Billionth American

*Waves swell high
falling to lick the beach
kiss the feet
of the foreigner,
a bowing silhouette
of a humbled man.
Pride became an acorn,
and withered genius
a fragile whip...
he found a vast grave
for his talents
and the bottle
to ease miserable thoughts.*



*The moon bereft of romance,
with a broken harp string
on its thin curved bow,
provides no solace.
The newcomer retraces his steps
flicking sand lowly,
waves running to embrace the tears
blindly left behind.*

By Jennifer Stotts-Drmolá

Estelle Leo



Sleeping Lady of the Mountains

When Love Is Not Enough

*How lovely are the stars out tonight
But they are no concern of mine
for I curse the stars and all their worth
as they shine down so brightly, laughingly
to penetrate the darkness and the silence
with a billion jeering eyes that haunt me
as if they knew, as if they knew
my secret so well kept
If only I had the power I would cast
the stars, the moon, all bright thoughts
forever into oblivion
and turn the night completely black*

By John G. Hall

Change

*Windblown leaves scatter
My mind into memories
Firey red, warm rust, mellow gold.
Directionless turns
Wandering,
Pondering the green
While crackling and lit up
Into smoke.*

By S.E.R.

Rune: for a Dancer I once knew

*I believe in a god of reverie,
With a breathless heart of ruby.*

*I believe in a god of reverie
With recondite eyes of sapphire.*

*I believe in a god of reverie,
With an imagination of emerald.*

*I believe in a god of reverie,
With a rune of precious stones.*

By Stephen Strempek



For A Dancer ➤

*She can shake a man the way wind
Shakes grass. So careful not to tear
The tender blade.*

By Stephen Strempek

Her Studio

--Maura D. Silverstein

The walls are the color of unbleached cotton, a rich, clean creamy hue. The windows are painted a scarcely darker color with just a hint of peach that warms to sunlight in a golden gentle way. The curtains are old lace with patterns of stylized leaves and flowers that attempt to be both, and so are neither one. The drafting table is occupied by magazines, a scented candle, a basket holding pans, and an old linoleum printing block--still unfinished--a reminder. Watercolor paper, mat boards, and old paintings are scattered along the floor. For the first time in her life her art projects will not have to be cleared off the table because it's dinner time or because company is coming or for a thousand other lesser reasons. Her new room and large table exist for those purposes she will put it to and no others. A room of her own.

Lauren liked knowing just where her tools were. There seemed to be no system in their arrangement on the shelves, but there was one--her system. She was comforted by the disorderly pile of work in progress at the far end of the table. God, how many years she had waited for this. She didn't dare count them. Feeling hopeful and strong, now she allowed the memory to come.

She had funneled her creative urges from art and theatre to marriage and children till painting turned into new colors for the kitchen walls and

sculpture emerged as endless curtains and crocheting projects. She would sit in the evenings waiting for Jason to arrive home later, tired and hungry. In those quiet times she thought of her baby and the love they had brought forth in her--the wonder in her gray-blue eyes, the smell of her skin, and--all the things she'd need to buy tomorrow.

Sometimes she would stop in at the art supply store and after much searching she would buy herself a pen of colored ink. Her early attempt at sculptural endeavors were most always thwarted by the constant interruptions; the resulting frustration led her to unconsciously but forcibly try to kill those parts of herself that were the artist. One hot summer she had received as a gift from an old friend a 50-lb. can of terracotta. The can sat in the corner of the kitchen for three whole weeks. Lauren would stare at it during dinner, and fear would overcome her. She knew that with this much clay she could work on a bust close to lifesize. Jason would be a good handy model; besides, she had so often wanted to work on the long clean sweep of his cheekbones to the chin, the deeply set eyes, the eyebrows set on the high sturdy forehead. Maybe she could sculpt just part of the figure--then she'd use Jason's back. She loved the feel of his back, his skin soft, smooth and giving under her hands. Often as he lay in bed at night on his stomach, she'd snuggle up close and rest her head on

his shoulder, and in the silhouette of the street lights she saw gentle, distant landscapes rise out of the undulations of the supple musculature of his back.

She decided to make a bust of him first--but she had no wet closet and this heat was dangerous--however Jason helped her construct the armature and not needing him to pose for the beginning work she soon got started. After the baby went to sleep and the kitchen was cleaned she worked from 10 to 1 p.m. enjoying the feel of the earth, not like a farmer, she thought, whose whole body stands on it and belongs with it; her relationship with this earth was more removed yet more focused. The small pellets she applied to the areas that needed building flattened into tiny discs at the lightest pressure of her thumb, constant transformation--molecular excitement. When she felt close to the image she wanted she hardly noticed the crackly dryness of her hands, but when she did--it was time to stop. She draped the sculpture with wet paper towels and wrapped it in plastic to keep it from drying out. Jason posed for her as he did his paper work sitting opposite her at the table, and only 20 days after she had started she was close to finished and very happy with it. She had to find a place to get it fired of course, but she'd work that out.

Sunday was excruciatingly hot, ninety degrees and above. They took their pink smiling baby and went to the beach. Little Amanda ate some sand and was unhappy for ten minutes, but Lauren gave her a piggy-back ride at the edge of the wave, and the day ended with a beautiful sunset. After all were bathed, fed, and feeling snug, Lauren uncovered the sculpture to find a huge crack on the inside that could not be repaired. She had been afraid of this, why had she allowed herself to believe it would work out? There was nothing she could have done to protect the sculpture any further. The outside was wet and the inside had been drying all along. With swelling pains of rage and disappointment, she took the bust, walked outside and smashed it in the trashcan. Walking back into the house she cried and reproached herself for being an immature child. She could have reconditioned the clay and started over, but somehow sandwiched between the urgencies of raising a child and

making monetary ends meet, her art work seemed often a mere indulgence-- "art cannot exist till our bellies are full" she remembered having read.

Lauren sat now in the quiet of her studio filled with the knowledge that she had tried to kill a precious part of herself, but it had fought back slowly and ruthlessly.

II

She opened her eyes after a deep, long sleep. Her mind was slow yet clear,

here she was looking absolutely ancient.

She looked older than any of the old folks she had ever seen. Lauren imagined how Karen would say that this baby looked so ancient because she had lived many other lives before. She chuckled at the thought. The small fists opened and closed in disorganized fits of movement. Her skin was so new, Lauren noticed, that it peeled near the nails and eyebrows as if her outer layer hadn't yet found its resting place.

the look on his face when the child was finally born was something she'd never forget. In all respects this birth had been so much happier an experience than with Amanda--why was this to be her last?

III

After all these years Lauren still couldn't decide if that moment had been one of premonition, or one of simple decision. She supposed now that she had come to the end of a cycle--she had completed her personal journey with the bearing of children. She had no notion at the time of repercussions this would have in her relationship with Jason.

He accepted her return to an occasional art class as he enjoyed the sporadic midnight picnics in bed, finished off with ridiculous smoked oyster-walnut desserts and served on cucumber boats. But then came her odd jobs and finally his own return to school full time. The exchange of roles bolstered her confidence, but undermined Jason's, and he smouldered in pools of gratefulness and guilt. His patient plodding and reliable approach to problems was replaced by spurts of nervous irritability and weekends of long, drawn-out debates over household chores and lack of money. Yet neither one wanted to turn back. A sense of mutual distrust crept into their relationship, and the odd idiosyncrasies that were family jokes became crucial character deficiencies and manifestations of how badly suited they were to each other. How could she spend three hours in a museum, when they could have been home together? Why did he not go with her now and then so they could be together? He couldn't stand her "artsy-craftsy" friends--they were all phoney. His friends bored her speechless. And so on and so on.....

Lauren's first reaction to his leaving was one of relief. She could think again. The nights were hard. The sounds that alerted her now she had never even heard when Jason was next to her. She surrounded herself with pillows so the bed wouldn't seem so empty... but she had adjusted and so had her daughters. They had soothed each other's fears, she couldn't have made it through that time without them... hot tears streamed down her face and struck the edge of the table.



but her body under the blankets was so inert she felt detached from it. She brought her arms out from under the covers and decided she wasn't going to disturb the pleasant deadness of the rest of her. She couldn't feel the stitches and that was fine with her.

The pale, winter-light sunlight was making itself comfortable on the edge of the water pitcher, the side of her bed and the pale green wall behind her when the nurse came in with the baby and told Lauren she had a fine healthy little girl. Lauren stared at her baby and thanked the nurse. They hadn't decided on a name, mostly because Jason objected to the ones that pleased Lauren--they both thought it would come to them when the new person appeared. Well,

Uncontrollable waves of pride and thankfulness overwhelmed her and poured out in gentle tears that fell on the baby's face and she flinched. As Lauren wiped the baby's face with her fingers she thought, "This is my last baby"; she repeated out loud, "This is the last time I will give birth to a baby." Her heart raced and she could hear her own breathing--where did this feeling come from? She asked herself and couldn't answer. She just knew it somehow. The pregnancy had been normal, it lasted too long, but they all do in the final month. She and Jason had attended lamaz natural childbirth classes. He had been just great during the birth, helping her breathe properly, holding her hand, being right there with her, and

Women's & Third World Programs Work Together

By Karen Mac Donald

The Women's Movement has often been labeled "a white women's" movement; and to the same extent Women's Studies has often been viewed as the study of white women. Today there is a great deal of work being done to change this. The main focus of both the New England Women's Studies Conference, which will be held at Simmons College, and the National Women's Studies Conference, which will be held at the University of Connecticut at Storrs, will be on women responding to and working to overcome racism.

There are also several changes in the works in the UMass Women's Studies Program, including the development of a new curriculum on the contribution, culture and history of women of color. The Women's Studies Program will also be co-sponsoring with the Black Studies Program, a Black Women Artists Film Series next semester. One recent accomplishment of a work-study student in Women's Studies Resource Center is a ten-page bibliography on women of color.

"A Working Conference on Racism in New England" is the topic of the New England Women's Studies Conference which will be held on February 7, 1981. In a recent press release, the working members of this group expressed their concerns this way, "While all members of our community must join the battle against racism, in the women's movement we have a particular need to confront and combat racism, which is a barrier to organizing around the issues of concern to all women." They explained the difference between overt and covert racism: "When Darryl Williams was shot and paralyzed while participating in a high school football practice in Charlestown, that was an act of overt individual racism which was deplored by most people. But when scores of black babies die each year because of inadequate medical care, this is an exam-



Director of Women's Studies, Ann Froines

ple of covert institutional racism which goes unnoticed." They continued, "This conference is committed not only to this recognition, but to actively work against racism on a personal level and in institutions."

All conference participants will join in small workshops in the morning to explore racism in their lives. Numerous sessions are being organized on topics of particular concern to women of color also. The afternoon will deal with the educational process and racism, strategies for community organizing, panel discussions on research, projects concerning racism, and the lives of women of color.

