Hoopster data

By Bob Simmons

With almost all of last year's team returning from a 9-11 season, coach George Wignon should be in high spirits for this years season. Coach Wignon decided to use 8 players for strictly varsity purposes this year. All 8 players should help the team cause. All are fine athletes and should work well together.

Three big seniors will be starting in the center and forward slots. Center Tom Goodwin (6'5") and Jan Bright (6'5") and Jan Bright (6'5''). All three of these players are fine rebounders and all around players. It would be difficult to find a team with three players of their caliber.

The starting guards will be senior Earl Ruffin and junior Steve Schmelz. Ruffin possesses outstanding jumping ability and is a fine playmaker. Schmelz is the only non-senior started. He saw action last year as a sophomore where he is very talented.

Junior guard Jeff Starrett (5'-8") is the small man on this years team but makes up for his height disadvantage with quickness and fine defensive play.

Big junior center Louis Bouvier (6'5") provides fine rebounding and shooting. Lou works well down under the hoop. He should see a lot of action this year filling in at either center or forward.

Last but not least is freshman forward Mike Green (6'3''). Making the varsity as a freshman says a lot in itself. Green possesses outstanding jumping ability and shooting. Coach Wignon won't be afraid to use Mike in pressure situations.

These 8 players will provide the uniqueness for this years team. This team is definitely one to come out and watch!

Westmoreland continued...

GENERAL WESTMORELAND—"...Colley should never have been an officer; the man did not have the intelligence and the emotional stability..."

By Jim Curtis and Gil Crawford

Students: Once you said that the Vietnamese Army was a "first class well-disciplined, professional army," but when the end came they proved themselves not to be, in fact once before that you said that the junior officers of the Army were very, very capable.

What happened between 1969 and 1975 that caused this. Westmoreland: Could you tell me when I made those statements. Students: September 29, 1969 you said a first class well-disciplined professional Army.

Westmoreland: Where did I say that. I don't recall saying that.

By Bob Simmons

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By Bob Simmons

Cultural Services doomed

By Beth Thompson

Beginning in 1946 when Cultural Heritage courses were required he takes the final four semesters by all students, under the CORE program, Cultural studies in the Vietnamese is a Bates students' education. These requirements have changed since then. The courses offered have also changed. Cultural studies as a major was not recognized until 1972 when Cultural studies was organized into a department for a three year trial period. At the end of this trial period it was reconsidered and the Cultural Studies department was made into a committee retaining the Cultural Studies major.

The Cultural Studies Committee by recommending to the faculty in the November meeting that the department be disbanded and the major be eliminated. The committee was not suggesting that there is no longer a need for the course. They were saying that as a part of the CORE, they could not provide the courses and staffing needed to provide a strong major. When the students were made into a Committee they were told that neither the departments nor the College could provide staffing for the curricular offerings of Cultural Studies it's either worth no one could be given tenure in Cultural Studies or be hired with the expectations of teaching just Cultural Studies. This puts other departments in the difficult position of having to give some members of their departments part time to the Cultural Studies Committee when they may need them for their own departments. The Committee in its statement to the Faculty in November said that "Student confidence had been shaken by a series of resignations, the loss of departmental status, and the inability of the Committee to sponsor a cultural studies major or a series of predictable courses." Mr. Cole, Chairman of the Committee, said that "It is our hope that enrollment, Cultural Studies had been unable to promote itself because of academic shortcomings.

Continued on page 4
More parking space needed

To the Editor:

With the coming of winter and the ban on overnight parking on the street sides it becomes clear again. There is a severe lack of parking space for the entire south side of campus encompassing all the houses along Campus Avenue, Wood, College, and Frye Streets.

Thus the new parking lot on Campus Avenue seemed to make a lot of sense, even though I hated it. Yet it seems to be without any logical basis. Remember that the streetside parking ban on Campus Avenue is for the evening hours only and most of the employees of Bates College work during the day. A couple of spaces could easily be designated for those necessary overnight men. The faculty and staff could normally park on the street. Those snowy days when they couldn't safely on the street they could park next to Lake Andrews. This seems a clear example of an administration decision for the benefit of the administration and staff without regard for the needs of the paying student population.

