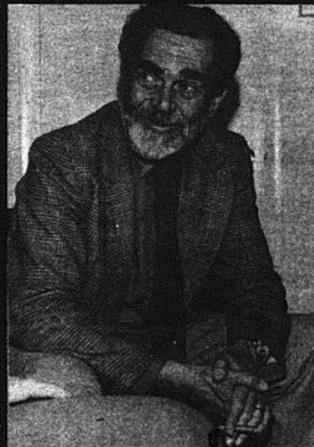
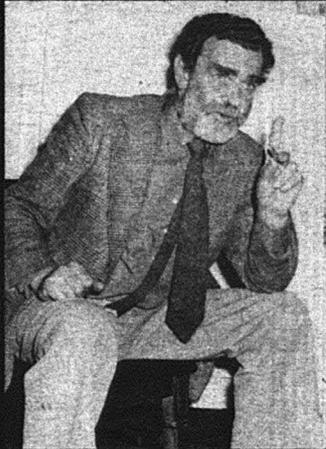


June 23, 1977

Off Campus 15¢



Quizzical eyes, overshadowed by bushy eyebrows which hold an element of mystery, gazed around the room at the various people attending the three day workshop. Faced with the responsibility of passing on his ideas to the 60 some people who had come to the Carlston Art Gallery June 14, 15, and 16, the man thoughtfully stroked his beard as he searched for an answer or groped for the proper explanation. The man was Brian Way, a very talented British actor who has chosen to spend his time teaching others to be themselves.

following year it opened as a children's theatre and grew to become one of the largest organizations in Great Britain.

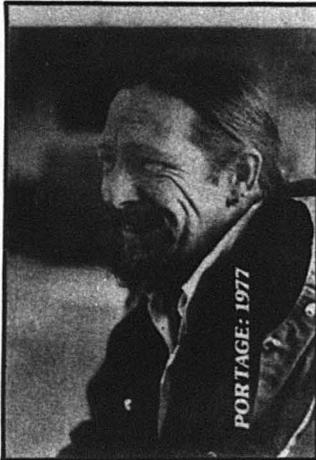
Brian Way then went on to establish a community arts workshop at Centre Theatre by conducting courses and workshops for teachers in creative drama. His unique ideas were soon spread to other parts of the world through his tours to South Africa, Rhodesia, the West Indies, Canada, the United States, and all of the Scandinavian countries.

It all started at the Old Vic in England where Brian Way did small parts. His amazement in seeing young children attending the Shakespearean plays grew until the idea emerged to create a proper level of dramatic experience especially for children.

In 1943, he began going to schools and working with the children in drama. Ten years later he founded Theatre Centre which became a workshop for unemployed actors. The

Continued in center section

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#### POINTER STAFF

Managing Ed-Edrix-Gail Gatton, Business Manager- Randy Lange, Advertising Manager- Sue Schneider, Associate Editor-Bob Ham, Copy Editor- Robert Borski, Graphics Editor- Mark Larson, Photo Editor- Mark McQueen, Production Coordinator- Bee Ling Chua Writers- Karl Garson, Catherine Geniesse, Ann Glinski, Laurie Low, Sharon Malmstone, Sue Malzahn, Patty Mather, Bill Murat, Al Schuette, BarbScott, Randy Wievel. Production- Ann Glinski Advisor-Dan Houlihan

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Thursday, June 16, UWSP state-paid employees held an informational picket to get support from the local populace and let the area people know they can't live on a two percent pay increase.

Carrying signs claiming that "Unions build better life" and "State Employees Underpaid", picketers walked in front of Old Main before work, during their lunch hour, and after work. But few or none missed days of work. They can't afford to.

Included in the WSEU (Wisconsin State Employees Union) from this campus are the blue collar workers (maintenance), clerical and related areas (typists and librarians), and technicians. Not included are faculty members, and confidential and management personnel.

The state's proposed salary increase for top management has increases in salaries for positions such as the Secretary of the Department of Administration being greater than the total amount of money some WSEU members are paid in a whole year.

The Department of Labor has defined the amount of \$17,307 as being a "modest but adequate" level of



living for the support of a family of four. Less than two percent of WSEU members earn a sufficient salary for that support.

While the WSEU is being asked to settle for the two percent increase, the executive secretary of a non-union group, representing UW-faculty said that a 15 percent increase over the next two years for faculty and staff members can only be described as "insufficient" (i.e. a laborer making \$8,571 a year will receive an increase of \$171 with the two percent proposal bringing the total salary to \$8,742, while a faculty member making \$23,316 with a 15 percent increase will receive an ad-

ditional \$3,497 making a total of \$26,813).

Gary Stout, president of the local chapter of the union, said that all they are asking for is the state be fair to union members. After all, Stout went on, it would be illegal for the union to go on strike, but when the state is the employer then what are members to do when the state won't negotiate.

The 23,000 employees represented by the WSEU not only has a staff of 8,000 which provide back up for state management, but also are involved in the care of homeless children, the elderly, the poor, the blind and the developmentally disabled in over a dozen institutions across the state.

They also maintain our highways, prisons and parks, inspect our food, water, restaurants, nursing homes and patrol our highways. The state needs these people.

The WSEU is currently in negotiations with the state and the situation varies from day to day. The WSEU claims that for too many years the members have accepted inadequate pay adjustments because of the argument that the financial condition of Wisconsin could not allow more equitable pay increases.

Meanwhile the State has argued that WSEU employees earn the same or more as other comparable workers in Wisconsin. Now, however, a survey by the Department of Administration supports the argument that state employees are underpaid.

It appears that the state may be facing the possibility of a strike and it can only be hoped that the matter doesn't advance that far and that contracts can be worked out in negotiations.

Stout said that last Thursday picketing was merely informational and asks that concerned people write letters to the legislature.



Photo by Al Stanek

## CORRESPONDENCE...

### Three Cheers For Joe College

#### To the Pointer

Have I wasted four years? Although others may disagree, I do not think so. I am more confident and able and I can honestly say that most of the time I am happy. I have changed a great deal since I was a freshman. As a freshman, I never thought very much about the future. If I had, I am sure I would have done things differently. But not too differently.

I had a great deal of fun here, and to the new class I wish the same. At times you may be drunk and rowdy, but that too, no matter what your dorm director might say, is part of becoming a different, hopefully better, person. You will hear a great deal about grades up here, but they do not mean all that much in your first year. Try not to flunk anything, but do not let anyone tell you that you are not fit for college.

When, as a freshman, I was on academic probation, my dorm director suggested college might not be for me; she was wrong. Last year I received highest honors (with seventeen credits). If that is not suited to college, then the number of people graduating from here should be considerably reduced.

Listen to the advice of your dorm directors and RA's, but always make your own choices. You know yourself much better than they ever will. Do not try to "find yourself" because if you ever do you will be a very dull and

mixed up person. Respect your profs. Most of them are very intelligent. College can be great and horrible at the same time, but when you graduate, you will not have wasted four years.

Stan Konarski



#### Letters Policy

1. Letters should not exceed a 300 word maximum. Longer letters allowed at editor's discretion.
2. All letters submitted to the Pointer must be signed. Names will be withheld upon request but all letters must be signed.
3. Deadline- noon Monday.

Deposit letters in the boxes outside the Grid, COPS, or CCC. Address mail correspondence to Pointer, 113 Communication Building, UWSP, Stevens Point, 54481



## Informal CO-ED SOFTBALL

Open to anyone, so get a team together and play for fun.

Games:  
Tuesday at 4:00 starting June 28  
at the playing field  
next to the gym.

Sign-up still going till June 24  
in the Student Activities Office

Sign up as a team or individual but  
**DON'T MISS THE FUN!**

## LSD Gubernatorial Independent?

By Patricia Ann Mather

Chancellor Lee Sherman Dreyfus told Republicans at their state convention, held here on the UWSP campus last month, to open its doors to the people and get back to the ideals and issues of "fighting Bob" LaFollette.

Dreyfus took the opportunity of his keynote address to lay out what he saw as the Republican's future course to becoming a healthy party once again and thereby keeping the political system healthy. The two party system as we know it is in grave jeopardy, according to Dreyfus. He feels that the census in 1980 and the redistricting it will initiate in 1981 by a large Democratic legislature could be the "Armageddon" of the Republican party and therefore the two party system in the United States.

In an effort to avert this, Dreyfus urged the party to "Remove the doomsayers, reopen the party, and let in the young, minorities, and working people, and restore Progressive Republicanism."

Because he believes so strongly in the two party system and preserving it as a functional political tool, Dreyfus has considered the possibility of running for governor on the Republican ticket. Heretofore, Dreyfus has never been known as a Republican or Democrat, but as a "Republocrat" or an Independent.

Dreyfus stated that the Republican party must turn to Independents, to replenish their dwindling ranks and make them strong again. He urged the Republicans to get back to their roots and have faith in the people as did Robert M. LaFollette.

According to Dreyfus the threat to the people's power today, which he wants the Republicans to fight, are big labor, big business and bureaucracy. Under LaFollette, Wisconsin Republicans adopted election primary laws; legislation for the betterment of the environment and human health, specifically related to working conditions; and restrictions on utilities, insurance companies, and lobbyists for other big business.