"We're hoping that a substantial number of Third-World women will participate in this conference," said Ann Froines, Director of Women's Studies at UMass, who is involved in the planning of the Conference. "And we are personally contacting organizations in the Black and Hispanic communities with information. At the same time, an im-

portant goal of our efforts is to provide workshops and discussions where white women can talk about white racism—It's our problem, and we must deal with it first by examining, together, our own personal beliefs and feelings, however negative they may be."

The conference is being planned by faculty and students of area colleges and universities together with feminist activists. In addition to Ann Froines, Barbara Smith of the Women's Studies Program, Suzanne Relyea of the French Department, and Mary Helen Washington, new associate professor of the English Department, are contributing to the planning of this conference. Ann Froines commented, "We plan to promote this conference widely and hope many students and community activists will also attend." The registration fee will be approximately \$5.00 for students.

The National Women's Studies Conference will be held at the University of Connecticut at Storrs from May 31 to

June 4, 1981. The title of the conference is "Women Respond to Racism." Many of the same issues of the New England Conference will be dealt with here, plus critiques on existing research or policy related to women of color, as well as new concepts and curriculum development in all areas of education to ensure the inclusion of knowledge about the lives of women of color. Again Ms. Froines expressed her hopes that many students will go to this conference: "We are going to try and make financial arrangements for students to go since it will be more expensive. We might do fund-raising activities, but we would like to know how many people are interested in going and then plan accordingly; please contact the Women's Studies Department at the beginning of the spring semester.

CHANGES IN THE UMASS WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

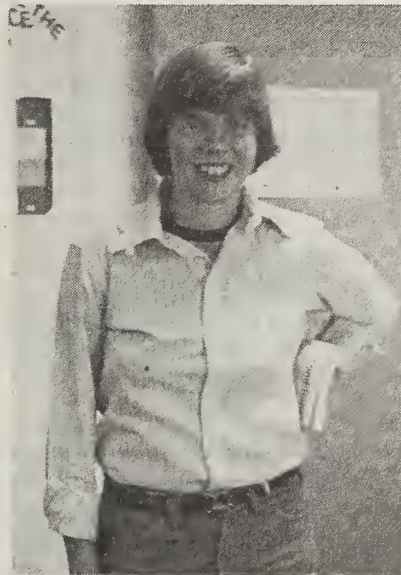
"I understand why minority women don't sign up for Women's Studies courses in larger numbers. There is a notion that women's liberation is for white women only. There are fears and stereotypes both ways," Ann Froines commented. "If we can all begin to confront these stereotypes, we will get the message across that the Women's Studies program is for all women."

"In the past we have hired faculty to teach our introductory course, 'Women and Society,' to include a substantial segment on Minority Women's Studies and from the perspective of a minority woman," Ms. Froines continued. (Minority Women's Studies is used here to refer to the study of Afro-American, Asian-American, Hispanic, and Native American women.) "We are now recruiting for a full-time person to teach Minority Women's Studies. This person will be asked to develop courses for the program on minority women as well as on sexism and racism in our society."

This year Barbara Smith, a visiting instructor, is doing some of this work. She will be teaching a course next semester entitled "Sexism and Racism" at the Park Square campus on Tuesday evenings. Ms Smith explained, "The focus of the course will be on Third World women with examples of how racism, sexism, plus class and homophobia affect the lives of real people. It will show how these systems of oppression intersect each other."

She concluded, "This class will undoubtedly make a case for Third World feminism as a means of struggling against these systems of oppression."

Furthermore, Mary Helen Washington, who has edited two anthologies of writings by black women, will be teaching a course on black women writers through the English Department next semester. "This will be the first time that our university will have two courses with an exclusive focus on either the accomplishments, culture, and perspectives of minority women or on sexism and racism in our society and in the women's movement," commented Ann Froines.



Doreen Drury

Stephanie Perranos

Next semester Black Studies and Women's Studies will be co-sponsoring a series of films on black women artists. Beverly Smith, a black feminist writer, has packaged a series of films using a federal grant; for the purpose of promoting a better cooperative relationship between the two courses of study. The subjects of the films will be black women artists involved in poetry, the visual arts, and dance. They will be shown once every two weeks during the free period, and the university community is cordially invited to view them.

Expressing her views on the co-sponsoring of the film series, Ann Froines said, "We need to explore ways that we can cooperate more with Black Studies and demonstrate in a real way that we don't see Women's Studies in competition with Black Studies Depart-

ment, but they are not sure if this is the way to do it. If the vast majority of the class is comprised of Third World or black students, it is possible to conduct the class in a certain way that would be somewhat different if the class was half white. Each are equally valid, educationally, but are not the same. That's why it is institutionally important for us to promote activities that are working to involve students of different races so that these questions can be discussed together. And this often requires a team-taught course among blacks and whites, or a program sponsored by Women's Studies and Black Studies so that each part can contribute and not through purely altruistic means."

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF WOMEN OF COLOR

Doreen Drury, a Women's Studies Department work-study student, compiled a ten-page bibliography on women of color in the United States this summer. It includes materials on Black, Hispanic, Asian, and Native American women. Doreen explains in a letter to the faculty some of the purposes of the bibliography; "We are interested in familiarizing the faculty, especially those connected with the Women's Studies Program with the available literature. We hope the bibliography will facilitate the further incorporation of material by and about women of color into courses. We also have a particularly strong interest in educating ourselves and others who are non-Third World people about our racism, as blatant or subtle as it may be. Thus we feel the need to share with everyone interested the channels we find the most useful when sincerely attempting to get in touch with the differences and similarities between our lives as white women and the lives of our Third World sisters."

As a result, the Women's Studies Department will be publicizing this bibliography outside the University so that faculty from other institutions will be able to use this information.

With the work that is earnestly being done, we hope to see the elimination of stereotypical notions about Women's Studies. Remember to look for further publicity on the events and courses mentioned here. It is important to acknowledge and support the work that is being done to combat racism. So show your support and plan to attend these events.

Memorandum For UMass Community

The Issue of Sexual Harassment

In recent months, considerable national attention has been focused on the issue of sexual harassment of employees and students. A university, with its traditional concern for values and for the worth of every individual, has a particular responsibility to provide an environment which is fair, humane, and responsible. I wish to make it clear that this University will not tolerate sexual harassment of either students or employees.

Sexual harassment consists of unwelcome sexual advances, request for sexual favors, or other verbal and/or physical conduct of a sexual nature. It is the policy of this campus that no agent or supervisory personnel of the University shall exercise his/her responsibilities in such a manner as to make submission to such conduct either explicitly or implicitly a term or condition of employment, admission, advancement or reward within the University.

Neither shall any agent or supervisory personnel of the University retaliate against any person for refusing to submit to or registering objection to explicit or implicit sexual harassment. It is important to note that sexual harassment can include sexually explicit derogatory statements or sexually discriminatory remarks which are offensive to the recipient or which cause the recipient discomfort or humiliation.

This more subtle form of sexual harassment works to subvert our policy of equal opportunity in learning and in work situations..

This more subtle form of sexual harassment works to subvert our policy of equal opportunity in learning and in work situations. The University will exercise appropriate sanctions against any employees involved in proven instances of sexual harassment, particularly when such conduct has the effect of substantially interfering with an individual's employment or status as a student or when such conduct creates an intimidating, hostile or offensive environment.

Two University groups are now at work establishing procedures for dealing with instances of sexual harassment. Robert Johnson, Director of Affirmative Action, and the Affirmative Action Grievance Hearing Board are available to deal with any conduct which appears to violate this policy, particularly that affecting the work environment. In addition, an ad hoc Assembly Governance Committee, the Sexual Harassment Grievance Committee, has been established to recommend a specific policy statement, to develop educational materials on the issue for the University community and to recommend appropriate grievance procedures to the Assembly, with particular reference to the situation of students.

Therefore, all employees who feel that they have been aggrieved by a violation of this policy should consult with Mr. Johnson. Upon receipt of a complaint, Mr. Johnson shall initiate an investigation and make appropriate recommendations to either the Affirmative Action Grievance Hearing Board or to me. In all cases in which a violation has been determined, immediate and appropriate corrective action will be taken by the University.

At present, students who feel they have been subjected to sexual harassment have three options. They may consult with Mr. Johnson, they may bring the matter to the attention of the Office of the Dean and the relevant College, or they may use normal student grievance procedures (information available from the Governance Office, extension 2268). In all instances, individuals' privacy will be protected and the charge will be carefully investigated before any violation is determined.

I look forward to specific Assembly action on grievance procedures for students during the present semester. It is my belief that the widespread publicity of a governance policy formally endorsed by the faculty, staff and students will have a major effect in lessening the problem. In the meantime, it is crucial that we all seek to establish a working and learning environment which is free of unwarranted intimidation, discomfort, or coercion. Any conduct to the contrary of this goal is deplorable as an abuse of authority and of basic human dignity. Whenever an instance of sexual harassment has been proved, it is my intention to see that prompt and remedial action is taken.

Robert A. Corrigan
Chancellor

Faculty Page

Studying on Nantucket

The Wavelength Faculty page offers the faculty at UMass a chance to write on any topic they wish, whether it be chemistry, biology, history, anthropology etc. Each issue approximately 2-3 magazine pages (8-10 typewritten double spaced pages) will be reserved so that a professor may contribute an article which she/he feels will be of interest to the college community. Please send to, or drop off articles at our office - 1/6/91.

By Mary Shaner

The Nantucket Semester is for most students a period of almost total immersion in a unique and marvelously preserved culture. Students live on the Island for the semester and at the beginning take two six-week courses, one of the history and culture of Nantucket, the other on Nantucket's physical environment.

Each student must engage in research on a Nantucket-related topic, and must write a paper (usual minimum: 30 pages) on their findings. They also take a Seminar in Interdisciplinary Research Methods throughout the semester, which is intended to aid the students in pursuing their research and producing their papers.

These courses have been carefully planned, and complement one another well. One result is that the students, for perhaps the first time in their lives, find that everything they do is inter-related. For instance, in the history course, they learn how the development of the sandbar across the mouth of the harbor contributed to the demise of the whaling industry; in their next class, they learn of the ways wind and tide built the bar.

When they leave class, they can go up on the cliffs at the east end of town and, looking northwest, see the sinister ruffling of the ocean that marks Nantucket Bar, so pretty—and so frightening

when you know what it is. If they have chosen to research the decline of the whaling industry, they can then return to the Peter Foulger Museum in which their classes are held, and look up accounts of the various ways the nineteenth-century Nantucketers tried to combat the Bar (some of them very ingenious; all essentially ineffectual). Or they might go to the environment, history, architecture, art, creative writing, marine crafts, editing, biography, sociology, and social history. Each of them had an adviser back at the main campus with whom they were to stay in touch by telephone or mail.

