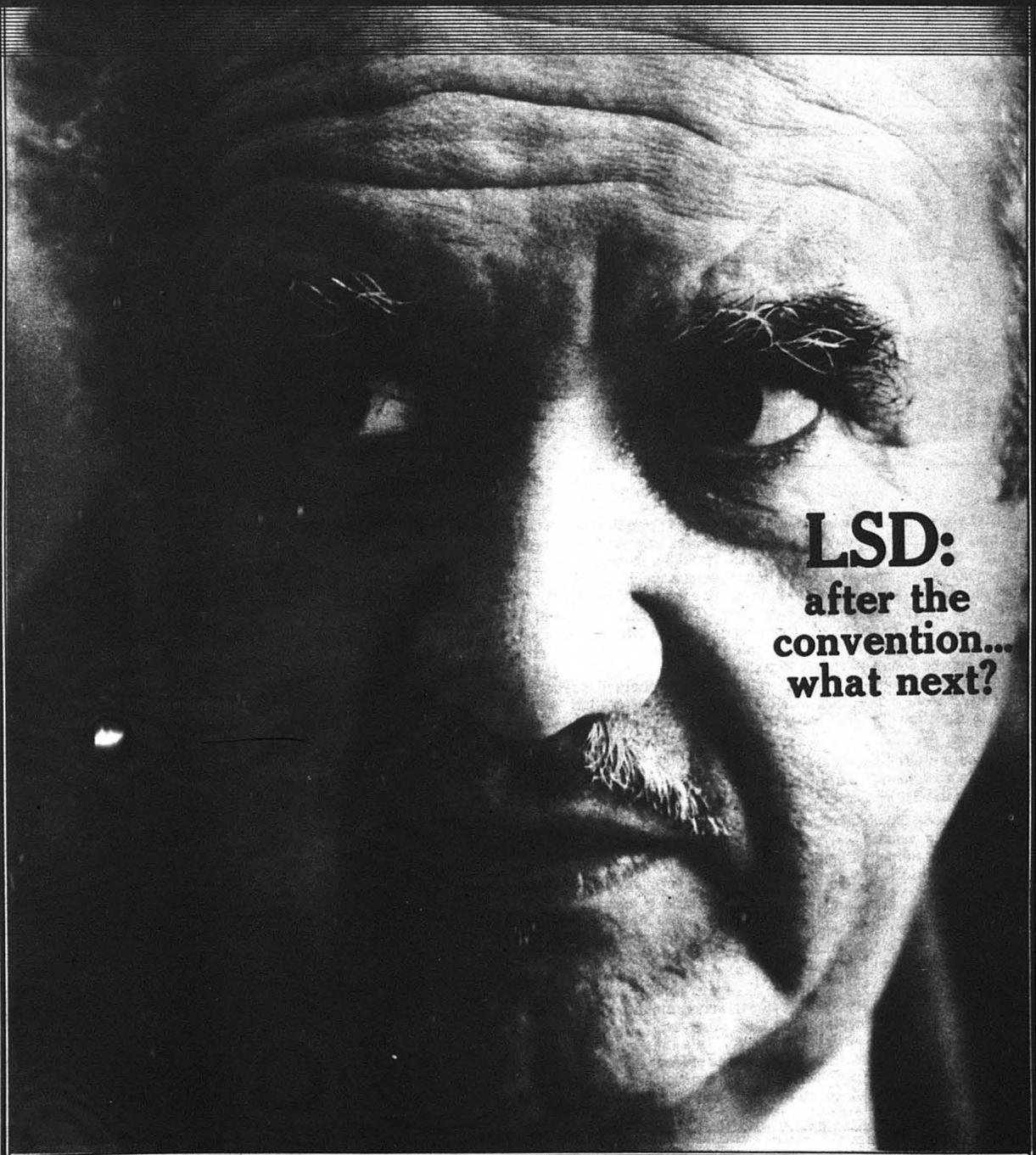


THE FRONTIER

July 1978

Vol. 21, No. 1



LSD:
after the
convention...
what next?



Now that the Republican endorsement has managed to elude him, UWSP Chancellor-on-leave, Lee Sherman Dreyfus takes a hard look at his political future: "I will run on the drop of a hat if I can find a way to do it," he told Pointer reporter Susie Jacobson. Story on pages 8 and 9.

On the cover

THE POINTER

JUNE 22



is Boom Bob Ham lives out his life-long fantasy: being cast headlong into a gymnasium teeming with cheerleaders. Bob describes this feast of fourteen-year-old flesh with all the taste, tact, and sensitivity of a sumo wrestler. Story on pages 10 and 11.

Undercover

VIEWPOINT

The Health Center's endless summer

Now that you've had a few weeks to relax and enjoy yourself, you're probably noticing a rather uncomfortable phenomenon. After repeated late night sessions in which your body has been subjected to every conceivable form of cruel and inhumane treatment, the beer and the Big Macs begin to take their toll. Your body rebels. Soon you're left with this quivering mass of bone and tissue which you've raised from a pup that absolutely refuses to function in the most basic capacity.

And if you ain't registered for Summer school that's real tough. 'Cause you ain't gonna get into the Health Center.

There are at least 525 students working on this campus on a year-round basis. These positions include Student Managers, SGA officials, and Pointer editors — positions which require twelve months of employment. Added to this are grounds crew personnel, orientation staff, student assistant, plus a host of students employed by Saga Foods that aren't even included in the 525 figure.

These people are all susceptible to a virtual galaxy of maladies and malfunctions. Yet, despite the fact that they are all continuing students, employed by the University and paying \$37.00 per semester for health services, they are

barred from the Health Center from May to September. And any student making three bucks an hour has to think twice (at least) before checking into an economical disaster like modern medicine.

The Pointer, SGA, and Bill Hettler of the UWSP Health Center jointly support a plan by which students employed by the university could pay a fee (\$9.00) to accommodate these individuals with health services over the summer. Opposition from the Board of Regents has stated that these people are not technically students and therefore ineligible for this type of service. Yet, the state accepts them as students on a continuing basis when it comes to summer employment (funds earmarked for student personnel cannot legally be paid out to non-students).

It is entirely feasible that students could pay for these services through their respective areas of employment. In this way, the state could rest assured that the individual in question was indeed a continuing student. Hettler stated that the funds received from this action could easily pay for the additional staff necessary to accommodate an additional 525-plus students.

In a university that boasts so proudly of its student employment force, certain steps must be taken to meet the needs of these students. This one is long overdue.