Much of the backing which Dreyfus

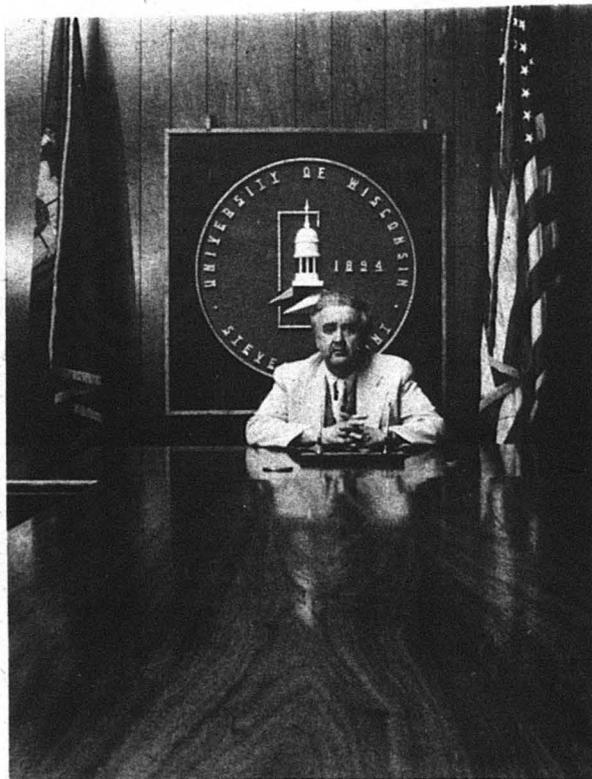


Photo by Mark McQueen

Chancellor Dreyfus prepares for duties of the office

has received in his tentative candidacy has been from young people, many of whom in the past tended to vote Democratic or Independent. Some have termed it the "Children's Crusade."

Dreyfus said he doesn't mind this at all, he believes that a strenuous youth campaign is desirable and necessary to broaden the political base. "We need to bring young candidates into the party organization, open up job areas for them. We need this to ensure the party's existence forty years

from now."

Dreyfus has been UWSP Chancellor for ten years. During this time he has staunchly supported growth of the university campus and Stevens Point at large. He feels his development of the northern campus area and Dreyfus Lake has been one of his most satisfying achievements as chancellor here.

In an effort to put Point "on the map," Dreyfus has traveled and participated in educational aid for foreign countries. He has long held

the view that education is our most important export. In 1972, Dreyfus stated that we should give foreign countries food, medicine, clothing and education regardless of whether or not we approve of their government and its activities. Aid such as this is for the people, not for their governments.

Dreyfus has in the past expressed opinions on various issues which would probably influence any campaign he may be considering. One such opinion is a general disapproval of drugs, including alcohol, when the intake is to the extent of hampering a person's ability to make personal judgements. Except to express a tendency toward variety and perhaps balance, however not all of his views have been entirely consistent.

He has stated, for example, that he believes the army reserve, ROTC, and reserve officers have been the instruments of anti-militarism in our country. He believes an all-professional army would put us in danger of a military "coup d'etat" and for this reason supported non-compulsory ROTC; but he also opposed an all volunteer army in the United States.

In 1970 he fought hard for merger and has been a supporter for student and faculty participation in university governance, yet he has strongly opposed 24-hour visitation. The regents decided to leave the question up to the chancellor of each individual campus. Chancellor Dreyfus, however, does not feel the dorm student here is mature or responsible to govern that part of his or her life.

One thing Dreyfus has been consistent on is a person's right to speak and express his or her beliefs. He has worked hard at maintaining a "First Amendment Campus," open to all points of view. If presented with all sides of the truth, Dreyfus has faith that each person will be capable of choosing those beliefs and alternatives which make sense to that individual.

With that dogma, it is not surprising to hear Dreyfus tell the Republican party, in the words of Robert M. LaFollette, to open the party to the people.

## Student Government Association lobbies at State Capital

The collective bargaining and landlord tenant issues dominated the lobbying efforts of the Student Government dominated

The collective bargaining and landlord tenant issues dominated the lobbying efforts of the Student Government Association (SGA) Executive Board during a trip to Madison June 15.

Collective bargaining would allow the Association of University of Wisconsin Faculty (TAUWF) to have AFL-CIO representatives bargain on contracts directly with the state.

The SGA is working with United Council (UC), a system-wide organization of student governments, in gaining a student role at the bargaining table if collective bargaining is approved.

"We want legislators to think of students when TAUWF representatives talk to them about collective bargaining," President Rick Tank explained.

United Council President Jim Eagon, former SGA president, said

they are not asking for a student vote in the bargaining process. "We just want to assure that the student perspective is known at the bargaining table," he said.

"Through tuition, a quasi-contractual relationship exists between faculty and students, Rob Stevens, a UC staff member, indicated. "We could have a right to some input on this basis," he said.

Mike Barry, Executive Director of the SGA, said the legislators are warming to the idea of collective bargaining. "We could probably still stop it this session, but that would hurt relations with TAUWF," he said.

Barry said he feels it would be better to work with TAUWF and hopefully acquire an acceptable student role in the bargaining process.

Several landlord-tenant bills have again been introduced this session. The legislators seem to be receptive to a bill that would set-up a contractual relationship to protect both

landlords and tenants, Deb Duckart, Vice-president of the SGA said.

No one bill was pushed by the student lobbyists. Instead, they stressed the need for some type of legislation to prevent the abuses presently occurring.

Two other issues were also addressed by the lobbyists: decriminalization of marijuana and the legal drinking age.

Tank said he feels the senate is waiting for and will follow the assembly action on decriminalization. "It's being taken seriously; it's possible to get it passed this session," he said.

Many legislators indicated that while they personally agree with decriminalization, their constituencies do not, so they will vote against it.

The bill will probably not come to a vote until the end of summer. Eagon urged supporters of the move to write their legislators. He feels several letters could change several minds and result in the votes needed for

passage.

The bill to raise the legal drinking age to 19 was amended to allow high school graduates to be exempt from the measure.

Tank feels this amendment split supporters. As a result, the bill has been referred to committee where it is expected to die, he said.

Ed. note: On Thursday, June 16, the House Health and Social Services Committee voted 7 to 4 to recommend the passage of Assembly Bill 325 with amendment no. 1 accepted 11 to 0. The amendment lowered the amount of marijuana which could be in a person's possession without warranting his arrest from 100 grams to 50 grams. It also lowered the amount of hash allowable from 28 to 14 grams. Anything over these amounts are considered to be owned with intent to sell and will be illegal. This is the farthest a decriminalization bill has gone in Wisconsin and now goes to the floor of the Assembly.

# Chileda bids adieu to UWSP campus

By Catherine Geniesse

Chileda Institute for Educational Development has been an integral part of the Stevens Point Community for four years, and now Chileda is leaving.

On June 7, 1977, the administration of Chileda Institute held a press conference and announced, "We have discovered in La Crosse a series of sponsors to help us create the Chileda that the Multi-handicapped child deserves.... We will move to La Crosse prior to August. Interim housing has been procured beginning July 25 and the new houses will be completed in the spring of 1978."

The interim housing for the 51 children is one floor of Holy Cross Seminary. The permanent housing will be adjacent to Saint Francis of Assisi Hospital and will consist of "living learning units" housing 12 children, with six-eight therapy assistants and one full time therapist. The new facility also includes a central clinic building.

The concept of Chileda was developed in the late 1960's, but it was not until 1973 that Chileda was formally established. The name Chileda, a Cherokee Indian word meaning "Onward and Upward," was chosen because it most aptly described the ongoing fight of the brain-injured child.

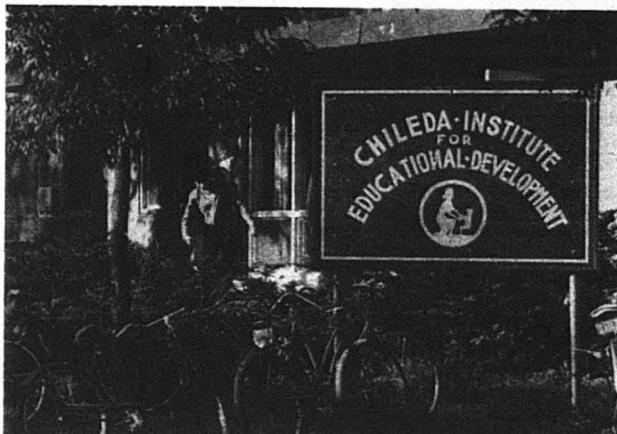


Photo by Mark McQueen

## Multi-handicapped children call Chileda home

Chileda is the only institution in the midwest and as far as is known in the country that serves the needs of the multi-handicapped child. A multi-handicapped child is one who has any combination of disorders, such as blindness and cerebral palsy.

The program is highly medical and each child is given 24 hour professional observation and treatment. Chileda offers a one-to-one ratio of staff to child, giving the

youngster the greatest opportunity for rehabilitation. The children enrolled at Chileda live in all areas of the state and a number of children are from out of state.

Chileda offers unique services and facilities to the multi-handicapped child such as early intervention, which is a program serving children from five to eight years of age who cannot be serviced in the public school systems. Other services in-

clude special professional relationships with area educational and health facilities; research and new treatment programs; and a singing program for the non-verbal child and communicative boards using pictures of objects and words.