Barbara Reisman - Editor
David Skinner - Business Manager
Brad Fuller - News Editor
Tory Brochheod - Art Editor
Robert Cohen - Feature Editor
Dana Forman - Sports Editor
Roger Spingarn - Photo Editor
Betsy Willams - Women's Sports
Dan Griffin - Lay-Out Editor
Andrea Simmons

Thank you
Mark Bennett

SUNDAY DEC. 4
BATES HOCKEY CLUB FIRST HOME GAME. See the hockey team in action at the Central Maine Youth Center against Tufts. Face-off at 1:15. To get to the Youth Center, go down Central Avenue past the Jr. High and Armory. Take the first left after the stop light.

MONDAY DEC. 5
PETITION DRIVE FOR THE 18-20 SPLIT DRINKING AGE. There is an important state election that day and there will be petitioners at polling places all over the state. Our responsibility includes the polls in Lewiston, Auburn, and Lisbon. No one is expected to work more than a few hours. Watch for signups in registration for ski touring: 9:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m. in the Alumni Gym.

SEASONAL MUSIC FROM THE MIDDLE AGES. At 7:30 in Chase Lounge, the Medieval Music Collegium will present a concert of Middle Age singing, dancing, and instrumental music by recorders, kinnhorna, viol de gamba, dulcimer, psaltery, and various percussion.

FILM: MARAT/SADE. Directed by Peter Brook and starring one of Maine's most innovative and exciting club and concert bands at 8:00 in Chase Lounge. Devonsquare is a fusion of jazz-folk-rock influences in their original compositions. Free admission.

CHRISTMAS ART SALE. The Art Dept. is having a sale of original woodcuts, drawings, and ceramics done by Bates students. Come and browse from 3:00 - 5:00 in the Fine Arts Building.

WEDNESDAY DEC. 7
ANNUCLOSMENTS

THURSDAY DEC. 8

FRIDAY DEC. 9

As I leave the schoolhouse, the rain sounds heavy in our hearts as we walk in silence beside a raging river toward a dark and swollen sea.

Andrea Simmons

Job opportunity for one or two students at the Sacred Heart Church on Minot Avenue in Auburn for BEANO PARTIES! Hours will be on Wed. nights from 6:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m. and on Saturday afternoon from noon until 4:00 p.m. Contact John Bourisk at 4-4875 or 4-6456.

EXTENDED LIBRARY HOURS FOR FINALS

Saturday Dec. 3rd - open until midnight
Sunday Dec. 4th - open at 10 a.m. (but not Audio)
Friday Dec. 9th - open until midnight
Saturday Dec. 10th - open until midnight
Sunday Dec. 11th - open at 10 a.m. (including audio)
Friday Dec. 16th - open until midnight (audio until 10 p.m.)
Saturday Dec. 17th - close at 1 p.m.
To eat meat or not to eat meat, and what is the question?

By T. Brotherhood

Vegetarianism is a combination of State of mind and state of stomach, and usually involves reasons of both health and ecological morals. It is also an obscure term with a wide variety of categories: "ovo" means egg-eater; "lacto" signifies consumption of dairy products; and "modified" can be used for those who eat everything except red meat. The cages, stalls, pens, etc. are seldom much larger than the same species. The cages, stalls, pens, etc. are seldom much larger than the animals contained therein. Close confinement also means that the same area can accommodate more produce, representing a greater profit. Many of the animals are weaned as soon as possible so that the owner of said flesh doesn't injure himself by interacting with others of the same species. The cages, stalls, pens, etc. are seldom much larger than the animals contained therein. Close confinement also means that the same area can accommodate more produce, representing a greater profit. Many of the animals are weaned as soon as possible so that the owner of said flesh doesn't injure himself by interacting with others of the same species.

Therefore, a vegetarian diet is usually undertaken for both physical and emotional well-being. The farmer is largely due to the use of additives, preservatives, and flavor enhancers, and is not necessarily confined to meat and poultry. Some methods of factory farming illustrate ecological reason; for avoiding the use of their produce. An increasing number of farmers confine their animals and feel to insure that the flesh be tender and so that the owner of said flesh doesn't injure himself by interacting with others of the same species. The cages, stalls, pens, etc. are seldom much larger than the animals contained therein. Close confinement also means that the same area can accommodate more produce, representing a greater profit. Many of the animals are weaned as soon as possible so that the owner of said flesh doesn't injure himself by interacting with others of the same species. The cages, stalls, pens, etc. are seldom much larger than the animals contained therein. Close confinement also means that the same area can accommodate more produce, representing a greater profit. Many of the animals are weaned as soon as possible so that the owner of said flesh doesn't injure himself by interacting with others of the same species.

