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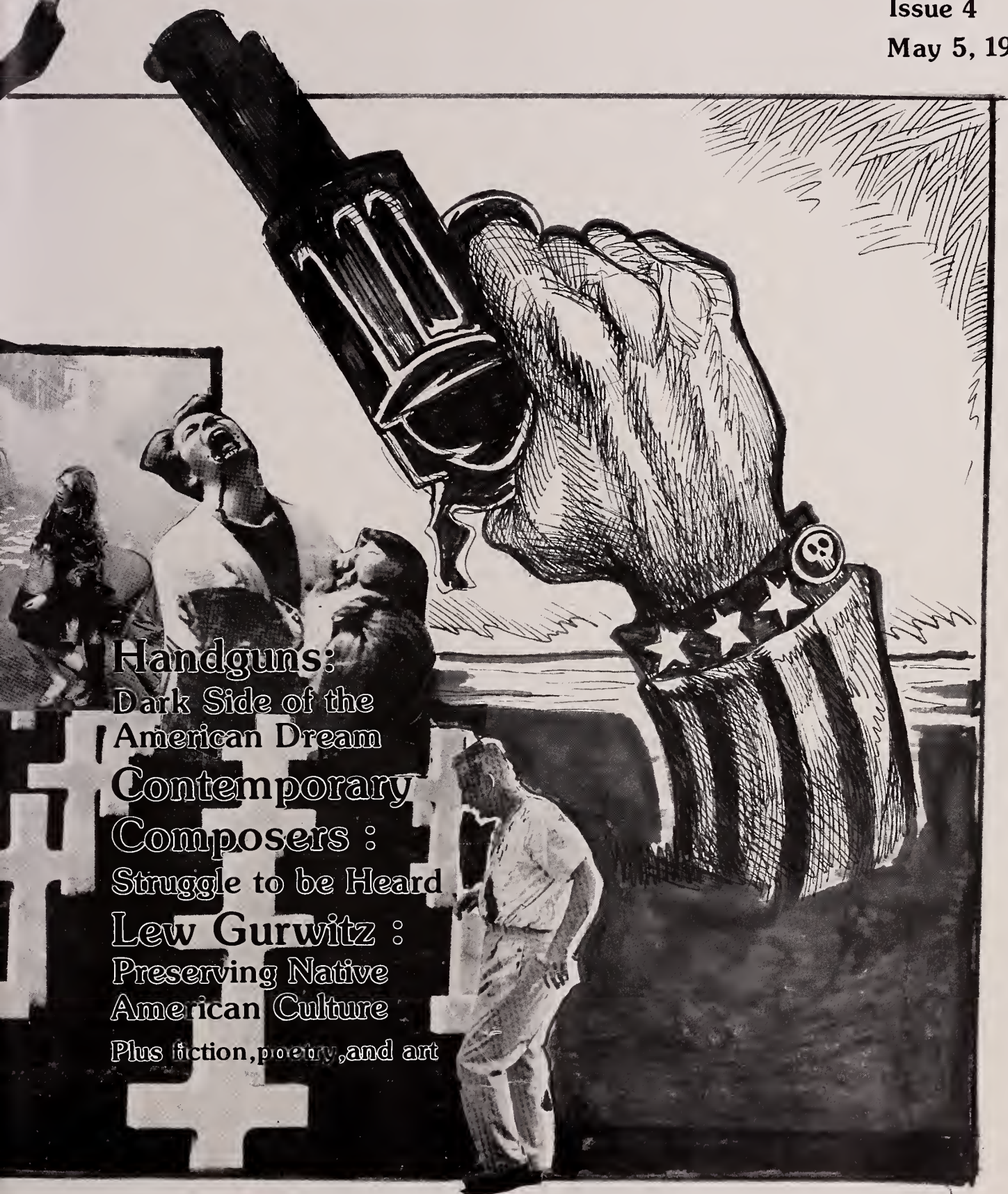
Wavelength λ

UMass Boston

Volume II

Issue 4

May 5, 1981



Handguns:

Dark Side of the
American Dream

Contemporary

Composers :

Struggle to be Heard

Lew Gurwitz :

Preserving Native
American Culture

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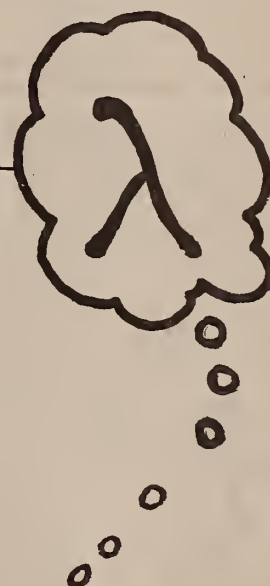
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Lew Gurwitz:



Preserving Native American Culture

Our Mother Earth feeds, clothes, and shelters us, as she does all life, but those who have embraced Western values do not realize the value of the Creation. They are exploiting our Mother Earth and all our relatives who walk and grow with us. This is not right.

From the LONGEST WALK MANIFESTO presented to Congress on the 22nd of July 1978.

By Ken Tangvik

His students call him the most interesting teacher they've ever had, Native Americans consider him one of their closest allies, and the FBI has labeled him a "terrorist", however, no one can deny that Lew Gurwitz is openly and defiantly challenging the values and legal system under which we as Americans live.

Lew Gurwitz is a civil rights lawyer who has a history of defending Native American rights and he is presently teaching a course at UMB offered by the Law and Justice Department entitled "Native Americans and the Law."

There are 45 students enrolled in the course, but every class attracts several other people who are interested in American Indians. Gurwitz's method of teaching is unorthodox, but according to his students very effective. During the semester Gurwitz has invited national and local Native American leaders and prominent journalists who have published articles about the Native American movement to address his class in order to give the students first hand information. The speakers and the reactions of the students are often highly emotional. Gurwitz, who is an accomplished orator after many hours of practice in the courtroom, is by nature also a very emotional speaker. He is able to skillfully combine his feelings with an em-

mense amount of factual information during his lectures. Often students in the class will throw their hands up in the air and yell out, "What the hell can we do?" One student stated openly in class after reading and discussing the history of American Indians, "I feel like crying, I really do." Gurwitz believes that it is essential that the treatment of American Indians by the government become known because, "it wasn't in our grammar school history books for obvious reasons."

Gurwitz, who has lectured at universities across the country "became totally involved in Native American issues in 1973 when Wounded Knee was under siege by the FBI," however, he had always been fascinated by the Indian way of life. "I always had respect for Indian people as a kid", said Gurwitz, "one principle about Indian life impressed me when I was a kid — that principle was that if one Indian had food, no one went hungry. That just seemed to make sense."

At the time of the Wounded Knee incident Gurwitz had recently graduated from law school and was busy doing anti-war work representing Vietnam Vets Against the War and working on the Attica prison case. The bombing of Cambodia altered Gurwitz's point of view in the early 1970's when he realized "that this country was morally bankrupt. I didn't know what was right at the time", said Gurwitz, "but I sure knew what was wrong." When he heard about Wounded Knee, Gurwitz traveled out to South Dakota where he and others formed a support group for the Indian people and they raised bail money for the Indians who had been arrested. Since 1973 Gurwitz has defended Indian people all over the country including Massachusetts, Minnesota, California,

Oregon and he has helped other lawyers in Indian rights cases in Canada.

"The most important case I have been involved in", said Gurwitz, "is the case of Leonard Peltier." "The Peltier case is very important to this country because it shows the extent to which the U.S. government will go. During the Peltier case the U.S. government has lied to officials in Canada, falsified affidavits, forged documents, and intimidated innocent people," added Gurwitz. Gurwitz's philosophy and his attitude toward the U.S. government has been greatly influenced from his work with Native Americans. He described the present struggle as no longer being between "cowboys and Indians", but between "corporations and Indians." According to Gurwitz, "The energy corporations are taking over and destroying Indian land in pursuit of uranium which is used for fueling nuclear power plants and nuclear bombs." Gurwitz also pointed out that uranium mining and uranium tailings have greatly increased the cancer rate among Native Americans.



Gurwitz further explained, "The American economy, like most of the world economy is built on industrialism. The burden of industrialization demands that people like you and me go into boring, hateful places and do boring and hateful work for wages because those wages are our survival. The only way we can live any more is to buy our food, buy our heat, buy our shelter, etc." Gurwitz continued, "If you have juxtaposed against the reality of

people being forced into that way of life Indian people living free, providing their own sustenance, having food, respect, and a healthy life, how are you going to get those people into factories. How are you going to get people to lock themselves into windowless offices for 8 hours a day typing or doing other kinds of crazy work. No one would do it. They only do it now because they feel they have no choice. It is either starve or work."

Today, the conditions in Central and South America are identical to the conditions in this country during the 19th century. The process of annihilation and destruction are carried on with money, sophisticated weapons, missionaries, widespread sterilization, so-called developmental programs, CIA and FBI organized training of terrorists and provocateurs that are sponsored and provided by the United States. We can find no other words for the description of these acts other than murder and terrorism. This process is hidden from the peoples of the world by a conscious suppression of information coming from the offending countries.
From the LONGEST WALK MANIFESTO presented to Congress on the 22nd of July 1978.

INDIANS LANDS



New Age

"The freedom that exists in America", stated Gurwitz, "is the spirit of the Indian people—not the U.S. government, not its constitution." Gurwitz further explained that true freedom poses a threat to the needs of industrial society, and to the validity of American society.

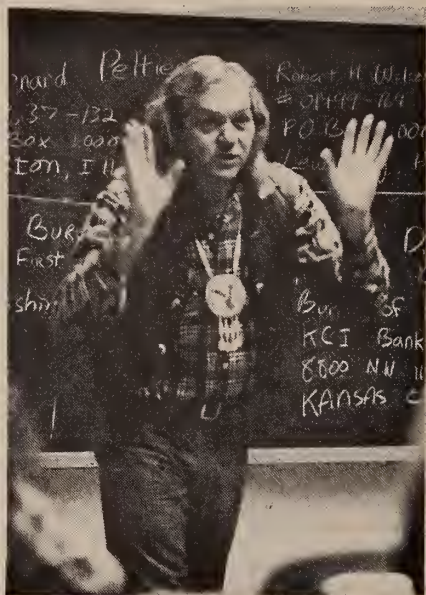
"The movement of Native Americans is the only land based movement in the country", stated Gurwitz, "the rightful owners of this land are the Indian people. This land was taken at the point of a gun. It was immoral, illegal, and unethical for the U.S. to take land from the Indian people." Gurwitz further stated, "If the American Indian Movement gains prominence and recognition in the world community, America's claim to the entire continent is invalid."

Because "the Indian movement threatens the values and fundation of American society," Gurwitz claims that the FBI is working hard to suppress this movement. He told how Doug Durham, a leader of A.I.M. (American Indian Movement) turned out to be an FBI agent. Gurwitz has just received his latest FBI documents and he said, "I've found that there have been FBI informers at several important meetings I've attended." In their own files, the FBI has labeled Gurwitz as a "terrorist."

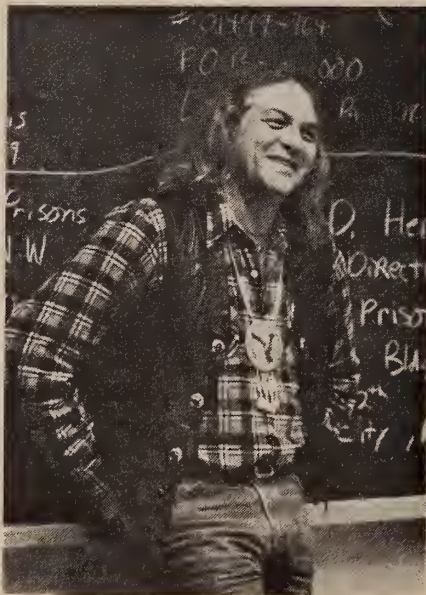
In the opinion of his students, Gurwitz is hardly a terrorist. Dave Cutler, a UMB student described Gurwitz's course as "the best course I've had in my entire college



Kevin Wallace



Kevin Wallace



Kevin Wallace

Gurwitz the teacher in action

HANDGUNS: the dark side of the American Dream



By Eric Stanway

About 20 miles east of Baker I stopped to check the drug bag. The sun was hot and I felt like killing something. Anything. Even a big lizard. Drill the fucker. I got my attorney's .357 Magnum out of the trunk and spun the cylinder. It was loaded all the way around: Long, nasty little slugs -- 158 grains with a fine flat trajectory and painted aztec gold on the tips. I blew the horn a few times, hoping to call up an iguana. Get the buggers moving. They were out there, I knew, in that goddamn sea of cactus--hunkered down, barely breathing, and every one of the stinking little bastards was loaded with deadly poison.

Three fast explosions knocked me off balance. Three deafening, double-action blasts from the .357 in my right hand. Jesus! Firing at nothing, for no reason at all. Bad craziness. I tossed the gun into the front seat of the Shark and stared nervously at the highway. No cars either way; the road was empty for two or three miles in both directions.

Fine luck. It would not do to be found in the middle of the desert under these circumstances; firing wildly into the cactus from a car full of drugs. And especially now, on the lam from the Highway Patrol..Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Fear And Loathing in Las Vegas.

To readers unfamiliar with Thompson's vision, the above passage may reflect a singular and rather bizarre infatuation with the .357, and although he is constantly on watch for the ever-present Highway Patrol, there can be little doubt that he does actually gain some measure of satisfaction from shooting it off in the middle of the desert. Certainly an irresponsible impulse (though probably not as irresponsible as firing it off in a crowded shopping mall), but is it antisocial? More importantly, is it (to use an abused term) un-American?

Certainly not. Thompson is taking off to Las Vegas to find the core of the American Dream-- a dream that reeks of self gratification, whether it be from gambling, destroying hotel rooms, abusing expense accounts, molesting the middle-class, all the while doing up a veritable pharmacy of illicit drugs. This, for him, is the American Dream, and the handgun seems to fit right into that.

And he isn't far from wrong, either.

Along with fast-food, rock and roll, automobiles and television, handguns are a distinctly American institution. They play a major part in the mythology of this country, from Billy the Kid to Wyatt Earp. The legendary gunfight on main street is something every kid sees hundreds of times on TV and the movies. The pattern is always the same; the "law of the gun", a strictly Hollywood-bred morality, requires that the antagonists pace down the street toward each other, and draw at a

moments notice. The fastest draw wins (usually the hero of the piece) and the security of society is thus maintained. The truth, however, is a little more sordid; any casual perusal of Boot Hill at Tombstone, Arizona will bring to notice a vast number of gravestones on which the single epitaph is "shot in the back."

That guns were being used extensively during the white man's settlement of the west is hardly surprising. In an environment where law and order were almost unheard of concepts, it was up to every individual to defend his own property. It is really rather academic to express horror over the idea that property maintained a sanctity higher than human life; not being part of that environment ourselves, we can only speculate on the conditions under which such a set of values were brought into play. What is pertinent, however, is that this idea has survived to the present day, compelling hundreds of thousands of private citizens to purchase guns to protect homes and families.

But do guns really protect the home? As this is one of the central arguments posed by the N.R.A. in the lobbying against handgun controls, it certainly requires some consideration. The simple fact of the matter is that a handgun is rarely an effective instrument for protecting the home against an intruder. According to the 1969 staff report of the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence:

Burglary is the most common type of

intrusion of the home and causes the greatest property loss, but it rarely threatens the homeowner's life. The burglar typically seeks to commit his crime without being discovered, if possible by entering a home that is not occupied. Consequently, he is more likely to steal the home-defense firearm than he is to be driven off by it.

Bearing in mind that between 200,000 and 500,000 firearms are stolen from private homes every year, and that the vast majority of these later turn up in criminal activities, it becomes ominously clear that these guns are actually more of a threat than an asset to the private sector.

And yet, despite this fact, our homeowner goes out and purchases his gun anyway. Statistics means nothing to him. The fact that, in 1967, out of 18,000 home burglaries recorded in the Detroit metropolitan areas, only one burglary victim was killed, means nothing to him. That one victim may have been himself, he maintains, and for him, that one is one too many.

If we are to advise our homeowner against the wisdom of purchasing a firearm for the purpose of protecting his domain, therefore, we must take another route; by showing him the danger he poses to his family by making such a decision. For instance, during the civil disturbances of 1967, there was a dramatic rise in the purchase of handguns. Immediately following, there was a correspondingly dramatic increase in the number of gunshot wounds reported. The logic here is almost too obvious to be gone into; the guns were there, they were easily available, and they were used — not against intruders, but against members of the family itself. In fact, 72 percent of all murders nationwide in 1974 occurred among family members, friends and acquaintances (firearms being the preferred weapon in 68 percent of all homicides). It goes without saying that, in the heat of an argument, handguns pose a very easy way to kill, far easier than a knife or a club.

Perhaps even more tragic than this, however, is the fact that children are quite often the victims of accidental shootings involving firearms kept in the home. A study conducted at the Detroit General Hospital of 131 gunshot wounds in children stated that, where the circumstances were known, most children were injured while playing with guns acquired for protection of the home, and that neither the victim nor the shooter had experience or training in

firearms use. A case in point: late in 1977, a teenaged boy was babysitting some children at a house beside Martin's Pond in North Reading. The parents had left him alone, secure in the belief that their children's safety was assured. What they failed to take into account, however, was that the gun they kept in the house was loaded, and easily accessible to anyone in the house. Later, they discovered that their youngest child had died in the course of the evening of an accidental gunshot wound to the head.