One of the main reasons for Chileda's leaving Stevens Point is the inability of the institute to afford the rent the University must charge according to state regulations, another and possibly more important reason for the move is the improved program situation Saint Francis Hospital and the area educational institutions will be able to offer.

The administration highly praised and thanked the staff for the support they showed during the difficult period of transition. The administration and staff wish to thank the people of Stevens Point for the encouragement and support they showed for the Chileda Institute.

"Chileda leaves Stevens Point with mixed emotions. The friendships and professional relationships will surely be missed. The adventure of creating an even more effective program for children will be both a pleasure and, no doubt, an agonizing one. The Chileda program will continue to be innovative and precedent-setting and will be enhanced by this transition.

# United Council compromises on collective bargaining

By Gail Gatton

It took six hours of questioning, hassling, debating and even some downright arguing, but United Council members and TAUWF (The Association of University of Wisconsin Faculty) representatives reached an agreement concerning a student role in UW-collective bargaining.

At the meeting, held Saturday, June 18, on the Stevens Point campus, other issues were pushed aside or de-emphasized in order that UC members could get TAUWF to recognize the need for student input into collective bargaining.

Collective bargaining is the negotiation about wages, hours and other working conditions between workers organized as a group and their employer(s).

UC felt it was important that students be allowed to voice their concerns at bargaining sessions since many of the terms could affect student affairs.

After TAUWF tore apart the UC proposal the rest of the time was spent trying to piece it back together again. UC gave in on nearly all of TAUWF's points, but did manage to retain the right for student representatives to attend and make an oral presentation at bargaining sessions.

Representing TAUWF was President Bob Baruch, who is a member of Stevens Point's Theater Arts faculty, and Executive Secretary Ed Musczik. UWSP's Student Government President Rick Tank said that he was "less than enamored with the final proposal adopted by the UC."

TAUWF cut out of the proposal such things as student participation in fact-finding procedures, the right

to initiate items on the agenda, and the meeting of both parties before the signing of a written contract.

Other than the collective bargaining issue, UC received an appearance by UW's President Elect Edwin Young.

Young spoke at the beginning of the meeting and immediately claimed that he wasn't going to give a speech. He then went on to announce that "the system's in pretty good shape and doesn't need any drastic change."

Young also stated that he was going

to push for more grants to students and less loans because the taxpayers should pick up these bills rather than having a young person come out of college and start life with a couple thousand dollars worth of debts.

Students had a chance to throw some questions at young about

Students had a chance to throw some questions at Young about collective bargaining and mandatory dorm residency to which he answered briefly and then made his exit.

Other high points of the meeting were an appearance by Chancellor Lee Sherman Dreyfus and a decision

by UC to join the National Student Association. This will give UC an opportunity to have more input into issues on the national level.

Another interesting aspect of the meeting was a showing made by Eau Claire, the only school not represented in United Council. Going on two years ago, Eau Claire withdrew from UC due to personal conflicts. However, they are going to join again and had two representatives present at Saturday's meeting.

The next United Council meeting will be held in Madison on August 13.



**U.A.B. PRESENTS:**

**BRUCE LEE**

IN

**"ENTER THE DRAGON"**

**Tonight, June 23**

**7:00 P.M. Cost 50¢**

in the

**Program Banquet Room**

The ultimate in Martial Arts adventure and excitement!



**Enter The Dragon**





PLUS: A coffeehouse following the movie.



**Homecoming**

Top of the news tonight Hugo A. Machtan, 92, airs plans to break camp with third wife Rose Effie, 88, after brutal pummeling by his young bride's cane. Details at 6.

Darlene Machtan

**Coffeehouse**

Balladeer, it occurs to me that even things I thought I'd buried long enough ago to be safely deep easily resurface when one like you employs the proper pick.

Darlene Machtan

# THINGS TO COME

June 20-24

Sign up for UAB coed softball in Student Activities office.

Thursday, June 23

Movie "Enter the Dragon" 7pm Program Banquet Room cost .50 cents. Coffeehouse starring Joseph 9-11pm FREE.

Friday, June 24

Soa

Friday, June 24

Soap Opera Day 11:00am-1pm FREE. Your favorite soaps in the U.C. Coffeehouse.

Wednesday, June 29

Noon hour bingo FREE 11am-1pm in the U.C. Coffeehouse.

Thursday, June 30

Movie "Camelot" 7pm Program Banquet Room cost .50 cents. Coffeehouse Starring Bermuda Triangle 9-11pm FREE

## poetry poetry poetry

**Untitled**

**THE HARMONY HOOKER**

You  
the complete predatory bitch,  
the queen of the Harmony  
atop a bar stool throne  
sifting your considerations.  
They  
building you pedestals  
from ruins of your one-night stands.  
If they manage to avoid that grasp  
don't look at me,  
you  
may get me through the night  
but  
you look like poor transportation.

Karl Garson

Jerry Lee  
you are circling one more time  
checking out the strip for landing  
and airport control  
cannot decide  
how to signal this time around  
This terminal is  
sometimes all too busy  
with no space for  
excess baggage and gear  
but sometimes closed down  
due to inclement weather  
bomb scares  
and how am I to know  
how busy the skies will be  
by the time I bring you down?

Jerry Lee, you,  
like all the others  
can just keep circling  
If necessary you may  
parachute  
or if compelled  
crashland.

Darlene Machtan

## UAB PRESENTS THE ACCLAIMED MOVIE "CAMELOT"

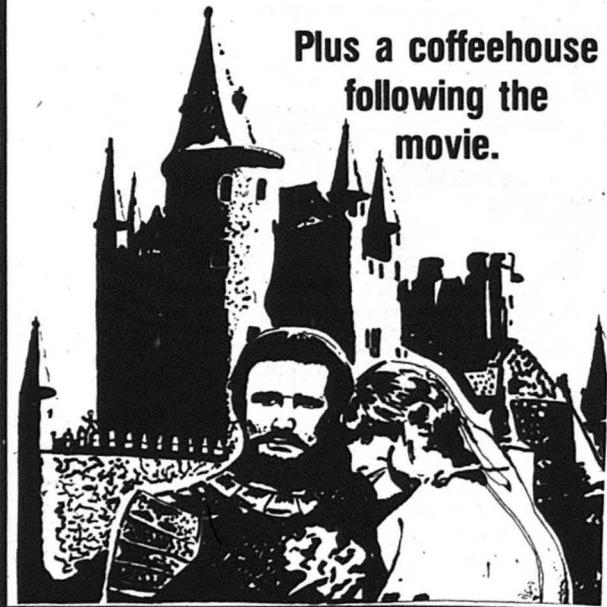
Starring

Richard Harris-Vanessa Redgrave-Franco Nero

THURSDAY, JUNE 30—50°

7:00 p.m. Program Banquet Room

Plus a coffeehouse following the movie.



DONT GAMBLE WHEN YOU GO OUT TO EAT!



GET A "PIZZA" THE ACTION AT S&J PALACE

1059 MAIN STREET, STEVENS POINT \*OR STEAK, SPAGHETTI, OR BEER TOO!

Now Serving Hamburgers and French Fries SUNDAY SPECIAL: GREEK SHISHKEBAB

## Minorities take to the screen

By Sue Malzahn

Six thousand dollars and we're in the movie business. Well, not actually in it, but a vital part of at least one film in particular. In fact, maybe it couldn't be done without us, considering that UWSP Student Government allocated six thousand dollars to begin its production.

Involved is the new filming project of Dr. Roger Bullis, a member of the Communications faculty at UWSP. Bullis previously produced and directed: *99 Bottles*, which dealt with alcohol abuse and has received national recognition. The film currently underway will deal with problems encountered by minority students in predominantly white communities like Stevens Point. Bullis, the project coordinator, is working on the film in conjunction with producer Jim Schneider and Associate producer-script consultant Barbara Farlow of the UWSP Extended Services Office.

The object of the film, according to Schneider, is "to tell the story of minorities as seen by minorities." Filming is still in the planning stages and no specific shooting schedule or locations have been arranged. However, Schneider expects most of the shooting to take place on campus. Since minority problems can best be

exposed by those individuals who experience them, personal expression will be a significant part of the movie. At this early stage most of the filming consists of discussions and the airing of problems by minority students.

Of course, much of such early filming may not actually appear in the finished product, but you have to start somewhere and that seems to be an appropriate beginning. Schneider commented that there is no definite planned outcome of the movie and no intent to present only the "talking heads" of minority students. Rather, he hopes to produce a film encompassing the minority problem in a wider scope, returning to cuts of actual discussion only intermittently.

The movie will deal mainly with three American racial minorities: black, native american, and chicano. At this point Schneider plans to emphasize those problems that different minorities have in common, although problems not shared by all (such as urban and rural difficulties) will not be ignored. The film will focus largely on problems related to campus life which include social, economic and linguistic areas. Some focus will also be placed on minority relations to the community.

Little difficulty is expected in getting students to participate. Farlow commented that minority students

are often eager for the opportunity to express grievances and problems. Most people are honest verbally, but Schneider feels that actual filming tends to intimidate. He urged that trust between the participating minorities and the film crew must be built up gradually. He also stressed that the project is not a public relations film for the university. The main concern is to deal with and expose the problems of minorities. The profit factor is not a top priority.