How do these various methods affect the consumer? Other than twinges of one's moral conscience, allergies to milk have been linked to chemical residues added to the feed. Consumer complaints regarding bland flesh, resulting from lack of exercise and monotonous diets, have resulted in the increasing use of chemical additives to improve flavor and color.

Obviously, vegetarianism is not the only answer to factory farming. The most humane solutions include: legislation prohibiting such methods; USDA and State Departments of Agriculture supervision; and labeling, packaging, and advertising regulations to inform the consumer about individual products. Another solution is buying local foods as much as possible in the cases where mass production through factory farming is not utilized. Are these animals the only victims of mass production, or at least as much production as possible for the most profit. Due to increased use of large purse seine nets, used by tuna fishermen, since 1957, the population of porpoises has been steadily declining. Since porpoises often associate with tuna, although not always, fishermen use them as indicators of tuna schools. In the process they are killed as well. In 1976 alone approximately 6 million porpoises were harrassed, hunted, captured, or killed, and U.S. fishermen kill approximately 75 percent of the world total. Not only that, but many more people were employed in catching tuna when the hook and line method was used, under which porpoises are not killed but set free unharmed.

Another example: in May 1977 the Department of the Interior announced that it is considering killing golden eagles, a rare and currently protected inhabitant of the arid West, that sometimes preys on livestock. Hunting is also a major concern. Obviously it is a justifiable means of survival, but not necessarily as a sport for those trophy-hunters who use the more impressive features of an animal and then discard the rest. Irresponsible hunters can also be a considerable menace to hikers, domestic livestock, and each other.

Those who do hunt for survival may also be subject to criticism. One example is the current use of the steel jawed trap. This device rarely kills the captured animal instantly, but rather cripples him until the trapper returns. The animals may be confined in this torture for days, in order to escape. Also, traps are indiscriminate, often capturing animals that are useless fur-or flesh-wise, such as those whose fur isn't marketable, whose flesh isn't edible, or your pet cat.

All of the above examples demonstrate ways in which we have haphazardly exploited wildlife for consumer use. This cannot endure if these fellow creatures are to survive in the manner they were meant to. Solutions must be found through the combined efforts of education, politics, and personal conscience. Vegetarianism is not the only answer, and it is certainly not the answer if it is followed for the wrong reasons. Vague notions of preserving cute little animals are idealistic and, more importantly, unrealistic. Once the balance of nature has been tampered with it cannot be left alone to its own devices, but must be considerably dealt with in terms of humanely regulating animal population to suit our best interests, not ours.

Professor WERNER J. Deiman recently pointed out the thought-provoking idea that "man's desire to eat meat is ultimately related to killing of any kind, as well as to the diminishing sense of the sacredness of all life." This includes home sapiens killing homo sapiens, for whatever distorted reason they have chosen.
TOM BURHOE [41] scoring this week in first quarter action against Babson College. Babson won.

Westmoreland: Continued from page 1

court's concluded that Calley was
given orders to do what he did,
which was a totally unthinkable
series of acts, totally in violation
not only of ethics but of very
precise orders. New Medina, his
company commander, he was
tried and acquitted. He pleaded
guilty of covering it up when he
found out this had happened. He
pleaded guilty of covering up the
atrocities but, he denied that he
had given Calley orders to go in
there and kill women and child-
ren. Of course Calley should
never had been an officer, the
man did not have the intelligence
and the emotional stability ap-
parently. He was not of officer
material. He wouldn't of been an
officer if it hadn't been for the
college deferment policy.

Cultural Services: Continued from page 1

The elimination of the Cultural
Studies major does not mean the
elimination of many of the kinds
of courses they offered. Many of
the courses were closely con-
ected and can be covered by
other departments. Mr. Cole felt
that it was the classics, literature
and translation that would suffer
most along with Oriental Civil-
ization. Bates College will have
"lost a potential home for inter-
disciplinary work" and the "envi-
sioned application of social theo-
ries and methods to humanistic
concepts" that Mr. Cole feels
could have developed in Cultural
Studies.
They met and married within a week. Afterwards Abby would look apologetic when she explained this to someone. "Oh that's so romantic!" whoever would explain, "a whirlwind courtship!"