Here, then, is a definite sample to face our stubborn homeowner with. Certainly, in situations such as this one, endless recriminations can be drawn up, against the babysitter who failed to adequately supervise his charges, against the parents who left a loaded weapon on the premises, against the general attitude of our society that teaches children to view guns as some sort of plaything. All of these, however, are considerations that come up after the fact; they can do little to alleviate the grief of the parents.

Our homeowner is adamant. That can't happen to *me*, he says. He watches his children better than that. He'd show them that handguns are nothing to be tampered with. And besides, he'd never do something so stupid as to leave a loaded gun in the house.

Perhaps. But then again, it is highly unlikely that the parents in question did so intentionally. Far more likely, the father was using it that afternoon and simply forgot to unload it. Or then again, *are* you going to have the presence of mind to load the thing in the eventuality that your home is invaded by a burglar?

And besides, how much time do you think your children spend listening to you in comparison to the amount of time they spend watching television?

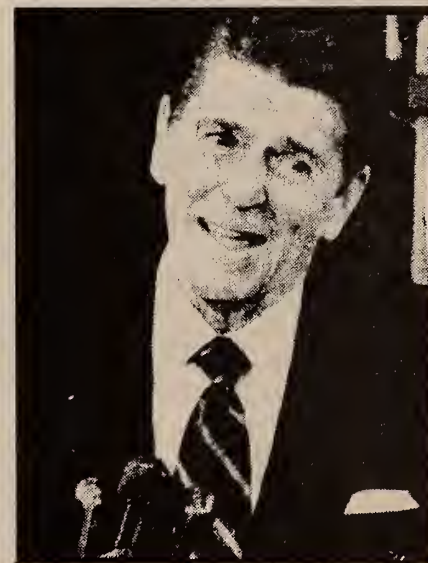
Television's attitude toward guns and violence is as unrealistic and damaging as its attitude toward sex. Where sex is usually restricted to adolescent bathroom jokes, violence involving guns is generally neat, without undue on-screen suffering or bloodshed. It is a homogenized violence, all the more dangerous because it seems almost appealing. Therefore, when a child encounters a gun for the first time, we should assume that he will expect it to behave like its television counterpart, with little idea of what it can actually do.

One case of this kind came up in 1977, when a fifteen-year-old "TV addict" on trial for first-degree murder in Miami,

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Bearing in mind that between 200,000 and 500,000 handguns are stolen from private homes every year ... it becomes ominously clear that these guns are actually more of a threat than an asset to the private sector.





PINE STREET BLUES

As the night spits them into day
and day rolls them and tosses them
until they walk with a wobble
back to nowhere, no past, no tomorrow
urbin urchins - fucking - salt - of - earth
creatures who couldn't have planned
this. Ugly urban guttertalk (scraps
found in McDonalds bags in trash) creepy
hiding, running, hype, shit. Doomed to
exist with serious wounds -- while sweet
pleasing death eludes them for another day.

Carl Stewart

SPANGLES ON THE MIRROR KISS

Love glitters in our eyes
Like moth dust
We look beyond the look
To find our swollen homes

Because we are the same
We are surer
When we touch
We go all the way through

My arms are your arms
They wrap us like a package
Where we live inside our skins
With the same sweet pulse

Some days our moans reach Paris
Where they sing of our throbbing in cafes
Where a Poet from the coast of Spain
Attempts to set our rhythm to his verse

At night God himself reaches down
To smooth our single passion into sleep
We swallow down the universe
And let it watch our love
From inside

Claudia Gale

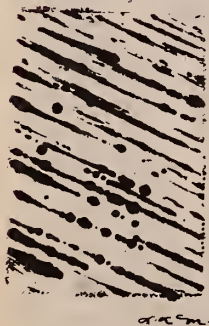


Cracked Mary left abruptly
No time for answers or goodbyes
Spent all our time most interrupt'ly
Of my fate she's none the wise

Following morn returned surprised
Forgotten what'd passed before
Me lying, bleeding, paralysed
Stretched where she'd left me on the floor

Cracked Mary turned her back and left
And cried a bit for her hurt pride
Of pretension and of hope bereft
I laughed softly till I died

Joseph Murray



Down South

I remember
growing up down south
small town isolation
where life was simple
but never easy.
I had few reference points
and believed in the things,
I was taught.
I was the perfect product
of the environment that produced me.
I believed in the value of prayer,
hard work and self denial.
I accepted without question
the contradictions and prejudice
that seems to thrive so well
in southern soil.

I remember
my grandfather was deacon
of the local baptist church
where they taught an over abundance
of fire and brimstone
and never wearied of their obligation.
He practiced his calling seven days a week.
Our house was his pulpit
And our lives were like an empty vessel
into which he poured the word of God.
My grandmother was Cherokee.
She had high cheekbones and
Her nostrils flared,
Whenever she was angry.
I remember
she hummed church songs,
took in washing and cleaned other folks' houses,
unlike her husband she prayed privately
and always found some excuse
for not attending Sunday services.
'80

John G Hall



DREG

By Michael Crow

When the alarm clock blared its rattling ring from its position on the night table, Joe's head jumped from the pillow. For as long as he used them, Joe could never get used to alarm clocks. From the lightest snooze, to the deepest slumber, they woke him instantly. He hated them so much that he conditioned himself to wake up automatically a few minutes before seven a.m. But that was his last job. Now Joe had to wake up by four thirty, so to ride the bus, to the train, to the labor pool, by six o'clock. Joe had been swimming in the labor pool steadily for about six weeks now. Fired from his job as construction worker, for slugging a foreman, Joe settled for the daily salary of \$21.93 from the labor pool, at least half of which he usually drank away at night.

Outside was nearly pitch-dark as Joe emerged from his age-worn apartment building. Walking the three blocks to the bus stop, Joe's head reeled with the headache that cheap whiskey had brought about. Travelling with his wind-breaker on his arm, so as to allow the dewy morning air to sober him, Joe tried to recount the events of the previous evening, but drew a blank. He only

recalled cashing his check and starting to spend it on shots and tall Naragansetts. Lately Joe's nights were becoming more and more similar and Joe's head was becoming more and more numb.

Joe stopped at the twenty four hour 7/11 for coffee before boarding his bus. The cashier eyed him sympathetically as he poured himself a cup of coffee. She was young, about twenty-two, and fairly attractive and Joe was surprised when she made an attempt at conversation.

"You look like you had a rough one. Why aren't you home in bed?"

"Everybody's gotta earn a living, don't they?" replied Joe, sounding more surly than he had wanted to.

"Yeah, I guess so," answered the cashier, with a tone that let Joe know he how surly he had sounded.

As he handed her the money for the coffee, Joe apologized, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be such a grump. It's just that...."

"Don't worry," she interrupted. "It's only five o'clock. No one's supposed to be cheerful at this time of day." She gave Joe what appeared to be a genuine smile and he left the store to get his bus.

Aside from the bump that caused

helf his coffee to spill onto his lap, Joe had a pleasant bus ride. The interlude with the cashier had jogged Joe's memory. He thought of Doris, his high school sweetheart, whom he had come close to marrying. They had loved each other, or so Joe thought, but Doris was the settling down type, and Joe wasn't, so it ended. He recalled the many good times with Doris, and until the bus pulled to an abrupt stop in front of the train station, Joe almost forgot why he had sworn off women.

The train ride wasn't nearly as pleasant for Joe. He pictured Ellen, whom he met at college, when he was a freshman and she a junior. Within two weeks of their meeting, in a history class they shared, Joe was moving his belongings from his cramped dorm quarters to her off-campus apartment. They lived together, in that apartment, till the summer after Joe's sophomore year. Ellen had just graduated and was planning to visit friends who had situated in France. She had saved and looked forward to her trip for over a year and she begged Joe to accompany her. But Joe was dead set on working full-time all summer to earn the money necessary for tuition for the fall semester. She was to return and begin looking for a job in the fall. The farewell was tearful at the airport, but they had said their real goodbyes in bed, the night before. Joe had never thought that he could feel love, the way he did for Ellen.

Nearly oblivious to the fact that he was riding a train, Joe realized he was at his stop. Up on the street, Joe began the short walk to the labor pool, but he was still gripped in his own history story. He wished he could turn off his memory, as his mind pushed the story to its inevitable conclusion.

Joe knew something was wrong when he received the letter from France and the handwriting wasn't Ellen's.

"Why would her friends want to write me?" thought Joe as he tore open the envelope.

He knew Ellen was dead when he read the first line, "We wish we could tell you this in person."

Rounding the corner, a half block from the labor pool, Joe felt almost as empty as he felt the day he learned of Ellen's death. A freak car accident had robbed him of the most meaningful part of his life. The story was over and it left

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John Huggler

By Mari Ann Samaha



Composer at work.

Mari Ann Samaha

John Huggler came to UMass/Boston after an engagement as composer-in-residence for the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Professor Huggler teaches music composition and history to small classes where interchange thrives.

He reveals why: "I've had many reasons why, over the years, I teach, some of which, believe it or not, are to com-

Composers of new music grapple for recognition from reluctant audiences, and encounter critics who resort to name calling, all while jockeying for the little public funding available — echoes of the lifestyles of the masters of the past. Robert J. Lurtsema, host of WGBH/FM's syndicated classical music program "Morning Pro Musica", says

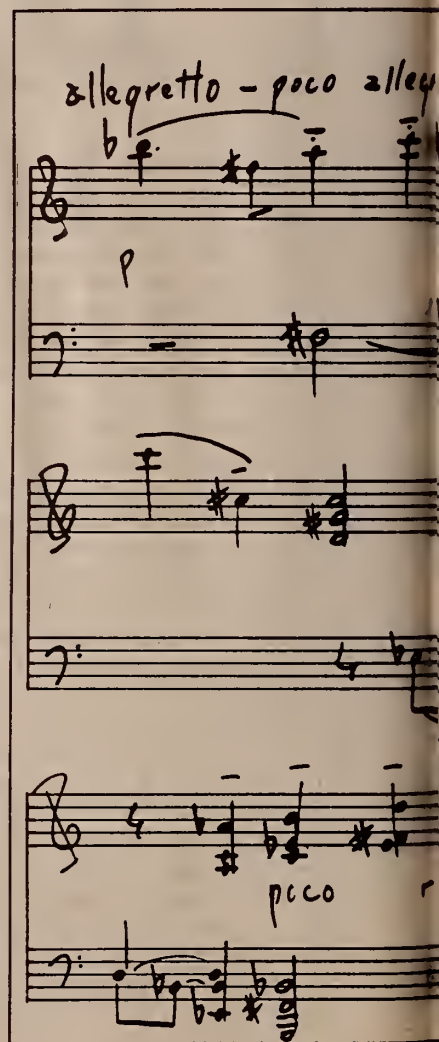
"We live in the age of Muzak, the processed music that calls for no thought whatsoever."

municate with people. I must say, I'm not always inspired with my students, as far as teaching is concerned, but the by-product for me after a number of years in teaching is that I'm thoroughly fond of and interested in young people as students and growing people. Of course, it's one of the only ways that composers can earn a living."

that artists hear an inner voice that can lead them down a street one way, when everyone else is going the other way. Beethoven's 7th Symphony touched on raw nerves in its first performance. One critic accused him of having written it in a state of drunkenness. Carl Maria von Weber declared Beethoven "ripe for the madhouse." After a few more perfor-

mances, though, it became commonplace for the audience to demand to hear the last movement a second time, and then give a loud standing ovation.

In a review of a concert of Huggler's done by the Pro Arte Orchestra conducted by Larry Hill, David St. George of the Boston Globe called Huggler an "American primitive." Huggler had been watching the critic during the performance: "He seemed genuinely moved by and interested in the music...but he thought it came from left field somewhere," the composer relates. St. George, still groping for a definition of Huggler's music, devoted the first paragraph of his review of the next Pro Arte concert to John Huggler, under the headline "German requiem heard" [Brahms], St. George said "the Pro Arte Orchestra is afraid of nothing," because they'd done an entire concert of Huggler's music, "difficult to take and problematical... a rugged afternoon for orchestra and audience alike."



Richard Pittman, musical director of Musica Viva, an orchestra whose repertoire is strictly contemporary, disagrees. He finds Huggler's music fairly difficult, but highly polished, sophisticated, expressive, and even romantic - a far cry from "primitive."

The hurdle between contemporary music and the public is unfamiliarity. There is not one major symphony orchestra in the country which ardently promotes new music. Pittman singles out the Boston Symphony Orchestra. "They either pick a bad piece or they do it badly. It's a very unhealthy situation."

Before Seiji Ozawa took the reins as a young conductor looking to build a standard repertoire pronto, Erich Leinsdorf had further nurtured and cultivated the BSO's rich tradition of American and world premeirs. Leinsdorf took Huggler's music on the road to New York and Washington D.C., and played it in Symphony Hall and at Tanglewood. Now, the BSO's choices for contemporary music are bas-

ed on flash and glamour, and picked for exotic effect, not significance. Huggler, refering to the recent premiere by the BSO of Peter Maxwell Davies' 2nd Symphony, was "not supriised that the Boston Symphony would go to a British composer because the Anglo-phile is well and happy, living in Boston. Anything British, we just love, and

make a living as performances are hard to get. The conductors, whose predecessors championed new music, these days champion their own superstar status. "Ever since Leonard Bernstein, and the advent of the celebrity conductor, the new conductors are preoccupied with celebrity. They want to be instant jet-setters," complains Huggler.

"Reagan would like to go back to the 19th century mentality that America is here to be plundered."

forget the fact that the man's music is no more attractive than a couple of dozen American composers: a good deal less than some."

The public's longing for flash finds objects of devotion in conductors as well. Today's composers struggle to

Nor do conductors spend the rehearsal time necessary for symphony players to master unfamiliar music that is constructed of formidable intervals, complex rhythms, and perplexing harmonies. This makes for a bewildering performance for both players and audience.

The only chance a composer has for a crowd to hear a new composition is for a major name national group to hazard into the unknown, but the more successful a classical group is in this country, the less likely that they will tangle with new music. Huggler relates the trouble he has being heard: "The groups that you would like to have play your music are so insecure about their base of support that they dare not play it for fear of offending the people who are supporting them..they suspect that their support is just going to dry up and blow away..."

"We also live in a society in which each moment has many more choices. If peoples' main interest does not lie in music, and yet they claim to like it, they still want to be exposed to it in such a way as to not give it much thought, because there isn't much time to give it much thought, and it's not their area of expertise. Don't forget, we live in the age of Muzak, the processed music that calls for no thought **whatsoever.**"

continued to 36

The last movement of my piano sonata of 1957 was one of my first serial works to concentrate on a more "normal" use of melody, and I am pleased with the shape of the melody in its opening bars.

The image shows a handwritten musical score on five staves. The notation includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first staff begins with the tempo marking 'Allegro' and a key signature of one flat. The score is written in a fluid, handwritten style with some corrections and erasures visible. The bottom of the page shows the beginning of a new section with a key signature change and dynamic markings 'p' and 'pp'.

Reunion

by Michael Burns

As the bus continued south to Olean, the weather turned worse. It was a typical upstate autumn storm, but that knowledge didn't ease her mind. She wasn't a little girl anymore, she told herself. After all, she had convinced her mother to let her travel alone. Still, the bright lightning against the dark, open sky made her uneasy. Or was she really afraid to be on her own? She couldn't wait to see the surprise on her aunt's face, when, all of a sudden, she showed up at her front door. The younger cousins, their faces ecstatic with excitement, would fight one another for her attention. To them, she was an adult, even though she was only fourteen.

The storm went on unceasingly. She wished she hadn't chosen a window seat. The thought of the soft, warm bed in her aunt's guest room filled her with a longing anticipation. The family reunion had only been last summer, but already she missed seeing her aunt and her cousins. This time she would have them all to herself.

The bus pulled into the terminal. The change in weather, though common for the season, had taken her by surprise. She remembered how her mother had always told her what to wear, and how she had made her carry an umbrella, even when all the other kids hadn't. She stood under the short roof that protected the entrance to the building, and pulled the collar of her denim jacket up tight around her neck. Carefully, she wiped the drops of water off her glasses. The little girl in her made her want to call her aunt for a ride, but she fought off the impulse. If she had been able to make it this far alone, she could certainly make it the rest of the way. Most of all, she didn't want to ruin the surprise. She could see the wide smile on the ruddy face of her aunt as she unsuspectingly opened her front door and recognized her

niece. "Where are your parents?" she would ask. "I came alone," she would answer. She smiled at the thought. It was only a mile to her aunt's.

The dark afternoon sky again suddenly burst with the intense white light. It seemed hardly able to hold all the energy forced upon it. She stood motionless watching the downpour a few feet in front of her. The people busily came and went, not noticing her. From the overhang, the grey brick wall of the terminal building stretched out emptily to the end of the block. Nothing but open sidewalk. If only it would just drizzle and the lightning would stop, then she wouldn't mind. She watched the cars rush in both directions, carrying their passengers to their homes, away from the wet and the cold. *Where are your parents? I came alone.* She started walking slowly down the sidewalk.

Two men in a blue Chevy sedan pulled over to the curb. The passenger rolled down his window and yelled to the girl.

"Hey kid, can we give you a lift? You look like you're going to drown out there."