In fact, Schneider is not certain that the film on minorities will be as successful in terms of appeal to the public as *99 Bottles* was. The main reason for this, says Schneider, is that the minority topic "is not as hot" as that of alcoholism. Furthermore, the minority film is not expected to have the extensive distribution that was possible for *99 Bottles*. It is suspected that the minority film will be used largely for and restricted to educational purposes for use in high schools, human relations courses, dormitory programs and social service groups.

The total cost of the film is estimated at \$12,700. Actually this is a low-cost budget as compared to a film produced commercially. This low-cost budget is made possible through university facilities and the talent of Communication majors

drawn from Bullis' classes or those on independent study arrangements. Communication students are active in service as technicians, consultants, and cinematographers. Thus, the filming also provides an academic-instructional function in the Communication area.

The remainder of the \$12,700 not supplied by Student Government will be obtained from various other sources not yet officially determined. However, Mary Williams, Executive Secretary to the Chancellor, who approached Student Government President Rick Tank for funding, claims that the Student Government bears the major burden of the cost with their allocation of \$6,000. Tank noted three specific aspects of the film beneficial to students. He recognized it as a vehicle to open discussions on the problems of minority students, as a means to better communication between the student government office, the Communications Department, and minorities. Finally, he saw it as a sort of reassurance to minorities considering enrollment at UWSP that they are indeed recognized and heard on this campus.

As of yet, no title has been decided for the film and only a tentative date of completion set for the end of August.

## "Tore down paradise and put up a parking lot"

By Karl Garson and Bob Ham

The ceiling is disappearing. The lights on some of the beer signs are out. Many of the stools are gone—sold. One by one, the vital signs of the Harmony Bar are dropping to zero. Six days from now, on Wednesday the 29th, the Harmony will close forever. Shortly thereafter, the Stevens Point Redevelopment Authority, which bought the place, will tear down—if the patrons haven't already.

When asked how he felt about the fate of the Harmony, co-owner Jim Jensen poured himself an enormous tumbler of vodka, added orange juice for coloring, and said, "Three years in the college bar business is enough." Jensen plans to go into rustic fences after the collapse of the bar. His partner, Conrad Graczyk, will be going into Christmas wreaths, beehives, and circus tents.

The last night at the Harmony promises to go down in history as an unnatural act. According to Jensen, everything will be cleared out by then, and the band "Shine" will be playing. Over 250 people can fit into the bar as it is now—when its emptied, half of Point is liable to end up squeezed in there. "We're gonna be the cause of a lot of missed work on Thursday," Jensen predicted.

When asked about the fate of his many regular customers, Jensen said that Bernie's, Congress, and the Yacht Club would probably be getting increased business. Contrary to rumor, the Harmony will not be relocating.

The building which houses the soon to be defunct Harmony has an interesting history. It's dated 1894, and was built by the Langenbergs, who owned a local brickworks. The Langenberg family lived in the upstairs section, which now houses the Moose Temple. The downstairs section, now the Harmony, was an art shop, then a grocery, before finding its niche as a tavern. And what's the



Photo by Mark McQueen

Patrons harmonize

### ultimate fate of the Harmony?

The Stevens Point Redeveloping Authority will tear it down and, to rudely paraphrase Joni Mitchell, they'll put up a parking lot.

### Harmony Fantasy

Bob and I found two empty barstools in the Harmony, sat down, and started some serious drinking. Three hours later, when the bar opened, Bob ordered a round, turned to me, and said, "You can call me Gonzo if you like." I passed out.

When I came to, we were in a barn. The mood was black and white. So were the moos. Visions of the past few days flashed before me. There was the bearded woman clad in a loin cloth. There was the Ferrarri crashing into the Cessna at the Stevens Point airport. There was the maple tree in its full fall plumage.

"I lost all my socks the other day," Bob was saying. "I think it's a genetic problem. My parents used to put their

feet into microwave ovens."

"Tell me more about yourself," I said.

"I'm double jointed," he began.

"Where?"

"Mostly in Detroit, though I've been known to fall over in small towns throughout America."

"It's my turn now," I said. "My sister who lives in Canoga Park is an only child. She got straight A's in the delivery room. Later in life when I had the time to reflect on all this, I decided that I must have been an orphan at birth—maybe even before.

How about your early life?" It was no use Bob was already asleep. I was going to put a record on, but was interrupted by a farmer who wanted to use his barn to finish a novel.

Suddenly Bob woke up and said "I don't like nuns. They have such awful habits." As if on cue, two large burly nuns entered the barn. They immediately began throwing their weight around, bad-mouthing the cows, kicking the chickens, and stomping the silage. "Down with the Pope," Bob shouted.

"Who said that?" said the burliest nun.

"Nun of your business," said Bob. "Besides, it was Karl." The two nuns picked me up by my ankles, and threw me out into the moonlight.

"Bob," I said, "let's get out of here."

Running through the marsh south of the barn was no easy task, but finally we gained the higher ground a mile away. Sunrise could not be far off, we reasoned, and with the Vatican's agents searching for us, we planned to lie low for as long as we could. We were both exhausted. "Karl," Bob said, "Let's work our way back to the Harmony for the next round."

Our thoughts were interrupted by the sound of dogs yelping. "Are those your dogs?" I asked.

"My dogs—I thought they were your dogs."

Well then, they must be somebody else's dogs, we reasoned. We made a run for it, just as the morning broke.

Time was running out. "After it!" Bob exclaimed. Soon we were chasing Time all over the countryside. An hour passes. "There goes another one," Bob hollered. "Catch the bastard!" It was hopeless. We threw ourselves down on the wet grass, and watched the minutes tick by. Soon Time was gone completely, and we hadn't caught on.

We heard the dogs again, and eyed another accusingly. Suddenly we were in a car wash. I went through and got auto-massaged. Bob got a hot wax. We looked brand new. So new, in fact, that the Vatican men went right past us, dogs and all.

"Henny Youngman was introduced to violins at an early age," I remarked.

"Drop it," said Bob. "There's enough violence in the world today." Just then, the lights went on again. "Bar time," the nun announced. We'd never left the tavern.

"Well," Bob said, "that's a night at the Harmony for you."

con't from cover

By Sharon Malmstone

When his book *Development Through Drama* was published, his creative ideas and extraordinary methods were spread even farther.

The techniques he has developed and mastered so completely came about through his increasing exposure among children, as he played and worked with them. His own three children furthered his ideas, then tested them and proved them valid. Today the evidence of their effectiveness exists in the fact that he is in such demand.

The Educational Arts Association is sponsoring his sixth trip to the United States. UWSP was the third stop on the tour. Out-of-state teachers as well as those from Stevens Point and Wisconsin joined the University's drama students at the workshop.

Wherever Brian Way teaches he leaves the same basic ideas and follows essentially the same program. It is a basic introduction of how to use drama and add to it.

The trick is to bring out the emotion and imagination which is a natural element inside of people, without them fearing or even realizing its

release. His participants experience this in the workshop, learn from it and then practice it on the children they teach.

During his sessions, Mr. Way initiated activities which would help his participants to develop seven important details—concentration, the use of one's senses to improve that concentration, imagination, intuitive experience, practice in speech, recognition of emotional feelings and confidence.

Now let these elements form a circle around a pre-school child. While the child plays, he masters all these attributes without anyone ever teaching him. The first seven years of life bestow more knowledge on him at a faster rate than future years ever will. This fact forms the basis for Brian Way's theory that all children are intelligent and creative beings and that adults destroy this somewhat with their criticism and set expectations.

This became evident in one of his longer projects.

The end result was a play where the actors were heard rather than seen. The stage was made by them from junk material that had been provided in a heap in the middle of the room. In 50 minutes they were to create a model which contained land and water, something old and something new.

As with the children, the adults attending the workshop were encouraged to play. In doing so, they released their emotions and involved their heart, mind, body, and soul to express themselves. This facilitated a proper balance of well being and happiness.

The first thing the English actor did was test the concentration of his participants. They were instructed to concentrate on a still photograph created with sugar. This fervid concentration broke rapidly. When it did, Mr. Way continued with the next part, which was an effort to make each person aware of his own existence.

Using their sense of hearing, sight, and touch, the group examined the lines and colors in their own hands. Through this examination other patterns were found and things that were never seen before were discovered. Next they touched their clothing and learned the exact texture of what they wore. This led into the feel of their fingers in cool, soft clay. All this time their senses were alert, looking, listening, touching, until their imaginations also became involved.

The rhythmic tapping of a familiar beat then became the agent used to activate their imaginations. Each individual was encouraged to share the images they saw with another. This

began their practice speaking and searching for words to express their feelings.

By this time Brian Way had his participants highly absorbed in their activities. Through his own enthusiasm he involved them and by not judging or criticizing the actions they took, he allowed their emotions to come forth.

The next time the music played, they were alone drawing with various shades of chalk on different colored construction paper, interpreting their individual concept of the music through art.

Soft tones, bright colors, gentle curves, and sharp angles were then combined as each member of the group put forth their interpretation to be combined in a collage with the others. Each group hung their collection on the wall competing to out-do the others in the creative arrangement they formed.