The resources for such research on the Island are remarkable. The Peter Foulger Historical Museum has a wonderful collection of whaling logs and journals, as well as diaries, scrapbooks, and other interesting papers. But the most remarkable of Nantucket's resources has always been its people, and that is true in the matter of research as well.

The Historical Museum's curator, Edouard A. Stackpole, who teaches the Atheneum, the public library, and study in the old records of the town newspaper, *The Inquirer and Mirror*, the month-by-month economic decline of the Island, and then the gradual rise of tourism as the Island's primary industry.

The object of the Nantucket Semester is not, of course, to turn students into Nantucketers, but rather to teach them how history, environment and culture interact and inter-relate, and to give them tools for the study of cultures which can be utilized in other settings, even those far distant from Nantucket. Important among these tools are research methods.

The students in the 1980 Nantucket Semester represented a wide range of interests and majors. Their research projects were not always directly related to their major fields. They did projects in course in the History and Culture of Nan-

tucket, has a remarkable, indeed, a formidable knowledge of the history of the Island and of how and where to find out what you want to know. Mrs. Louise Hussey, the librarian of the museum, is thoroughly knowledgeable of the documents in the museum collection, and is of incomparable assistance if one is dealing with whaling or genealogy. Dr. Wesley N. Tiffney, Director of the UMass Biological Field Station, teaches the course on Nantucket Environments, and gladly shares his knowledge of the natural history, flora and fauna of the Island with those whose projects relate to such matters. And his assistant, Clint Andrews, is a marvelous source of lore about marine life in the waters of the Island, just as Edith Andrews, Clint's wife, is the local expert on ornithology.

Other museums on the Island—the Whaling Museum, the Maria Mitchell Museum, and the Life-Saving Museum—all are generous about allowing UMass/Boston students access to their materials. Indeed, the Nantucket Historical Association itself has been a generous and indispensable contributor to the Nantucket Semester.

At the end of the 1980 semester, several students independently told me that it had been the most significant semester of their lives. Their reasons were all different—after all, their lives are all different. But clearly the Nantucket Semester has something important to offer to the student who comes prepared to work and to learn in a very unusual environment. Just what that something *is*, is hard to define; but previous students in the Program have thought it uncommonly well worth having.

Any student interested in learning more about the Nantucket Semester is invited to call Prof. Mary Shaner, extension 2641, or to drop by her office, 010-06-071. Hours: Tu.-Th. 9-10; Wed. 9-12.

Opinion

Closing Out the Poor on Columbia Point

The Wavelength Opinion page offers UMass students an opportunity to express a point of view on important issues and events. In each issue students may use the Opinion page to develop an in-depth argument on the topic of their choice. Drop off submissions at the Wavelength office, 1-6-91.

By Janet Diamond

A neighborhood dies and the muffled cries of its inhabitants go unnoticed by all but a few.

If that neighborhood is poor, if it is isolated, if it has been sick and dying for a long time, those that notice may wonder why the cries of anger and grief exist at all. "We thought you would be glad to leave this miserable place."

Columbia Point Housing Project lies across an empty, ugly field from UMass/Boston. Until the J.F.K. Library came, it was the only other inhabitant of this projection of land which juts out into Dorchester Bay. Yet for those who come to the Harbor Campus, the Project might just as well be part of a backdrop painting fixed against the sky. The only link between the University and the Project has been a vague paranoia that something bad is over there that should stay over there and not encroach on the safety and well-being of the University community.

Plans to dismantle Columbia Point Project are underway. Residents of Boston have known for a long time that it was not working. The Bayside Mall at the entrance to the only access road to

the project has been abandoned since the University moved out to the Point. The number of red boards on the windows of unoccupied apartments has increased yearly, a quiet testimony to the Project's wasting away.

The Project has been the butt of uneasy and unkind jokes. Known as a dumping ground for the city's poorest, most needy residents, the Project is an isolated blotch of color; an island of Black and Hispanic people blocked off on one side by a hostile white community and on the other by the ocean.

The idea of the Project is inhumane. It is an insult to those who live there. It is used by the city as a prison for the poor, a place to stick people with whom the city does not want to deal.

Why then, the outsider asks, should anyone, most of all the residents of Columbia Point, mind it if the city now

wants to tear it down and move everyone out? Let us get rid of it. It was a bad idea, so let us start all over.

Fine. Except for one thing: people live there.

Let us erase for one moment the barrier between the insider and the outsider, the resident and the observer. Imagine this: You live in the Columbia Point Project.

You have lived there for years. You have had to cope with rats and roaches. The elevators are always broken so you must climb many flights of stairs to reach your apartment. If you need to go grocery shopping you must travel miles each way on buses. You would take a cab, but cabs will not go there and anyway you can not afford it.

There is no place to work near by and when you apply for a job elsewhere and you give your address to a prospective



Stephane Hornos

employer, he becomes uncomfortable. He knows about that place. He does not hire you because he thinks you will be a bad employee: you will not come to work regularly, you will steal from the company.

But you have friends and family nearby. These connections are strong. They have to be. Day to day survival is difficult here, so you depend on each other a lot. You watch each other's kids, help carry bags of groceries up those stairs, and bitch to each other about the frustrations in your lives. It is not easy but you have managed to make a home for yourself. You have painted the walls and decorated your apartment. The hallways may be a mess, but inside your apartment it is as nice as you can make it. You did not ask to be here, but you have to make the best of it. You have little control over your life, but that little control you have you prize dearly. Then one day you get a notice in the mail: you have to move.

A lot of myths exist about public housing tenants. They are thought to be lazy, slovenly destructive and criminal. The conditions of their environment are thought to be entirely of their own making, except when those conditions are good. They are thought to be anti-social, having neither positive family nor community ties.

Myths like these breed and thrive when people have little or no contact with those being mythologized. And these Myths are not only destructive because they are incorporated into the psyches of those victims of the myths, they are destructive because entire social service programs are based on the assumed truth of these myths.

As long as these myths go unexamined, it matters little whether the controlling administrative people are liberal or conservative. The solutions to the "Problems" of these people will differ according to the political persuasion of the administration. But the solutions will always be damaging as long as the basic assumptions about the nature of the target population go untested.

Programs designed to "help the poor" have a miserable track record and will continue to as long as the poor are assumed to be deficient human beings. Poverty is problematical; it is destructive to people. But the people themselves are not problematical and destructive

just because they are poor. Rather, one might say that poor people are resourceful, inventive and amazingly tolerant because they find ways to grow and survive under the most adverse circumstances.

The residents of Columbia Point Housing Project are not pleased with the city's plan to evacuate their community and turn the area into mixed income dwellings. And they are joined by residents of other projects in Greater Boston such as the Washington Elms Project in Cambridge, another project sited for total "modernization." They are unhappy because bureaucrats in some far removed corner of the city have once again decided what is best for them and most convenient for the city. They are expected to comply; cheerfully and even gratefully. They are not seriously consulted because it is assumed that they do not know what is good for them and because taking them into account will impede the efficient flow of administrative traffic.

But people can not be moved like boxes of freight and ought not to be treated as such. What they want is simple enough: they want to be a real part of planning which affects their lives.

This does not mean token surveys of their needs conducted by some uneasy social worker in an afternoon. And this does not mean a superficial gesture in the general direction of some citizen's advisory board. The impact of this plan

is too important to them for foolish gestures to be enough. The uprooting of an established community must not be taken lightly.

On another level, the elimination of Columbia Point Housing Project must be critically examined. Boston is in the midst of a severe housing shortage, yet housing units continue to be boarded up while the number of homeless families increases. Stories of families living on the streets fill the newspapers weekly and a spokeswoman from the United Way has stated that the problem of homelessness has increased dramatically this year and may well hit epidemic proportions if the economy continues in its present direction.

In this context can we allow the number of available housing units to decrease? Can we afford to tear down houses while people go homeless?

The fate of Columbia Point Housing Project can still be determined. As citizens of Boston and neighbors of the Project, the University community has an obligation to become involved. When UMass first moved to Columbia Point, it promised to provide service to the adjacent community. Aside from a few tutoring programs, that promise has been largely ignored. Now, when the area is in crisis, it is time to reach across the peninsula to our neighbors, the residents of Columbia Point, and join them in their efforts to seize some control of their lives.

The College of Arts and Sciences

now has a program in

Technical Writing (Computer Science)

for further information, call the
English Department, 6th floor,
Bldg. 1

By Jim Canada and Joy Hoppe

Inside The Disabled Student Center

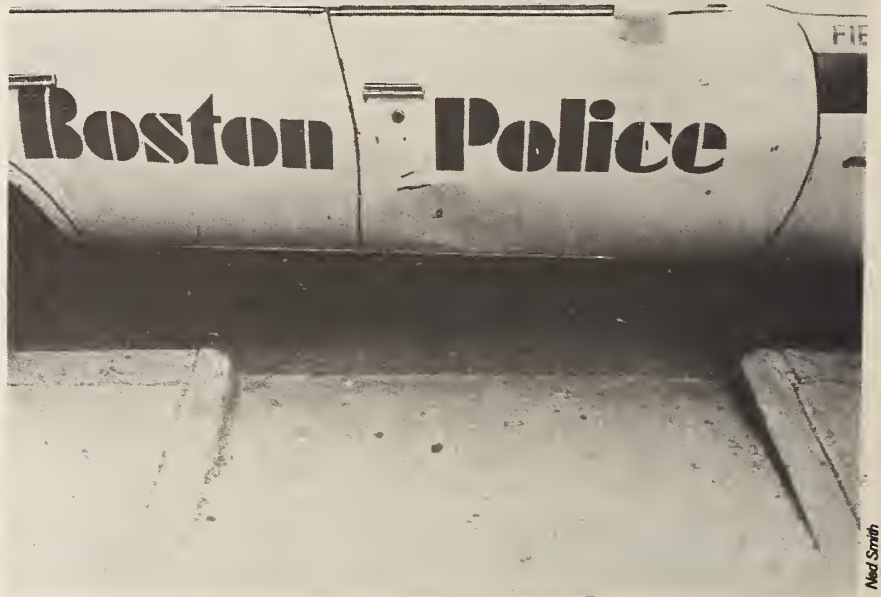
"We deal with a lot of hidden disabilities around here that aren't visible to others. In a sense everyone is disabled in one form or another... it is just a matter of interaction and acceptance."