The steady pounding of the rain, and the roar of the cars rushing past covered his voice. She moved closer to hear him better. As she drew near, she could feel heat escaping through the passenger's open window.

"I'm sorry, I couldn't hear what you said."

"I said, you look like you're going to drown out there. Can we give you a lift?" the passenger said.

The sky seemed to erupt as the multiple strikes of chain lightning struck. Quickly she regained her self-composure.

"No, thank you sir," she said, "I only have a little ways to go."

"That's all right. Anything's better than being out in this dirty weather. Besides, you don't even have an umbrella." He laughed consciously at her unpreparedness. The driver ignored the two.

The laughing embarrassed her, and took her off guard. Why didn't she think about the weather? What was the matter with her? How stupid she must look, walking around in the rain unprotected. The rain had gotten through her coat and a small stream of water ran along her spine, right between her shoulder blades. It chilled her.

"I really don't want to put you out of your way," she said, but her mind was tiring of making excuses. The steamy smoke of the exhaust poured into the dark autumn air.

"I told you, it's not out of our way," he said impatiently.

"Well, thanks anyways."

"What's the matter, some reason why you don't trust us?" His face flared with a hurt, and yet angry expression. The driver didn't seem to notice his partner's agitation, but instead just blankly watched the rain water gushing down the gutter and flooding into a pool at the sewer grate. The passenger started to slowly roll up his window as if he had finally given up.

continued to 32

¿Que Pasa ?

Por Nelson Azocar

En esta edicion aprovecho la oportunidad para introducir nuestros talentos locales y una presentacion de la poesia Hispanoamericana. Esperamos que mas estudiantes Hispanos le den "rienda suelta" a sus inspiraciones como tambien a sus aspiraciones y aprovechen esta columna para dar a conocer sus trabajos que de otra manera pasarian desapercibidos. Les quiero dar las gracias a Dalma Enid Cartagena y a R. Perez por sus contribuciones.

Me despido cordialmente y les deseo buena suerte en los examenes finales como tambien que pasen muy bien las vacaciones de verano.

Hasta la Proxima

DELIRIO

*Estoy aqui,
pero no se donde estoy.
Se de donde vine.
pero no se donde voy.
Se mi nombre,
pero no se quien soy.
Vivo los momentos mas alegres de mi vida
y lloro.*

R. Perez

Don Genaro

*Mi viejo, Oh gran viejo-
late tu existencia en mis dias de ausencia...
Ausencia de los lares que por derecho propio eres dueño...
Mi viejo, ah el gran viejo, manantial de sabiduria,
de ti emana la verdad y la alegria-
el saber y la rebeldia-
Mi viejo, ah el gran viejo-
Muchas veces me arrullastes entre tus piernas-
recuerdo el resto de tus prendas-
(asi siempre nos llamastes, "mis prendas")-
corrian asustadas por el grunir de tu garganta-
Abuelo, Apenas descubri que no tienes dientes,
por eso el roncar de tus horas de descanso me
asustaba tanto-
Mi viejo, Ahl el gran viejo
.... te levantabas al primer rayo del alba,
con el pitirre, con el gallo-
entonabas una copla como asi-
dejando entrever tu alegria por la existencia-
coplas viejas de historias pasadas - o quisas
una pena... Solo se que cantabas...
...Hum...las tetas de la ubre e la vaca-
espuma blanca - entre el alboroto y tu
protesta por el golpe del rabo de la vaca
en tus orejas grandes y tu nariz de
aborigen Taino - mientras...el olor
al cafe colao - satisfaccion de haberlo
cosechao...
...luego te ibas a la tala, caminando*

*por el trillito que tus solos pies de paso
firme fueron formando en tiempos de ayer, hoy y
manana...
...a lo lejos se oian tus coplas-
nunca precise lo que cantabas
...racimo e platano o guineo en tu
espalda de eternidades-
satisfaccion de haberlo cosechao...y luego
compartio...
...abuelo, no se si te lo dije, abuelo no se
si lo exprese...*

*ABUELO yo te quiero, tu eres mi prenda,
-tu eres mi Pueblo-
concentrado en tus coplas de historias viejas...
de mananas que percibes atravez del horizonte-
no se que sentire el dia de tu muerte-
nunca mencionastes a Dios-
Sin embargo vivistes junto a el-
aqui, en lo que llamastes tu la gloria
y el infierno.
...pero se que germinaras, se que resusitaras
en el puno de la Revolucion de tu
pueblo - por hacer de muchos un
Don Genaro, un Don Pedro Albizu
Campos, y tantos otros grandes viejos inmortales
que cantan sus coplas cada amanecer
en el pitirre, en el gallo, en el racimo e platano
y en el rabo de la vaca...*

Obstacle





Renata Hampl, 1981

A DRIVE TO THE FOREST



E. STANNAY '81

By Eric Stanway
(for John Lydon)

The shadows of the trees flickered lightly on the windshield of the shining porsche as it glided silently down the winding road. A girl, her flaxen hair fluttering in the afternoon wind, gripped the leather-bound steering wheel with white knuckles, her lips pursed in a tight scowl and metal-rimmed sunglasses hiding the anger in her eyes. A country tune was blasting out of the stereo, some damn Dolly Parton thing with twanging guitars and asine lyrics, totally meaningless and ultimately useless. She pulled out a tape and jammed it into the machine, and the staccato beat of a punk-rock song shook the car. Daddy's car, this was; he'd bought it for her, but never let her forget the fact. He'd gotten her the most expensive model he could find, brand new and spotless. A surprise for her eighteenth birthday. He hadn't let her see it until the last minute, dragged her out on the front porch so she'd find it parked out in the driveway, gleaming yellow spit-and-polish in the morning sun. She played the part of the astonished daughter, of course, cringing, putting her hands to her rounded mouth and going "ooooohhhh!" in affected awe. Mother stood behind, clasping her hands together and smiling mutely, and her younger brothers bounded about the new toy. Her father laid a hand on her shoulder and told her to go on, get in, get the feel of the seat. He dangled the keys in front of her. She took them and marched down to the car like a Good Obedient Little Girl, trying not to let the tightness in her pace betray her inner feelings. This wasn't a car for her to do what she wanted in; she could never go out and party in a car like this. She'd be scared stiff that he'd come home one day and find a scratch on the bumper, on the door, or whatever. It was a ransom on her freedom. And all the time he was insisting that it was her car, but he'd better not see any scratches on the bumper or the door or whatever. Bullshit. It wasn't her own car, any more than it was her own life.

The tape clicked off, and she let it lie silent for a while before turning it over. She listened to the wind whistling past her ears, the hum of the engine purring softly through a well-maintained muffler system. The smell of rubber on country tar; hindsight did her no good. She

decided to drop it. She turned the tape over, and the music started up again.

She almost didn't see the figure standing by the side of the road, or if she did, it was only a peripheral vision, a blur in the corner of her eye. She wasn't going to stop, anyway, convinced of the danger of picking up hitch-hikers. But it was a filthy hot day, and it must be hell walking down this dry stretch of road in this weather, so she stood on the brake and steered the car into the dust by the side of the road. She could see him running after through her rear-view mirror, hauling a heavy bag over his shoulder. Then he was beside the passenger door, gasping, perspiration running down his dust-stained face and matting his dirty blonde hair to his forehead.

"Thanks," he gasped. "Sure is hot."

"Sure is," she replied. "Climb in."

Flinging his bag into the back seat, he vaulted over the door and into the seat beside her.

"Where you going to?" she asked.

"Only as far as Little Rock," he replied. "I got to be there by this afternoon."

"Lucky for you I came along," she said.

"Yeah, that was lucky, wasn't it?"

She stepped on the gas, and the car pulled away from the side of the road with a screeching of tires.

She found herself saying, "You're an army boy, right?" before realizing how dumb it sounded. She peered at him through the dark lenses.

"Just out. I'm going back to visit my folks."

"For good?"

"Yeah," he nodded, "yeah, I've had my bellyfull."

"You sound bitter." Why was she making conversation like this? She was only going to drive him as far as the next town. She looked at him again, comforted by the fact that he couldn't see her eyes. He was resentful for a moment, his lips drew thin and taut, and then relaxed into a disarming grin.

"Yeah, I guess I am, a little. You can't get the swing of army life if you're--" here, he paused "--if you're an independent thinker. They don't want you to think in the army. Just do what they want, go where they go."

"Really?"

"HUP! TWO! THREE! FOUR!" he shouted, pounding on the back of the seat for emphasis. She went rigid, and

let out a startled gasp. "That's all they want! Fall in! Fall out! Peel the potatoes! Swab that latrine! Get to it, soldier!"

"That bad?"

He laughed, reached into his pocket, pulled out a joint, lit it, and took a deep breath, holding back his head. He handed it to her, and she took a furtive hit, holding it gingerly between her thumb and forefinger.

"Yeah, it really injured my pride, y'know? And it's like, if you don't have your pride you're lost. You're a dead man. A fucking zombie." He stared blankly off into the swamps. Moss hung thickly from the trees, hiding the mess of stagnant water and rotting stumps from the sun. As they drove along, scores of turtles jumped off the logs and into the brackish mud. They produced a curiously hypnotic plopping sound, half-muffled by the wind rushing past the car.

I always wanted to go to Britain," she said. "I hate these swamps. I hate this fetid death."

"I been there once," he said. "It's not what it's cooked up to be."

"I have this thing about the countryside," she said. "The cool breeze in the morning-- the mist rising over the emerald hills--the damp freshness of the grass."

"I was in London on leave," he said. "It's cooler there, yeah, but people are the same. People are the same all over. The place you're thinking of is only in movies. It really doesn't exist."

"You could have a picnic in the country, there. You couldn't do that here."

"Praise picnicking in the British countryside!"

She suddenly twisted the wheel to the left and pulled to the side of the road. She was breathing heavily.

"Hey," he stammered. "What..."

"Get out of the car."

"What?"

"Get out of the fucking car! You don't say shit like that to me, in my own car, when I've given you a ride out of the decency of my heart. Get out!"

"Hey," he said, his voice soothing. "I'm really sorry if I offended you. I... I dunno...I'm sorry." He reached over to the back seat and grabbed his bag. Then he dejectedly got up, and stepped out of the car. "Thanks for the ride," he said, and started to walk down the road.

continued on page 30

Francine

Francine was only fifteen
when she first got turned out
seduced by the lure of the avenue;
fine clothes, fast company and the Promise
of being more than just a cashier
at woolworths for the rest of her life,
working for minimum wage or on welfare
like her mother, an ex maid who died
giving birth at Harlem hospital,
leaving behind seven unwanted, unfed children.

For her life would be different
already she was tired of living
in hand-me-down clothes, in rundown tenements
with loud drunken neighbors and their weekend brawls,
with broken plumbing, no heat, no hot water
infested with rats, roaches, and the smell of garbage
and stewed cabbage in the hallways.

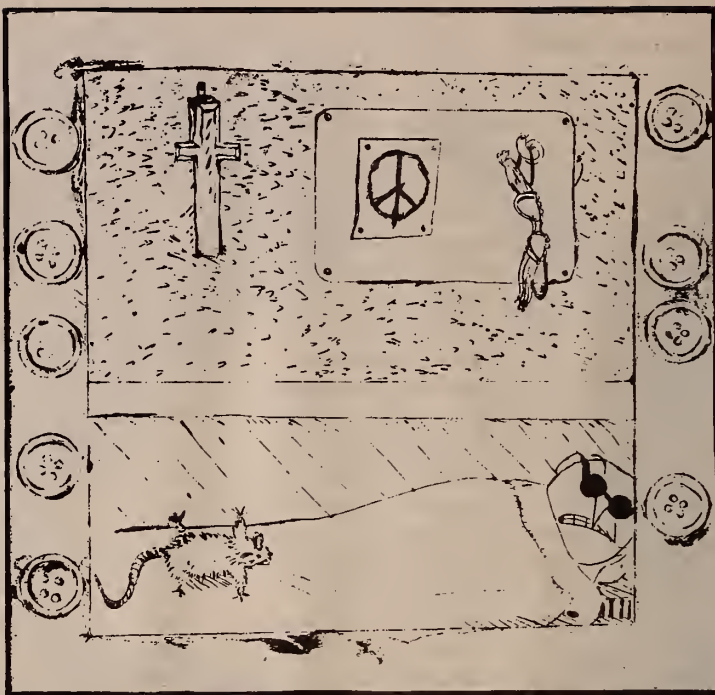
She was ready and waiting
for her opportunity to come knocking
so when he said come, she went/
Francine was only fifteen
when she first got turned out.

We were too young to notice at first
the change that had come over her life
besides we were always too busy
with the candy and ice cream she gave us,
to bribe us, to keep us from following her
whenever she left the block,
but the old women who sat on the stoop all day long
had begun to gossip and the men had a certain cunning
in their eyes whenever they watched her walk
down the street.

So young, so fine
Francine was only fifteen
when she first got turned out.
She wanted after so badly those things
we're all taught to think we need,
fine clothes, like the ones people wear
downtown, Saks' Fifth Ave.; flashy cars
like the ones in the movies or the ones you see
in those funny ads, the kind that everybody
should have if they are to be somebody.

But some dreams have a funny way
of being turned and twisted
and forced back in upon themselves
until they start to resemble
the garbage-littered streets, the run down tenements,
the stench and human suffering
that comes from poverty and ignorance;
all the things we started out wanted to escape.
Francine was only fifteen
when she first got turned out.

John G Hall



To my dear teacher...
OR: All the King's men

Julia Robbins

I wrote him volumes
of brilliant papers
conceived in pain
on all-night capers
with a machine
For Him I inhaled
the wrinkled XEROX
the purple printouts
books marked: USED
then filled a notebook
with feeble insights
of solipsistic pulchritude
- convinced myself that I was right

I lost a lover
a friend or two
as they would call
and I'd say NO
I have a paper that is due
And/then that last eternal week
my child
quite pale and rather thin
scratched on my door
to let him in
and as he fell right by my feet
I typed the final, perfect sheet
and heard him whisper
-mother...
did you
succeed?

Renne Chandler



Skin

I marvel at skin: my skin,
Such a wonderous container!
Encasing so calmly,
So untellingly,
All this gut-queasy
Soul-grating emotion. How,
Oh how? (Do tell)
Does it manage to cover
--So neatly, clueless--
These Spears and implosions,
Not to mention
(Think of it!)
The dutiful organworks.

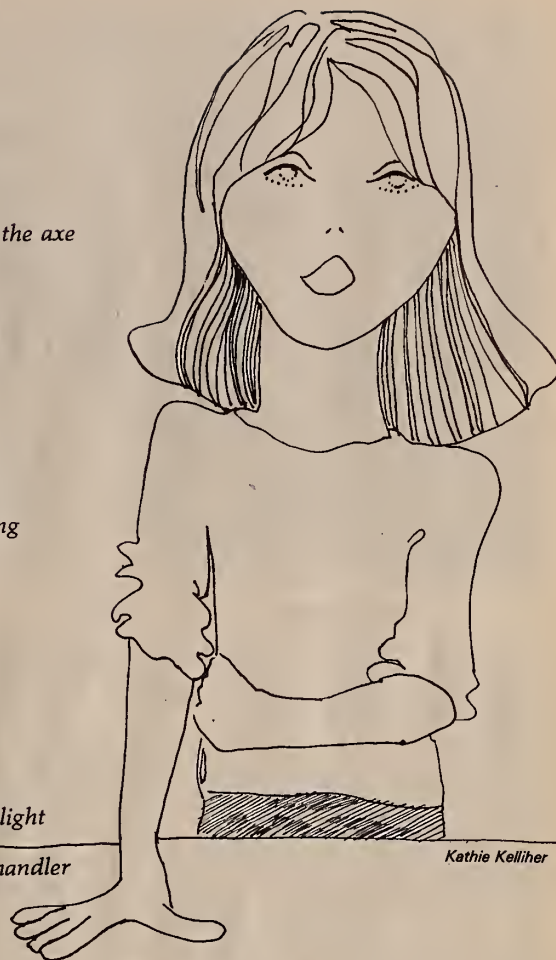
And yet
Still it remains
So elastic, So calm, So...
Blandly flesh-colored.
No shrinking, stretching, or fading!
No puckering or swelling
Or sharp protrusion outward from inside.

I marvel at skin
Secretive skin
Lying, serenely comfortable
Within itself.

Karin Hauk

In the hallowed halls of home
mother of the evening
sets
carefully the stage
for a symphony of grace
humming softly to herself
the entire overture
hands
so delicate and smooth, wield the axe
and chop
and chop
heads
of lettuce, onions
tiny pieces
pare and dice
cut and slice
apple
leek, chives
bind the roast with heavy string
crack the eggs
beat the whites
potatoes-mash
skin
grate eggplants, stab
rip the chicken off its wing
gore, carve
slash...
and serve,
with baby's breath and candlelight

Renne Chandler



Cataclysmic I

I am afraid to leap
Between these lines
To dirty this page
To go on

Cataclysmic II

Roman numerals
German nouns
Chinese lullabies

Cataclysmic III

Hands up
God's got a gun

Cataclysmic IV

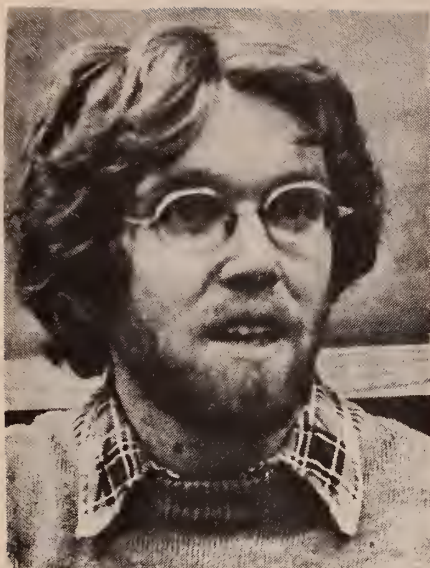
Poof Claudia Gale



Laura Montgomery

Campus Controversy

Should campus police carry guns?