Pointer People

Editor

Kurt Busch

Associate Editors

Bob Ham-Features

Mike Schwalbe-Environment

Mark Larson-Graphics

Mark McQueen-Photography

Richard Babyar - Advertising Manager

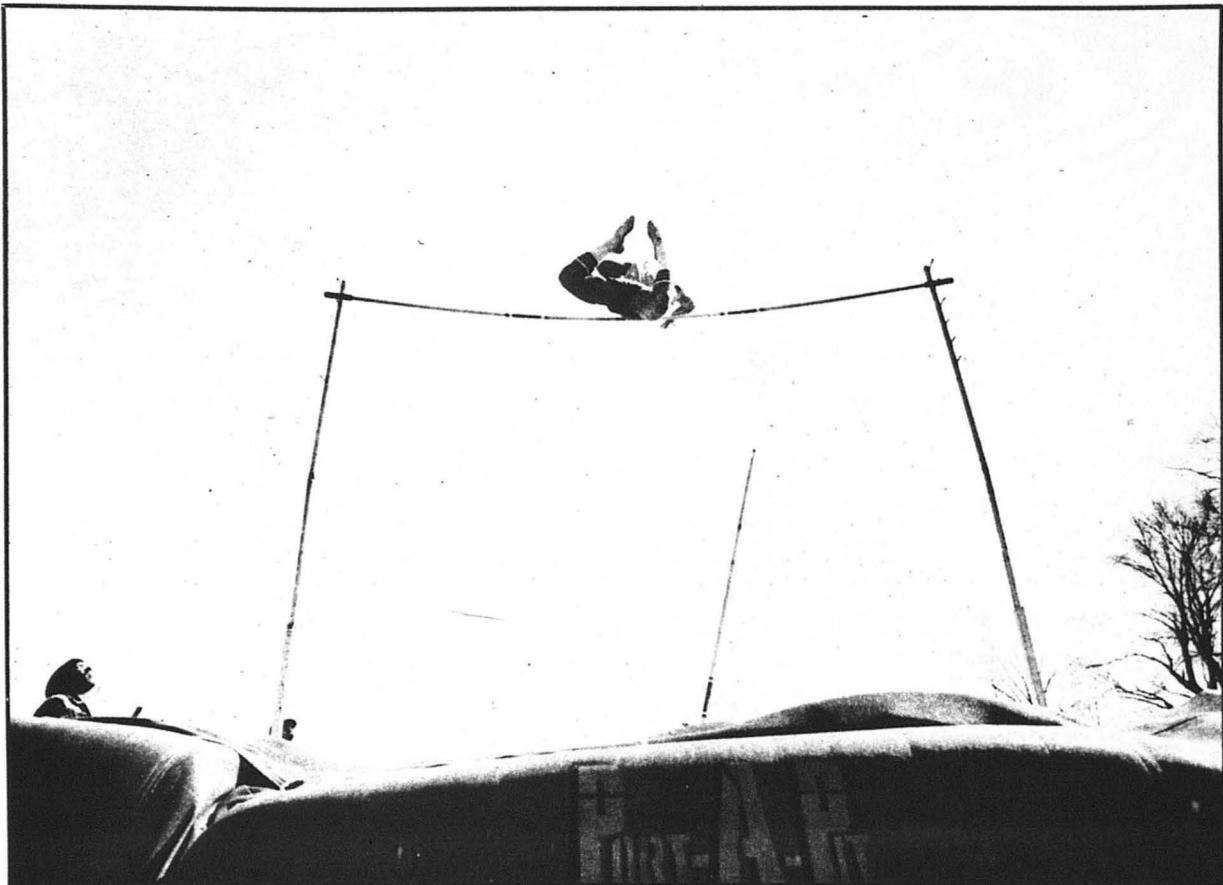
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Contributors
Susie Jacobson, Domenic Bruni

Dan Houlihan-Advice

THE POINTER is a second class publication issued under the authority granted to the Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin. It is written and edited by the students of the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point and they are solely responsible for its editorial policy.

Written permission is required for the reprint of all materials presented in THE POINTER. Address all correspondence to Room 133, Communications Arts Center, UWSP, Stevens Point, WI, 54481.



C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

To The Pointer,

In the April 27 issue, your reporter, Constance M. Villec took a few shots at the ancient institution of commencement and the attendant regimentation. May I flip the coin?

During the last ten years or more, students over the nation have felt that renting a cap and gown and marching in a procession to receive their diplomas was a pain, and that indeed they would rather open a six-pack and play Frisbee in the sun. Well, it's their nickel.

Some of us, however, who for various reasons had to drop out of school (many at Uncle Sam's invitation), don't feel that way. When we were away, whether it happened to be in uniform, or there just wasn't enough money in Dad's account, or whether we had a problem deciding why we needed a degree or what it would be, we had time to think about what an easy ride the university life can be and actually what pleasure there is in taking a well-designed course from somebody who struggled for eight years or more past high school to get his doctorate. Learning is an exciting thing when one has to struggle for it.

I am very proud of my degree and was proud to march in an academic

procession across a football field and to be smiled at by the dean of my college and receive a little square certificate that says I am a Bachelor in my field. What it doesn't say is that it was a joy to do it and a time of my life that was one of the happiest. It deserved to be celebrated by a formal ceremony.

Thanks for reminding me of that Ms. Villec.

Sharon Miller
Woodruff, WI 54568

To the Pointer,

In the May 4 issue of *The Pointer*, on page 11, I was quoted as saying, "Instead of discounts for large power users, there should be a fat rate, or a rate which penalizes heavy users." That word is not fat, it should be flat.

At the present time, the more electricity used, the cheaper the rate. My contention is, since we have an energy crisis, we cannot afford to

encourage anyone to use additional electricity. We should have a flat rate structure, or we should have an inverted rate structure, so those who use less are rewarded.

When I spoke of decommissioning costs for reactors, I talked in terms of several small ones that are being or have been decommissioned. They both cost \$13 million to build and are expected or did cost \$6 million or so to dismantle. With reactors, like two proposed for Rudolph, with a latest estimate of \$1.65 billion to build, it is anybody's guess how much dismantling will cost from \$30 million up to one half of what it would cost to build reactors today.

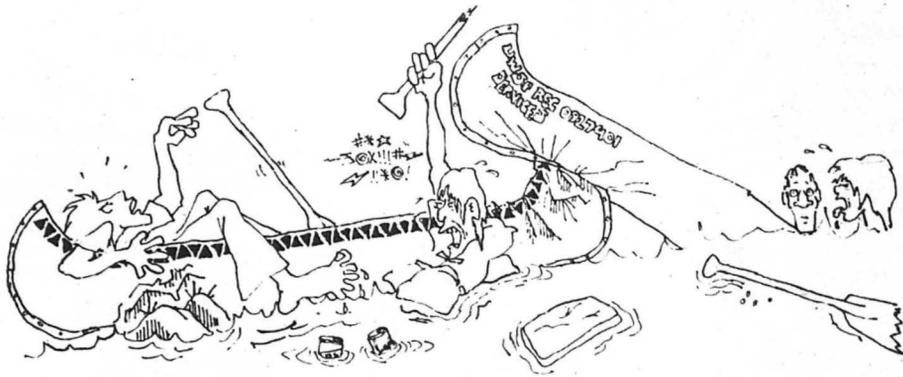
Environmental Action Foundation, 724 Dupont Circle Building, Washington, D.C., published UTILITY SCOREBOARD from information filed in 1976 by 100 of the Nation's largest electric utilities. Areas citizens might question of utility expenses include charitable contributions, political contributions and advertising and public relations. Also differences in residential and industrial rates. For several Wisconsin utilities, they are :

Wisconsin Public Service Corp.	
Residential	4.26 (c per KWH)
Industrial	2.42
Charitable Cont.	\$95,355
Political	18,944
Ad & Pub Relations	513,135
Wis. Power & Light	
Residential	4.06
Industrial	2.60
Charitable	\$151,575
Political	65,181
Adv & Pub Relations	941,283
Wis. Elec. Power	
Residential	3.39
Industrial	2.19
Charitable	\$466,961
Political	88,373
Adv & Pub Relations	580,785

(Mrs.) Naomi Jacobson
LAND Co-Chairman & Director



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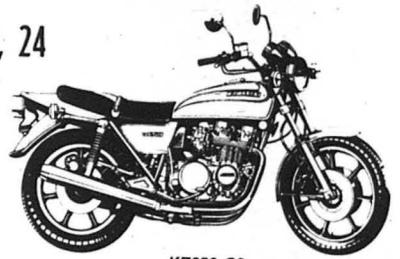
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News

UC office relocation opposed

A mass redistribution of office space in the University Center has caused a minor uproar among UC staff, particularly in student

proposals concerning office redistribution. These plans call for the removal of the present

Information Desk and U.C. Administrative office complex, this area being converted to office space for Student Life and Housing. In turn, the Information desk would be moved to the Solicitation Booth area, with the Administrative offices moved to the rooms presently occupied by Student Government.