Bill Pollard, Assistant at Disabled Student Center

In 1971, Lillian Ross noticed that blind students, like herself, were having trouble at school, and dropping out because there was not a proper support service. She immediately recognized the need for a center for the blind and handicapped students at UMass/Boston; a center to help them get hold of resources; books, readers for the blind, and other things necessary to disabled persons. Lillian wrote the proposal for and founded what is now the Disabled Student Center. When it was instituted she became the first work-study student there and continued her devoted service throughout her undergraduate career. After graduating, she became the first full-time director of the Resource and Counseling Center for Blind Students.

The center was a revolutionary idea. At the time few schools in the nation had anything similar to it, as its inception was prior to the Rehabilitation Act of 1973-- an act which requires colleges to provide equal opportunity and accessibility for handicapped students. The Park Square building was reasonably accessible, and plans were made to provide the same accessibility at the Harbor Campus.

The center was a success at the UMass Harbor Campus, and it became very popular. More and more disabled students began to utilize the facility and the services it offered. Lillian Ross, the founder and guiding force behind the UMass Disabled Student Center, directed the center for two years, during which time the program continued to expand. After a maternity leave, she decided that she would rather just counsel and so resigned her post. Andrea Schein, the current director, then took over.



Interview with Andrea Schein

Wavelength: Can you tell us who uses the Center?

Andrea: The program, when it began, serviced four blind students and has grown into a community of about one hundred students. Their handicaps have not been statistically set down yet, but there are an estimated ten to twelve blind or partially blind students, one profoundly deaf student, and a couple who are hard of hearing. There are at least twenty-four wheelchair students with disabilities ranging from spinal cord

injuries to multiple sclerosis to muscular dystrophy... Disabilities come in other categories also. There are those students who just can't walk for some reason or another, and then there are people with what are known as invisible or developmental disabilities. People with invisible disabilities don't look handicapped; for instance, someone with epilepsy.

We serve people who come to us. If people need help with something they come in. I'm sure there are many people here on campus with invisible disabilities that we don't know.

People just come in to see us if they need help. Perhaps they might need some help with Mass. Rehab. or other funding agencies. Others might have problems talking to their teachers, or some others might have academic problems. They also come in for counselling around issues related to UMass. Some of the most common disabilities around here are learning disabilities.

Wavelength: Are you involved in that too.?

We really have a lot of education to do in terms of letting the faculty here know more about learning disabilities. It is one of the things we have to do because it is very hard to understand.

There's also another group we're addressing this semester. One of the students who is an alcoholic came in one day and she really felt it necessary that we have Alcoholics Anonymous meetings here during the day: she said that school can get really frustrating... So we're going to start AA meetings

the Massachusetts State Constitution. It will assure equal opportunity for the handicapped in the Commonwealth. I think it will pass. We've got buttons and posters and stuff all over the place trying to encourage people to vote for 'Question 1.' My personal bent is towards advocacy.

In the community, I think what discriminates most against disabled people is not their disabilities but the inaccessible environments. It's not being able to use the building they're in. It's the transportation system, the housing system, the education system; the barriers are the handicaps-- not their disabilities.

Wavelength: Do you feel that the facilities at UMass are adequate for the disabled students?

Andrea: We do not have a van. Since we don't provide wheelchair transportation, there are several vans that come here and pick up students. The van that says "The Ride" on it is provided by the MBTA. "The Ride" does not serve all the people. "The Ride" serves areas of Boston; Brighton, Back Bay, Allston, Fenway, and Cambridge and places like that. It does not serve Roxbury. It does not serve Dorchester, except for this little island. It's a very restricted service. It's very good for people who can use the van but it doesn't really solve the problem. People who use "The Ride" have to pay about a dollar each way... People who have to use private transportation companies, the other vans, find their expenses outrageous: it's something like fifteen to twenty dollars each way. Fortunately, it is usually paid by Mass. Rehab. We will eventually have to get our own van because we don't have accessible buses to and from Park Square. Transportation is one of the things we will be talking about soon.

Wavelength: How does the faculty relate to the students? Are there many problems?

Andrea: The general feeling around the Center is that the faculty around here is fantastic. I think over the past five years I can only recall maybe five or six instances where the faculty was having trouble figuring out what to do. The faculty understands that disabled students have the right to attend classes just like everybody else. They really try to understand and figure out the right thing to do.

"In the community, I think what discriminates most against disabled people is not their disabilities but the inaccessible environments."

Andrea Schein



Stephane Aortenas

Andrea: We're working on it. It depends on what the learning disability is. Some people have such severe learning disabilities that they really can't read. We set them up with readers and tapes, and hook them up with people who will work with them on their papers. If it is a lesser disability, then we work together with Academic Support and try to figure out the best way to deal with it.

three days a week. Alcoholics Anonymous people, who are students, will be running them.

Wavelength: What is the Center's view on advocacy?

Andrea: I think advocacy is very important. We do a lot of work in the community related to advocacy. I'm very involved in it right now. There's a question on the ballot in November that insures an amendment will be added to

I think that a lot of times for an individual it's sort of a personal struggle to figure out what is fair and how to be a good teacher. Just talking to the faculty, I can see where a lot of them have gone through that personal struggle... Sometimes they call me up and they speak of uncertainties about certain situations. Usually I am not too sure about what to do myself, but I feel good about their honest approach. I know of other schools where people are critical of the faculty in this area. I don't feel that way about the faculty here and I have a lot of faith and trust in them... they've always come through.

Wavelength: What about the attitude of the administration?

Andrea: There's a good feeling here. I have the feeling that the whole thing is no big deal. At other colleges a whole lot of people say, "We're getting someone in a wheelchair? What are we going to do? How are we going to keep them safe? How are we going to help them out?" Basically, it's not a big deal. If the place is accessible, then people are independent and they can do what they want and are treated like human beings... I think this university does not treat disabilities as a big deal, and that is why there is not a whole lot of publicity about us. The real big deal here is that all are treated fairly, and for the most part that is the big deal.

The Staff

Jean Gillespie is a combination Assistant Director and councillor at the Disabled Student Center, and has been since August 1979. She came to UMass after acquiring a Master's degree in Expressive Therapy from Wellesley College.

Jean feels there are a lot of people not connected with the center who think of it as a depressing place to be. "That's just not true," she says, "but I realize where it is coming from; it's a sociological thing-- the stereotype that people have about disabled people and the feeling that all they do is moan and groan about being disabled..." Not that disabled people do not feel sorry for themselves at times, but that it is only a part of their lives and not a constant thinking process. "A place like this gives the students somewhere to come and talk about those things without feeling uncomfortable, without feeling



Members of the Boston wheelchair basketball team playing the Israeli team.

Laura Montgomeri

out of place," Jean states, "People out there don't want to hear it or listen to it because it reminds them of their own vulnerabilities and they don't want to think about that."

Bill Pollard joined the staff in September of 1979 as a clerk, though today his duties and activities extend far beyond this title. He is a psychology major and hopes to graduate in January

Agreeing with Jean, Bill says, "A lot of people are afraid to step over the threshold, and it's understandable. I can relate to that and I think most disabled people were not disabled all of their lives. It's a transition that is real hard to make, but it also leaves an understanding for those kinds of feelings."

He adds, "This is a place that can offer some kinds of support services, some laughs, some opportunities to get involved in some issues or campus life; it's a place to hang out. It's just like most other centers here at the university, whether it be the Women's Center, or whatever. It's just a place to come and have a cup of coffee if that is all you want."

Students and Volunteers

Roger Suprenant is a freshman at UMass. He volunteers his time doing a variety of jobs. He tapes for the blind, gets lunches and does other things for blind as well as other handicapped students.

Roger enjoys the center very much

and feels that it is a "definite necessity on campus because of the number of disabled students." He adds, "The atmosphere around the center is good for me because it helps me to understand the students and their feelings about their disabilities, and I get to know about other disabilities."

Regina Hickey volunteered at the Disabled Student Center for two years, and is now one of the work-study students at the center.

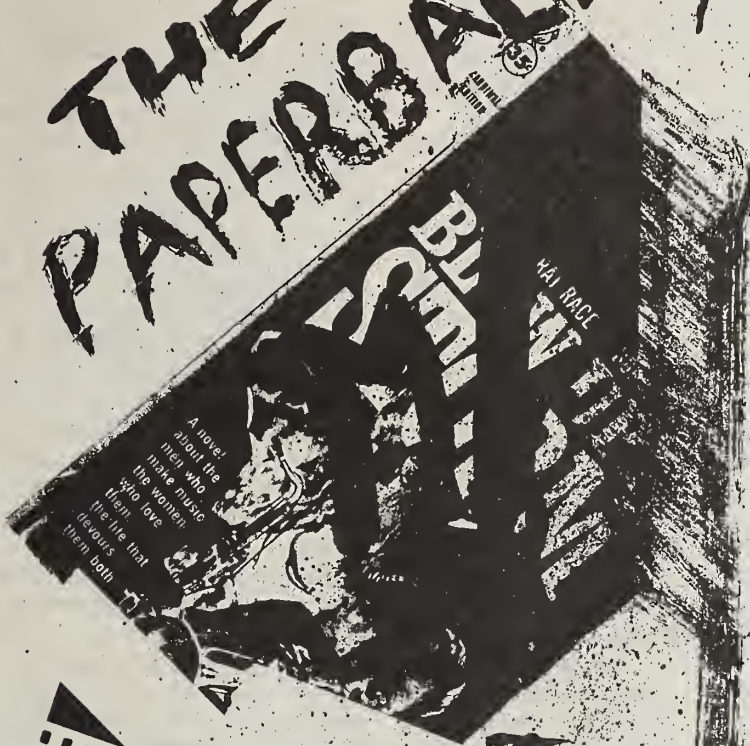
Gina, a "walkee" in center terminology, says that some of her friends look at her funny when they find out that she works there, but that she gets "satisfaction out of helping people help themselves." She feels the center is a fun place and that the students who utilize the facility are independent. "People here know their capabilities; they don't let anyone hold them back," says Regina.

Peter Cronis is one of the students who come to the center, and he is perhaps the most vocal. Of the center Peter says, "Discrimination! The table is too high!" (Although Peter uses a wheelchair, his is substantially lower than the other students' for whom the table was raised.)

Despite this, Peter likes the center. It helps a lot of people, as it did him when he needed an admissions interview. The staff also keeps the disabled students informed of their rights: Peter states they have "Great demonstrations!" Members of the center have picketed the MBTA and a restaurant, T.G.I.

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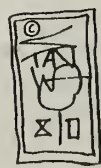
THE
PAPERBACKS.



THE PHOTOGRAPHS.



AND THE DUST.



THE PAPERBACKS,
THE PHOTOGRAPHS,
AND THE DUST...

By Ali Lang

The trees most beautiful - just before winter falls into place. Baked to the colors of frozen gold. Tall. Proud of having endured. But now most brittle - most vulnerable to winter winds and nights - empty of shelter. If they, too, had that choice, that ability to uproot themselves - to flee, then would they opt for some other than our cruel northeastern climate? Would they make that decision to add to our deprivation - our absolute isolation - by denying us their mere existence that is, somehow, our only sure reminder of the spring that must surely come again?