Peter Devoli

Steven Moniak

No

There is absolutely no need for campus police to be armed during daylight hours at a university as physically isolated as UMass/Boston.

But guns are only a symptom and not the disease. Disarming the campus police during daylight hours would, however, be a vital first step in reforming the role and mode of operation of the campus police force here at UMass/Boston. Communication, and not the deterrent of force, is the best means of crime prevention in the relatively non-violent atmosphere of this university. A theory of law-enforcement based on co-operation between the police and the university community could assure both maximum public safety on campus and an improvement in relations between the campus police and the student body.

To this end, the police should not only be disarmed but issued new uniforms. Distinctive civilian clothing, such as blazers with the public safety emblem prominently displayed, could, by de-militarizing the policemen's image, create an atmosphere in which police and students can work together and mingle as equals. The training campus police receive should also emphasize non-lethal defense tactics.

The present theory of law enforcement by which the campus police operate is one which alienates the police from the rest of the campus community. Most students, upon seeing a policeman armed with a billy club and handgun and attired in police blue, react to that officer's presence as an intrusion of threatening authority rather than welcoming him as a friend. The result is an adversary relationship which does absolutely nothing to promote the communication needed to assist the police in assuring our safety.

The results of this adversary relationship is clear to many students who have to deal with the campus police with any frequency. Antagonisms between police and students have created an attitude of non-cooperation among a small group of campus police officers. There are several leaders of student organizations who can testify as to the almost belligerent attitudes campus police have, at times, exhibited towards students at various social and



Kevin Wallace

Tracy Campbell

Yes

For the maximum protection feasible of persons and property at the University of Mass. Boston, the campus police should remain armed during daylight hours. Not only should they remain armed for protective reasons, but they should remain armed for preventive reasons as well.

Since the campus is not centered in a world full of sugar-plum fairy tales, but centered in a world full of law breaking wrongdoers, there is the possibility of unjust harm coming to those on campus grounds as well as the grounds on campus. To curb such plausibilities, which are restricted neither to after sundown nor before sunrise, is (according to the U. Mass. Department of Public Safety) the job of the University police.

They are not hired to be our friends, and they are (generally speaking) only our enemies if we make them so. They are hired then, as authoritative figures to maintain, as best as possible, the stability and well-being of the University and those in it. Thus, the reason why they carry guns, is for the safety of the campus community.

It is obvious though, the University is not breaking records in the violent crimes category, especially during daylight hours. But, according to Public Safety Director James Lovett, in the past couple of years there have been some reports of more turbulent types of daytime crime. During these occurrences, those police who were involved, threatened (there have been no reports of shootings) to use their guns.

One incident, sites Lovett, was when two men were fighting. One man was hitting the other with a bumper-jack assembly, and the only way the man would stop swinging, claims Lovett, is when an officer threatened him at gun point. If the campus police had not been able to carry guns at that time, where would the man under the metal assembly be today?

In speculating over such a question, it does not seem likely that the officer at the scene would have been able to persuade the enraged man to stop what he was doing by use of verbal intimidation. And it also does not seem likely that the same officer would have risked getting hit himself, trying to save the victim, for sake of solemn oath. Thus, in

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Hito Hata: Raise the Banner

By Marilyn Wu

No one attending the New England premiere of "Hito Hata: Raise the Banner", the first full-length film dealing with the history of Japanese Americans, is likely to ever forget it. It was an overwhelming emotional experience in which Asian Americans were at last getting to see themselves up there on the screen accurately and realistically portrayed.

Made by Visual Communications, a Little Tokyo (Los Angeles) based media group, Hito Hata was shown April 5th to a standing room only crowd in Harvard's Science Center.

Chronicling the contributions and hardships of Japanese people in America since the turn of the century, "Hito Hata" traces the life of Oda, an elderly bachelor who came to California in 1910 to work on the railroads. Oda's story is based on the true life experiences of Issei (first generation Japanese immigrants) bachelor laborers living in Los Angeles' Little Tokyo today. Because of anti-miscegenation laws and poverty many were forced to remain single. As everyday happenings trigger flashbacked memories Oda's story becomes the embodiment of the Japanese American experience.

We see the brutality experienced by the Japanese immigrants who were treated like animals by the railroads and, if injured, left virtually for dead; we see racism in the agricultural fields of the 20's with Japanese migrant farmworkers

Visual Communications



Japanese Americans being forcibly bussed to internment camps in "Hito Hata."

driven off by white vigilante groups; and of course we see the World War II evacuation of Japanese Americans to concentration camps. "Citizen, alien, it made no difference as long as you had the face of the enemy," recalls Oda bitterly.

"Hito Hata" captures the metamorphoses that have occurred in Little Tokyo and other Asian American communities nation-wide over the past 50 years. In the 30's, Little Tokyo was a thriving community; but in the 40's was virtually destroyed when the Japanese American incarceration took place. Today, urban renewal projects threaten the Japanese community's existence. Oda's and his fellow Issei's lives are once again thrown into turmoil as the hotel that has long been their home is scheduled to be demolished as part of the plan to transform Little Tokyo into a tourist attraction.

"Hito Hata" means "raise the banner" and is an expression that was commonly used by poor Issei, who migrated to America with plans to return to Japan with enough wealth to enable them to raise banners and flags--an honor given only to the samurai and wealthy lords.

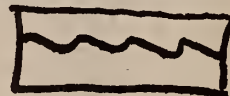
However, for most Issei, like Oda, America became their home where for decades they had to contend with poor living conditions, economic exploitation and racial oppression. Although a few managed to become economically successful, most were stripped of their lifestyle after Pearl Harbor was bombed in 1941.

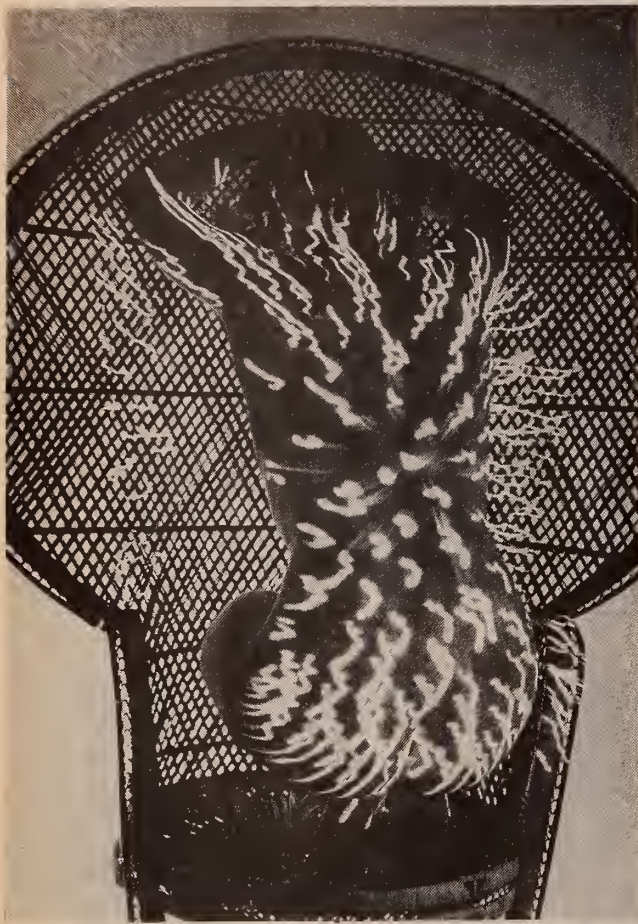
"Hito Hata" captures the spirit of the pioneering Issei, their fierce determination to survive in a hostile land and their resistance to the milieu of attacks on their dignity as human beings. In the end, despite old age, ill-health and the loss of his closest friend, Oda maintains his courage to continue struggling for what rightfully belongs to him and all Japanese Americans.

"Hito Hata" reveals this seldom told story and attempts to replace stereotypical images pervasive in all forms of American media with honest portrayals of Asian American experiences and contributions. The significance of "Hito Hata" is further underscored when it is contrasted with the racist material coming out of Hollywood with the recent remakes of Fu Manchu and Charlie Chan. In breaking with these Hollywood traditions, "Hito Hata" is the first dramatic production to be written, directed, produced and acted by Asian Americans from an Asian American perspective.

In its modest, yet uniquely important way, Hito Hata cannot help but enlighten everyone who sees it; it raises the banner itself.

For information on future showings in the Boston area contact the Asian American Society UMB (1-4-168) or the Asian American Resource Workshop, 27 Beach street in Boston Chinatown.





Coleen Babson



Debra Lockrow



Hostages Release TV Images



Through Student



Multiple Images



the lens Photography



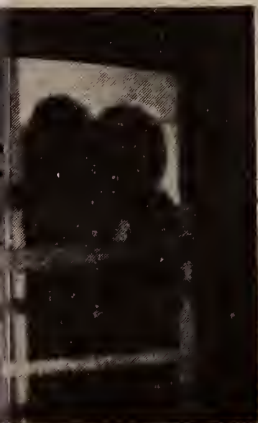
Lynde Gardner



Margaret Nugent



Renata Hampl



Jeanne Smith

career." "This course is good because it allows me to see things in a different perspective", said Cutler, "It is easy to become conditioned into the American materialistic, self-centered way of life where the only goal is to get ahead and make money. By understanding the Native American way of life where there is a true community and a respect for nature and human life, I have realized that in our society we are alienated from each other and have no sense of community." Cutler added, "I have realized that the Native American culture and the white American culture are at opposite extremes and the U.S. government, which has no respect for nature and human life, is destroying the Indian culture."

Nicky Nickerson, who is of Penobscot heritage and a member of the class said, "Lew is teaching things that we need to know if we are going to survive. This class has helped me to reorganize my own thinking in a positive way." Belinda Johnson, another member of the class stated, "I don't agree with everything Lew says, but he's certainly opened my mind up to things that I wasn't previously aware of." She added, "everyone should take this class because you can really learn about what's going on in our society and you get it from first-hand experience."

Many of Gurwitz's past and present students have become involved in organizing for Native American rights. Last year an Indian Rights R.S.O. was formed and members organized educational events at UMB and around the city. They also sponsored fund raising events and a food drive for the Akwesasne Indians in up-state New York. Lili Atkins, a member of the Indian Rights group, is now working with the Wampanoag Indians in Plymouth.

Presently, several members of Gurwitz's class are organizing on campus. Much of their efforts have been in response to a planned offensive against Native American land by Sec. of Interior Watt and the Reagan administration. Students are also doing support work for Leonard Peltier by doing educational work and fund-raising. One of the students stated, "Once you know what's happening to the Indian people, your conscience forces you to act."

THE CASE OF LEONARD PELTIER



The case of Leonard Peltier is the most important legal case that Gurwitz has worked on and it is far from over. This particular case has evoked a national debate over Native American issues and the role and tactics of the FBI.

In the 1960's Leonard Peltier lived in the Seattle area where he worked in the Native American community to provide alcohol counseling, establish a prisoner half-way house, raise Native land claims, and secure jobs for Native Americans. He was also one of the founders of the Milwaukee chapter of the American Indian Movement (AIM).

Peltier and other members of A.I.M. have long been the target of FBI attacks. Government documents state that in the early 1970's FBI counter intelligence programs (COINTELPRO) began to select

AIM activists for criminal prosecution on the basis of their beliefs. Hundreds of Native American activists have been put on trial in the past few years. In November 1972, Peltier was harassed and then beaten by two off-duty Milwaukee police under the direction of the FBI and charged with attempted murder. He was later acquitted of this charge but the government harassment continued leading to his trial and conviction on charges stemming from events on the Pine Ridge reservation on June 26, 1975.

In 1975 Peltier was organizing on the Pine Ridge reservation of the Lakota Indian Nation. On June 26, 1975, FBI agents came to the home of a traditional Native American family near the village of Oglala on the Pine Ridge Reservation where a spiritual camp was also located. Two of the agents, who were without warrants, precipitated a shooting incident as they fired at the family's house.

During the shooting an Indian man, Joe Killsright Stuntz, and two FBI agents were killed. A massive government assault with military equipment followed as hundreds of federal agents surrounded the entire area and shot thousands of rounds of ammunition into homes occupied by innocent people. Peltier, who was on the reservation at the time was charged with murdering the two FBI agents. He was tried in Fargo, North Dakota and was convicted by an all-white jury of the murder of the agents and sentenced to two consecutive life terms in federal prison.

There is great controversy about whether the methods used by the govern-

We know that the present attacks on our lands and sovereignty will, unless halted, ultimately benefit the interest of corporations which seek coal, uranium, water, and other parts of our Mother Earth. We understand that the attack on our existence originates with these interests. The land speculators of the last century have been replaced by the oil refineries and the ore processors of this century. The United States government failed to protect our interests against land speculators, who were far less powerful than the transnational corporations we face today. The present racism against our people is fueled by the organizations, and the denial of our rights will open up our air, water and lands to a ruthless exploitation unparalleled in history. Uncontrolled Western development will destroy our ways of life, and will threaten all life on this Turtle Island.

From the LONGEST WALK MANIFESTO presented to Congress on the 22nd of July 1978.



ment to convict Peltier deprived him of a fair trial. Three of the prosecution's key witnesses recanted their testimony against Peltier claiming it was exacted from them under duress. One of the prosecution's witnesses, a Lakota woman named Myrtle Poor Bear, who claimed she was Peltier's girlfriend stated in an affidavit, "I saw Leonard Peltier shoot the FBI agents." However, Peltier claimed that he had never seen this woman before her affidavit was filed.

At Peltier's trial Poor Bear attempted to recant her affidavit, but she was not allowed to tell her story to the jury. It would have done the government's case no service; she would have testified that FBI agents had sequestered her in a motel room, threatened her and told her that they would take her daughter if she refused to sign the paper incriminating Peltier. "I signed the papers without reading them," she said, "all I wanted was to go home." Three other witnesses told similar tales, but federal court judge Paul Benson dismissed them summarily stating, "The FBI is not on trial here."

Even in federal prisons Peltier has not been free from life-threatening harassment. (On July 26, 1979, Peltier was recaptured after he attempted to escape from Lumpoc federal prison. Affidavits recently obtained by Peltier's defense team reveal that prison officials had made a deal by asking other inmates to murder Peltier in return for lighter sentences. Peltier's legal team argued in federal court that it was unnecessary for Peltier to escape from the prison in order to protect his life. A fellow inmate confessed under oath in court that he had planned to kill Peltier as part of a deal with prison officials.

Peltier's defense team, using the Freedom of Information Act has found evidence that can prove that the shells that

killed the FBI agents were not fired from Peltier's rifle. However, because the Supreme Court has declined to review the murder case, Peltier's only hope is a habeas corpus action based on new evidence of government misconduct. "The FBI has 15,000 pages of documents in this case," said Gurwitz, and we have obtained 5000 pages so far and there is new evidence that proves that Leonard is innocent."

U.S. Congressman Ron Dellums (D-Cal) is demanding a congressional investigation of Peltier's conviction. Actor Robert Redford has also joined in support of Peltier and he is planning to direct a motion picture about the case. After visiting Peltier in prison, Redford stated, "The abuses on the reservation, especially on this case, defy the imagination."

Gurwitz recently spoke to Peltier who is in the Marion Illinois Penitentiary. "Leonard's spirits are really high," said Gurwitz, "ultimately he is going to be free, there is no doubt in my mind about that."

For more information on the Peltier case and to find out how one can support Leonard Peltier, contact Nicky Nickerson in the English Dept., or contact the Boston Indian Council at 232-0343.

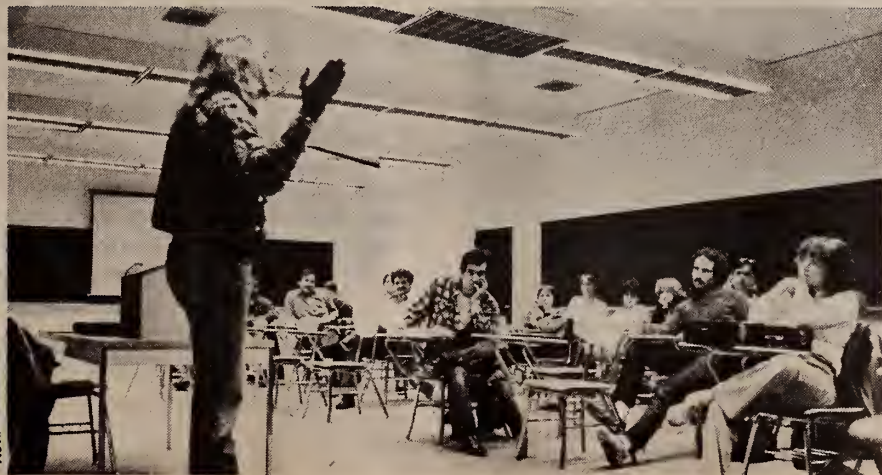
Sources: *New Age* Nov. 1980, *L.A. Times* 11/17/79, *People* April 17, 1981.