Information Desk and U.C. Administrative office complex, this area being converted to office space for Student Life and Housing. In turn, the Information desk would be moved to the Solicitation Booth area, with the Administrative offices moved to the rooms presently occupied by Student Government.

At a meeting held earlier this month, several students representing the Student Manager program, SGA, UAB, and The Pointer gathered to express their concerns about the

At a followup meeting, U.C. Administrative Secretary, Kathy

changes to Student Life Director, Fred Leafgren. Their dissatisfaction stemmed from the lack of student input in the decision, as well as some major changes in the U.C. Solicitation Booth and Information desk area.

Paulson noted that the change would interfere with the smooth operation of the Information Desk. "There's always been a great deal of

Karen Slattery, University Center Student Employment Director, stated she had felt more opposition

communication between the desk staff and myself on a minute-to-minute basis," she said. "That will be lost. "Director of University Center Services, Bob Busch also noted that at least one additional full-time staff position would be needed to maintain

Information Desk operations under the current proposal.

Bud Steiner, Assistant to the Executive Director of Student Life

expressed support for the proposal, stating that the U.C. Administrative offices and Information Desk staff would benefit from a geographical separation. He noted that students would not be as subject to administrative interference.

Additional concern was expressed over the fate of Recreational Services which would lose space to relocated offices.

A counter-proposal to house Student Life offices on the second floor of the Center was initially dismissed because of the loss of potential meeting rooms. Leafgren, however, promised to hold off on a final decision until a more complete cost analysis for renovation could be made.

Editor's Note: At press time, it was announced that Student Life was seriously considering the south wing of Delzell Hall as a possible headquarters for its staff. Fred Leafgren noted that "everybody would be accommodated," and that the building itself would require "practically no modification."

A final decision will be made later, pending input from Vice-Chancellor Dave Coker.

New United Council appointments

United Council President Elect Paul Rusk has announced the appointment of four UW System students to staff positions for the statewide student advocacy group. The UC Executive Board has confirmation power of all appointments.

Appointments include Susan Tibbitts, a May 1978 political science graduate, as Legislative Affairs Director. Tibbitts served a Legislative internship for Representative Joseph Czerwinski during the 77-78

Committee that chose Madison Chancellor Irving Shain.

Also selected is Jimmy Bown, a DeForest native who will be the new Administrative Affairs Director. Bown served as President of the La Crosse Student Association during the 77-78 academic year, and graduated earlier in May with a degree in Political Science.

Peter Csiacsek, a senior at UW-Platteville, will serve as the Academic Affairs Chairperson. Csiacsek is currently chairperson of

academic year, and was one of two students on the Search and Screen the Merger Implementation at Platteville, as well as UC Director for the Platteville Student Association.

Sandy Smolinski from Jefferson, has been re-appointed Executive Secretary for the organization. Smolinski is a Senior at UW-Madison and has served in the position for two years.

All staff members began their new duties June 1, 1978.

Madison threatens withdrawal from United Council

The student government at the University of Wisconsin-Madison — largest unit in the UW System — may be pulling out of the statewide student government association.

UW-Madison's Wisconsin Student Association summer board voted early this month 15-1 not to pay dues to the United Council of Student Governments in the next school year. The dues had been set at \$7,200, which is about 10 percent of each organization's budget.

United Council Pres. Paul Rusk, who until May was Wisconsin Student Association president, said the Madison group's by-laws do not allow it to make final decision to withdraw from United Council until the full student senate gathers in the fall. Asst. Dean of Students James Churchill said the powers of the

summer board are not clear, but he also indicated the University has no plans to become involved in the matter.

New Wisconsin Student Association Vice Pres. Leon Varjian said the summer board action was taken because United Council is "a waste of money." He said much of the money goes to salaries for United Council personnel. Varjian said the Wisconsin Student Association would probably use the money instead to support local cooperatives and rock concerts.

United Council lobbies for students and performs other student services, which Rusk vowed to expand in his selection platform. Rusk said United Council would probably trim its office supplies, travel and telephone budgets if the Wisconsin Student Association actually does pull out.

Tuition agreement approved

An agreement between Wisconsin and Minnesota to allow students from one state to attend universities in the other without paying out of state tuition was approved earlier this month by the Legislature's Joint Finance Committee.

Besides allowing the exchange of students, the agreement also

reserves spaces for at least 17 students a year from Wisconsin to attend the University of Minnesota College of Veterinary Medicine.

The agreement continues to provide reimbursement to the state with the largest number of nonresident students attending from the other state in the agreement.



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Sun power for sale in Stevens Point

By Mike Schwalbe

"Solar heating right now is as inexpensive as it will ever be. All the parts are already being mass produced, and labor certainly won't go down." So said Jack Renken, solar salesman for Heet Insulation, Inc., of Stevens Point, which is looking to get in the ground floor of the solar heating industry.

Ads began appearing about two weeks ago for Sun Power Solar, the Heeg solar operation. Business has been fairly slow so far according to Renken. "Actually, we're still shopping for the unit we want to market. We've been looking at different units to try to find the most cost effective system," said Renken. The decision on which system Sun Power will market should be made within the next few weeks, and full installation service should also be available by the end of July.

"We want a system that has been thoroughly tested and proven, and comes with a complete guarantee," Renken added.

Sun Power Solar also encourages people building new homes who are interested in solar heating to contact a solar heating firm early, before construction begins. "If a new home is built with proper insulation and has to make the best use of passive solar power (e.g., window exposure), addition of an active solar system can make the home 60-75 percent energy

efficient," Renken said. Sun Power has, as do most solar heating contractors, architects available to design a home from scratch to make the greatest possible use of solar energy.

While the initial cost of installing a solar system may seem high (\$10,000 for a new home), state and federal rebates can amount to as much as 55 percent of the installation cost. Another reason people may want to go to solar right now is that these rebates will be based on declining percentages after 1979.

People building homes now who are deciding on a heating system may have another factor to consider in addition to cost. Renken suggested that in the next 15-to-20 years gas and oil will not only become more expensive, but looking at our precarious energy situation today, these fuels may not even be available at any price.

"People who own older homes and are interested in solar heating would do best to consider solar water heating," said Renken. He estimated the cost of installing a water heating system on an older home might run between 2300 and 4000 dollars, depending on the design of the home and its sun exposure. Rebates are also available on these installations. Sun Power will have the rebate forms, which are filed with the customer's tax returns, after the first of next year.

Village of Rosholt cleans up act

By Mike Schwalbe

Before June 1, 1977, municipalities of under 2500 residents were allowed to operate 'modified landfill' disposal sites, burning waste once a month rather than covering it daily. After new solid waste disposal regulations went into effect burning was allowed only if all residents within one mile of the site did not object.

In the fall of 1976 the DNR began to receive complaints from several persons living near the Rosholt disposal site. A petition was forwarded to the DNR requesting withdrawal of the exemption which allowed the village to burn at the site, and asked that the village be required to operate a sanitary landfill site, covering waste daily.

The DNR subsequently ordered the village to stop burning and cover daily. Further complaints were received that the village had not

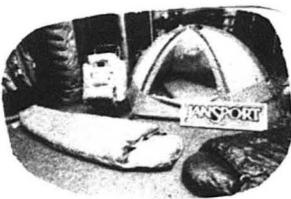
stopped its burning practices or complied fully with the requirement to cover waste daily.

At a hearing held on June 1 of this year, the village contended that it was no longer burning at the site. Recent fires had been the work of vandals the townspeople claimed. They also said that administrative problems involved in changing to a daily covering operation had not been fully worked out at the time the follow-up complaints were issued.