Would they leave us who are too long left alone?

We all take flight - avoid the circumstances we cannot control. Always to fail. Always with the sick, sweet sense of our inabilities still intact. All are gone now. All have fled to avoid the impending winter of their souls. Lizabeth alone remained behind - baked by the colors of the sunset - with all the warmth of frozen gold. Like the trees - brittle now after too many years of decay and imperfection - exposed at least to the limits of her damnation:

He'd had so many imagined lives to lose track of himself in. Lizabeth had been living with too many losses at once, and she could recall - when ever necessary - photographed memories of past selves that someone else had hung upon the wall. So she and the man came together to decide that nothing about them was absolute, and no one else could ever quite define them. And they, each of them, turned to acknowledge the reflection in their own separate mirror - each becoming the image of something the other could never quite recognize, and therefore recognized only too well. And while the man demanded her knowledge of him, she somehow lost track of herself.

Rooted to a life not of her choosing. Reaching out to those who'd learned to run. Grasping only the shadows they left

behind in the dust of their departure. Playing out the role of the river - feeling the wounds from the stones they threw at their own images in her eyes. Lizabeth accepted all that as Fate - until her own endurance depended on the secret they all shared - those who'd gone ahead - who'd gotten beyond.

And so she tried to follow - follow the fading tracks of one who was sure to have the answers - must always have known that secret of survival.

And lost in the following - she had been freed.

...Winter came late to the city that year. Or was it really not at all? Just as the last leaves fell heavy from whispering black trees, the first, faint signs of spring came melting through - fighting for rebirth like a soldier wounded - whispering false hopes through cracked, parched lips - and still no sign of a reprieve in sight. And somewhere in the middle of it all, the man went away - taking with him those ragged army boots, and that look of flight still behind his eyes - afraid Lizabeth might find out what it was he tried so often not to reveal. Afraid, too, of being trapped within the limits of a thousand lies he never meant to live. And when those last, soiled leaves of freedom fell helplessly from the blackness of commitments he never thought she heard, Lizabeth could hear her own faint whimperings - like the sound of a wounded soldier - hanging on to nothing more than old and dusty air - as she gave him back his carelessly lent truths - and she set the man free.

...And he was somewhere in Pennsylvania by the time Lizabeth thought of the one thing that might have made him stay - riding the hot roads back to a way of life he never had been free of. And Lizabeth spent a long time - drawing crazy patterns from the creakings in the floor that started up where their own creakings ended - with the sundown and the cigarette-smoky room the only excuse for the tears she never admitted were her own. Like a stray cat, she howled at the places he'd once touched - then sent out clumsy, regretting clouds - too late to smother the sounds she hoped no one else would overhear. And it hurt for a long time - living with the swollen belly - filled with the child she realized too late that the man would never know of.

And one more photograph was hung

upon the wall.

The seasons passed too quickly after that - and a son was born. Weaving through some carefully spinning web, together woman-child and infant staggered on - struggling through day after day of someone else's lies - and her own mistakes. And Lizabeth got so very tired after a while. Not for sleep - but only to let go. To stop all the hunger that was eating away at the core of whatever beliefs she still held on to. She needed a rest - the comfort of arms (any arms). For someone to hold her. To let go and cry - for just a little while. To cry.

Suddenly all that mattered was going back - to retrace all those subtle steps that had brought her to where she was. Lizabeth tried to go back - back to find out if there really ever had been such a place as Home. Yet what she couldn't know - wouldn't admit - refused to recognize as truth - was that home was what she'd spent these long years running from. Home was the hand that could never heal the wounds that hand inflicted.

Home was a worn-out photograph in a room at the end of a hall than on one even entered anymore - a room that, after all these years, still reeked of stale tobacco. And home had become the woman who denied the role of Mother because of the sacrifices it would mean - her world curved perpetually around the bottle that she knew would never save her - breathing in always the distasteful stench of her own lies. Convinced from the beginning that her apathy would - somehow - be Lizabeth's salvation. Letting the little girl go to stumble through the ancient ruins of her own childhood nightmares - never knowing that there might have been a better way to teach the child what it meant to be alive - or at least to want to be.

And here - one more time - like the grim stalker of somebody's yesterday's leftovers - standing there with eyes downcast and arms outstretched - caught up in the wornout need for a mother as her own child needed her now, Lizabeth cried. Cried for the sound of a long-dead family's laughter - for the comfort of arms she'd long-forgotten - or never felt - for the musty odor of winter's stale tobacco, and a father so long dead, she'd learned to love a photographed image only. Lizabeth cried. Aching with the hunger for something she knew - even then - she'd never found at home -

and never would. And for the first time, Lizabeth began to focus on the shattered fragments of what turned out to be herself. These were not the remnants of her mother's childhood nightmares any longer. They were her own.

And she was falling. How easily now, she began to see it all:

Lizabeth was of the dark-eyed generation - of stained-glass windows meant to keep the truth from seeping in. There were secrets that her mother never wanted her to know - dark-eyed secrets of worthless love and deep, unspoken, (unadmitted) hatred - of catholic lies and sacrifice. Empty-handed and numb now - never having been taught that she must prepare herself for the suffering. Numb from failing to get through the ruins alone - or knowing she must. Desperately needing not to admit to the years of avoiding those dark eyes - damning her own.

And in the moment of acknowledging all failures, Lizabeth reached for an end.

Living in a world that is laughed at by its own regrets. Reeling in the discovery of words that make no sense. Deceiving herself with the safety of righteous indignation and an attempt to feel nothing - nothing at all. Lost. Crawling back down into the roots of her aloneness - with a child she needed so much to save from it all - knowing from the beginning he could never save her. Never getting close enough to hurt him with her own pain. Never quite far enough away to mistake the hunger and confusion she found reflected in his eyes.

And so she had to let the child go - let him go to be safe from the deluge she could now no longer ward off with false hopes. Lizabeth had acknowledged the worst of it - had reached the limits of endurance - and even beyond. And she now had to deny the part that most true to herself - that kept her yet intact. Lizabeth had to let the child go.

And it was almost over then.

Has anyone ever tried to account for their own hunger? Or demanded each pain be justified? Has anyone ever lived to understand the explanation of the seasons? Those endless and repeated tales of childhood - now exposed the words as mere illusion. And mother made a mockery out of Lizabeth's belief in the worth of her world. What became of the trees' promise of survival? Or the river's rage against the storm? Autumn

wandered aimlessly past that winter - and desperately Lizabeth searched within it for some shred of truth to hold on to - waiting from moment to breathless moment for the screech of the mockingbirds to end.

And in the midst of the fear and the cynicism, Lizabeth lost belief in her own worth, and gave up the struggle against an existence she could now no longer acknowledge as her own.

Suddenly it was her own hand - throwing destructive pebbles at the stranger's face staring back at her from the shadowed image reflected in the river's distorted mirror.

And one last photograph was left hanging on the wall when it was over...

Three years passed - locked up in the room with photographs and the dust - more real than any tomorrow. Yet in the end, long past any promise of beginnings, Lizabeth survived. She came to learn how to focus on the infinite particles - the crystal-clear beginning of a self. And from almost every nightmare, she was free now. She'd closed the door on all those faces who never quite understood that she needed to see her own - or wanted her to.

Yet the wind still seeped through some unseen crack and - struggling with fingers clumsy from misuse - she tried to deny the man his right of entry - then, foolishly realized it was her own foot that held the door ajar. And off in the distance the man stood there - offering her back the child at the price of herself. And the look in his eyes made her understand what had made them lovers (and therefore losers) from the start.

His roots had been so long stationary - so deeply implanted into the brown earth, nothing - not concrete - not even time's promise of change - could shake his so carefully planned foundations (or set him free of them). And Lizabeth had been uprooted from what little corner of earth she now saw had never been there to grow from. Aware beyond endurance of now-known responsibilities. Suspended in time - through struggling minutes - to create (or accept) new earth (old decay). Sealed inside the here and after - somewhere to protect the blood from all except the slightest rustling of the unleashed fury - the unnecessary pain. A piecemeal reawakening from the undead.

Still it was not the life she would

have chosen for herself. Yet Lizabeth went on believing in it anyway. And she went on reshaping it, regardless of the struggle. Realizing now how much she could gain in dealing with the losses. There was a need - not to prove any longer - but to understand the limits, even in choices. It does take courage to let go of the familiar. She was ready to accept that she could never change the course of their beginnings. The man had blazed a trail - thinking she'd follow. And now, long after he'd disappeared, she was choosing to stay behind - hoping to find a semblance of the peace he claimed to have found along the way. Trying so hard to make the man see what she'd probably known all along - that she'd never find her freedom in his eyes. She never thought of looking for it there.

Yet he stood there now condemning Lizabeth for the truth he'd helped her to find - that going back would never get her to the other side of tomorrow.

Standing there still by that door - held open only by the foot she's kept there to hold the door ajar (if only by a crack). And Lizabeth could either stay there, or she could recognize the foot at last as her own. She could turn the handle and close the door - and take that first step in unison with the clicking of the lock. And if she stayed, beating her weight and her wounds against the forces she chose once to separate her from the laughter of a child she still reached out to and still cried out for in the night - then tomorrow would be always be on the other side of reaching. But there was still the possibility of surviving the life with one foot always pressed against today. The door itself was capable of changing nothing - only Lizabeth's foot in the crack could make the difference.

It never mattered until that moment...it never made sense - that the man had sought his freedom long ago because Lizabeth never sought her own behind his eyes - that he wanted Lizabeth from a past he once helped to create - but only free enough to see it was he who stood there - playing the role of her savior. Yet remembering now what the touch of him felt like - no matter how gently he tried to remodel her choices - she was choosing to never let happen again. And she would never wholly understand why the loss of her child was the price she'd come to pay for having said 'no.'

If Lizabeth had been hopelessly romantic, then she might have seen the hurtings as well as the pleasures of her life as the things that fulfill - the complete, sensational proof that she was indeed, alive. If she was a total romantic, each leaving would have promised new beginnings. But not this time, for never would she fully transcend a life with the loss of her child. If she was they mystic the man always saw her as being, then she would not have loved as joyously as a romantic, but with the grace and serenity, perhaps, emitting from the awareness of a love beyond - even them, still, Lizabeth was neither. And worse - both. So her loving, and therefore her life - had been neither sensational, nor comforting. She had been romantic enough once to hope - mystic enough to hurt - and woman enough - at very long last - to know that she had earned the right to walk away alone - and still have herself.

At last she'd come to recognize her own photograph on the wall.