"Now it is truly an art gallery," said one person examining the designs arranged in circles and pyramids, overlapping, swirling, and toppling.

"Look how attractive ours looks," commented another, who had been comparing.

The room was filled with excitement and anxious chatter. "The whole thing was just beautiful," exclaimed another student as everyone began to leave for a short break.

It seemed just short of miraculous that Brian Way could establish such a close relationship and radiate such great excitement in so short time. His method of expressing himself was so enthusiastic that those around him caught it and then lost themselves.

It seemed just short of miraculous that Brian Way could establish such a close relationship and radiate such great excitement in so short time. His method of expressing himself was so enthusiastic that those around him caught it and then lost themselves in it.

Mr. Way feels an enormous responsibility knowing that those who attend his workshops have given up their time and money to do so. This is why he is able to throw himself into his work, it is so important to him that

his students may learn what he considers exciting.

He draws them into it by obtaining their trust and making them believe in him. As soon as they do this they become creative. The projects they do reflect their own individuality. The enthusiasm they gain re-energizes him.

"It's beautiful," Brian Way related, "to see people who've never even met each other before, work so well together."

With each separate presentation the audience changed as one group after another performed their stories featuring the Shangri-La Disaster or excitement at the Alcatraz Prison, or the soap opera intrigue of "As Sulphur Springs Turns".

The immense creativity and differences that made each act individual was thrilling. It makes you wonder what Brian Way was thinking and the many different methods of response he had received to his project. A smile stretched across his face and his eyes glowed. But he wasn't comparing his students. He did not bother himself by trying to pick out the best or the most talented people. It is unnecessary, he feels, because all people are creative. And each person's unique way of expressing this creativity is highly important.

This is why he gives workshops for teachers. By treating his participants as he believes children should be treated, they can experience its positive effect and use his methods on their young students.

This is so important because children are so important. Mr. Way has recognized the amount of intelligence and fantastic creativity they possess. He has ignored the frequently overbearing tendency to stress intelligence, and instead has developed a method to release what is already inside a child.

He teaches their instructors by igniting their imagination through a fresh realization of their senses. Newly released emotions allow them to follow his instructions, to act silly, to pretend to be crazy, to act like a monster, to grow, to fight, or to take a journey. He told them to act out a still picture, instructing them to imagine how a documentary might have been done about it.

Brian Way believes his program equally lends itself to everything imaginative and artistic. Through drawing, music and drama his group was experiencing, discovering, and learning together. The evidence was there at the end of the session; on the walls, the arrangements of colorful chalk drawings and the long portraits of moods reflected in different paintings; in the corners, the remains of the models which had been composed of junk; and on the surrounding tables, clay objects molded after the final expression each person felt.

"People ask me what it's all about, to put all that I do into a nutshell. If I must do that it would be this..." Brian Way chuckled and stroked his beard for effect and continued on, his British inflection firm, "that through the opportunities provided by the creative integration of the arts in schools, each human being has been given the opportunity to emerge with the confident feeling they've been born to be, without envy of others and without arrogance about others—a happy confidence with the person they've been born to be. And on the other side of the penny, they experience the awareness of the dignity of the other people by putting on the shoes of the other people."



Participants nurse battle wounds



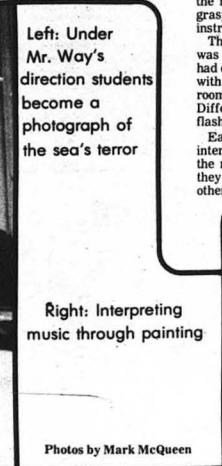
Left: Under Mr. Way's direction students become a photograph of the sea's terror



A new city under construction



Attention focuses on Brian Way

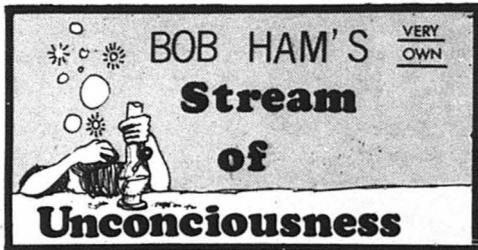


Right: Interpreting music through painting

Photos by Mark McQueen



Above: Collecting building materials for new city



There's definitely something unusual about me. I have an uncanny talent for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Take the other day, for instance—88 degrees, a cool breeze swishing around, two ladies playing guitars out on the grass—I'm in Bio-lab, digging organs out of a frog. It was a complicated assignment—remove the frog's vital parts, list them alphabetically, put them back in the right places, and help the frog return as a useful member of society. I do lousy at stuff like that; I'm not very good with my hands, I can't put things back together, and I tend to throw up a lot.

I always seem out of place. My tennis class is a good example. The first day, I got put into a doubles match with three guys who came on like Jimmy Connors, Bjorn Borg, and Ilie Natase. They looked like pros. I looked like Don Knotts with a flyswatter. The other guys immediately sensed I was a beginner when I offered to pitch. A minute later, when I returned a volley, ran around the court, and slid into home, they knew they had trouble.

No matter where I am at any given time, I'd rather be somewhere else. I'll be at a big party, blasted out of my mind, seducing women by the armful, and suddenly I'll think, gee...I ought to go home, make a pot of tea, page through a good book, and pass out.

I could be the first man on Mars, standing there on that alien landscape, watching eerie lights flicker across the red desert—and suddenly, I'd be lonesome for the Square. I can almost see myself, sitting up there in my Mars Lab, telescope trained on the Earth, trying to focus on the Harmony.

I've often felt that I'm "not of this world." I think my body was genetically designed for a completely different planet, and that's why I have so much trouble here. I don't think time is all that complicated upon my home planet. There's probably a low-cal substitute for it. You stir it into a Mint Julep, go on a crash diet, shed about three years, then live them back some other way. If you miss Monty Python, you just do some sit-ups, work off an hour or so, and there you are. People would always have time to make love—just the sweat they'd work up doing it would set them back about nine hours. There would even be time for a nap and a shower.

## Fixing Your Carbs

By Karl Garson

Listen, this story begins with a disclaimer. That means I can't be held responsible if you ignore the following advice. **ADVICE:** Before beginning any diet, consult your physician (doctor for freshmen), and follow his or her advice.

How clever of you, having guessed this story is about dieting.

There are varying reasons to diet. In our culture the favorite reason seems to be, "To feel better," which translates into, "I'd like to feel better, look more attractive; even foxy."

Another good reason to diet is limited space. Having trouble fitting into clothing, doorways, and double sleeping bags can be disconcerting. When I was in the Navy I was allowed to fly airplanes. (What did I know?) There came the day when my affection for food was outweighed by my affection for fitting comfortably into my airplane. That's when I met the low carbohydrate diet. It works. If you want to feel better by fall, and this is summer, it's worth a try.

First step is the purchase of a book listing the carbohydrate contents of every food from abalone to zucchini. The booklet I have comes equipped with a height-weight chart and a dandy picture of a swim suit clad couple running through the surf. I wisely ripped out the picture and threw it away. I wanted my diet to be realistic. (What did I know?)

As you glance over the food listings notice how beer has one carbohydrate per ounce (12 per can), while Scotch has none. The light beers vary from two to three carbs per can, and are a better bet for the hard core beer guzzlers. This diet survives a night on the square in relatively easy fashion (probably better than you do). Watch

the mixes, stick to water or diet soda. Surviving a meal on fast food alley is more difficult, but possible.

The next step is deciding to ingest forty to sixty grams of carbohydrates a day. That's the gospel because it works and lets you eat something more than lettuce with vinegar. By thus limiting your body's carbohydrate intake you will disable its ability to keep fat around you. A detailed explanation of the process should be in your diet book. If it isn't, don't buy the book.

The next step is watching both what you eat and your weight loss. Both important, but need not be a pain in the routine. A little experimentation allows you to eat well at home and away because you will be amazed at your knowledge of where the high carb foods lurk. For instance, you may want a cheeseburger. That's OK, if you can afford 24 carbs for the day, but forget the french fries and substitute coffee or diet soda for the shake. See, you've just eaten at the fast food joints and still remained on your diet. Amazing! With a little care, this diet and SAGA foods can also be friends.

Your weight loss will vary from day to day. Weight may even increase once in a while. For this reason weigh prepared for occasional disappointments. A curiosity I've noted are weight levels at which one seems to remain for a week or more. These are always followed by a steady weight loss. I guess it's just one's body-being stubborn, but the condition is temporary.

If you want to "feel better" by this fall, or are sick of emulating the Goodyear blimp, try the low carbohydrate diet. It works. (I know).

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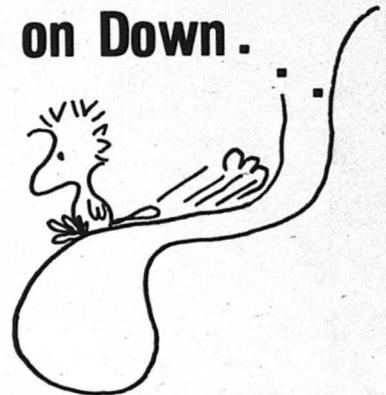
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The Pointer Page 10 June 23, 1977

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## Iverson Opens Outdoors

By Laurie Low

It has become apparent that man can no longer go anywhere without leaving a trace of his having been there. Maybe you consider that sad, or discouraging, but it is merely a fact congruent to our existence.