Despite a prevailing attitude among village residents that the cost of operating a sanitary landfill site is overbearing for such a small municipality — "In my opinion, the statutes are not written correctly," said Allen Torbenson who represented the village at the hearing — the village board has passed a resolution to comply with the order. Daily covering operations have been going on since the 10th.

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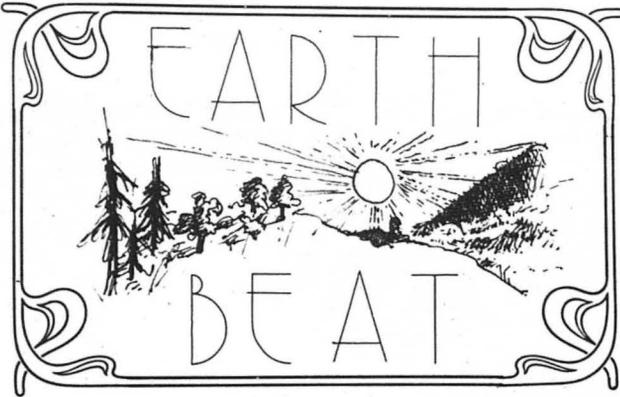
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ENVIRONMENT



House OKs boundary waters protection

By a vote of 324 to 29 the House has approved legislation which would enhance protective regulations governing the Boundary Waters Canoe Area in northern Minnesota.

The bill, which was designed as a compromise measure to both preserve the area as wilderness and accommodate logging and other non-wilderness use of the area, would: add 50,000 acres to the current 1.03 million acres in the area; reduce the number of

lakes open to motorized boating from 124 to 12; maintain the present ban on snowmobiles except for two corridors leading into the Canadian side of the area; prohibit mining along road corridors immediately outside the area; increase logging in nearby national forests to balance the restrictions put on logging in the area; and begin assistance programs for local residents affected financially by the new regulations.

Solar policy forum to be held

On Monday, June 26, a public forum will be held at the Illinois Institute of Technology to hear citizens' comments on solar energy. This is one in a series of eleven public meetings being conducted as part of President Carter's Domestic Policy Review program to receive comment from labor, industry, commerce, consumers, state and local governments, public interest groups, and others who wish to be heard on solar energy. Meetings are being held in each federal region and in the District of Columbia. Further information is available from Alan E. Smith at 312-353-8420.

My thimble runneth over

Beginning January 1, 1979, Wisconsin citizens 65 years of age and older can for an initial fee of \$7.50 purchase a Senior Citizen Recreation Card. The card entitles senior citizens to hunt small game and gain entrance to state parks and forests without paying a vehicle sticker charge.

Developer seeks to divert water

Solitude Inc., a land development firm operating out of Milwaukee and Chicago, is seeking a permit to divert water from a pond on the Crystal River a few miles south of Waupaca into a nearby lake development project.

Lake Solitude, a 15-acre body of water created by dredging a marshy area, presently maintains a surface level corresponding to the ground water table in the area. By pumping water from the Crystal River during periods of surplus water the developers hope to raise the level of the lake.

According to state law surplus water may be used to bring a navigable lake up to its normal level. Questions the DNR will seek to resolve in determining whether the permit will be granted include: whether Lake Solitude can be called "navigable"; whether the "normal level" of the lake is other than the ground water level it is presently at; and whether pumping water into the lake would have any effect on the ground water level in the area to the detriment of other water users.

An initial hearing was held Monday at Waupaca High School.

Environmental impact statement²³ policy revisions proposed⁰¹⁷⁸

Council on Environmental Quality Chairman, Charles Warren, has proposed a series of revisions in the regulations concerning EIS (environmental impact statements) which are intended to "reduce paperwork, reduce delay, and above all to pave the way for better decisions."

In announcing these policy revisions Warren also said, "Over the years, however, the function of the EIS as an analytical tool has sometimes been hampered by its encyclopedic size and scope. Federal managers too frequently produced massive tomes full of barely relevant ecological data that obscured the critical issues facing them and the public."

Currently, as required by law, the Council on Environmental Quality supervises the EIS process through guidelines last issued in 1973. But in his environmental message last year, and a subsequent executive order, President Jimmy directed the Council to develop binding regulations that require federal agencies to "reduce paperwork and the accumulation of extraneous background data, in order to emphasize the need to focus on real environmental issues and alternatives."

The proposals are now open for final review by the public and government agencies.

The African elephant, the largest living land mammal, has been listed as a threatened species by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

Once present in large numbers, the African elephant population has been declining steadily for many years because of habitat destruction and world demand for ivory.

Currently, the African elephant population numbers about one million, but a still growing demand for ivory makes them vulnerable to future endangerment if stringent protection measures are not taken.



Swim little fishy, swim while you can

The Supreme Court has ruled that under the Endangered Species Act passed in 1973, work on the 110 million dollar Tellico Dam project in Tennessee must stop in order to protect the only known natural habitat of the Snail Darter, a tiny, rare fish.

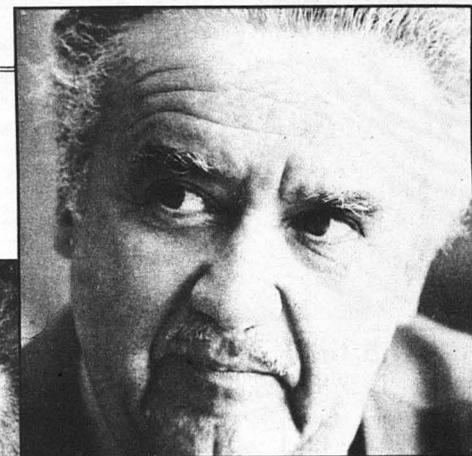
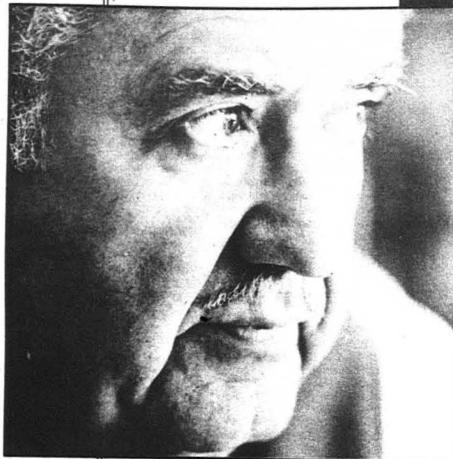
The three-inch dam busters were first discovered in 1973 four months before the Endangered Species Act was passed, and were added to the endangered species list in 1975. At that time the dam and reservoir project was challenged under the Act, but the challenge was rejected in federal court.

Later the Snail Darters were given a reprieve when the 6th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals overturned the defeat. Last Thursday the Supreme Court upheld that decision. It will now take a Congressional amendment of the Act to bring about completion of the project. Those who speak for the smaller residents of the planet are expected to continue their fight to save the Snail Darters.



With all the subtlety of a heart attack, it has been brought to the attention of this environmental editor that in the past, the environmental section has lacked much in the way of broad student appeal. So like any performer who sees his audience nodding off, I'm going to call for some hand clapping.

How about all you folks out there who live in the environment (you can see I'm not excluding anyone) with any ideas on how-to (do things), where-to (see and do things), what (we should do), or with questions about why (we will investigate), dropping me a line at the Pointer office. Too long you've been silent, and I won't quit nagging until you speak up.



LSD: where to now?

By Susie Jacobson

Perhaps it's the wave of eight-day campaign weeks, or the fact that amateurs have to run twice as fast to catch the circumference of Lee S. Dreyfus' red vest is becoming larger, both around his waist and around Wisconsin.

Although the UWSP Chancellor-on-leave has shed a few pounds, his campaign energy is still pumping full blast. He lost the blue ribbon endorsement at the Republican convention June 11 in Milwaukee, but Dreyfus and his supporters did manage to prove that quite a few Wisconsin delegates prefer the color red when 46 percent of them put their votes behind the red-vested man from Stevens Point.