To Bobby Garcia

*We are going to win
We are a natural part of the earth
We are in spiritual connection
with the earth
You too must get involved
give your support
We must take power
with humility
Look at what is happening
Show respect for yourselves and your people
and respect where your children will live
Look at what is happening
I myself have much more to learn
For I am speaking only in a whisper
It is us who have the vision
we have the power
For power means to create
not to destroy
And we are going to win*

*Joseph Murray
with thanks to Dallas Thundershield
and Lew Gurwitz*

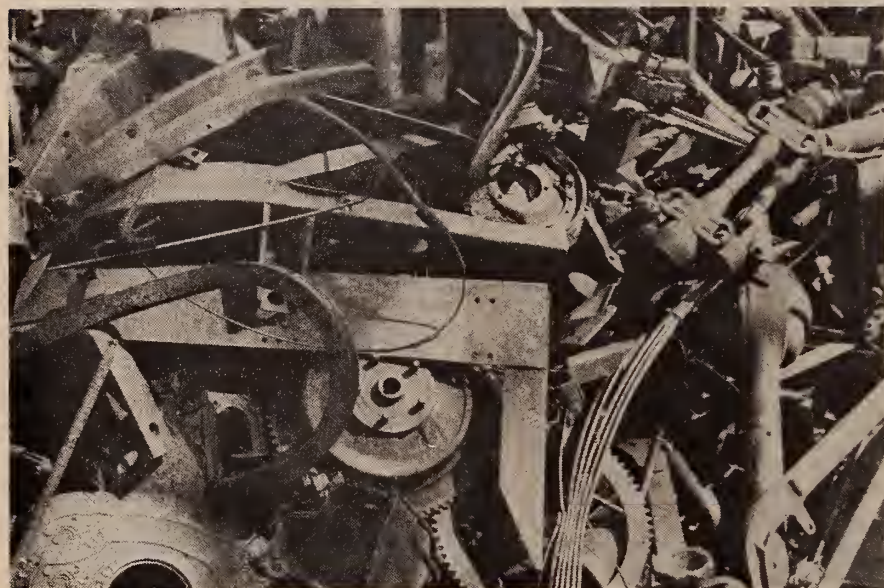


Kevin Wallace





Photos by Laura L. Montgomery



Auto

By Eric Stanway

The photos on these pages were taken at the now deserted garage at Ames and Sparks streets in Brockton. Most of the cars here are over forty years old, some are half-buried, and nearly all in unsalvageable condition. There are several sheds on the site, also filled to capacity so that one cannot even get through the door.

The owners, Tom and Arthur Karros, were outcasts. They had lived in Brockton for nearly six decades with their blind mother Mary, and had, in that time, become something of a town legend. Their Battles street home was an equally disorganized museum of antiques, their front yard a sea of tires, wheel rims, wooden crates and shells of old cars. This naturally drew a deal of concern from their neighbors, who feared that, should a fire break out, their own property would be in danger.

Over the last few years, they had become increasingly popular targets for abuse. On one occasion, six to eight months ago, Tom Karros had to be rushed to the hospital after being struck on the head by a rock while he was working at the garage. The situation finally concluded last month when the Karros abode was one of four to be torched by arsonists in a single night.



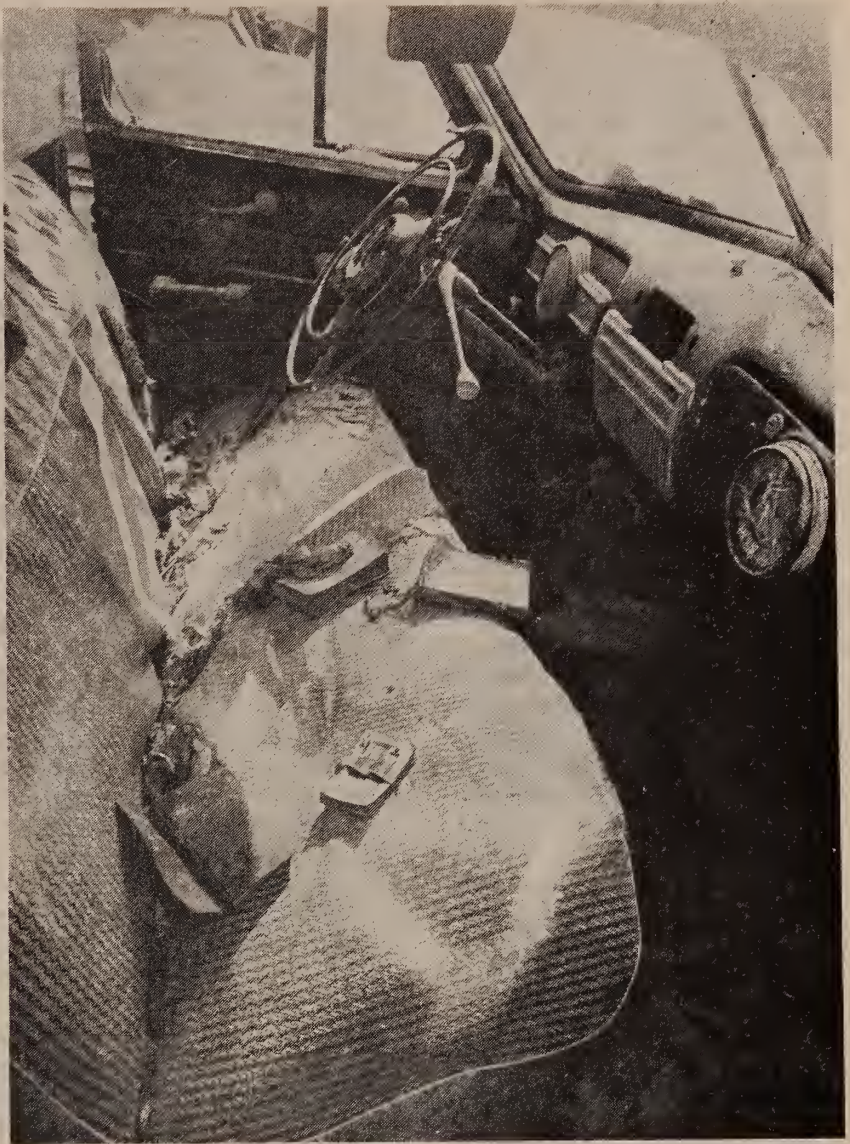
Park

When firefighters arrived on the scene, heavy black smoke and flames were seen emanating from the 2½-story asphalt-shingle-sided structure. There was only one entrance and exit, on the southwest corner of the building, and that was engulfed by the blaze. Firefighters were further hindered by the tremendous quantity of debris inside. A couple, Herbert and Ida Korske, both octogenarians, were led from the second floor apartment, and were released after refusing medical treatment. Mrs. Karros and Arthur were found lying on the kitchen floor, while Tom was located on the bathroom floor. All three were unconscious.

Tom and Arthur both died of smoke inhalation upon arrival at the hospital. Mary Karros was described in "stable" condition.

A Brockton shopkeeper provided a curious addendum to the incident; upon going through the structure, firefighters reportedly found some \$400,000 in bills, rolled up and stuffed into shoeboxes. The Karros family, recluses in every other way, apparently also mistrusted banks.

"Two closer brothers you never knew," said nephew Fred Berry, after hearing of his Uncles' death. "They lived together and they died together."



Joe limp, just as it did every other time it played back in his mind.

Joe entered the labor pool office and checked in with Howard, who ran the place, "How's it looking today Howie?"

"We gotta lotta jobs today. I'm gonna send you out to Delle Steel, as soon as someone with a car shows up."

Joe took a seat, along with the other twenty-five or so potential laborers, who were awaiting assignments. Being a regular, Joe was more or less guaranteed a job every day he showed up. It also helped that Joe was young, strong, and not half as hungover as most of the others in the room.

Howard had a way of making you pay your dues. No one ever got a job on their first day, but if you sat it out and waited for an hour or two and came back bright and early the next day, he'd usually find you something. A pooler's first assignment was always bullwork. Joe's was unloading hundred pound bags of sand, off a flat bed trailer truck. The jobs got easier if you kept coming back. Joe didn't mind Delle Steel. He had worked it before and it wasn't bad.

The rational behind labor pooling differed rarely. Joe was educated to the merits of it by a grizzled old drunkard in a bar, the night that he was fired.

The drunk explained, "You work for a day, you get paid for a day, no strings attached. You cash your check. You get drunk. You don't wanna get up in the morning. Fuck it. You don't. And another thing, you got no regular boss, 'cept yourself. It's just the thing for a guy like you. Young, strong, you got your whole life ahead of you. You wanna spend your youth being bossed around by some old bastard that can't even get it up? Fuck no. A young fella like yourself ought to be out travelling and drinking and getting laid, not having to worry about getting up for work, so that ol' bastard of a boss can tell you what to do."

The drunk's view of the working world was just what Joe needed to hear that night. The idea of a different job every day sounded appealing to him. He could work a bit, save a bit and travel with his money. There were labor pools in every major city. It was the perfect method for steering clear of any ties, which were the last things Joe wanted, since Ellen's death.

Howard called Joe's name with several others who were to work Delle Steel for the day. The one who was driving, collected fifty cents each from the others for gas and

they were off. The four men rode in silence, except for some mindless banter about the weather, across town to the Delle plant. Joe was used to these quiet rides and appreciated them, especially on a pensive day, like this one.

They entered the plant, met with the foreman and were split up. Two were sent to the furthest extreme of the left half of the building, which resembled a large airplane hanger. They were to work in the stock area, while Joe and the driver of the car were ushered to the shearing machine section, on the right side which was about half the size of its counterpart.

Joe was assigned to Merrill, a fiftyish, thirteen year veteran of Delle Steel, whom Joe had worked with before. Donning work gloves and a yellow hard hat, Joe readied himself for an easy but boring day of work. His job was simply to catch pieces of metal, as they slid down an incline after being cut by Merrill, and stack them on a wooden skid. This was done, while sitting on a small stool, less than a foot off the floor. It was undemanding, both mentally and physically, except for the strain put on the lower back, from sitting hunched over so low. Once he tuned out the heavy drone of the industrial machines, Joe began again to ponder his fate, via his personal history.

For some unexplainable reason, the girl in the 7-11 had triggered something in Joe's head. He couldn't stop thinking about Ellen's death. He recalled his multi-mooded behavior after reading the letter. First came all the normal emotions. Tears, accompanied with feelings of grief and great loss. But then Joe turned angry. He punched holes in the walls and went on a mini-rampage in the apartment, throwing, smashing and generally destroying anything he could get his hands on. *the sight of his dead lover's apartment, in ruins, proved too much for him and he stormed out. Having let enough steam out of his system for the time being, Joe entered a bar. He drank hard, until his emotions rose up again and he felt the need to unleash some of his pain on someone else. He picked a fight with a hapless drunk and would have really hurt him had not the bartender, a burly fellow, with anchors tattooed on his biceps, stepped in and put Joe's lights out for the day.

After recovering from the realization of what he had done, Joe left the detox cell of the local jailhouse and returned to the apartment. There he stayed for days, with little sleep and no food, all the while torturing himself with memories of Ellen. Just a

week earlier his future was set out before him. Finish school, get a job, marry Ellen and raise a family. Now, his future was a blur. In fact, he wasn't sure he wanted to experience his future.

The thought of suicide quickly deserted Joe's head. Although it seemed an easy way out, Joe knew he could never do it. He did decide one thing though. Never again would he allow himself to get emotionally attached to anyone. In Joe's lifetime, this had been the kiss of death.

It began with Joe's mother, who died while giving birth to her second son. The baby died the day later. Joe was five at the time. Joe's father lived to celebrate his son's birthday eleven more times, before cancer sent him to an early grave. The sting of his mother's death was lessened by the fact that Joe was still a baby, but his father's passing hit him hard.

Living together by themselves for those eleven years, made Joe and his dad, not only father and son, but also best friends. This made the year of illness, before death, even harder for Joe. Noting the increased deterioration from day to day, was almost unbearable. Seeing his father as a mere shell of his formerly robust self got so bad near the end for Joe, that he could scarcely look his father in the eye without breaking down.

When he died, Joe went into a shell, and might have remained there, if it weren't for Doris. She talked Joe into finishing school and talked her parents into letting Joe fix himself a place to stay, in a loft, in their garage. He got by on the little money his father had managed to save, which gave him barely enough to eat and keep clothes on his back. Joe finished high school and worked six, sometimes seven days a week that summer, in a gas station to raise tuition money for his freshman year in college. The idea of college had been planted inside his head by his father and reinforced by Doris, who had worked out a plan for Joe, which included school, a job in her father's business and marriage to her. He thought he loved Doris, but not enough to marry her. So he left for school, secure in the knowledge that he was completely on his own.

The nine o'clock break buzzer sounded and shook Joe from the zombie-like state he was in.

"Whattsa matter, Joe? You don't look well," asked Merrill.

"It's nothing Merrill, just a hangover," answered Joe, on his way outside, to the waiting canteen truck.

As he sipped coffee from a steaming styrofoam cup, Joe was once again reminded of the girl in the 7-11. He wondered what kind of life she led. Was she working such rotten hours to support a fatherless kid? Or was she just a struggling loner like himself? Something about her struck a chord in Joe. Maybe it was a distant resemblance to Ellen, or Doris. Or maybe Joe's loneliness was finally starting to get to him. For one split instant, he thought about going back the next morning and inquiring about her availability, but when the buzzer rang to go back to work, Joe shrugged off his momentary lapse.

At lunch, Joe split a six-pack with the driver. The other two labor poolers drank cokes with their brown bagged lunches. His hangover had left him halfway through the morning and the beers gave Joe a pleasant relaxed feeling for the remaining three hours of work. The time was spent sitting and stacking. Conversation with Merrill, was next to impossible because of the noise, so Joe again retreated to the privacy of his mind.

He thought about his faltering aspirations. Since he had quit school and begun a full-time career as a laborer, his life had become one long repetitious cycle. Work, booze and sleep had become the staples of this cycle. Joe was neither content nor dissatisfied. He had successfully transformed himself into an emotionless ogre. Now and then his thoughts would turn to his happier past, but when he found himself on the verge of being overcome by these memories, Joe would have a few numbing drinks. The realization that he was cheating himself hadn't come to him too often, until recently.

During the last few weeks, his normal alcohol intake wasn't succeeding in blinding Joe to what he was doing to himself. Instead he found that a whole bottle was doing what half had previously accomplished. Visions of fetching females and quiet rendezvous disappeared with the contents of the bottle. He was almost too far gone, but, the fact that a little of his old self remained, was apparent from the effects of the interlude earlier in the day with the girl in the 7-11.

The girl was still on Joe's mind. And with each recurring thought of her, Joe was one step closer to making a return engagement at the 7-11. The question of whether or not he could take the plunge back into the mainstream of society and survive, was now posing itself in Joe's mind. Only two more years of college would supply the

piece of paper that would open the door to a decent job and the respectable lifestyle that accompanied it. He was ready to do it a year and a half ago, before Ellen died, so why not now? Because emotionally he was tapped out. He couldn't face the risk of more injury.

At three-thirty, when the buzzer sounded to end the day at Delle Steel, the labor pool crew piled into the driver's car to go for their checks. The return ride was much more conversational. All four had some anecdote to share about their day. The best was the driver's. He told of the nearly senile shear operator he worked with, and a measuring blunder he made on a large sheet metal order.

"The poor old bastard had a few pops in him," he regaled, "and he was scared shitty about the foreman reaming his ass, so he changed the numbers around on the invoice, to make it look like someone else fucked it up."

By the time they reached the office, the laborers were in high spirits. They turned their time sheets in, picked up their checks and walked the block and a half to the Tap, the official bar of the Labor Pool.

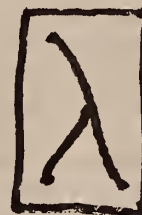
It was a good set-up they had. The bartender would cash your check for nothing if you brought a beer. The set-up being, that nine out of ten of the checks could not settle for one beer.

Two hours later, Joe was working on a good buzz. He was contentedly banging away at a pinball machine. The only one in The Tap, it was an ancient beat up machine, with a lit up picture of Evel Knievel jumping his motorcycle through a ring of fire. Joe owned it. He had played it every night for the last six weeks and he knew every square inch of the old machine. The carom action of each bumper, the right spot on

the flipper to play the ball with and the amount of tilt he could use were elementary to Joe now. He played on one quarter for a half hour, then he tired of it and let a rather odorous, drunken sewer-monger finish his game.

Shortly thereafter, Joe returned home and slow drank a couple beers he had in his icebox. Half-lying, half-sitting on his unmade bed, still in his work clothes, Joe realized he would not be reaching the numbing level required to give him a good night's sleep. This meant at least a couple hours awake with his thoughts, and tonight it frightened him. He knew deep down that a slow but progressive change was starting to take hold inside him. He also knew that normally this would be a change for the better. But he wasn't normal anymore and he was scared of the prospect of facing it.

Joe awoke the next morning, without the alarm clock, in the same half and half position he had been in the night before. Feeling completely refreshed, as if he had had a good night's sleep, Joe saw by the clock that it was eleven-twenty-five. It had been over a year since he'd slept that well without at least a pint of booze in him. Joe opened a window and sucked in a deep gulp of city smog, then he went in the bathroom, showered, and shaved off a three week growth, put on his only clean pants and shirt and set off for the 7-11.