When I was young, I always took a shortcut through the park near my home. Short-cuts are indispensable to growing up. Little did I realize then the trace that I would leave, because now that short-cut has become a nature trail for the benefit of anyone who goes to Jules Iverson Memorial Park.

The idea of turning the existing path into a self-guided, nature interpretation trail was conceived by a group of graduate students from this campus. The final product is the result of the co-operative efforts between the Park and Recreation Department and the UWSP.

The trail is approximately one mile long, and consist of 17 stations marked by a numbered cedar post. Each station bears evidence of some natural phenomenon, whether it be the identification of a species of oak tree, or animal, or the formation of the land created by inevitable evolution.

To aid in your appreciation of the trail, a pamphlet has been distributed to various places in the city. The pamphlet explains the purpose of each station. These guidebooks are available at the Chamber of Commerce office, Charles M. White Memorial Library resource center,

the University center, and may be found at the beginning of the trail at various times. The guidebook is free.

Now, if you expect to plunge into virgin forest, or if you expect to find yourself secluded by the bounty of nature's serenity, I guarantee you will be disappointed. For one thing, this is not the purpose of the path. Rather, it is intended to give people a chance to learn by themselves and at their leisure something about their environment. Also, the park is a public place used by many people.

The path is informative and pleasurable. It enhances your awareness of what is around you, and especially why it is around you. Which brings us to the reason the trail is called a "nature interpretation trail." If we are to keep any kind of perspective of the value of our environment, we will have to learn how to interpret what our environment is there for, and how it got that way. Everything has purpose.



Photo by Mark McQueen

Iverson trail invites all

Almost everything, anyway. As I walked down the trail, I was confronted by the expected birds and squirrels—and unfortunately, more litter than I could carry back with me in one trip. Some of man's traces may be inevitable, some are unnecessary. I encourage everyone to use the trail; a lot of energy and money went forth for a good cause. I also assume

that it is everyone's responsibility to respect it. If you are finished with the trail guidebook, place it back in the box at the beginning of the trail. They are reusable.

If you want to chew gum, throw the wrapper away.

If you want to drink beer, which you shouldn't, throw your cans away.

If you are going to leave a trace, leave a purposeful one.

### TRIBUTE TO A ROAD-KILLED RABBIT

Crows against the dawn  
rising from the rabbit flats  
in steady whip-rolls  
blackening my vision.

Karl Garson

sky below sea level

the rain  
comes  
down it  
splinters prairie it  
smokes highway  
it strong as  
First National and  
Amoco it  
yearling tiger  
poking into hot  
zebra it  
comes  
down it  
thrushes foothills  
laughs  
into mouth of  
old tadpole.

ara taylor

Eulogy for a Lady of the Evening  
or  
Pinto and White Tail Exchange  
Greetings on 13 South

Strange that after we  
burn your woods to roadway  
and you die  
cutting 'cross to meet a friend  
I should be the one  
who everyone feels sorry for

Darlene Machtan



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# Dreyfus Lake faces possible ecocide

By Patricia Ann Mather

The threat to the north campus is no longer the bureaucrats. It's anyone who has not yet learned that motorcycles, cars, and littering parties are not compatible with growing things.

After the ecological shock of having its ground water pumped, its vegetation stripped, and its soil and subsoil gouged from it, the Dreyfus Lake area is just beginning to recover. Unfortunately, littering, over-use by people, motor vehicles with their oil and gas leaks seeping into the water, as well as weight compaction of the latter, threaten the area with their abuse.

People have also been swimming in

the lake, which in itself isn't bad, were it not also associated with the aforementioned ecological disturbances. The main danger of swimming in the lake is to the people themselves. There are no lifeguards and the rim of the lake is steep in some parts.

Desecration of the area only decreases the possibility of it being utilized for recreation purposes in the future. Tests of the water in the lake shows it to be of good quality, but it must be allowed to return at its own speed without pollution becoming introduced. Trails, picnicking, and other recreational activities which are compatible with the natural

upkeep and educational use of the area, are in the plans for the near future.

The Foundation still owns the land, although it is expected to pass to the university soon. Until it does, there isn't much the university can do to really protect this delicate area, except plead to people's moral senses.

The north campus is simply not ready for use. If you cannot control your curiosity and impatience, at least do not abuse the land with vehicles and litter. The only thing that will prevent the land from becoming a useful and beautiful contribution to our environment once again is us.

has returned, I've seen no evidence of fish. That and the lack of fresh beaver signs remind me of last summer's drought and to be thankful for the wet spring.

In the open areas I've passed to reach this point, the frost of two night's past has taken its toll. There the more vulnerable plants, fern among them, stand withered and autumn brown. The cornfields along the road show evidence of moderate damage. If my former neighbor Walter were alive this spring, he'd surely repeat his warning, "Never plant your garden until June 19th." He was right last year too.



Beach combers enjoy Dreyfus Lake

## Summer Sojourns

By Karl Garson

The waters of the Little Eau Claire flow swiftly by this point. Here an ash has sent up multiple trunks in an effort to hold a point of earth opposite a rock escarpment, the intervening remains of which form a small rapids above a broad pond.

A year ago the river was drought-slowed to a trickle here, and a month after that it was possible to hike northeast in the rocky bed, seeing small fish in the remaining pools, an easy mark for the heron and raccoon which preyed upon them.

This year, although the life of water

But here the water, the cattail and grasses, and all the life around this pond bring my mind to focus on here and now. Some insects are eating the "popple" leaves on pondside trees. The tufted titmouse at the top of one is easier to view because of this. The redwing blackbirds are angry, as usual, at my intrusion. Tracks show this to be a favorite and busy water source for deer and red fox. A dead elm at its far end reflects in the pond. Ripples in the surface are new cycles, reminders of regeneration.

It has finally been a warmer day. If tonight is quiet, I will hear these rapids from the cabin door. We are approaching a new moon but the whippoorwill will magnify the starlight with song.

This may be a spring, wet and a trifle cold, but we are richer for the life it has returned.

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# Kiddie Kegler Bowls Over Pros.

By Randy Wievel & Tim Sullivan

The customer at the bar ordered a Budweiser and looked out over the adjoining bowling alleys. They were all dark and vacant, except for number 12, where a small, blond boy was practicing.

Convinced he wasn't missing much, the man turned back to his beer.

But the customer was overlooking something. Something special.

It was the boy's fifth practice game of the afternoon and his scores were 221, 216, 216, 227, and 199.

Not bad for a ten-year old who weighs 70 pounds and is not quite four feet tall.

The prodigy's name is Bo Ceplina, the son of Bob and Mickie Ceplina, the owners of Bowlmor Lanes in Wisconsin Rapids. Bo is arguably the best bowler of his age in America and already has his eye on a pro career.

Nicknamed Bo by his father because of a resemblance at birth to boxer Carl "Bobo" Olson, Ceplina averages a constantly improving 172 in his weekly league, had rolled a 300 game in open bowling and last February upstaged the professionals at the prestigious \$100,000 Miller High Life Open Pro-Am in Milwaukee.

The Miller Pro-Am took place on February 20, Bo's tenth birthday.

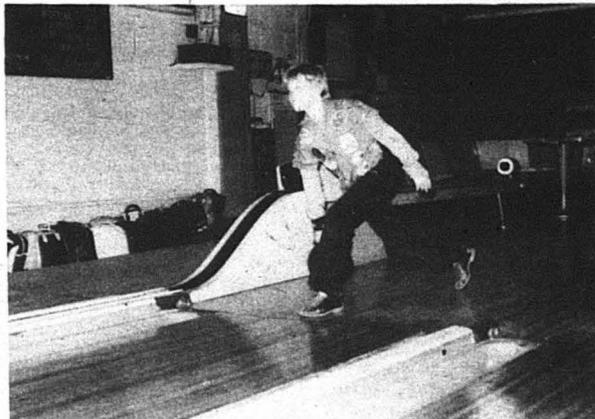


Photo by Kurt Louma

Bo Ceplina shows off talents on lanes

The night before he showed he had a little Joe Namath in him by telling his mother he was going to roll a 600 series.

And, unfazed by the giant 72-lane complex at the host Celebrity Lanes, Bo fashioned a 232, 192, and 204 for a

tremendous 628.

"He was throwing an unbelievable ball," stated Mickie, who doubles as his unofficial coach. "He was out of the pocket only twice in Milwaukee, and they were difficult lanes."

Difficult? Ask Earl Anthony, the

scourge of the PBA tour the last three years. He shot a 137!

Of the three pros Bo competed with, only Jerry Buchholz managed to outscore him, 207-192. He blitzed the others by 99 pins.

Bo's 628, with no handicap, was good for second in the Bantam division (11 and under), trailing only a youth with a 60 pin bonus.

This becomes even more astounding when considering that the high pro series of the day was only 638.

Bo's only regret at the Miller Open was that he couldn't bowl with his idol, Dick Weber. Weber couldn't make the Pro-Am, and "all the really good pros were on the other side."

Back at Bowlmor, Bo chalked up a 643 in league play, which was the top individual series for a Bantam boy in the United States.

But what about the perfect game last December?