U.S. Rep. Robert Kasten of Thiensville won the party endorsement for governor, but Dreyfus feels he and his "rag-tag" band of supporters shocked the Kasten clan by pulling in a close second place. Kasten defeated Dreyfus by a 215 vote margin.

Kasten's supporters included many of the states best known GOP leaders, yet the slim victory of Kasten has planted the phrase, "go for it" even firmer in Dreyfus' mind.

"I will run on the drop of a hat if I

can find a way to do it," said Dreyfus commenting on the possibility of him running against Kasten in the September primary regardless of the party endorsement. The winner of the primary will face the Democratic candidate in November's gubernatorial election. "I don't believe in endorsements," said Dreyfus. "The people should decide."

So far the Dreyfus campaign has been all volunteer, but to continue an effective campaign Dreyfus now needs money. Dreyfus' official

"I don't believe in endorsements... the people should decide"

decision will be made after an open meeting June 24 in Stevens Point. On that day he will meet with supporters

and listen to recommendations as to whether he has enough resources to continue the battle.

At the Milwaukee convention, Dreyfus turned down an offer for the endorsement for lieutenant governor. He explained that the lieutenant governor candidate must go lock and step with the governor candidate, and that he and Kasten are in contest on some key issues.

The tax issue is one area where the two men's ideas clash. Kasten has promised a 10 percent state income tax cut across the board. This, said Dreyfus, would benefit the wealthy most.

"The more you earn in this state the more you get taxed. That's progressive," explained Dreyfus.

"Once you earn the maximum amount, you are in the highest tax bracket. The trouble is that the amount of income tax charged to the top bracket hasn't changed since 1970." Dreyfus explained that this has moved half the taxpayers in Wisconsin into the highest taxed bracket.

Dreyfus plans to retroactively index the state income tax, meaning he would take the figure charged to the top bracket and multiply that by the cost of living increase over the past eight years.

This, he feels would be a more

realistic figure.

When asked how easily he thought he could move these new ideas through a Democratically controlled legislature, Dreyfus said he would go beyond the legislature to the real power — the people. He compared this to the way he won acceptance on this campus when the Faculty Senate wasn't too fond of his new ideas.

Dreyfus feels that there is great unhappiness among the people with Acting Governor Schreiber and the past eight years of the Democrats "scaring" up power. Because of these reasons — if it turns out to be he and Schreiber in the ring in November — Dreyfus feels winning the election will be no problem.

He hasn't made any decision on who his choice for lieutenant governor would be. Dreyfus, not even a member of the Republican Party until six months ago, says he has made no commitments and has no political debts.

"My basic philosophy is Republican," said Dreyfus when asked why he decided to declare himself as such. He defines a Republican as one who says government is not the vehicle to do all things. "We should first try to do things some other way, and when we can't do them any other way — then we should do them through

government."

Shifting higher tuition costs on to the taxpayer would not be a smart

"We should first try to do things some other way... then we should do them through government"

move, according to Dreyfus. He explained that right now the greatest portion (three-fourths) is picked up by the taxpayer and that the amount paid by the individual student should not be tampered with unless it is shown that the cost of education is generally restricting access.

"The student should pay a share of the tuition cost," Dreyfus said "because the student benefits from education." He explained that education is a government service that potentially makes money. "Once

you have a college degree you earn more money. The more money you earn the more taxes you pay, assuming you stay in this state."

One problem for Dreyfus is "single issue" people. "They want to hear how I stand on one particular issue," he said, "and they base their support on my answer."

If Dreyfus finds he can't continue the campaign he said he will probably ask that his leave of absence be terminated so that he can resume his duties as chancellor.

When asked if he'd run in the governor's race again Dreyfus didn't know. "I don't live that way."

At the moment, the future of the campaign is uncertain. The red-vested man, however, has created quite a stir within the Republican Party. Although he lost the GOP endorsement, his showing in Milwaukee has been called a near miracle. Six months ago, Dreyfus wasn't even an ordained Republican. Two weeks ago he came within inches of upsetting Robert Kasten, a well known member of Congress and Republican bigwig.

"It has been said that no man's education is complete until he stands for public office," Dreyfus said borrowing a quote. "I'll tell you one thing — I'm having the time of my life."

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FEATURES

Gimme a cheerleader...

By Bob Ham

"Sitting on a park bench,
Eyeing little girls with bad intent..."

JETHRO TULL
AQUALUNG

"In my mind, I'm probably the biggest sex maniac you ever saw. Sometimes I can think of very crummy stuff I wouldn't mind doing if the opportunity came up."

J.D. SALINGER

THE CATCHER IN THE RYE

The Berg Gym is as hot and steamy as an adolescent fantasy. And it's packed to the bleachers with cheerleaders. Real, live, long-limbed, squealing, giggling cheerleaders. I am in a lust-induced stupor, thinking about a movie I saw once, called "The Swinging Pom-Pom Girls." It was about a very versatile squad of cheerleaders that, in one day, waylaid three complete football teams, a bus driver, three bikers, a janitor, a short order cook with acne, and twenty or thirty innocent bystanders, babysitters, and bylayers. And now, here, before my bloodshot eyes, fantasy was meeting flesh. At a University sponsored Cheerleading Clinic, yet.

The clinic, run by the university's Office of Extended Services, is a six-day affair featuring workshop sessions and social activities, and involving 150 girls from Wisconsin and Illinois. The workshops are being conducted by four instructors from NCA, the National Cheerleader Association of Dallas, Texas. One of the instructors, I am fascinated to find out, is a male. I take note of this, and immediately begin making plans to apply at the NCA for a summer job next year.

I'm feeling like a dirty old man, watching these girls work out, but they're paying no attention to me. They're learning a pom-pom routine, moving to the beat of Close Encounters of the Third Kind — the disco version. Lori, one of the instructors, goes through the first part of the routine with them, step-by-step.

"ONE-two-three-four-PUNCH-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight-SHIMMY-three-four-five-six-seven-eight-DOWN-STRAIGHT-BENDSLAPTURN!" It's unbelievably complicated, but the girls are picking it up very quickly. Is it possible, I wonder, that the rest of Humankind is not as hopelessly maladroit as I am?

They continue learning the thing, piece-by-piece. There are all sorts of complicated moves in it — things called "Star Bursts" and "Lunge Kicks" and "Arm Swings." A girl in

green shorts and a yellow halter catches me watching her, bumbles her moves, and blushes prettily. I am overwhelmed by tenderness. I think I'm in love. I want to hold her hand. I want to kiss her neck. I want to leap on her, drag her out of the gym, and take her to a redneck bar where the beer is cheap, the jukebox plays Buck Owens, and you have to have a tattoo to get in. She catches the maniacal gleam in my eyes, and nervously moves eight or nine rows back.

When Pointer editor, Kurt Busch, asked me to do a story on the Cheerleading Clinic, he seemed to know exactly what kind of story he wanted. "What we're looking for, Bob, is something really depraved, perverted, and disgusting." As Kurt went on to elaborate on this carnal concept, a head of foam began to form around his lips. Soon he was completely incoherent. "Fourteen-year-old flesh...big pom-poms...really dig college guys...probably get arrested, but who cares..." While Kurt was hyperventilating, I began calmly and rationally to consider the assignment.