The yellow, faded pages of a paperback she read once, when she was still too young to understand the word 'survive' now suddenly remembered and understood - as the last traces of past selves float past disappearance around a peaceful river's bend. And resurfacing out of the ripples at her feet from the pebbles gently peeling off the layers of her soul were the crystal-clear reflections of the people and the places she was ready to leave behind - slowly marching forward now to take their proper dwelling places there before her eyes - as she set herself free.

At last she could put her head in her hands and cry for the first and the last time. Rejoicing in her fidelity to a choice now - not a need. A truth - not a creation. A poet - not a poem. A person - not a salvation.

Lizabeth was a surety at last. She was a survivor of the paperbacks, the photographs, and the dust.



from page 28

Friday's; both organizations blatantly violate the equal access laws.

The Disabled Student Center is located on the first floor of College II in room 401. It is staffed from 8:30 to 6:00 daily, and is open evenings for those who want a comfortable, quiet place to relax.

The center is not just for handicapped students; it is for the entire university community to use. It is a place where the handicapped students can come and get help, but is also a place where able-bodied people can meet, and get to know and appreciate one another. The key words for the center are interaction and acceptance.

"A lot of exciting things are happening around here," proclaims Bill Pollard. "Sign language classes, the AA and the rebirth of the club," are some of the activities, he says. The center also hopes to print a newsletter; and the RSO's treasurer, Paul Gentile, says the forty members are presently trying to organize a party with live music, which would be open to the entire campus.

One of the big projects they are working on is trying to put together a "school supported" wheelchair basketball team. Roger and Bill are

already members of the team. (They are also trying to arrange other programs for the disabled, such as weight lifting.) They would especially enjoy getting more of the student body involved-- at least in scorekeeping or managing these events. Says Bill optimistically, "I think it will be good for the university. It will open up a whole new area and hopefully attract more students to this school."

They are not asking people to make friends with a disabled student or have a disabled student to dinner. All they are asking for is acceptance and for people not to turn their heads away. Do not be afraid if a disabled student says "hi" to say "hello" back. It would be nice for able-bodied students to come in, look around, and make their own judgements. Bill adds, "We are not babysitters here. Once you come here you do not have to live here, or be obligated to get involved."

There are a lot of people out there who can contribute something; whether it be knowledge, experience, or even time to make the center a better place. You can make a better life for yourself just by getting involved, and you can have a good time doing it too! But in order to enjoy the positive benefits of the Disabled Student Center people must first get involved, for there can be no acceptance without interaction.



I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU HEARD. YOU
CAN'T GET CREDITS FOR 'SHOOTIN'
GOOD POOL'.

The Living, the Dead, and the Still Wounded

*The despair engulfed you, held you, smothered you
as the darkness did the night.
The thought never left you; "Why should I make it?
I'll get it in the next fight."*

*We picked through too many piles of bodies we'd made
looking for a friend
to even toy with the foolish idea
that we'd live to see the end.*

*Too many nights spent dispatching death
to wraiths that we'd never see,
too many ambushes sprung on and still with you
to think that your soul could be free.*

*We can spot each other in crowds, in bars,
we of the entwined fates,
who shared so much that can't be explained
to one who stayed in the States.*

*The pieces of friends stuffed into a bag,
blown, not laid to their rest.
Trying to breathe your life into another
while his bubbled out of his chest.*

*We all have to wonder; "Will I blow it someday,
as some of my brothers have done?"
Dragged down from a roof or out of a graveyard,
still haunted by their days with a gun.*

*"They" won't help us, unlike our fathers;
we didn't win our war.
But don't make the mistake of voicing the query,
"What in the hell did I go for?"*

*It no longer matters, if it ever did,
the reasons why you went.
We have to help the "walking wounded";
too many lives were foolishly spent.*

*We'll never convince them most fought with honor.
Don't bother. Just let it slide.
But don't let them call you coward or junkie,
those who weren't still have their pride.*

*We made it. We're home. We're safe.
but some still live with the dread
that they are not worthy of the same honor
given to those who are dead.*

*"They" made a mistake. "They" made us the scapegoat,
after making sure we couldn't have won.
The young have seen this. They don't think as we did.
Who will "They" get to fight the next one?*

By David V. Connolly

Hooky

*It was early April warm
the first real hint of spring.
Breakfast was taken
at a Cambridge French cafe
Herbal tea
Tanzanian coffee
in a glass melniour
yogurt with fruit
bagels and cream cheese.
A bright stolen day was theirs.*

*Seven years of marriage
two tow-headed kids
one major crisis
and now a work day that wasn't*

*For her the day brought
relief with the coming spring.
The warmth blurred
the focus on bitter years
of melancholy marital aloneness
and recent questioning;
is this what she wants?
Set to one side and
locked away for the day
in her subconscious
was the secretly longed for
singleness.*

*The yet unproven promise
of better tomorrows assuaged
the emptiness of lost years
the pursuit of the waning beauty of youth.*

*Forgotten for the day were the
missed opportunity and the nagging of
too many wrong directions.
In their place came casual gentle touching
a hectic charge through
clothes racks
book stacks
street noise
and the security of a day's unexpected togetherness
with lunch outdoors
at the Harvest
and a luxuriant nap
in the reborn sun.*

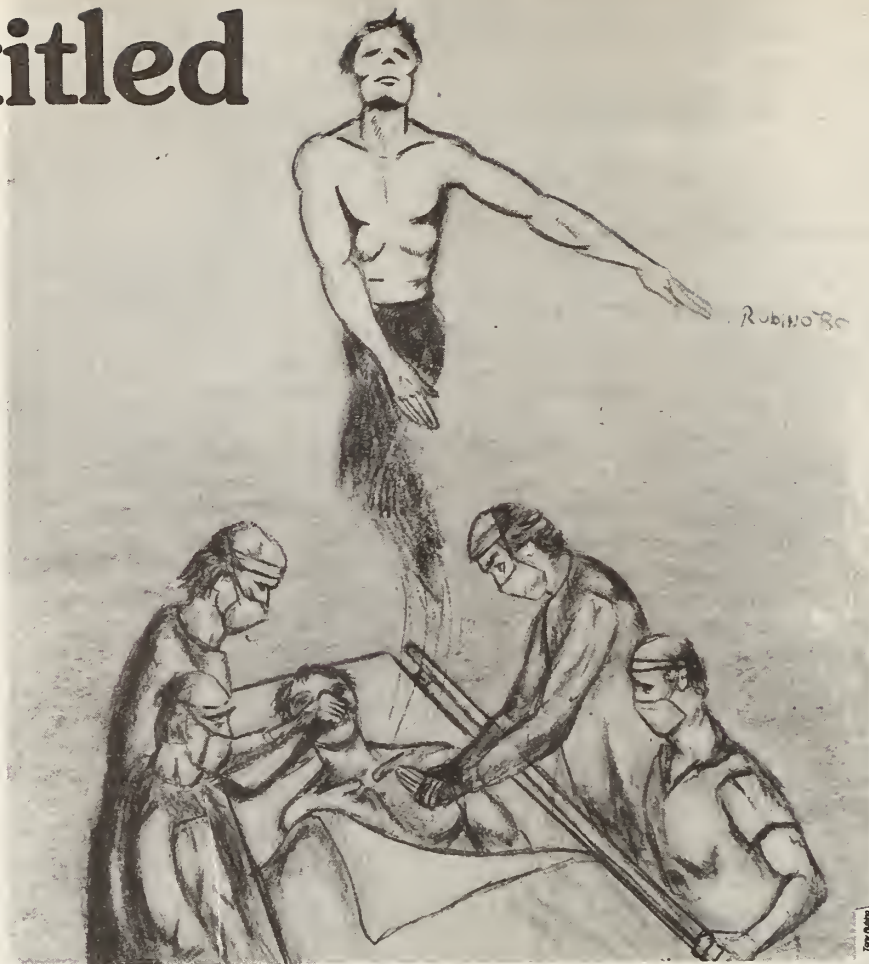
*Hooky wasn't new to him -
doing it together was.
For too many long days and nights
he too had known the emptiness of
their marriage.*

*His misplaced priorities had built
a mounting storm of unfamiliarity
that broke with a late summer's vengeance
and violently wasted away his illusions.
Now in the fragrant first breezes of spring
the decision to rebuild
took form.*

*He could listen to her meaning,
enjoy the unprovoked ease of the day
and see his shadow of insecurity
fade in the new year's sun.*

By Ed Winbourne

Untitled



By W. Kevin Wells

Dark gray-into light. Slowly awakening, growing lighter. The dawn of my mind growing light. Crashglaring white. White cloth. White tile. White faces, peering through white masks. Anxiety, etched in lines around eyes which dart nervously one to another, exchanging meaning unknown to me.

I could see it all very clearly for a moment--shiny steel instruments lying on a tray deviously winking at me from under the coldly brilliant illumination. Red soaked cloth strewn in hurriedly made piles on a table. White smocks--flecked with tiny droplets of shiny crimson.

"Where am I?" I tried to speak but my throat felt as though it was in a vise. It became gray again. Fading. . .

"He regained partial consciousness for a few seconds Doctor."

"I see, what about the girls?"

"No goodsir."

Assorted voices were emerging from beneath the now graying masks. How odd that I could hear their voices but I could not see them speak--just pieces of faintly moving cloth. Gray again. The stir of voices and sound, slowly fading... I can't see any more. I hear and feel only my heart. It thuds mercilessly through my body, getting gradually slower but loud, still very loud.

julia . . . julia I need you, julia . . . What mom? no,

I can't find it...call miss west...don't worry dad, don't worry... My thoughts rushed through my mind--disheveled memories connected--reviewing my life like faded pictures in a family album. Grayer.

I'm slipping. My inner eyes see blackness..julia, julia...My heart has stopped. I realize that the blackness has arrived, rushing through the gray, enveloping me. In the black, I see a light moving toward me at an incredible speed. I hear voices but not of the white

people. I am thrust into a space of sacred brilliance. I hear voices and singing. Thousands of people singing...Julia... I hear her and after a moment I see her. She is bathed in the glow of the singing. She is singing also. I reach for her, but suddenly an electric shock rips through my mind. Searing white heat, and all is black once again....

All is silent. The black is slowly fading into gray again. My heart is again beating as if to announce my entry into this fading land of gray. I hear voices again...the white people. "He's back--we got him." My eyes are open and I see masks and eyes. It hurts.

After a while, the masks become fewer, and the smocks gradually leave. Satisfied masks discuss my life with detached tones--"Good job."

"Thanks."

"Too bad about the girl."

"Yeah, really."

left alone with the faint hum of machinery... and my life...julia.....

"We always hear that we should pull ourselves up by the bootstraps," said Senator William Owens (D-Mattapan), "but for the past ten years we've been asking for the college that will allow us to do just that and the state's response has always been no."