"Some of the strikes were kind of sloppy, but they all swished down," he shrugged.

For good measure, Bo continued rolling strikes until his streak was snapped at 15 by a pesky 10 pin.

The talented youngster is naturally shy around strangers and admits that interviewers sometime "shake him up". But it's something he'll have to get used to.

After school, Bo will come home (the family lives over the alleys) and roll seven or eight lines. During the week he'll bowl approximately 50 games.

He now used a ten-pound ball, and his right thumb is almost twice the size of his left. His approach is five steps, then he delivers what Mickie describes as "a powerful hook".

Indeed, the ball he throws is an astonishing one for a person so small. Despite his home-alley advantage at Bowlmor, he's always done well on foreign lanes.

"He can adjust to any lane, dry or wet," Bob mentions.

Bo's talents are not that surprising when looking at his family.

His parents are both accomplished keggers with numerous national honor counts to their credit.

Bob's recent 753 at Bowlmor is believed to be the highest series in Wisconsin Rapids history. He has two perfect games and "five or six 299s."

Bo's older sisters, Julie and Lori, are also no slouches on the lanes.

At one point, the Ceplina family held city highs in junior, bantam and senior competition.

The future is unlimited for Bo, who started bowling at age three and hasn't tired of it yet.

One of the reasons he wants to become a pro is that he wants his dad to see him on television.

As for now, he'd like to bowl a 700, which, even for a bantam is the national honor count, and then...

"I'd like to beat Dad," he jokes, knowing that Bob's 753 is a good distance ahead.

But Mickie Ceplina doesn't think so. "It won't take long for him to beat Bob," she believes.

And what does Bob Ceplina think of this?

"When it happens, I'll cut off his finger," he says with a huge grin.

As he talked from behind the bar, there was a sudden crashing of pins from the previously dormant lanes.

Everyone looked up and noticed that over on 12, Bo was at work and had left a solitary 10 standing.

It doesn't happen often.

The Pointer Page 13 June 23, 1977

## Oddball Homeruns

By Randy Wievel

Baseball has had its share of remarkable home runs.

Remember Babe Ruth's "called shot" in the 1932 World Series? Or how about Gabby Hartnett's "Homer in the Gloamin'" which won a pennant for the Cubs in 1938?

Zany Jimmy Piersall once knocked one out and ran the bases backwards.

Last year Tim McCarver of the Phils hit a grand slam homer that became a grand slam single when he passed a baserunner and was called out.

On April 14, 1976, Naomi Martinez was sitting peacefully in her home on Chicago's Kenmore Avenue, watching the Cubs tangle with the Mets.

Suddenly, Naomi heard a thud against the side of the house and ran out to investigate. Met's slugger Dave Kingman had just deposited a ball 550 feet out of Wrigley Field, that had it gone three feet further, would've crashed through a window in the Martinez home and rolled right up to the TV.

Talk about being in the game!

More appropriate to our story, perhaps, were the "taters" Wally Moon hit for the Dodgers during their first years in Los Angeles.

Prior to the construction of Dodger Stadium, Walter O'Malley's team played in the Memorial Coliseum. The Coliseum featured a huge screen protecting the left field seats, which were a mere distance away and gave pitchers nightmares.

Moon, a lefthanded swinger, devised a way of chipping fly balls over the screen with regularity. These clouts were dubbed "Moon Shots".

Yet no homer in major league annals can compare with the one hit last



Thursday night at Iverson Park by Cheryl Birkner of Papa Joe's.

It was nearing 10pm and the fog was rolling in from the outfield when Birkner came to bat against Morey's, a Stevens Point Softball Association Powder Puff League rival.

Papa Joe's had runners on first and second in the top of the second as Morey's Mary Platta released the pitch.

Birkner swung and drove the softball high and deep to left.

As the leftfielder turned to give chase, she was confronted with a startling vision.

A band of approximately ten unknown rowdies, bedecked in red sweatshirts, had strung themselves along the cyclone fence in the parking lot near the foul pole. At the crack of the bat, they dropped their pants and performed a group moon of the entire playing field.

Morey's defenders stood transfixed, ogling the sight, which, through the fog, looked like a ghostly mirage.

Meanwhile, Birkner gallivanted merrily around the sacks for a three-run, inside-the-park homer.

"I saw them do it," chuckled plate umpire Woba Witkowski afterwards. "I'm glad she hit the ball, because I was laughing too hard to call the pitch."

Morey's composure remained moonstruck for two innings, then they rebounded with 15 runs in the fourth to rescue a 21-15 triumph.

One thing is certain: this incident could have serious implications!

An anonymous player was heard to say that the stunt was causing turmoil on her squad.

"There's dissension amongst us now," she revealed. "Everybody wants to play left!"

# Area Writers Showcase Talent

Portage: 1977, edited by Alex Latham (University Writers, \$2.00, 80 pgs.)  
Reviewed by Robert Borski

Having always believed that if one is going to admit to being biased, one should do so early, let me begin by admitting what I have always disliked about *Portage*. Two things actually: one has been the appearance of cliquishness, that is, of it having been produced for one certain group and no one else. A good example of this is the *Portage* of several years ago, where everyone listed as editors had funny titles for themselves, the wittiness of which was pretty much reserved for members of University Writers and attendant groupies. I guess the people in charge were never quite sure where to draw the fine line between fraternity and incest.

As for my second gripe it is somewhat related. Involved is the same self-indulgence and pandering to "cleverness." Good examples from this year's *Portage* abound: there is first off the dedication ("Especially for nuns with black habits"), followed by the Moses Spiderwing entry (a house pseudonym), then the contributor's notes, many of which are attempts to appear wry and or cryptic, and finally, on the back cover, beneath the price listing, the "Slightly higher in Polonia" tagline.

Such attempts do little to encourage serious criticism or reception of the magazine as a whole, which is too bad: for an unprofessional venture *Portage* has always been tastefully produced as far as appearances go, and the writing, at least the better of it in this year's version, deserves to be read and commented upon. My advice to next year's staff is to forego this somewhat immature approach to publishing and let the results stand or sink on their own. Should such have happened this year, there would have been no foundation for a major complaint and those involved could have collected their laurels and considered themselves having done the area's patron of the arts a favor.

Now then, onward finally to an analysis of *Portage 1977*: as usual with endeavors of this nature, not all of the material is superlative-some of it, in fact, barely transcends the mediocre-but the overall quality, thanks largely to three outstanding poems, is high, with additional reinforcement coming from a number of minor poems and an interesting selection of fiction.

"Jon Garbarek Takes His Pulse," by Mike Cashin, constitutes the first of these aforementioned better poems. It is concerned not only with that unique synthesis we call creativity, but also the relationship of a musician to his jazz and the crystalline dynamics of an artform "wanting more-to-mel-than-to-be heard."

Cashin, who exhibits a cold tempered beauty of his own, very effectively captures with the poem's nordic imagery both the Scandinavian countryside of Garbarek's homeland and the delightful frisson of his music:

"jazz, crisp and distant  
as a Norwegian night  
has happened upon your sleep.

it sounds skyward  
and fine, sharp flakes  
if snow layer  
upon layer

with the morning  
into sand..."

All in all, with its mutually-reinforcing evocation of winter and Garbarek's "pulse," a very successful poem.

Tom McKeown of the UWSP English Faculty is the author of the next entry I liked very much. His "Invitation of the Mirrors" is a tale of silver labyrinths and how reality is both reflected and refracted therein.

Three stanzas comprise the poem; technically, however, each being only one sentence long, a glissando effect is built up by the ebbing and flowing together of words and images, perhaps signifying the continuum-like nature of mirrors themselves. McKeown's architectural skills in this case are most evident and help to shed illumination on the poem's subject matter.

Mirrors make travelers out of all of us, our baggage is packed with reflections, our destinations are lost in an infinity of unreturned light and glass. Initially, at least, "knowing reflections cannot be trusted" and "that the last morning is but the beginning of mornings," we may become confused; even desperate. McKeown's second stanza speaks of mirrors reflecting "nothing but the brittle faces of despair, a cold shining." All this, however, is resolved in the third and final stanza as the poet accepts the mirror's "invitation" and becomes a speculum-of-sorts himself:

"I go on packing the mirrors, knowing what  
they hold is theirs or what they hold  
is too great or too small to ever pack away,  
and the mirrors, if their lives are long,  
shall see me contained and carried, myself  
becoming mirrors, seeing backwards  
and forwards as light allows, as the invisible  
world flourishes and diminishes, itself  
grown wise in its own mirrors,  
balancing on the horizon."

Lastly then, Carol Rucks' "Never Sleep With a Man Who Doesn't Have Your Phone Number," completes this trinity of exceptional poems. The title is misleading. It led this reviewer, anyway, to grit his teeth and read on, hoping the subject matter would not turn out to some disguised feminist manifesto or arch comment on modern sexual mores. Happily Rucks had me fooled. Her poem, as it turns out, is neither chauvinistic nor coy, but confessional in nature, with regret its singlemost-sustained note. A lover has

found the narrator not quite good enough for him and inspires this revelation:

"The phone is blaring drums and trumpets.  
Alarms awaken the idea  
he never had of asking for your phone number  
from your personal archives."