Alan Alda will appear at the Kennedy Library May 8th for an interview with Channel 7's Public Affairs forum. Everyone is encouraged to attend and participate in the event. The interview will begin at 10:30 a.m.



Florida, claimed as his defense that he was driven temporarily insane because of violence on television. The Youth's plea did not persuade the jury, however, and he was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. His lawyers now plan to sue networks for programming which incited the youth to violent acts.

Pressure is now being exerted on network sponsors, and they respond by saying that they are "housecleaning" their programs, and that producers are remodelling their scripts. Aaron Spelling, producer of "Starsky and Hutch" has promised: "We're never going to kill somebody unless it's totally essential."

Nonetheless, the networks seem to have a very strange view of what could be termed as an "essential killing." It has been estimated that the average American child will view 15,000 hours of television by the time he/she graduates from high school and during this time will witness 18,000 televised murders and countless other violent acts.

In addition, there have been some 2,600 studies on the effect of media violence on youth, conducted by Congressional Com-mitties, the Surgeon General, public interest groups, psychologists and behavioral scientists, and the television networks themselves. These studies, dating back to 1950, produced some varied and contradictory findings:

- Heavy viewers of violent television have a distorted view of reality, including an increased fear of victimization:

- Heavy viewers are desensitized to violence;

- Viewing television violence may lead to lessened aggression in females;

- Today's television dramas are not "real" enough to cause any direct behavioral response;

- Under certain conditions, and depending on the types of violence portrayed, exposure to televised violence is capable of producing increased inclination toward aggression in children.

That the networks' present policy of cleaning up the violence in their programming is essentially a dangerous one is a sentiment echoed by David Wolper in an August 1977 *TV Guide* interview in which he states; "...toning down the violence is making the violence seem not as horrible as it is. They (the networks) are sanitizing violence...And the more violence there is, and the more repulsive it is, the more these people will feel the horror of what it (is) really like."

Bearing this in mind, consider this actual account by a gunshot victim, as reported in the *Washington Post* article, "I'm Shot!":

Suddenly there was a tremendous roar... I was hit. It felt like I had been hit with a haymaker in my chest. My right arm stung and burned. But the most serious wound, the one that had all my attention in a few seconds, was the one just under my left eye.

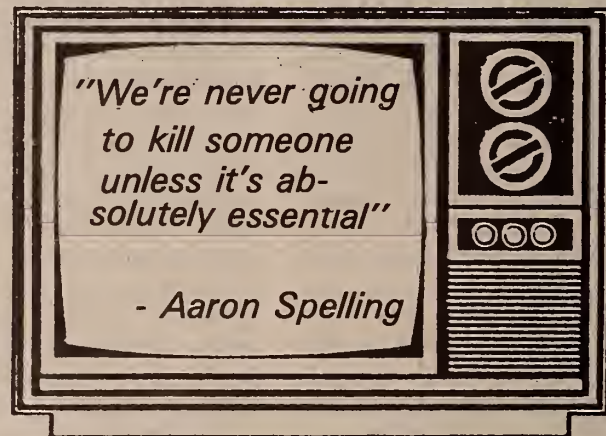
The pain seemed to overcome all the others. It was excruciating, just like somebody had driven a nail into my cheek. My head was spun around...

Blood was flowing out of my nose. I didn't know exactly where it was coming from. I thought it might be coming from the eye. It was shut, and I couldn't get it open. I was down on my knees in the mud and I was shouting, 'You shot me.' I couldn't believe what had happened.

complained that the networks have "thrown in the towel" and "any realistic (police) shows are off."

Perhaps here, then, is the crux of the problem as far as television is concerned. What Gerber refers to as "serious" programming is questionable, but if he is discussing his own shows, the label is tenuous, to say the least. In the majority of television shows where a weapon is used, it is generally for the purpose of intimidation, and is rarely, if ever, fired. This obviously means that the gun is used as a vehicle for moving the storyline along. Unfortunately, it also bespeaks a rather repulsive casual attitude toward guns in general, an attitude that we, as viewers, may be gradually adopting.

One study, conducted by Patricia Beaulieu Higgins and Marla Wilson Ray, involved the viewing of some 73 hours of prime-time television between March and



...However an outsider perceives the experience-- it often appears so orderly and painless on television, for example-- a shooting victim nearly always undergoes such a trauma that his life is never the same.

So where does one draw the line? Is it a better idea to show violence on television in its full horror, or to tone it down so that it won't offend the more squeamish viewers? As the networks would be understandably hesitant about broadcasting such scenes as the one depicted above, the only real alternative would be to eliminate physical violence from television altogether.

That such a trend in television may be forth coming is a fear expressed by David Gerber, producer of "Police Story" and "Police Woman." During that same August, 1977 round-table discussion, he

August of 1977, and produced the following statistics:

In these 73 hours, weapons appeared 648 times, an average of almost nine (8.87) per hour. Among those appearances, 68 percent involved actual confrontation between the user of the weapon and another individual. Handguns were by far the most commonly seen weapon. They were involved in 72 percent of the total weapon appearances and in 79 percent of the confrontations.

The show to have the highest number of appearances was "Hawaii Five-O", during which, over the course of the study, weapons appeared a total of 81 times, or approximately 20.3 times per episode. In the use of these weapons, 3 injuries and seven deaths resulted. The runners up were in decreasing order; "Starsky and



Hutch'' (15.0 weapons appearances per episode); ''Police Story'' (13.8 per episode) and ''Baretta'' (12.5 per episode).

Okay, okay says our homeowner. You've made your point. Television is violent, yes; and something like a handgun should be kept out of the reach of the kids -- at least until they're mature enough to learn how to use and respect the gun. But what if a burglar does come into the house? What if he's dangerous, and threatens our lives? Wouldn't it be better to have a handgun, under those circumstances?

Possibly, but that's debatable. Suppose you're lying in bed one night. At about two in the morning, you start to hear noises coming from down stairs. You lie there for a moment, trying to make sure that you're completely awake and not imagining things. So you turn on the light, and sit half way up. No, it's not your imagination; there are noises coming from downstairs. Immediately, your heart begins to pump and a surge of adrenalin goes through your system. You reach into your desk, pull out your handgun, and step toward the door. You open the door as quietly, as carefully as you can, and stick your head into the darkened hallway. The noises are coming from the dining room. You tread steadily down the corridor, toward the stairs. Your hand is wet and shaking, and the gun feels very heavy. Then you see him; his back to you, he is going through your grandmother's priceless family heirlooms. You level the gun at him, your finger poised, trembling, on the trigger....

So what do you do now? Tell him to freeze, while you call the cops? Shoot him in the back? The decision you make at this point could change your whole life. He may be armed, as well, and then your success would depend on getting the surprise, and being a better shot than he is. And then you would have to justify your actions later on.

A Massachusetts Handgun Control Bill, S.1064, was filed in the 1981 session of the Massachusetts State Legislature by State Senator Jack Backman, Representative John Businger and former Middlesex County, Sheriff John Buckley. If approved, this legislation would prohibit the private possession of handguns in Massachusetts. Only the following groups would have access to handguns:

- police and military personnel
- security personnel
- pistol clubs
- persons who can demonstrate a need for a handgun at their place of business
- importers, manufacturers, and dealers

Handgun owners would be compensated after delivering their handguns to a law enforcement agency. The program will pay for itself, just by reducing medical care costs and lost earnings.

Persons interested in the passage of this legislation should call members of the Legislature's Public Safety Committee:

Sen. John P. Burke (Senate Chairman)

727-0115

Rep. Thomas White (House Chairman)

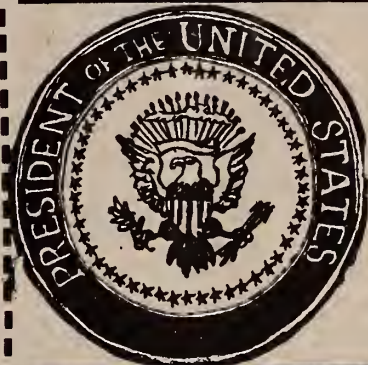
727-5871

For further information, contact:

Citizens for Handgun Control c/o CPPAX, 35 Kingston Street, Boston MA 02111. Telephone: (617) 426-3040.



TALES OF FUTURE HISTORY



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TRUST



① REVIVED BY NUCLEAR
RADIATION, GHOULS STALK
THE EARTH IN SEARCH OF
HUMAN FLESH...



② DISGUSTING THINGS
YOU NEVER ANTICIPATE

CONT. 31

CLIP + DISCARD

continued from 15

She pulled away from the side of the road, and started to drive off. But why had she thrown him out of the car? Because he was an audacious bastard, that was why. What right had he to make fun of her aspirations? They were as valid as anyone else's. She pulled off her sunglasses and rubbed her eyes. The sun glinted down through the windshield, throwing odd rays into her eyes. But he was probably right, after all. If she went to England, she'd probably find that it was no different than it was right here in Arkansas. And then what would she have to hold onto? Would she become like her parents, fat and satisfied, with no thought other than having a "nice home" and "putting the kids through school?" The thought repulsed her, but it was something that she would eventually have to face. Her Arthur Rackham visions of gleaming hills and picturesque ruins, of azure skies and sturdy oaks, of checkered tablecloths and rosy cheeks, suddenly dissolved before her eyes, and she saw why it was she had been aspiring toward them for all these years. She'd done all she could, here; a future with a house in the suburbs and a husband at the office seemed horribly predictable. It was just around the corner. She stood on the brake, and turned off the engine. The dust blew lightly about the car for a moment, and the steady chirp of frogs became gradually distinguishable. The heat rose in transparent waves from the road. She rubbed her eyes again, and readjusted her sunglasses. Then she turned around in her seat. She could still see the vague outline of his figure, trudging down the road toward her.

"Hey!" she shouted. "You coming, or what?"

He picked up his pace a little at this, but still didn't break into more than a fast walk. She slumped back into her seat and lit a cigarette, watching the smoke drift off into the woods. He eventually reached the side of the car, and looked down at her, a scowl on his face.

"What's the story, here?" he asked.

"There's no story," she said. "I just changed my mind."

"Why?"

"I can change my mind, can't I? Now do you want a ride, or what?"

He paused effectually, looking first one way then the other, to see if there were any more rides going. She smoked in silence.

"Yeah," he said. "Why not?" and threw his bag into the back seat before climbing in. She didn't move. He looked at her, his face a mask of confusion.

"Well, we going, or what?"

"Let me finish my cigarette. Look, one thing; we don't talk about England anymore, alright?"

"Sure," he said. "I don't have any problems with that. I'm sorry I brought the subject up."

"It's just that...well...I had kind of hoped that there would be something more than this somewhere, someplace where I could have a different kind of life. I'm sorry I freaked out like that."

"That's okay. We all have our dreams. They just don't work out like we always want. Before I went off into the army I used to hang around that battlefield down at Bull Run, and I'd think, there were some people with a dream. They thought they could buck the government and set up a state of their own. But it just didn't work out. They got their asses kicked."

"You're from around there?" she asked.

"Chancellorville."

"No! That's where I'm from. Maybe I

know your family. What's your name?"

"Jenkins. Tommy Jenkins. I don't think you'd know us. We didn't socialize that much."

"Jenkins...Jenkins...No, it doesn't ring any bells. I might get it after a while."

"Don't bother."

She turned the key in the ignition and they started off again. Tommy leant back in his seat, pulled out another joint, and began groping for a match. He seemed to have become a little edgier, and fumbled around in his coat erratically.

"Here, use mine," she said, tossing him a book.

"Thanks." He ripped a match from the book with a shaking hand, and lit the end of the joint. He brushed his hair from his head, and took a deep hit. "No, we didn't socialize that much," he continued, exhaling. "I guess the people in Chancellorville kind of avoided us, on account of how my daddy was in prison for a spell. Stupid bastard. Robbed a liquore store and got himself caught. Then there was just me,



Renata Hamp

taking care of the family, the mother, the kids, the lot. Did anyone else give a shit? No, they just got down on us, on account of the house not being clean and the kids going to school in old torn duds. Give us help? Uh-uh. But they made a point of bringing down the welfare people, who said we were abusing them and how we'd have to put them into some new clothes or let the state take them. Now, I ask you, is that any way to treat people who've been in town all their lives? To threaten them with that? Now, I ask you; is it?"

"No, No, that doesn't seem fair," she muttered, taking the joint.

"So, you see, they couldn't just up and say 'I can see you're in trouble; would you like a hand with the housework? Can I lend you ten till Thursday so you can buy that kid some shoes? No, it was 'get out of our town. We don't need your kind, filthy- ing up our nice clean neighborhood.' But I swore I'd get 'em back. Just watch, I thought, I'll make my mark yet."

A cold shiver ran down her back as she realized that the name Jenkins wasn't as unfamiliar as she first thought. On the edge of town, both literally and figuratively. On the fringe. The old man had robbed that store in the fall of her senior year. And there was something else. Queen of the Prom; happiest moment of her life. And afterward, she was exiting the school, walked out into the parking lot, and saw the scrambling, blood smeared figure, held down by two other seniors. They were shouting for the cops, were trying to hold him down, but he broke free of their grasp

and bolted off into the darkness. It wasn't until later that she saw the girl lying on the tarmac, her skirt and underwear a mass of bloody shreds.

"But I had to leave...let things cool off. But now I'm back."

She turned to him, her mouth open in astonishment. He had a knife in his hand, and was playing with it. She tried to say something, but her breath was strangling her,

"So why don't you just pull over, and we'll get this over with quickly. I'll make this quick."

Her hands were numb, her ears ringing. She feebly let him guide her to the side of the road. The car stopped. The radio played on.

"But why me?"

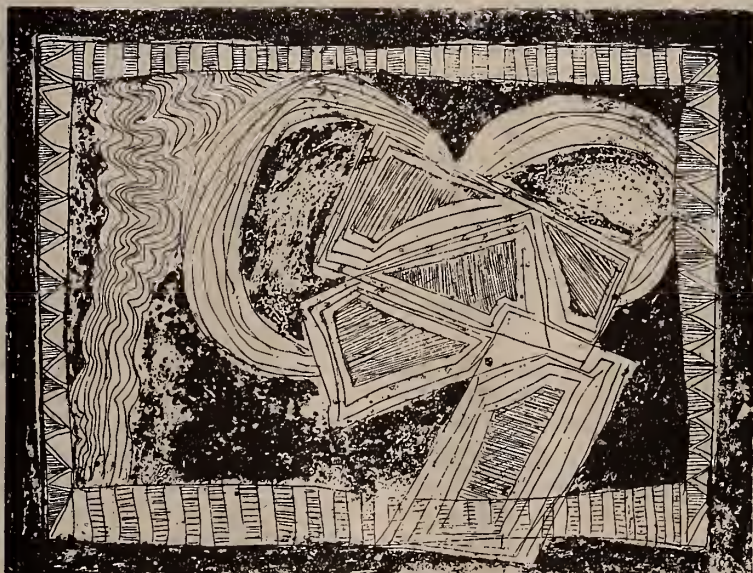
"Queen of the Senior Prom? You have to ask?"

She stared down at the dashboard, her lip trembling. It figured. From her own home town. It caught up with her everywhere.

"From my home town. From my fuck- ing home town. I can't get out," she whispered in a monotone.

"Don't fool yourself, baby," he replied, ripping off the top button of her blouse. "Here or there, it doesn't matter. People are the same everywhere."

The radio played on into the still after- noon air, unsettling the birds from the trees, and causing the turtles to leap from their stagnant perches.



Steve Folis

CONT. FROM 29

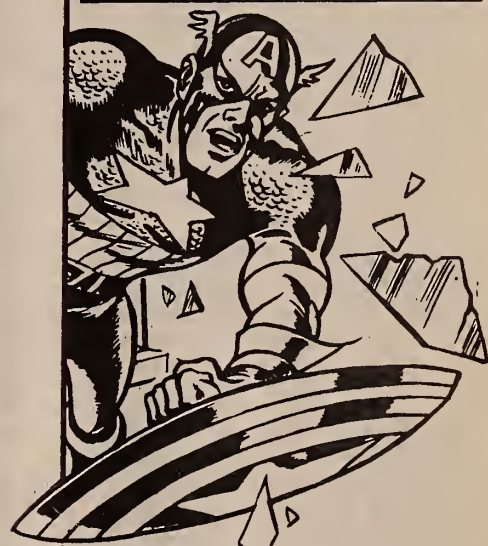


③ APATHY RUNS RAMPANT

I HAD AN
OPERATION...



④ EVEN
THE ARMY
IS
CONFUSED...



⑤ CAPTAIN AMER-
ICA, WHERE ARE
YOU?!!

Her face flushed. She didn't mean to hurt him, she was just afraid to take the ride. Maybe he was right. Maybe there was no reason not to trust them. Her father had given people rides lots of times, especially in terrible storms. They only wanted to help her. Her eyes peripherally watched the cars returning the people to their homes. Already she was soaked to the skin. The window was only a few inches from sealing out the weather, when she almost unconsciously spoke out.

"Okay," she said. He stopped rolling the window. "Okay, the ride would be good, but you're sure it's not too far out of your way?"

"Don't worry about it," he answered. "You can just hop in the back seat, if you want."