And yes, Abby would agree that it had been very romantic-like something out of a novel or a short story in Cosmo magazine. Garth once told a friend that he had been drunk when he asked Abby, "Why didn't you back out?" the friend asked. Garth thought of the tears that had filled Abby's eyes when he suggested that maybe they should wait a while. Tears—but something else too, fear maybe. If he couldn't convince her to wait, how could he tell her that the whole engagement was a mistake, a mere outgrowth of a drunken feeling of extravagance. He hadn't the thought of the tears that had filled out? the friend asked. Garth had been drunk when he asked Abby, "Why didn't you back out?"

Abby had been very romantic-like someone would ex-compensate. And yes, Abby would agree that it was the best thing that happened. She had been so little time Elizabeth had been considered to be. Abby teased them about being so indecisive. Abby took a picture of Michael and Elizabeth had known thing they really did together. Michael and Elizabeth left after that, Elizabeth had to go to work. It was only two o'clock and Abby didn't want to announce the news to her parents until dinner time. That way she was sure of a fully attentive audience. She did call her mother to tell her that Garth would be coming to dinner again. She hinted that they had some sort of announcement to make. She said they'd be home by five-thirty.

Garth and Michael came into the room. "Dinner's ready," Garth said and patted her hair. They smiled at each other. "Say Abby, "you and Garth are sitting on those wedding pictures of yours."

Abby turned misty and ecstatic and then she accepted. She had never been so happy.

Abby's mother wanted a big wedding with all the trimmings—a beadwork gown, a reception with all the trimmings—a wedding with all the trimmings—attending bridesmaids, champagne and all the trimmings. It was only two o'clock and Abby didn't want to announce the news to her parents until dinner time. That way she was sure of a fully attentive audience. She did call her mother to tell her that Garth would be coming to dinner again. She hinted that they had some sort of announcement to make. She said they'd be home by five-thirty.

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In the afternoon Abby and Garth strolled hand and hand through the museums and went rowing in the park. Abby took pictures the whole afternoon. She took pictures of Garth at the museum, of the old man and had him take one of Garth and herself in the row boat. Garth took one of Abby on a carousel pony. It was a very important day, entirely their own and the whole thing was captured, commemorated on that one roll of film.

Aroll of my film

By Barbara Brennan

The morning she was to be married Abby took out her instant camera. There were three pictures left on the roll of film. She took one picture of her room. One of her dog, and the last of her parents eating breakfast. They laughed at her. Abby said she wanted to take the film into be developed since it was her day off. She ate breakfast with her parents feeling funny because it was the last morning and they didn't know it. "Garth is going to pick me up at nine o'clock and we're going into town," Abby announced. "You'll be better hurry and get ready then," her father observed.

Abby went upstairs and dressed carefully, but not so carefully that her parents might notice. She took out a new roll of film and put it in her camera.

When she went downstairs her mother was still sitting at the kitchen table drinking her coffee. The sun streamed through the window and fell on her father's folded newspaper. Abby felt suddenly insecure. "Mom?" "Yes, Abby?" "If hell was the worst thing for everybody, I mean the thing that scared them the most, what would it be for you?"

"Knowing that your father and you children needed me and being unable to help you."

Abby's brother was in the kitchen pouring himself a glass of orange juice. "For me," he said, "it would be insects swarming all over me!"

"For me it would be always lonely and anticipating something wonderful that is going to happen. But it never happens." Abby's voice trailed off. "Are you lonely Abby? "No, Mom." She just wasn't so unsure. She was marrying Garth that morning.

The doorbell rang and it was Garth. He was dressed in corduroy trousers and a t-shirt and he was smiling. Abby thought he looked great. He took his picture while he was lounging in the doorway.

Then he took her picture sitting in the front seat of the car. They went to the Justice of the Peace first. They met two friends there: Michael who had given the party and Andrew his best friend Elizabeth. Michael and Elizabeth had known each other for four years and were occasionally discussing marriage. Garth teased them about being so indecisive. Abby took a picture of Michael and Elizabeth and the Justice of the Peace. She gave the camera to Elizabeth and Elizabeth took three pictures of the short ceremony. When they left for the wedding lunch six pictures had been taken.