Charlene Cozzler an RCC graduate now enrolled at Harvard University, faced a Senate Panel and issued a grim warning. "Any attempt to strip Roxbury of its educational heritage and its only institution of higher learning is to be viewed as an open act of aggression," she said.

However, since King signed the Capital Outlay Budget, which included funding for a new campus, the clamor of public opinion has quieted.

Meanwhile, RCC remains in a crumbling, overcrowded building. No indication as to when, or if, the bonds will be released has been made by King's office, and the future of the state's only predominantly Black and Hispanic college remains uncertain.

The appropriation, which has yet to be issued, provides for the construction of a 3000-student facility in the South-West Corridor of Boston, between Roxbury Crossing and Jamaica Plain. The funds will also allow the college to move to an improved, temporary site until the new Southwest Corridor building is complete.

Roxbury Community College officials claim that the South-West Corridor site will become an ideal educational complex. The school, if funds are released, will be bounded by Boston English High School on one side and Latin High School on the other. In addition, the Humphrey Occupational Center and three institutions of higher education are located in this area.

"I think that this could be the finest multi-racial, multi-ethnic, multi-cultural educational facility in the country," said Rep. Mel King, who also fought hard for the funding.

In the legislative debate over funding, King, Bunte, and Cambridge Representative Saundra Graham played

18 and 24 it's better than 35 percent. On average, our people are three years behind the rest of the city in terms of education. We are in a situation where we can improve things by creating a college that people don't feel intimidated to go to."

Crucial to the legislative success of the measure was the support of Speaker of the House Thomas McGee and Chairman of the Senate Ways and Means Committee Chester G. Atkins. Both legislators acted as point men in the debate. McGee assured passage in the House by speaking for the proposal himself and Atkins kept the thirty million dollar appropriation in the budget, throughout the deliberations in the Ways and Means Committee.

Programmed to Fail

Controversy is not new to Roxbury Community College. At its very beginning, when the school was scheduled to be an arm of Mass. Bay Community College, a split developed between the Regional Board of Community Colleges and the local Roxbury Advisory Council. According to Rep. Mel King and Boston School Committeeman John O'Bryant, both veterans of those early clashes, "The RBCC programmed the college to fail."

The appointment of RCC's first president, Lawrence Johnson, had been opposed by the advisory council, intensifying the split between the community and the all-white board. Johnson, lacking the support of his own constituency, was fired three months into the college's first semester, and for the remainder of the year RCC floundered with a temporary president at the helm.

For two years RCC limped along without a permanent president. The school moved from its original location on Blue Hill Avenue, a former automobile showroom, to its present site on Dudley Street. In 1974, the college's second president, Walter Smith took office, but he failed to stabilize the school. After only two years Smith left for a job at Florida A&M and another interim president took over.

But in 1976, with the school still staggered from a series of crises in leadership, the college faced its most divisive fight. Just as it appeared that

"We always hear we should pull ourselves up by the bootstraps but for the past ten years we've been asking for a college that will allow us to do just that and the state's response has always been no."

Senator Bill Owens

School's Supporters "Never Recognized"

"The history of the effort to have a new campus placed in Roxbury is a long and interesting one," said Rep. Doris Bunte, one of the school's most visible supporters in the State House, "I think the reason that this campus has never been built is because we that support it have never been recognized by the powers that be."

Bunte, together with other members of the Black Legislative Caucus, president of the Senate William Bulger and Speaker of the House Thomas McGee, were key figures in steering the thirty million dollar appropriation through the House and Senate.

important parts in gaining support in the House. Their effort peaked just as the 1980 session came to a close, and law makers anxious to adjourn decided to back the measure.

Senator Bill Owens initially raised the issue on the floor of the Senate. By instituting a series of parliamentary procedures, Owens tabled a number of motions under debate in the Senate, thus forcing the RCC issue to the forefront.

"I think it opened up dialogue and increased communication, and without that I don't believe passage was possible," Owens said.

"The unemployment rate in our area is up 16 percent across the board," Owens added. "Among males between

the long-awaited construction of a new campus would become a reality, a schism in the college community developed over whether the new campus should be located in Roxbury or Mattapan. For over a year the conflict divided the college, threatening its very existence and stunting its growth. Finally, the Regional Board voted to construct a new 3000 student facility in the Southwest Corridor.

Following the board's decision, things began to move. Two and a half million dollars was appropriated by the legislature and the Dukakis Administration to begin planning and developing the new site. The college hired Haskins as president. His immediate task was not easy. He was expected to pull the school together and prepare for the move to the Southwest Corridor.

Haskins, a former faculty member at the Harvard Graduate School of Education and former Superintendent of Schools in Washington D.C., was instrumental in unifying the divisions that once split the college community and united its different factions behind the move to the Southwest Corridor.

But the election of Governor Edward

J. King proved to be yet another stumbling block in the path of RCC's growth. Shortly after taking office, King suspended all new construction on college campuses across the state in an attempt to save money in the higher education system. The funds appropriated under Dukakis were frozen by King, dashing hope for immediate construction of the Southwest Corridor campus.

Since that time the issue and the future of the state's only college dedicated to the education of minority and Third World Students has remained clouded.

Today RCC stands ready to move ahead. The once crippling divisions in the college community have been mended, the legislature and Governor have approved funding for a new campus and a competent president is determined to build a first class college in Roxbury. But without the bonds needed to begin construction, which the Governor's Office can withhold indefinitely, a new Roxbury Community college remains a gleam in the eyes of those who support the college.

Untitled

*Every February
I pass the days
as if I were waking
in a strange room.
Memories of sweet green plums,
Puerto Rican rum
and touches in the dark,
flicker across the wall
of my winter morning.
I mindlessly burn toast,
forget to turn the gas up
under the coffee pot,
I smell the rich Columbian coffee
you used to make, close my eyes
and recall the scene
of your curling black hair.
While all the world
lies numbly, you sprout
like a fresh bud within me.*

By Norma Reppucci

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*The furnished room
never satisfies the
general public,
Who
Don't like anyone knowing
where
they keep their dimes & quarters
or think their private
Thoughts
about their private selves,
Each self
rationalizing a way to face
the same dead air
the furniture exhales
another general day.
Someday the furnished room dwellers
may all become proud owners
Of a seven room cape in
Marshfield.
And though they may have
more space to contemplate
their case,
The forced anxiety of a ratty, claustrophobic
furnished room
will not be there. They will lose that
edge of exhilaration that you feel,
when you leave
the furnished room.*

By Gary Evans

Student Veterans Union

The Student Veterans Union is a registered student organization at the Harbor Campus. The money it receives from the SAC is used for its yearly Toys for Tots drive. The Toys for Tots program is activated each Christmas holiday season in order to help provide toys for needy children.



Laura Montgomery

Mary Nee, Assistant director of the South Boston Neighborhood House.

Mary began her relationship with the SBNH during her freshman year at UMass in 1973-74. After working as an assistant gym instructor for one year, she began to coordinate all female gym activities. Eventually Mary moved into the social service area doing some counselling and outreach work. "I was involved at UMass with the Student Urban Social Service Program (SUSS) which was for sociology majors. In the program we had to give fifteen hours

"When you work in a community agency that has a lot of direct service programs going on, even if you're not directly involved with each program, you see what is going on and you become stimulated," states Mary. She adds that, "you have to realize that you are never going to make a fortune in social service. You sometimes feel you are working twenty-four hours a day. When you are responsible for people, you don't check out at five p.m. and forget about it. If someone in the neighborhood has a family problem or death or there is a crisis you are responsible to look at it and respond. Sometimes you wonder if it's all worth it and then, say, a school or parent calls to say that the help their children are receiving has worked and they are doing better in school, that makes it rewarding. It gives you the drive to go on."

Mary Nee also stated that work-study students are very important to the functioning of her organization. "Quite honestly without work-study, without Community Action, without a number of these things a lot of our programs just would not run. If it weren't for the work-study students we couldn't do as much as we do. They really are essential. It is a lot more than just cheap labor. I don't look at it in financial terms at all, that's not the whole ball of wax. When working with youngsters, college students become role models in their eyes. They are not their parents or teachers, and they feel comfortable working with them. In return college students gain exposure to social services. They learn how to deal with people and get practical teaching experience." Mary Nee is one person whose work in community programs on the college level has proved to be in-



Laura Montgomery

Waiting for the after school program to begin.

West Broadway Multi-Service Center

This program is a youth service agency for teenagers. It provides a wide range of services including court advocacy employment help, counselling, educational services and cultural enrichment programs. Student workers in this program are funded by the SAC and fill a variety of positions such as coaching athletics, informal counselling and tutoring.

UMass student involvement is a vital part of all of these programs, and often the experience gained can lead to permanent careers in social service. One UMB graduate whose commitment to community work has led to a full-time job is Mary Nee of the South Boston Neighborhood House (S.B.N.H.).

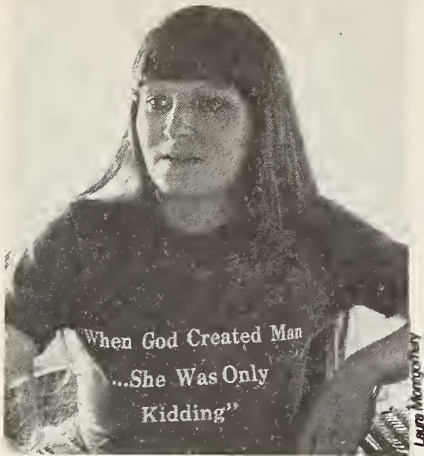
per week in social service work. I did my work here running two adolescent discussion groups for girls. The field work I did for the Sociology Department gave me the experience and credibility that persuaded people to give me jobs in the field."

"If it weren't for the work-study students we couldn't do as much as we do. They really are essential."

Mary Nee

Presently, Mary Nee is the Assistant Director of the South Boston Neighborhood House, a job which includes much more than administrative work.

valuable in her career field. UMass students are currently gaining experience in the field. One of them is Ginger Southern.



*Ginger Southern,
SAC Community Action Chairperson.*

Ginger Southern is a member of the Student Activities Committee. She is also the Community Action sub-committee chairperson. Ginger stated that she asked to work on the Community Action sub-committee because as she puts it, "when I lived in Dorchester, which was all my life until the past few months, I was very involved in community work. I helped tackle a number of problems ranging from gangs in the streets to setting up day care programs. I felt that I could best serve the students that elected me by using my skills in this area." Ginger Southern feels that her efforts to expand the Community Action Program have been made easier through the work of last year's chairperson Barbara Joyce. "Barbara Joyce is responsible for getting many of these programs funded and underway from our end. She fought very hard in SAC for Community Action and I really believe she is responsible for the solid foundation I'm working on. She deserves a lot of credit and thanks."