She opened the back door, threw her suitcase on the seat, and climbed in. The car was as warm as she had imagined, and she felt protected from the fury of the weather. As the latch of the door clicked, the car quickly pulled away from the curb. Neither of the men turned to speak to her as the car sped down the road.

They had gone a few blocks when still neither had made an attempt to talk to her. "Um....excuse me," she said, "Could you drop me off at Maple and Sykes?" She thought she saw the passenger half-nod in acknowledgement.

They continued down Main Street until they were heading out of town. The rain pelted the window and made it hard to see out. The last time she had seen her aunt's house was two years ago, and then her father had been driving. Still, it was probably the right neighborhood, she just didn't recognize it. The smoke from the driver's cigarette irritated her eyes.

"Excuse me, but are you sure it's this far out?" she said shyly. Her voice had only the slightest tremble.

"Just shut up. I've had enough of you. We know where we've been."

For a moment she allowed the thoughts collecting in her mind to come to the surface. Why had she taken the ride? What would happen? What could she do? The possibilities seemed too real; she regained. Why would they want to do anything to her? He had really heard her when she told them where she wanted to go, they were just taking a short-cut. A way she didn't know. Soon the car would pull up to her aunt's house, and she would thank them, and then she would go up to her aunt's door and ring the bell. Everything would be

all right.

The rubber blade of one of the windshield wipers had worn through, and each time the wiper arc-ed across the smooth surface, the now-exposed metal scraped against the glass, squealing in a dull, high-pitched moan.

"Sir, if you could please let me out, I have a cake in my suitcase for my aunt, and if I don't get it in the refrigerator soon, it'll spoil." Neither seemed to hear her. She sat back in her seat, and they rolled smoothly down the road.

The car pulling over to the rocky shoulder of the road returned her to the objective existence of the backseat of a blue Chevy. They had been driving for about an hour, or maybe five minutes. She seemed confused that the car was not parked in front of her aunt's.

"Get out here."

The passenger's fingers clamped tightly into the delicate flesh of her forearm. Her head bumped against the door frame as he yanked her from the vehicle. The driver circled around to the back and found his usual position on the trunk. He hardly seemed aware of the steady stream of water running over his face and dripping off his chin. It was as if he didn't really notice whether it was raining or not.

"Attennnn-tion!" the passenger barked.

The young girl stood dumbly before him, her hair sticking to her wet checks, eyes staring blankly, detached.

"I-said-a-ten-tion!" he belligerently screamed. "If you think you'll survive without discipline, you're wrong. Someday I'll see you face-down in the mud, and you'll deserve it."

She responded reflexively. "I'm sorry, but I...."

"Did I tell you you could speak? Aren't you ever going to learn?" He slapped her severely on the face. The outline of his hand burned red on her cheek.

"Now then," he paced in slow, authoritative steps, "you say you won't fight." Suddenly, he slapped her several times. "I fought. My country needed me. I *didn't* run, it's a lie, it's a lie." He pressed his hands over his ears as he shouted at her.

The driver meticulously went about trying to light a cigarette in the downpour. He cupped his hands protectively around it so the rain would not extinguish the flame. When he finished, he flipped the spent match over his shoulder. The girl looked over to him, but his stare extended out beyond her. He savored the smoke and let

it escape from his mouth slowly and steadily.

A bolt of lightning accompanied by a clash of thunder engulfed the air with an instant of white light and intense sound. The passenger threw himself across the girl and they both plunged into the ooze of mud.

"Don't worry," he said, "we're in this together. I won't let 'em get you. They'll have to kill us first." The bulk of his body laid heavy on hers, and the elbow of his protective, outstretched arm dug into her chest. After a moment, he got up, and she after him.

"Sir? May I please go now?" The words trembled in her throat, but gave not wholly in.

"No," he sighed. "We have to bury the dead. They'll make no ear-necklaces from these boys."

The driver stared at his jungle boots. Occasionally he'd lift his head to spit in the puddle that was forming near the rear tire.

"Please sir, I just want to go home," she pleaded.

"We all want to go home, but we're stuck here." He held her eyes. "Just try to run, and I'll put a bullet right through the back of your head."

It seemed hours they stood in the mud and the rain. Over and over he questioned her, hit her, cursed at her. Her mind had not yet allowed the reality to appear to her. Time and place were concepts removed from her. She existed merely in the moment.

"So you think we're baby killers, huh?" He went on and on. The words flashed by, their meaning escaping her.

The driver looked on numbly: something from bootcamp practice.

"I never shot anybody. They just laid down so we thought we'd hit 'em. It was just a trick."

Slowly her awareness crept over her, like some damp, misty fog. She could now feel the sting of her cheek, and the cold. How long had this been going on? What would they do to her? Rape her? Kill her? She could feel his hands on her throat, groping, clutching. The pent-up fear released itself in one last burst.

"Leave me alone," she screamed.

"Leave me alone, leave me alone! I just want to go home." The strength that had held back the tears no longer existed and they burst forth to the surface. "Please, please, I'll do whatever you say, just let me go home." She could feel her body shivering with fear. It seemed strange to her that

she could notice her own physical symptoms of terror. Her mind turned over and over inside repeating the possibilities. Overcome, defeated, she instinctively made a last effort to free herself. Feebly, with the energy she had left, she pounded on the chest of the passenger. He absorbed her blows, one by one.

"Why won't they leave us alone," he cried, "Home...no more...killing...home".. He wandered away from her and moved towards the car. When he reached it, he sat down in the mud and leaned against the right front tire. The driver, watching the turn of events, butted his cigarette out in the palm of his hand, and returned to this position behind the wheel. The girl remained all alone, unnoticed. The lightning had stopped, but the rain continued in a steady downpour. The brutality of the previous moments already seemed a faint memory. Around them acres of barren farmland stretched out to the dim lines of the horizon. The ragings of the passenger were replaced by the quiet rhythmic patterings of the rain. She was alone and confused, isolated. What would happen now? Her body wanted to be in a car heading home.

Feeling her face, she suddenly noticed that her glasses were missing. Immediately, she began to search for them. The ever-thickening dusk and deepness of the mud made it almost impossible to find them, but she fervently continued, the search replacing the previous void of purpose. After a moment, the passenger joined her and they silently combed the familiar ground together. Back and forth in different directions their paths missed each other, until finally they crossed. The passenger and the young girl stared each other full in the face. They looked at one another as if old acquaintances from years ago: familiar, and yet somehow made distant through the expanse of time. Suddenly, the awareness of their relationship seemed to become apparent to them simultaneously. The girl stood in dumb disbelief, but trusting, like no more harm would come to her. The passenger turned quickly away from her and wandered off to the car. He took his position in the front seat.

Again she stood alone. The overpowering desire to go home, at least to her aunt's, safety, took hold of her once more. When she looked over, she saw the two sitting dormant, almost as if they were waiting for her. The feeling that it was over, whatever it had been, came to her. Without a word, she climbed into the back seat. As the latch of the door clicked, the

car quickly pulled away. The three sat in silence as they headed into the city. She turned and looked out the rear window. The storm had quelled, and had left a faint drizzle. The tires left water tracks on the wet pavement behind them.

The ride back always seems so much shorter than the ride out: moments later they were at the corner of Maple and Sykes. Again, they all sat in silence as the two waited for her to get out. After a short pause, she realized where they were and that she was to get out now. As she grabbed her bag, she somehow felt the need to say good-bye, like a final closure, but no words exchanged. The tires squealed as they pulled away.

When her aunt opened the door, there was a spontaneous exchange of hugs and kisses. The cousins jumped up and tore at her, trying to take part in the surprise greetings. She stood detached from the enthusiastic hands grabbing and reaching for her, and yet she felt the closeness of family.

After the initial question and answer period: How did you get here? Where are your parents? How did you get so muddy? Why didn't you call us for a ride?; she quickly excused herself to take a shower and change her clothes.

She stripped away the clothes she had been wearing that day into a heap in the furthest corner of the bathroom, and climbed into the shower. Her eyes closed. She allowed the hot, steamy water to fall on her. Inch by inch, almost brutally, she scrubbed her skin, feeling the raw freshness. When she was satisfied that her whole body had been cleansed, she turned off the water and got into her robe. The clothes from the corner she put at the bottom of the waste basket, and put fresh garbage on top to conceal them.

That night, at a special dinner her aunt had prepared in her honor, she told them all about her trip. The half-truths and incomplete details flowed from her lips naturally, and she herself had a hard time actually reckoning the events of the day.

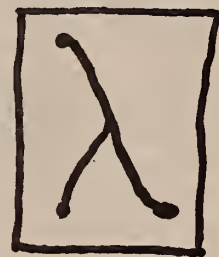
They all transposed into a murky fog of new-found independence and images of rain-beaten windows. The relatives consumed her story heartily, especially the cousins, whose favorite part was when she convinced her mother to allow her to travel alone. The telling of the story helped to reestablish in her mind, what had happened: except for the weather, an okay trip.

They sat up all night exchanging family news and talking of each other's

lives. The cousins fell asleep on the living room carpet and had to be carried up to bed. Finally the night was fully spent, and all went to bed, the joy of the surprise reunion still filling their emotions.

She changed into her favorite flannel nightgown which she was glad she had remembered to bring along. The room was as she remembered it. Small, but cozy, the kind of room where you could feel at home right away. She crawled between the sheets and pulled the quilt up tight around her. She read until she was tired and bored, and finally turned off the light.

Outside her window she could hear the drip-dripping of the rain still draining off the roof. She rolled and turned trying to get comfortable, but remained uneasy. Far on the horizon she could see dim flashes of lightning. The more she tried to ignore the sound of the rain, the louder it became. She began to feel the puddles of mud, and then the weight of his body on top of her. The other's eyes just stared at them. The water ran in icy streamlets, chilling her. The baby killers, and the bullet if she ran. She stood alone in the mud, and the rain soaked her forsaken body. Once again, the three were together.



Opinion

"Well there he goes again!"

By Mari Ann Samaha

Governor Edward J. King, fresh from his rule over Massachusetts' rapidly decomposing public transportation system, tries his hand at what he calls reorganization of public higher education. His appointed regents have raised instate tuition for UMass students by 27 percent. They made their proclamation in a room large enough for less than a hundred people, while a few hundred consumers of Massachusetts public higher education, denied access to the hearing, waited in the hall, and a smaller group picketed the building.

A huge and colorful sign from MCAD (Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination) hangs in the hearing room. It proclaims, in bold four inch high letters, "Justice for all; Employment, Housing, Education, Public Accommodations." Of the fifteen regents, all but fourteen are the same color(white). Two of the 15 are women. None of the members are students.

Regent Ray Strata, founder of the Mass. High Tech Council, which spent \$200,000 convincing Massachusetts residents to vote for Proposition 2½, and contributed to Ed King's election campaign, called the raise in tuition rates "entirely justified and realistic." Last year King appointed three men from the Council to serve as regents. All of them voted for the tuition increase, aimed at easing the state's loss of revenue from Prop 2½.

Regent David Beaubien, speaking for the increase, told the jeering crowd that he is "challenged and excited" about reorganization. Beaubien is vice president of EG&G, a corporation specializing in nuclear weapons systems. Beaubien is also a member of the High Tech Council.

Former Governor Foster Furcillo, who is not a member of the High Tech Council, made a motion to lower the tuition increase from 27 percent to 2 percent. The motion failed, because none of the other regents would second it. Other regents in-

clude: Chairman and voting member James Martin, who is also Chairman of the Board of the Mass. Mutual Life Insurance Company and a member of the Board of Directors of the First National Bank of Boston; An Wang, President of Wang Laboratories, also on the First's Board of Directors, and a member of the High Tech Council; and Robert Cushman, Chief Executive of the Norton Company, which is financed by the First National Bank of Boston. All of the above supported the 27 percent increase of tuition at UMass.

Students had been allowed three minutes a piece by Chairman Martin before the vote. UMass/Boston student Ginger Southern explained to the regents, many of whom make more than four times Chancellor Corrigan's salary, or that of the president of UMass, that the increase of \$202.00 next year might mean no breakfast cereal for her and her two children, or less heat during the winter, or maybe the end of her education. Mike Ferigno from UMass/Amherst addressed the two members of the regents who are members of the Roman Catholic clergy, Sister Janet Eisner, SND, president of Emmanuel College, and Francis J. Nicholson, S.J., of Boston College Law School. He talked to them about Christ and sharing burdens, and about how education is a right and not a privilege in this country. Nicholson smiled and nodded the whole time Ferigno spoke. Then he voted with Eisner for the hike. Massachusetts has the highest cost of living in a country of soon to be shrinking revenues and rising inflation. To cover the higher tuition bills, the regents have promised increased state aid from Massachusetts' unstable economy. That they called "shifting help to those most in need."

One can't help wondering whose needs the regents intend to serve.



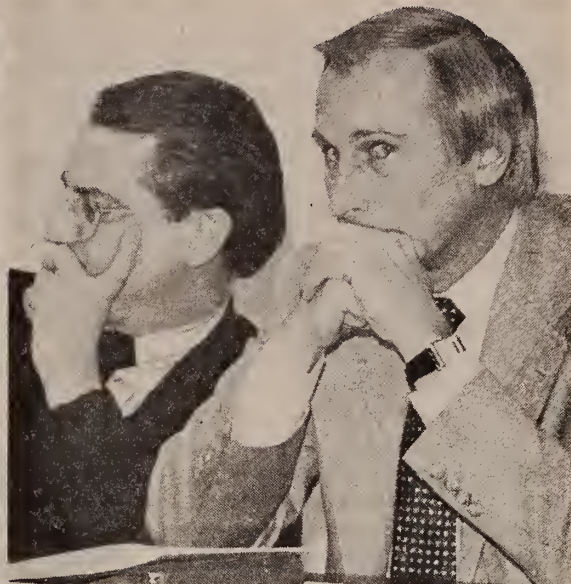
Regent Beaubien, speaking for the increase.



Regents face room full of worried students.



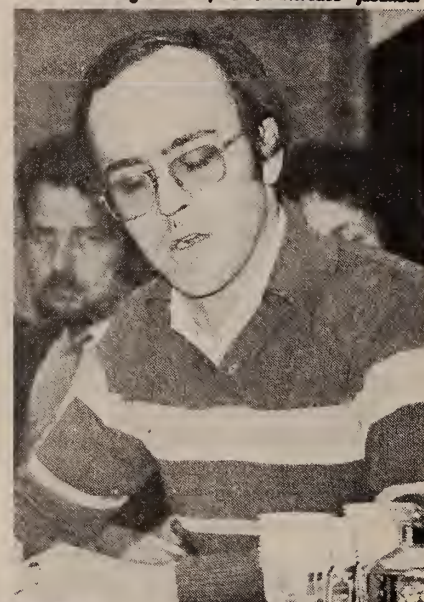
Regent Ferole hears that his motion to limit increase fails.



Regent Stata, he felt increase "justified."



Students erupt into chants as as increase is passed.



UMass/Boston student Don Babets testifies at hearing.



"Hell hath no fury"... as Ginger Southern's wrath.



All the King's men

"I'm really happiest to be on programs with composers of the past.... I want to write a piece that can stand up there with Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn..."

Listeners have to learn the new language of contemporary music to understand its value. As it reflects our own culture, that should come more naturally than understanding Mozart, who came from a culture where "men wore wigs, and buckles on their shoes, and there was no central heat," says Pittman.

The trend in music language is back toward tonality, after a slow drift away starting over 200 years ago with the rise of chromaticism in Haydn and Mozart. Tonality still primarily dominated the music of the 18th and 19th centuries, until Schoenberg, Berg and Webern completely abandoned the accepted and familiar logic of tonality. The audience and the critics didn't like it. Even Stravinsky suffered through scandalous rejection in each new phase of his lifetime.

Huggler's music emerges as melodic, as one adjusts to the sharp new dissonant sounds that he uses. His rhythms are expressive, as they flex freely within phrases. This is the profound influence of African/American jazz and blues on his music. But Huggler goes beyond that: "I can deal with rhythmic phrases that have nothing to do with meter [the pulse that keeps time throughout a piece], and can consequently change meter at the drop of a hat. I can operate at the basic level of isolating power rhythms, and moving in the direction suggested by any one rhythm, still keep a feeling of pulse by feeling that I have my choice of several different meters with a given piece. All are part of language."

A lot of new music is dreary and stagnant, for which Huggler faults the void of feedback from wide audiences, since modern composers seldom hear their music on anything but contemporary concerts with other contemporary composers. "I'm really happiest to be on programs with composers of the past who were accepted,

plundered. It really isn't here to be plundered—we've done all the plundering we can. And, similarly, whereas the arts were a totally strange animal to the 19th century American, we're actually competing in the world market now, as far as art is concerned. Music is probably the least successful of all art the arts to reach a wider public."

Huggler has a need to communicate beyond words. "Music is a metaphor for things, a metaphor for some profound experience... There's something about a great musical experience that gets to the gut, and



Huggler plays the blues.

Mari Ann Samaha

because they're the ones I learned from. I want to write a piece that can stand up there with Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and hold its own on a program."

With concert performances come fame and fortune, as the music becomes familiar and the living gets easier, but, Huggler says, "support for music doesn't seem to have anything to do with whether a good piece can be written or not. People who write do it out of some inner necessity to write, not because they're getting paid for it. But he adds, "It's nice to get paid."