They had lunch in a fancy restaurant. Michael had made reservations in advance. The Maitre d' looked askance at Garth's corduroy pants, but he smiled when Abby told him that they'd not just not more than a half hour before, been married. Abby had the Maitre d' take a picture of them all at the table. He brought them champagne with their meal and Abby snapped his picture pocketing it as the very extravagant lunch with all the required number of courses. Michael and Elizabeth paid the tab, the downpayment on their wedding present Michael said. Elizabeth laughed and said she had brought a little something else but she'd left it in the car. They all tramped out to the car. Elizabeth gave the package to Garth and Abby took his picture as he opened it. It was a photo album, the kind where you have to glue the pictures onto the pages. The binding was real leather. Even though there had been so little time Elizabeth had managed to get the cover engraved with gold. Garth and Abigail Andrews it read. Abby thrilled to the permanence of it, the concreteness that all those pages needing to be filled gave to her life.

Michael and Elizabeth left after that, Elizabeth had to go to work. It was only two o'clock and Abby didn't want to announce the news to her parents until dinner time. That way she was sure of a fully attentive audience. She did call her mother to tell her that Garth would be coming to dinner again. She hinted that they had some sort of announcement to make. She said they'd be home by five-thirty.

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Awards they went to Abby's house and told them the news. Her parents were angry. After all, they hardly knew Garth and things were ruined. There was a big fight, but nothing could be done. Abby, and Garth were happy. They spent the rest of the evening talking about their plans an packing Abby's things so she could move into her new home.

Being married to Garth was different than Abby had expected. They both had to work and they couldn't spend a lot of time together like they had in the few days before their marriage. They didn't have many things to talk about, except their apartment and things like that. Often they were too tired after work to go dancing or drinking. They kissed and made love a lot, especially in the winter when there wasn't anything else to do. The days ticked by slowly, full of busy little errands and runnings here and there. But the days were empty, empty. They were devoid of meaning. The future only seemed to hold more of the same.

They were building a house though. Garth was doing most of the work. Abby spent a lot of the time picking out the flooring in the kitchen, the tiles for the bathroom. The house was the first
Loonin directs

Jimmy Shine

Shortly before Thanksgiving, I stopped at Schaeffer Theatre to collect some facts about Jimmy Shine, Bates Theatre’s current production, for publication in the Student. In a way, I was venturing into virgin territory, for the Student rarely announces coming events. We prefer to tell everybody about what happened a few weeks ago. So, news in the newspaper is a novel idea.

Larry Loonin, Bates Theatre faculty member and director of the play, sat behind his desk, in an office lined with dusty and decaying tomes. The gold lettering on the bindings was tarnished and worn. The coverings were faded by years of use. Very professorial. But something wasn’t right. In fact, the pages of each book had been carefully removed. All the empty covers were neatly glued to a long piece of wood. An old chemistry text sat on the bottom shelf—"Discarded by the Bates Library." Journeys Through Bookland, a ten volume collection of children’s stories, perched proudly above my head.

When I explained my presence, Loonin seemed glad to see me. "Why don’t you interview me?" he asked. "I’m a very interesting person. And I’ll talk about anything. Even my sex life." We agreed to meet after Thanksgiving.

Last Monday, in the Den, Loonin discussed Jimmy Shine. "It has a large cast, and lots of roles for college aged people," he said. "I also picked it because it has community appeal. Bates is trying to reach out into the community through the theatre."

"When you’re a young director," he continued, "you try to pick plays that express your feelings and ideas. And that’s not bad. But I try to pick plays that will be good for students. Jimmy Shine has characters that students can identify with. They have the same problems and hopes. Besides, it’s an interesting play for the audience."

Before coming to Bates, Loonin taught acting, directing, and theatre history at Emerson College for four years. "Bates is different from Emerson," he said. "At an acting school, there’s more of a sense of competition between directors. Also, students here don’t have as much experience with professional theatre. They don’t know about Broadway productions, stars and directors. That’s good. They’re more receptive. More open."