Thus, the phone, which is supposed to represent communication, comes to symbolize the stillborn atmosphere of the relationship involved, like the umbilicus which accidentally strangles the infant at birth. Rucks' closing stanza thus picks up on this theme and seems to imply that even though we are living in the century which has seen the conquest of the North and South Pole, Mount Everest, and the Marianas Trench, we are still struggling to conquer the human frontier and that distance which lies between us all:

"The black lines of telephone wire between your houses  
electrify the haunting space  
between your bodies coiling  
messages you never spoke or half-expected."

Sadly, none of the above poets has more than one poem apiece in *Portage 1977*. Perhaps this works to everyone's advantage, however: creative pyrotechnics having been showcased to best effect leaves us hungry for more of, if not the work of Cashin, McKeown or Rucks, then additional poetry by others. And so we move on to the rest of *Portage*.

Unfortunately, space does not allow me to comment extensively on each remaining poem. But I will try to list those I found the more satisfying, qualifying the same with the old chestnut about how one man's stardust is another man's dross. Just because I have neglected to single out other poems, that is, please do not hesitate to read them. My evaluations are not gospel; a good deal of them are felt rather than drawn abstractly from the various theories of aesthetics. Please keep this in mind if you feel I have slighted any one poet.

Richard Behm's "At the Mouth of Presque Isle" and "Firebird" are marked by a certain lyrical economy and bold strokes of color. The latter poem is almost chantlike in its use of rhythm and what I, wrongly perhaps, tend to think of as AmerIndian imagery: "He is flame and blood-he dances-fragments of the sun."

Then there is Mary Jo Shaney's disarming "In City Park on Sunday." Its first two stanzas chart both the poet's spiritual tethers ("I feel alive with the sweat of old loves, old lives.") and an almost voyeuristic cataloguing of happenings in City Park, New Orleans. Only in the last stanza are we given to see the poet's feelings of estrangement, the impact of which is almost eschatological in its "I wonder why I am here-knowing-how I tend-always-homeward."

Mona Vold's three poems are of a kind and in their simple reciting of rural deeds and quiet acceptance of life strike me as derivative of the photographs in Wisconsin Death Trip. Chilling, especially when read together, all three, I believe, from Mona's "The Journal of Maud Ellen Hakes," the writings of a fictitious madwoman.

Antony Oldknow, who along with McKeown, Behm, and Dave Engel is also a member of the UWSP English Faculty, has two very solid offerings in "Visitor in a Purple Coat" and "Waiting for Rain." The former portrays a visit of an intractable Aunt and its forcefulness of line (28 of them comprise the poem's single sentence) neatly underscores her no-stopping approach. "Waiting for Rain," on the other hand, draws its strength from the repetition of details, a vis on of domesticity accented by sadness. "A tall thin woman-sits in a kitchen-Corner before a towel," waiting for the purging rains.

Karl Garson's "On Schoolhouses" is concerned not so much with nostalgia, but accepting the fact that all things must change. A schoolhouse, with its "rain weathered hallways," Weekly Readers, and coatroom packed with "mackinaws, lunches, and books," is successfully evoked. But instead of mourning the inaccessibility of time to all but memory, Garson concludes on a note of optimism: "I learn again. The loss of my pencil case-is survivable."

"At Dokusan Yesterday you Told Me," by Don Romundson, concerns the compression of the universe and how one man "who was crazy-and didn't care-about money" experiences it.

Lastly then, Carl Lungren and Bob Ham, with one and two poems respectively, offer us genuinely funny and offbeat portraits, with Ham's "Variation on a theme by William Carlos Williams" especially notable, even clever.

As for the fiction in *Portage*, all three selections are well-done. Kurt Busch's "The Call" is my favorite, a somewhat elliptical fable about a man who is 34 years old, worried about his plants, and waiting for "The Call." It is amusing, wry and bizarre, the sort of piece de resistance that brings to mind a collaboration between Gahan Wilson and Woody Allen.

Ara's Taylor's "Patchwork" concerns the beneficence of strangers and how perhaps temporary alliances are the only ones that stand a chance of working. It is a low-key, almost pastoral tale reminiscent of Richard Brautigan, more a mood piece than a story in the classic sense, but handled effectively nonetheless, with colors and details well worked out.

Finally, David Engel's "Professor Emeritus" completes the fiction offerings. It is about the unpleasantness of teaching English at a university called "Central State," in a city where there is a "Century Insurance." I found it a bit self-serving at times, but interesting in its portrayal of an English teacher who like many of us must come to grips with the fact that not all of us have accomplished what we have initially set out to do. Of the three stories it is perhaps the most provocative in theme, but at the same time the most depressing. Its last line is especially effective in both regards, real horrorshow material.

This leaves me with little to add outside of also citing the many fine photographs *Portage: 1977* is complimented with and to say it is available at the University Bookstore. For \$2, it is more or less worth your time and attention.

# REVIEWS

"Izitso"  
Cat Stevens  
A&M  
By Bob Ham



Cat Stevens has been improving his musical finesse with each new album. His newest, "Izitso," is his best instrumental performance to date. Unfortunately, "Izitso" also contains the most breathtakingly dumb lyrics Cat has ever penned.

The album is a reminiscence of childhood and growing up. For some reason, Cat seems to have felt it was necessary to revert to a pre-school vocabulary to get the nostalgic flavor across. The lyrics on this album sound like they were all written during milk-and-cookie time, with a crayola. Because of all these silly stanzas, very few of the spectacularly-inventive instrumental backdrops survive.

The opening cut, "(Remember The Days Of The) Old Schoolyard," is at once the musical peak and the lyrical

nadir of the album. The song starts off with a synthesizer flourish worthy of Walter Carlos. Unfortunately, Cat then sings:

Remember the days of the old schoolyard

We used to laugh a lot, oh don't you  
Remember the days of the old schoolyard...

After toddling through recollected laughing, crying, warm toast, and tea, Cat dribbles nostalgically about his first love:

You were my sweet love, my first sweet love

My lovey dove, my love lovey dove...

Yes, we get the idea, and by this time are wishing that Cat would suffer a minor head injury, and forget the days of the old schoolyard.

"Life" and "Killing Time" are marginally better. Both are instrumentally superb, swinging from one tempo to another on synthesizer trapezes—but again, the lyrical gymnastics are strictly 6th

grade. It takes guts to write a song about "life." It also takes intelligence. At least Cat has guts.

"Kypros" features Cat playing all by himself with tape loops and synthesizers. The song has no lyrics, making it the high point of the album. Side one ends with "Bonfire," a passable song, in which Cat gets burned to cinders in the arms of his lady love. The cut boasts a (brief) electric piano solo by Chic Corea, and the lyrics turn out well enough.

Side two opens with "(I Never Wanted) To Be A Star," that old "it's lonely at the top" cliché. Cat replays bits and pieces of his past hits, using them to change the tempo of the song. The lyrics are the most interesting on the album, despite Cat's tacky "I only wanted a little bit of love So I could put a little love in my heart" chorus.

"Crazy" and "Sweet Jamaica" are awful. They sound like the Cliffs Notes versions of other people's love songs. The instrumental portions are merely adequate, and, like the rest of the album, the lyrics are nowhere.

"Was Dog a Doughnut," the second instrumental number, is your average, run-of-the-mill junkfood jazz number. It really doesn't go anywhere, but it's interesting the way Cat embosses that stereophonic "WOOF" over the keyboard backdrops. Cat plays the drums too loud here, but, what the hell, he's the star.

The album knocks off with "Child For A Day," a maudlin little "Long and Winding Road" number with a pretty melody. The song has a little spark of life in it, possibly because Cat sings it as if it means something to him.

There's enough here (though barely) to make this album worth the money to a hard-core Cat Stevens fan. But if you aren't one of those, this album will not inspire you to join the ranks.

\*\*\*\*\*

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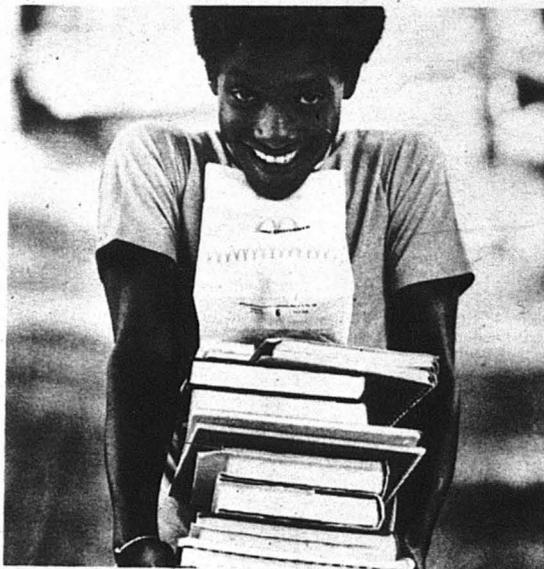
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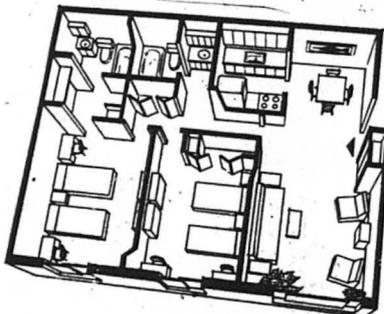
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