In Germany, over a third of the tax dollar goes towards support for the arts; in this country, the trickle of a fraction of a penny out of every dollar is sitting under the Reagan Administration's axe. "Reagan would like to go back to the 19th century mentality that America is here to be

therefore has been absorbed and understood." He wants to leave a part of himself behind, in his music. He says when you're listening to Beethoven, or Mozart, or other great composers, it doesn't matter whether the composer is alive or not, because the life of the composer is in his or her music. Huggler is striving to open up, at a time when society is turning rigid around us.

Notorious among colleagues for his razor wit, Huggler is articulate in both his music and his conversation. But rejection begins to embitter the creative idealist, and society looses out on the gifts an artist brings into the world. Huggler sees his music as helping the struggle of people toward civilization. He's not sure we'll ever get there, but we have to try.

Controversy- Campbell

unusual events like this, the arming of campus police during daylight hours serve, in a positive way, members of the campus community.

Because these types of incidents are scarce, some might think equipping the entire University police force throughout the entire day, is still too drastic a step. It is not a drastic measure, however, it is a practicle one. Because, they all need to be armed at all times in order that they can handle effectively, as previously stated, the more severe and unexpected crimes on campus.

Such thought-about compromises as arming only some of the police or keeping the guns locked away, would prove to be futile. By the time an unarmed officer contacted an armed officer, and by the time the armed officer came to the crime, the damage would most likely be close to completion and the assailant would have an opportune time to escape. The same would also hold to be true if the guns were locked away in a safe place. Thus, compromises on the campus police gun controversy, although in theory sounds nice, would not prove practicle. Without arms, the UMB police would not be fully prepared to handle those rare and unexpected, yet severe types of transgressions.

Even though there are some justifiable reasons for a campus police officer to have a gun on hip at all times, there must still be those who (understandably so) are weary over the possibility of itchy-finger officers being on University grounds.

But according to Lovett, campus police go through a screening process, involving psychological, medical, and physical fitness tests as well as a background investigation before they are selected. After selection, they then go through a twelve week training program. Thus the chances of having an unstable officer on campus is slim. And those who object to armed officers during the day strictly for paranoid reasons can relax. They are out to help us, not to get us, unless of course one provokes them to do so.

There is also the slight possibility that the disarmament of campus police during daylight hours could increase daytime crime. Although this is purely a hypothetical statement, it is a possible one. The glint of the guns maybe repressing the law-breaking actions of those could-be culprits on campus. Yet, if these glints were removed, there would be no visible sign of immediate undesirable consequences for illegal actions; perhaps then, making temptations more easier to give in to.

Thus, for the most practicle precautionary measures of protection feasible, it would be best if the guns of the campus police remained in their holsters during daylight hours. (And hopefully, need only to remain in their holsters.)



Controversy- Moniak

cultural events. Though there is no excuse for anti-social or violent behavior on the part of students, campus police should never exaberate voliatile situations when they arise. Yet the feeling among many students is the police do just that, that several police officers are "hungry for a bust." This problem is directly attributable to the extremely poor rapport between students and police.

Campus police will, of course, deny these claims and defend their carrying of arms as necessary in the carrying out of their duties. They will argue that, in a city the size and temperment of Boston, an unarmed policeman is no policeman at all. But that arguement ignores the unique location of UMass/Boston. The university is not situated in the heart of the city, as are Northeastern or BU, two local universities with crime problems. The isolation so many here deplore should work to the advantage of those working to prevent crime at UMB.

Efforts must be made by both students and police to open lines of communication between the two groups. But those efforts will be hindered as long as campus police are armed with guns and bear the attitude that students are potential criminals. A campus police force which operates with an air of cooperation and solidarity with the university community is the type of police force best suited to the needs of this particular campus. The adminstration should take steps to bring about the changes necessary for the establishment of such a force.



Susan Macchi



Susan Macchi



Icicles in April

Here I am sit down gonna write
I've done it before gonna write a poem
or an epic or a tragedy-a drama or a television series
or a best seller.

I have no illusions my pen
is just powerful.

Sit down here I am about to write a poem
it is always just on the verge of becoming
I skip over the rhyme, you understand, because I'm
above that-
kid's stuff.

The rhythm, it's all in the visual presentation of words,
see?

You just can't write a good poem in your standard paragraph form.
I just have a small

problem I am so demanding when I read
someone else's poetry I demand the lyric
the serving in your walk

I demand the imagery
my legs floating in that
green bath water the oranges and
the lemons' fruit on tables spring budding
out the window bird calls,
a new lover,
a paradise

I demand the imagery
Another's poem.

Here I am gonna sit, gonna write.

But by what lyric
does my inner rhythm flow? To what source must I travel
for my
sip of sacred milk? From where
will come my imagery? Into what country will I plant
the myriad seeds of experience that I gather
day at a time?

Here I am sit down
seated

Gonna write

(And the radio plays and seems
and the alarm clock ticks
and my bed is softer and softer under me.)

Gonna write

until it doesn't hurt. Cause it hurts.
Calling calling to yourself to another
Calling until your throat rasps
until your energy melts into a puddle and you realize you are
crying.

Life hurts-damn it. Hurting; not knowing...
Not knowing.

Here I am sit down gonna write me
a poem until it doesn't hurt. And then
I'm gonna give
it to you.

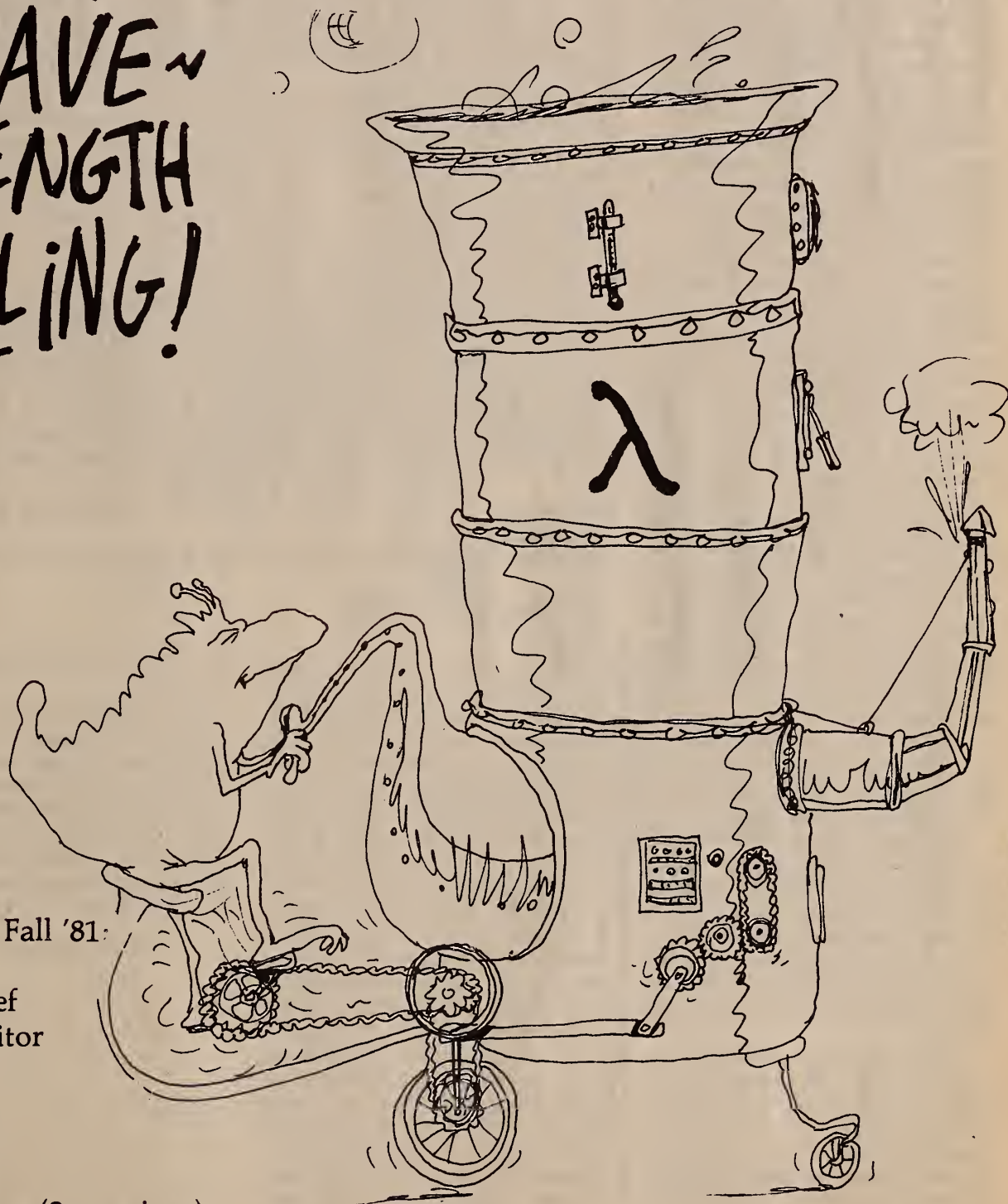
Chew it well
and don't swallow if the food's got food poisoning.

Anne Johnstone

Wavelength Elections

HELP
KEEP
WAVE-
LENGTH
ROLLING!

On Wednesday May 13th the *Wavelength* staff will be holding elections for the fall semester. Any student wishing to run for one of the editorial posts listed below must submit a letter of intent with qualifications no later than Tuesday May 12th at 5:00pm to the *Wavelength* office - 010/6/091.



Peter Reynolds

Openings for Fall '81:

Editor in Chief
Managing Editor
News Editor
Copy Editor
Photo Editor
Art Editor
Literary Editors (2 openings)

Letters

A Call for Unity

To the UMass Community:

Over 300 students from UMass/Boston, Boston State College, UMass/Amherst, Roxbury Community College, and several other public colleges and universities from across the state turned out at the first meeting of the Board of Regents on Tuesday April 14 to oppose the proposed 27 percent tuition hike, the dissolution of Boston State College, and the impending merger between Roxbury Community College and Bunker Hill Community College. The events of this meeting have shown that students can be a powerful force for change when we are united in action around our common goals.

We started off the day with a picket in front of the State House and by 12:45pm were able to force the regents to move their meeting to a larger room in order to accomodate all the students who came to attend. After it became obvious that the regents would not hear our views, and that students from UMass, Boston State and other schools would not be given an opportunity to voice their opposition to a plan which threatened to force them out of school, we stood up as one and demanded the right to speak. And when they tried to continue the meeting we continued to speak out. The regents were visibly shaken and at one point the chairperson even went so far as to tell the police to be prepared to arrest any student who continued to disrupt.

When the motion finally came to a vote, it failed, and that more than anything else is proof of the effect we can have when we act together.

Although at the next meeting, the full tuition hike was passed, the regents are aware that students are organizing to protect their own interests. If we can succeed in mobilizing hundreds of more students for future regent meetings then we have the potential to influence important decisions that the regents will be making.

But the key to our success lies in our ability to unite. The different schools, each with their own particular concerns, must all work together not only against the attacks which threaten us all directly but also against the particular attacks against each university individually. If the regents and our administrations are

able to keep us squabbling amongst ourselves instead of working together against attacks which threaten us all, then they will be able to ride roughshod over all of us.

An attack against Roxbury Community College is an attack against us too, and we must support Roxbury's right to maintain their institutional autonomy and to secure their southwest corridor site, through action as well as words.

Likewise, an attack against Boston State College is an attack against us too, and we must oppose plans to dissolve their school, which has been in existence for the past 150 years.

Already students from Boston State and UMass/Boston have been able to unite around 11 common demands, and attempts are underway to broaden this unity and include Roxbury Community College and UMass/Amherst as well. We will be meeting together to plan a common strategy for future Board of Regents meetings, and hopefully we will be able to stay in touch and further develop this unity in the time to come.

*Vicki Interrante
Kristan Bagley*

"My Full Resistance"

To the University community,

Here we have it again: News of a tuition hike, day care cutbacks, and our friends, Roxbury Community College, fighting for their existence. Those at the top are trying to limit access to higher education. This trend, which began before Proposition 2½, is simply disastrous. Poor people and third world people have a right to education. Those of us who work and struggle to survive are the roots of society. Education is as essential to us as water is to a tree. Without it everyone suffers. We don't want a pat on the back and a sermon on self-sacrifice. We want the resources of our society, the fruits of our labor, not to go to build bombs or serve the high tech industry, but to build a stronger society. Any tuition increase, or day care cutback, or attempt to deprive our community of our schools will meet my full resistance. Together, we can succeed in keeping the door as wide open as possible, and nurture the vitality at the heart of U. Mass and other state schools.

Ann Haycox '82

Black Artist at UMB?

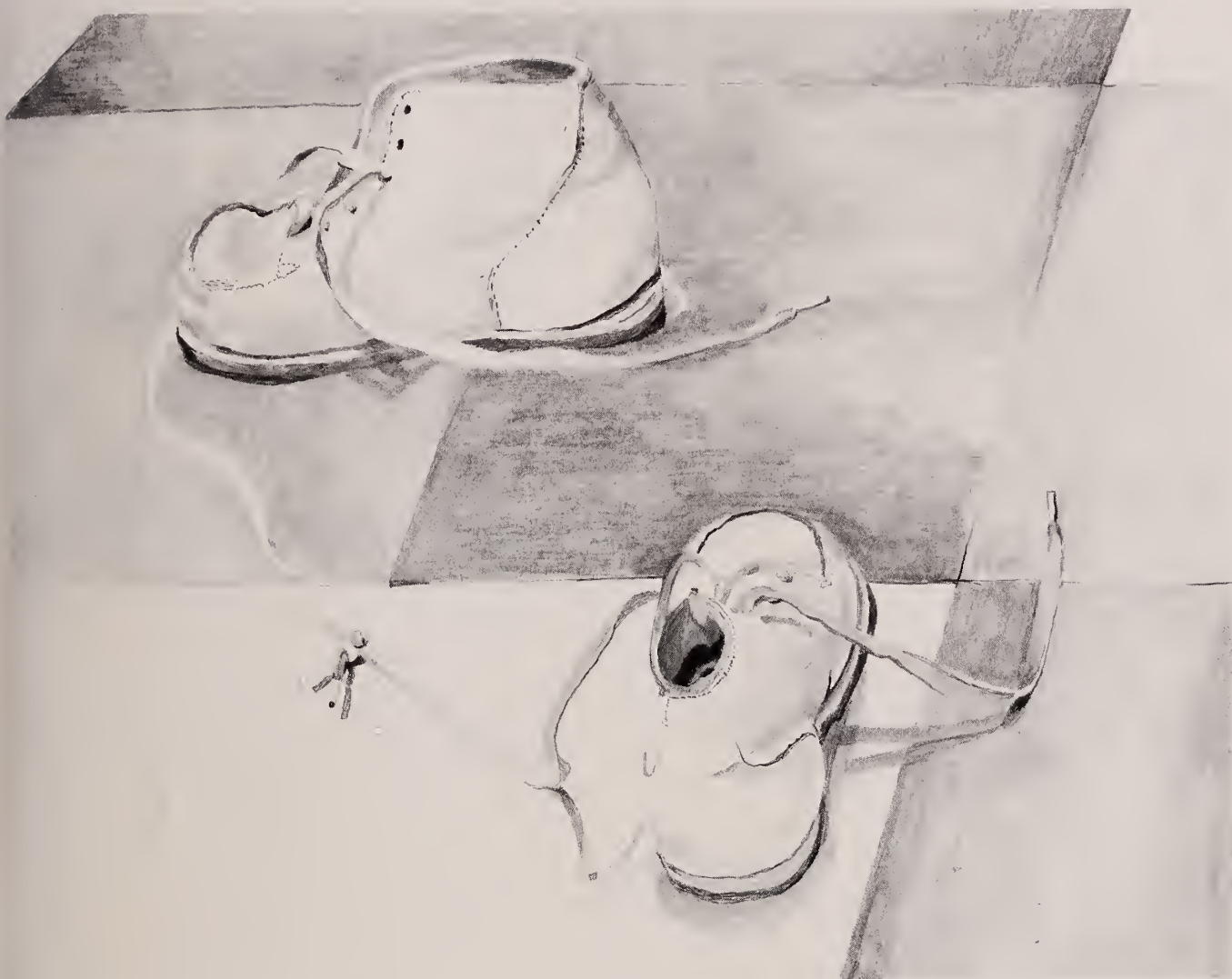
There is a Black woman teaching jazz in the music department (you may have seen one of the packed performances of the new UMass Jazz Ensemble this year). She teaches skill, confidence, and cooperation to any UMass student willing to work. Her energy and talents have proven to her students and to the entire Music Department faculty that she is qualified for the job. She may lose her job next year. The actions of some people on this campus over the years have led qualified minority applicants to seek jobs elsewhere, but Professor Meyers wants to stay at UMass.

The administration of this campus has set standards of excellence, including top academic studies and equal employment opportunities for all. We urge this administration to retain Professor Meyers, the first black woman employed to teach music at UMass, and the only music instructor this year teaching the performing arts of a music

rich in African/American heritage and urban culture

Our university must show the regents and the legislature that budget cuts aimed at the poor and minorities can not force it into attacking its own members. Professor Meyers is an exceptionally talented artist and enthusiastic teacher. If the university does not invite her back, we must all answer the question, "Why not?"

By Friends of Music



By Susan Macchi