Even under the limited money conditions SAC works with Ginger feels that Community Action has an important place at UMass. "If only ten students go out and give their time and effort it serves to make the whole UMass student body look well in the eyes of the surrounding communities. It shows we are putting something into the communities, that we are not forgetting where we came from. I think that if we didn't go there, if we turn our backs on the community, we are defeating the whole purpose of having a working-class oriented university at this end of the city. What is the sense of being able to take advantage of all the opportunities here, if we can't go back out there and teach someone else that a higher education is within their reach, that it can be done?"

honor of UMass students was going to be a way of thanking them for reaching out into the communities and doing service work. I found out that often students give much more time than they are actually paid for. And when students give that much effort and commitment the rest of us at UMass should respond to what they have done and say thank you. It's what they do out there that makes the rest of us look good here. I'm still hoping to have the dinner. I'm looking into the possibilities of fund-raising events to get the money to put it all together."

In the final analysis, it appears that the SAC funded Community Action Program is both a way of reaffirming the University's commitment to the city of Boston and allowing students to gain practical experience that helps them market their skills once they leave

"It shows we are putting something into the communities, that we are not forgetting where we came from."

Ginger Southern

Ginger Southern notes that her work on this committee is very time-consuming, but as worth while a learning experience as sitting in a classroom. "I've had to write when I haven't wanted to. I've had to run meetings when I am unsure of my abilities to run them adequately and it's all been to my advantage to develop these skills." The only regret that Ginger spoke about with her work in Community Action is that her planned Recognition Dinner for program directors and UMass student community workers may not happen this year. "This proposal for a dinner in

UMass. All sides agree that these programs serve very real needs, but faced with cutbacks from all fronts the future of these programs and UMass's commitment to them is indeed in question. Only time will tell whether Community Action remains an integral part of campus life through the 1980's.



Wavelength

In Memory of Jim Sweeney

By Bob Crossley and Mary Shaner

James Sweeney was a member of the English department from the time UMass/Boston was founded in 1965. He was an authentic Bostonian and, in many ways, a prototype of the sort of student this university was specifically designed to serve. He was raised in South Boston and belonged to the first generation in his family to complete high school barely twenty years old he fought on Guadalcanal in World War II and found the resources to go to college, and eventually graduate school on the G.I. Bill. In the early sixties he was on the faculty at UMass - Amherst, but transferred to the Boston campus at the first opportunity. It was a homecoming. He once said of Amherst, "Any place without sidewalks is immoral," and he cherished the vitality and humanity of the city. On campus he had a durable reputation as a teacher and, for many alumni, the Shakespeare courses in particular persist in memory as occasions of great feeling and joy.

On October 3 friends, colleagues, students, and alumni gathered for a memorial service of music, poetry, and dramatic speech to commemorate Jim Sweeney's contributions to the life of U. Mass.-Boston. Chancellor Robert Corrigan provided an initial grant of \$500 to start the James G. Sweeney Memorial Fund whose purpose will be to build a permanent collection of Shakespeare films for use in the classroom. The fund honors both Jim Sweeney's extraordinary service as a teacher of Shakespeare and his personal love of theatrical performance. Individuals among the student body, alumni associations, faculty, staff, and administration who wish to make a tax-deductible contribution to this memorial may send a check to the English department made out to the University of Massachusetts—Sweeney Fund.

The following is the text of the in memoriam address written and delivered by Prof. Mary Shaner of October 3:

We have come today to remember Jim Sweeney, our colleague, teacher, and friend, who died on August 12th of this year. Bob Crossley and I, with the help of many of Jim's friends, have written this in memoriam from personal reminiscen-

ce. We do not, therefore, list posts he held, honors he won, or services he performed for the University, although he was a member of the original UMass/Boston faculty, and his record here is a long and honorable one, a sort of history in *piccolo* of this school. Rather, we speak of him as we knew him, a warm, witty, intelligent man, a dedicated teacher, a loyal friend, a devout Catholic.

Jim and I were neighbors on Beacon Hill when I first came to Boston ten years ago. I had never lived in a large city before, and I found almost everything about Boston frightening—the crowds, the noise, the odd characters on the common. Jim loved Boston much the same way Samuel Johnson loved London, and, walking to and from the Park Square campus, he told me about the city as he had known it from boyhood, and I began to catch some of the excitement of the place and to see why he found it beautiful. The panhandlers, the winos, the shopping bag ladies, the Scientology recruiters in the public Garden—all of whom I found rather alarming—Jim clearly enjoyed, sweeping past them with panache, rebuffing most with good humor, but the shopping bag ladies with gentleness and the Scientologists with caustic wit. Clearly, to him as to Auden, "The crowds upon the pavement were fields of harvest wheat," and the nature of the harvest provided him with food for endless speculation.

He loved books and music, and was not an English professor whose tastes were narrowly limited by his field of specialization. In music, his knowledge so far exceeded mine that I could only listen to him with admiration, but about books we had many tastes in common, for the mysteries of Edmund Crispin to the odes of Horace. I remember one particular conversation when I learned that Jim, like me, admired A. E. Housman's old-fashioned but pleasing translation of *Diffugere Nives*, especially the last stanza:

Night holds Hippolytus the pure of stain,
Diana steads him nothing, he must stay.
And Theseus leaves Pirithous in the chain
The love of comrades cannot take away.

I did not dream then that those great lines about the helplessness of friendship in the face of death would someday be more than poetry to me.

One day at the Park Square campus, I was chatting with a bright student from my medieval period course, and learned that the boy, a junior, had previously been a student at Northeastern. "Why did you transfer here?" I asked. "Because I heard that Jim Sweeney was a fabulous teacher, and there sure wasn't anybody like that at Northeastern," replied the student. That answer may well have been a slander on Northeastern, but it was certainly the absolute truth about Jim as a teacher, as I have since heard many testify, and it illustrates the way Jim's reputation as a teacher spread abroad among the college students of Boston. Bob Crossley tells a similar story. I happened on a shopping expedition Bob's first Christmas in Boston. These are Bob's words:

"I wrote a check at Jordan Marsh and gave it to a cashier along with my UMass faculty I.D. card. The saleswoman looked at it and me and asked rather doubtfully if I was in the same department as Jim Sweeney. I was startled; this was the first time I'd heard a member of my faculty mentioned by name outside the University's boundaries. 'I took a course with him once,' she said. 'He was the best teacher I ever had.' I had seen Jim Sweeney in an office just down the hall from mine, but I had never guessed that he was famous. "Famous" is not an overstatement. During my nine years here I've heard his name mentioned more often outside UMass than that of any other member of the faculty."

Bob goes on to say, "Students remain fiercely loyal to him; he used sometimes to sigh and roll his eyes over the number of odd and peculiar students who attached themselves to him and used him for consolation and support; he combined the roles of priest and therapist for numbers of students who seemed to find his effective sympathy, unfailing good humor, and patience sources of stability. Several years ago a

student who threatened suicide and posed a danger to himself and others on campus proved intractable to any help or intervention.

Finally, he was asked if there was anybody on campus whom he would allow to talk to him. He said there was only Prof. Sweeney. This was during Jim's sabbatical. He was called at home, remembered having taught the student a couple of years earlier in freshman composition, and immediately called a taxi and came to campus. The student trusted him and gave up his knife. Not that Jim should be thought of as having had a special ministry to troubled students. A great many perfectly ordinary students signed up for his courses in composition and drama and Shakespeare and became converts. (He *always* aimed to convert—whether students to Shakespeare, colleagues to the ranks of non-smokers, or fallen-away Catholics to the true fold—and the proselytizing was always done with such a disarming lack of pretension, such needling wit and grace, that one was always charmed and delighted, if not at last converted.)

During one of my last visits to the hospital to check on his condition I asked

a receptionist if she had some information about patient James Sweeney. She gave it to me, paused, and then asked: "Is that by any chance the Mr. Sweeney who teaches English at UMass/Boston?" I shouldn't have been surprised; his students were everywhere. But I was too surprised to do more than just nod my head. And then she added, in her wonderful Boston idiom, 'I had him for a teacher once. He was great.' Indeed, he was."

But as Jim's teaching was special, so was his friendship. He was the one person I have ever known who consistently obeyed St. Paul's admonition to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." He was quick to put aside his own pleasure and respond with compassion when a friend was sad or in trouble; and he was as happy over good fortune come to one of us as if it had been his own.

He brought his own intransigent integrity to friendship, as I learned. One day I walked back from a College II faculty meeting with Jim. A faculty member from another department had made me angry in the meeting, and I was remarking forcibly on the man's views, probable morality, and likely an-

cestry. Jim stopped me firmly. "Mary," he said, "You can talk about the issues all you like, but you can't insult that man to me. He is a friend of mine." I loved Jim for that remark as much as I had ever loved him for the many good things he did for me. I knew that he would protect me from insult and malice just as he was protecting that other person, for I was his friend, too.

No memory of Jim Sweeney could be complete without mention of his brilliant wit. He could send classes into stitches, break up dull committee meetings, or add sparkle to a gray day, with a single sentence, sometimes dry, sometimes whimsical, but always authentically witty. Nor was it ever forced. His humor was natural and easy, completely a part of himself. He was a born *raconteur*, and I remember dozens of amusing stories he told me that I shall probably be re-telling less well, until I die.

Although I am sure Jim wouldn't mind that our memories of him intermingle mirth and sorrow, we have found those stories just too funny to tell on this occasion, and so will only remind ourselves that, of the many things he gave us, laughter was his *great* gift. Earth lie lightly upon him. God rest his loving, laughing soul.

A Number

*It would come to us if I would let it come
for all the world to be our wedding
since we are the dreams of their televisions
in the mornings when our breakfast presumes their porches
and your soft beige fleece of underthings
drifts like snow around their bathrooms
since our nightingales have taught their children to sing--
I think you can see now the debt they must owe us.*

*I used to pray that you would like to be with me
that you would let only me explain all the vast forest scandals
and whenever you wanted to fly above the eaves
that you would want to fly only with me
and I dreamed of explaining which mushrooms were friendly
and which ones would make you old and lonely.*

*But I know now
that you heard only other voices
soft mimicking gods that you kept very strange to me
who bargained for your virginity
with cold practical sense
and insured your immunity from my despised need
until you returned to them
without me.*

*All this I can know now
as I would only know my own death-wish.*

*Boats on backs of dolphins
return each evening, full of fish,
songs of outlaws outfly the hungry tiger
above the forest roof;
I, myself,
rest and watch the underground oceans come and go
in tides across the drawbridge below
as a million ages grow in my eyes and nerves
and I wait until the world will finally learn
it has become alright
to return to us our one-time wedding.*

By Peter McGaffery

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