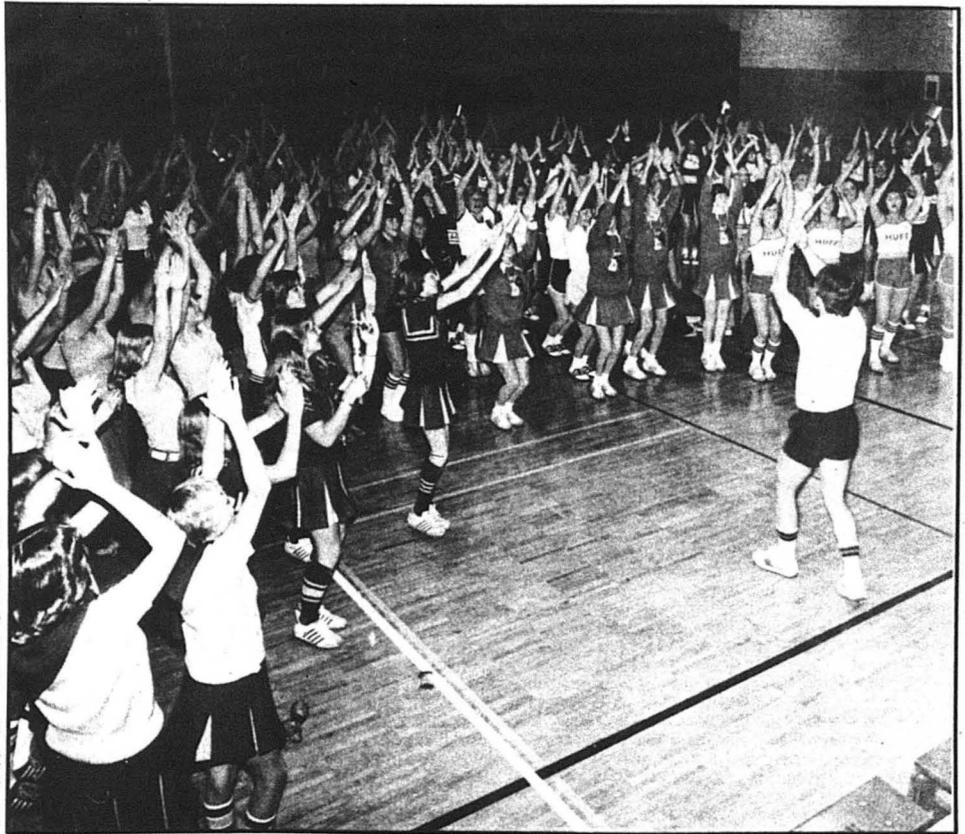
It was, more or less, the opportunity of a lifetime. I could see myself in a gym packed with semiclad, bouncy, pink, giggling, moist little cheerleaders, suavely interviewing girl after girl, telling them I was from Creem or Tiger Beat or something, getting them to admit that it's always been their secret fantasy to exotically fondle a deranged young writer. I could even see myself taking charge of the clinic, saying, "screw this pom-pom crap, let's go get wasted at my place," leading 150 panting girls out of the gym, like the Pied Piper of Puberty.

I grabbed my notebook and immediately began jotting down questions to ask the girls. What makes a cheerleader? Or better yet, who? What do you do about pom-pom lacerations?

Are you over eighteen, or what? Wanna see your name in the paper, honey?

I had it all figured out. I'd get a tape recorder, take a lot of dangerous drugs, get a photographer, douse my body with "Football Frenzy" cologne, wander into the gym spouting double entendres, do a few hundred in-depth interviews, and eventually get arrested for contributing to the delinquency of 150 minors.

+++++



“Hey, big boy, wanna take a pitcher a me?” Halfway across the crowded gym, a fifteen-year-old Siren beckons, her voice caught somewhere between Mae West and Mouseketeer. She catches my eye, and reclines provocatively, flexing her leg like something out of a Bob Guccione photo layout. I hasten to point her out to the photographer, Mark McQueen, who’s screwing a lense onto his camera. “There’s nowhere near enough light in here,” he says.

From the looks of the gym, you’d think it was National Media Day. Some clowns from Channel 7 are here to do a film report. One of the instructors announces their presence, and the girls give them a shrill “YAAAAAAY!”

“What about The Pointer?” McQueen asks.

Then the instructor introduces a clown from WSPT, and the girls “YAAAAAAY” him.

“What about The Pointer,” McQueen asks. The girls assemble around the WSPT girl and do a “two bits, four bits, six bits, a dollar” cheer into his tape recorder, following it up with a thirty-second screaming ovation that will be sent out over the air waves the next day. They do three takes, until the gym is literally vibrating.

Channel 7 is ready to film, and

reply. Still hoping to uncover some cesspool of depravity, I ask him if there are any problems with girls staying out past curfew or sneaking guys up to their rooms.

“We’re just instructors, we’re hired to teach. We have nothing to do if they stay past curfew — that’s run by the university.” I get the feeling that he isn’t exactly thrilled with my line of questioning, because pretty soon he’s

the girls learning to be themselves and understanding their limitations.

I’m about ready to give up on the lecherous angle of the story, but before throwing in the towel, I decide to give it one more try. I descend casually into a throng of cheerleaders, catching them off guard, and scaring the hell out of them. So much for my suave sophistication. I tell them I’m writing

when they’re not at the workshops. “Well, we usually rest.”

+++++

I give up. I’ve been hanging around, leering at these cheerleaders all day, and despite a couple little girl come-ons, the overwhelming feeling is wholesome. These girls are peppy. They are peppy and spirited. They are peppy and spirited and jolly and gay and naive and cute and enthusiastic. And wholesome, wholesome, wholesome. They are more wholesome than raisin bread. They are more wholesome than all the Grape-Nuts in the world. They make Donny and Marie look like a couple of desperados.

All my fantasies of oversexed, underaged lustbunnies are gone with the wind. My dirty mind has been washed, rinsed, bleached, and hung out to dry. I’ve failed. I’ve let down the dirty old men, especially my editor, Kurt Busch, who sent me out after depravity, and is going to end up with a Disney movie of a story.

I begin to walk dejectedly away from these cheerleaders, and somehow manage to trip over an electrical cord, sending them into fits of laughter. And the giggles go on and on and on, floating up towards the ceiling of the gym like a million champagne bubbles.

“ I had it all figured out. I’d get a tape recorder, take a lot of dangerous drugs, get a photographer, douse my body with “Football Frenzy” cologne, wander into the gym spouting double entendres, do a few hundred in-depth interviews and eventually get arrested for contributing to the delinquency of 150 minors ”

McQueen runs off to make use of their lights. A few dozen girls gather in front of the TV camera to do yet another routine. I take the opportunity to talk to instructor John Rohleder, the lone male in this clinic. I ask him if his job as instructor is a dream come true. “Here you are,” I say, “the only guy in the show, surrounded by acres of beautiful girls...”

“Well, uh, you get used to it, it’s not...” He’s embarrassed, and immediately lapses into an it’s-just-my-job-and-I-do-my-best stock

changed the subject, and is telling me about a girl who sprained both her ankles at the clinic, and how they’re both real puffy and swollen. I start to get nauseous.

As the afternoon wears on, my lust begins to dissolve. The girls are singing “Happy Birthday” to a girl named Mary, who is standing, embarrassed but pleased, at the front of the gym. There is a feeling of genuine warmth here, and I can hardly stand it. I ask John what’s the most important aspect of the clinic, and he goes into a canned spiel about

an in-depth feature on them, and they break into giggling fits. I ask a girl named Diane why girls come to these clinics.

“We’re here to, um, become better cheerleaders, and to know, um, the right ways of cheering, and to learn new cheers to bring back home and to learn to keep your eye contact with the crowd, and to smile. And to be full of spirit and pep.

Desperately hoping for some candid revelation about sordid social activities. I ask the girls what they do

Sacrifices to science

Animal experiments cause uproar

By Domenic Brunl

Joe was a classmate of mine during my high school years. He was a goodtime fellow that always had some strange and fun 'stuff' to try. One of his favorite predilections was our sophomore biology class. It wasn't the study of living organisms so much as the experiments, especially the live ones.

One of our lab exercises was to dissect a live frog and examine its functions. Well, Joe was in seventh heaven with his etherized frog. He cut into it like a ravaged surgeon, examining the entrails and the thousand other bloody vessels. Perhaps the frog wanted to dance, he thought, and he smirked. By some crazy action he awoke the slumbering amphibian. Shocked, the poor green mass wriggled under the silvery pins. With a tear, it loosened itself and jumped onto a frightened girl's cool shoulder. Her screams drove the beast into a frenzy. A leap, a short flight, and a quick splat ended the sad creature's existence. Joe smiled as he examined the remains.

Joe's entertainment was the direct result of the "30 frogs for 30 students kind of thinking." We were young, school was boring, and frankly we didn't know better.

Why use animals at all? Shouldn't we have some moral qualms about this? Dr. Thurman Grafton of the National Society for Medical Research claims "it goes back to the Judeo-Christian tradition that God gave man dominion over animals." The Bible tells us that animals are to be lorded over by man. Until the mid-seventies this was commonly accepted and practiced, but recently more and more critics have arisen to challenge this myth.

These new critics not only use potent words but are actively engaged in countering research that they feel needlessly harms animals. In England, the Animal Liberation Front has raided laboratories and freed animals; wrecking carnage on machinery and documents. This is only the radical left wing; the calmer section agrees that lab animals are valuable and needed in research, but they claim more animals are used than need to be and that the suffering they are forced to endure is inhumane.

These acts of violence are not indigenous only to England. At a school in Pompano Beach, Florida protesters broke into a classroom to halt an experiment which consisted of a vet destroying and dissecting a live German shepherd.

A resounding protest brought a halt to a planned experiment involving baboons. Simulated car crashes were to have been done with the baboons in the driver's seat. At a speed of 40 mph, the car was to crash into a solid brick wall. The scientists were to gather what was left of the simians,

analyze the remains, and send the data to Detroit where the car manufacturers could study it for use in producing safer automobiles for humans. Although seven baboons were saved, the public had no knowledge of 22 others who had perished in similar experiments.

Even the baboons that were saved did not live happily ever after. They were reprocessed into the physiology department and were all soon dead. The so-called "Case of the Baboon Seven" was the last straw for the Animal Protection Institute of America. They felt it was time to let themselves be heard, nationally. They wanted to stop all the senseless slaughter by asking colleges to institute courses in 'ethics in experimentation.'

API President Belton P. Mouras released a statement a few weeks ago outlining the abuses. "There have been isolated outbursts from students and the public when a particularly grievous case came to light. A university drops animals down an elevator shaft — that makes news." He urged for an 'enlightened attitude' to be instilled in young, as well as old scientists.

He was careful to note that nearly all experimenters involved with animals are reluctant to voice public disfavor with other research. "They take the attitude, I won't criticize your experiment if you don't criticize

“
A university drops animals down an elevator shaft that makes news
 ”

mine." Nobody suffers but the animals. A few scientists have recanted. Psychologist Roger Ulrich of Western Michigan University stopped his aggression studies on mice, which he administered electric shock to cause fights. "I ended up doing things to animals that really made me sick."

"The only alternative to animals tested for carcinogens are epidemiological studies on people," says the National Cancer Institute's Dr. Richard Griesemer. "Those are kind of undesirable because the people must get cancer first." Dr. Dennis Stark puts the problem in a much more sinister light. "Would you want a heart surgeon to try a new technique on you that he had only tried on a tomato?"
 Most scientists are hurt by these

accusations of needless experiments and needless deaths. In the first place the costs of lab animals are high; rabbits are \$20 dollars a piece, dogs \$60, and the most popular large animals, the rhesus monkey, an astounding \$400 each.

Peter Gwynne and Sharon Begley, in their excellent article on the subject in the March 27th issue of Newsweek, claimed that more than 50 million lab animals were used annually; while Mr. Mouras claims it's around 100 million and climbing. Mouras also talks about animals ranging from monkeys and dogs to antelope and ostriches. He notes a single company in the Florida Keys, the Charles River Breeding Laboratory, reportedly produced 18 million animals last year. Fortune magazine noted that this number was "more than the number of human beings born in North and South America." Mouras says that if demand does keep up, the excess

animals will be destroyed to make room — "with no scientific purpose served."

Mouras suggests that 'take-apart models' can work better than live subjects. He tells us that teachers are not taking advantages of new educational materials. But Richard Bates of the Food and Drug Administration flatly states, "I'm convinced this is the best approach we have available."

The controversy rages on this question. In some areas of the country it is as hotly debated as abortion. Gwynne and Begley ended their Newsweek piece by writing, "under the triple threat of increasing costs, protective legislation, and renewed criticism, researchers are taking great care to ensure that their studies are both valid and humane." For both sides of the door, this has to be amiable. Colleges will probably institute those ethics classes Mouras wants so badly.

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REVIEWS



Springsteen's "Darkness on the Edge of Town"

the return of 'rock noir'



By Kurt Busch

About three years ago, Bruce Springsteen was heralded as the "future of rock 'n' roll." Appearing simultaneously on the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*, Springsteen sprang into the forefront of popular culture via a "hemi-powered drone" that cruised the jungle streets of his number one hit "Born To Run."

Then his former producer, Mike Appel, sued him, Springsteen was barred from recording, and the man who had declared himself "born to lose" vanished into obscurity.

Until last week, that is.

Springsteen has returned with the long overdue "Darkness on the Edge of Town" lp (the album had been promised since last fall). In its finest moment, the work is absolutely brilliant. In its worst, it is merely uneven.

"Darkness" demonstrates once again that Springsteen is indeed the most articulate and eloquent proponent of a musical style that might be referred to as "Rock Noir": songs filled with dark streets, stark shadows, and sprawling cities that parasocially destroy and give life to their denizens. This is mean street music; Bogart could have starred in these songs if he were a little tougher, a little more primal, and a little less sure of himself.

Springsteen's approach on "Darkness" is more brutal than on previous albums. Sadly lacking is the sharp, defined images that typified his earlier efforts, particularly "Thunder Road" and "Jungleland." He, in fact, resorts to using the same image no less than three times on "Darkness," that of washing the sins from one's hands.

Despite a few numbers, however ("Factory" could easily have been a

Mel Tillis outtake if ol' Mel were just a touch more urbane), "Darkness" is a decided success. Springsteen's guitar has never sounded better, blasting out in biting licks and runs. Likewise his vocals, which are cruder, hoarser and more brutal than ever. When he screams "Adam raised a Cain" four times in a row, it adds a dimension to terror that Alfred Hitchcock would have sold Tipi Hedrin into slavery for.

Jon Landau's production is equally impressive. Landau, a former reviews editor for *Rolling Stone*, employs a musical background far less dense than Springsteen's earlier efforts. The individual musicians (Sax player Clarence Clemmens predictably shines here), however, are used to maximum potential.

"Darkness" is a welcome return to Springsteen's sprawling, urban nightmares. It is a chronical of life in extremes; of defiance in the face of overwhelming degradation. Springsteen says it all in the opening cut, "Badlands":

I don't give a damn about the in-between

Baby, I want the heart,

I want the soul,

I want control right now.

LOU REED STREET HASSLE



By Bob Ham

Street Hassle, Lou Reed's latest whiz in the face of rock'n'roll, is an uneven effort, made up largely of live cuts, several of which suffer from poor sound quality.

Reed has always been most impressive as a bard of the bizarre. The lyrics of his best songs are like blunt instruments, swinging out from behind the music.

The lead pipe number on *Street Hassle* is the three-part, eleven minute long title cut, in which a genuinely tender sexual encounter is followed by a lethal dose of "bad luck." The bad luck happens when a man's girlfriend o.d.'s on something, and dies at a party. Reed's lyrics —

especially the ones in which the host of the party explains the situation to the man — are brutally honest.

But why don't you grab your old lady by the feet.

And just lay her out in the darkened street,

And by morning she's just another hit and run.

The setting Reed has created in this song is so convincing, that this gruesome suggestion seems like a perfectly reasonable idea.

The three parts of "Street Hassle" are held together by a beautifully orchestrated string arrangement and some fine guitar work. Reed gets off some nice Dylanesque phrasing in the second part of the song and the third part features a cameo appearance by world famous street punk, Bruce Springsteen, who drops lines like, "Tramps like us, we were born to pay."

The rest the album varies between the very good and the absolutely atrocious.

On the good side, there's "Gimme Some Good Times," a "Sweet Jane" spinoff (similar guitar work and some stolen lines at the beginning) in which Reed decides that, to him, good times and pain are pretty much the same thing.

"Real Good Time Together" has got to be a rock classic. The lyrics are strictly throwaway, but the wall-of-monster-noise backdrop strikes a perfect balance between invigorating and creepy, and when the drums and bass kick in near the end, it's an absolute killer.

So much for the good stuff.

Side two kicks off with a merely offensive tune called, "I Wanna Be Black," which I suppose is funny if you have a 6th-grade locker-room mentality, and can appreciate such subtle slurs as

Wanna be like Martin Luther King, and get shot in spring and

I wanna be like Malcom X and cast a hex over President Kennedy's tomb, And have a big prick too.

"Shooting Star" and "Leave Me Alone" may be decent songs, but it's impossible to tell. The production is so poor that the lyrics are incomprehensible. The songs sound like the instruments were recorded inside a garbage disposal and the vocals were taped in the upstairs shower.

The album ends with a whimper called "Wait," which sports a really nowhere lyric and no music worth mentioning.

Street Hassle contains some really fine moments. It also contains some moments that should have been doused with gasoline and touched with a match.

BARNEY STREET
Reviewed by Bob Ham

The writers featured in this inaugural edition of *Barney Street* have many worthwhile things to say. They just haven't said them very well in this anthology. It is, perhaps, to be expected that a new publication will have some trouble getting off the ground. But the publishers of this anthology, the University Writers, have been putting out anthologies for some time now, and their most successful venture, *Portage*, has been going since 1973. (This year's *Portage*, however, was not published by the University Writers).

Many of the poems in *Barney Street* resemble rough drafts — ideas which have not been completely developed or thought out — and the quality of most of them ranges from very bad to merely mediocre.

There's little to be gained by commenting on such atrocities as T.J. Nevron's "Touchy Lovey," a regrettable attempt to inflict sexual connotations on the art of ice skating, nor would it be profitable to explicate Kathi Schuller's "Mute," a model lesson in how not to expand on a metaphor. These can be dismissed as compete misses, sorry folks, try again next time.

Barney Street is distressing not when it presents us with poems that are perfectly awful, but when it gives us a glimpse of real talent buried somewhere in a poem that needs more work. Example: Marge Zainer's poem about a psychodelic kid starts off with a disarmingly honest, colorful explanation

I was a psychodelic kid.
what can i say?!

the valve didn't close on my heart
and there i sat
on momma's lap turning
purple,
sometimes blue.

then rapidly turns into one of those awful sixties unconsciousness odes that tries to make lines out of bits and pieces of rock 'n' roll:

a real airplane kid
a real starship kid
a white, marble fender
'stratocaster' kid
an "all along the watchtower"
kid...
just floating on the left-over
purple haze.

Similarly, Frederick L. Ginocchio's "Companions," a dream piece with an aquatic twist, starts out interestingly enough:

While my body lies sleeping
I often roam through the night.
I become a seahorse
and drift high over
spongy-velvet
land

But Ginocchio goes absolutely nowhere with this idea, and the poem gradually degenerates into less interesting images, grinding to a predictable And - then - I - woke - up halt.

It is obvious that these people have talent. They are capable of doing good work. This is especially obvious in the case of Alex Latham, who, on one page, gives us a perfectly fine, delicate lyric called "Walking a Trestle," then, on the next two pages,

treats us to a sloppy, soggy dirge to a road-flattened cat:

Your velvet gray paw
periscoping from the street
told me it was
you
the rest lay flat
charred by rubber.

There are also poems in this anthology like Cynthia F. Daane's "But . . ." which are completely inoffensive, but which express ideas so utterly pedestrian that they elicit little more than a nod and a yawn.

I don't mean to pick on individual poets here — the problem I'm pointing out are representative of most of the poems in the book. Fortunately, there are some exceptions.

Tom McKeown and Mary Shumway, two working poets, turn in truly exceptional performances. Shumway's "Company" features one beautiful, striking image after another:

In a moment of sun
a crow preened in the elm,
shook off the rain.
Take down those eyes
and listen to the wind awhile.
Even the bats,
are restless in
the attic where it lives;
they sway headlong
in the noise
of traveling asleep

McKeown's "Song of a Winter Field" is simple, lyrical, and elegant, and shows a wonderful sense of line:

In the curve and fall
of fields
her body travels: a rush
of white,
an avalanche of bones.

Dave Engle's "Dear Abby" is a really first-rate gag, if little else. Linda Laszewski's "Sand Daughter Dream," though rather vague, contains some very nice images. Also superior are Anthony Oldknow's "Roundhouse," Craig Hill's "Shoveling Snow," and Terry Guggenbuehl's "Blue Pushing," all of which offer fresh, exciting use of metaphors.

Certainly the editors of *Barney Street* should have done a more vigorous job of editing. People are entitled to write mediocre poetry —

such poetry may even be seen as a necessary step in mastering the art — but I do not think we should be presented with a book of it.

Another weakness of the anthology lies in the complete absence of illustrations. There is nothing to break the monotony of the printed pages. Also, there is only one piece of fiction — Michael Clark's "The Chase," a worthy story that oscillates between tedium and high narrative interest, fueled by an abundance of sharp details, a dash of clumsy moralizing, a well thought-out

premise, and one really wretched plot twist at the end. It would have been nice to see more short stories.

Barney Street did manage to get rid of all those obnoxious little cutisms that marred the *Portage* series — there are no precious editorial names, and no "slightly higher in..." gags on the front cover. This is certainly a step in the direction of respectability. I would hope that, in the future, the editors of *Barney Street* will pay more attention to the quality of work they select for their publication.

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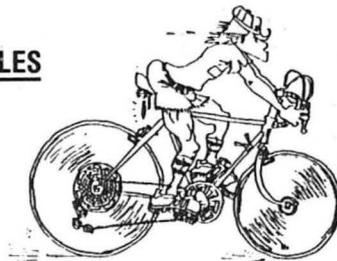
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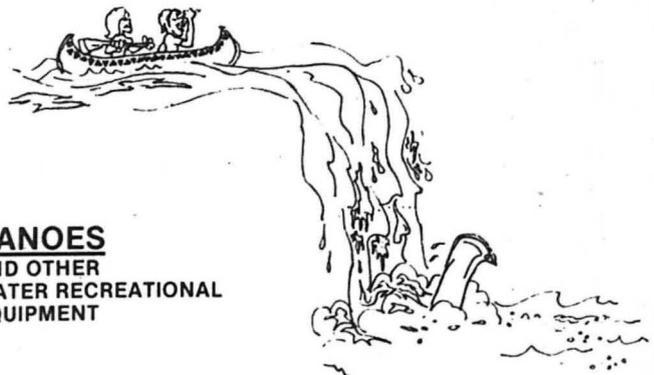
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