"When I first came to Bates," he commented, "people told me to expect much. ‘I’m amazed. It’s a great place to work. In fact, I think Jimmy Shine is as good, if not better than anything I did with students at Emerson.’"

Loonin also has many years of experience in New York. He has been a freelance writer of the Village Voice. He also acted in The Beg and Six Characters in Search of an Author, both Ovie Winners. "Over the past fifteen years," he said. "I’ve worked on over a hundred shows." In 1969, he was stage manager for Circle in the Square’s historic production of O’Neill’s A Moon for the Misbegotten.

He has also written fourteen produced plays. While in Boston, he was theatre critic for the Phoenix.

Loonin is still exploring the possibilities for theatre at Bates. "I considered doing a musical during Short Term," he said. "But we had auditions, and I found only four people who could sing."

He’s thinking about directing another play of his own, some- time in the future. Plans for this haven’t really been formed, though.
By Dana Forman

A beam of harsh sunlight filtered through the slightly-parted curtains and caught Jim's exposed eye. He lay in bed, exhausted, not wanting to believe it was already morning. He remained in the last night with the sickly form he had spent years idealizing. Each time he pictured her he was overwhelmed by her natural beauty. She was the very image of his dreams. Each time he opened his eyes to see the reality of her form, he was rudely awakened to. It was impossible for him to believe her presence was real.

Jim could not help contrast the ravishing beauty of the previous night was caked and gnarled in a tangly mass. The radiant color which had once blossomed in her cheeks had been replaced by a ghastly image. The long, flowing hair of last night was separated for awhile. On the eve night appeared slightly thinner and less sensual. Jim reached for his date were considered ugly. And as Jim wiped the last morning he spoke aloud, "My God!...always."

Visions of the chic and slender beauty shot into his brain as he turned to bid her good morning. He squinted through the dimness of the dingy corridor, disillu- tioned as to what now stood before him. The long, flowing hair of last night was caked and glistened in a tangly mass. The radiant color which had once blossomed in her cheeks had been replaced by a greasy brown boot, a green velvety skirt, and a navy body-suit. Thick locks of shining aurora hair graced the upper part of her curvaceous figure. The original color had mysteriously returned to her face. Her lips were full and glowing. Her cheeks were radiant and her eyes had retained their bright intensity. Jim walked Julie to breakfast, never taking her arm from around her.

Over the next several weeks they dated often. Each time Jim was with her he was truly intrigued by her radiant beauty. Yet, he could not erase her ghastly image of the first morning from the canvas of his mind. He knew how exceptionally pretty she appeared to him now; it was not that single morning which left a twinge of dissatisfaction on his sensual appetite for her. He tried everything to block that morning from his thoughts, but could not. It was all so silly he thought. He was proud to be with her and he always felt secure whenever he was around this gorgeous physical specimen. Soon he became obsessed with Julie's physical beauty. If a strand of hair fell over her face, he would never fail to mention the speck of food that appeared in her hair. How he had gazed into her every strand was neatly in place. The soft appearance of her lips generated an irresistible sensual-ity which was complemented by the brilliant radiance of her complexion. Jim relished the thought that, at last, Julie's wondrous beauty had been captured eternally.

wonderful beauty had been captured eternally. Love, Julie."

Jim turned away and stared out the window into the grey mist, disillusioned. He recalled how Julie had appeared on that first morning. A faint smile slowly emerged on Jim's perplexed face. Suddenly, he gazed into the picture. Her eyes were rich and deep and full of meaning. Her hair shone and every strand was neatly in place. The soft appearance of her lips generated an irresistible sensual-ity which was complemented by the brilliant radiance of her complexion. Jim relished the thought that, at last, Julie's wondrous beauty had been captured eternally.

As Jim lay in bed trying to fall asleep, he realized how much he would miss Julie. Since he knew he could not be with her, he was grateful to her for the picture. In the meantime no one else could spoil Julie's everlasting beauty. The Joint and steady battering against Jim's window caused him from a deep slumber. Peering through one eye he became aware of the light greyish tint that reflected off the walls. Nice weather he thought disgustedly. As he crawl- ed from bed, he was at first depressed about the thought that Julie was away. In the next instant, however, his spirits be- came somewhat uplifted, for he remembered that across the room on his bedside table was the picture of his love. Simply gazing into the picture would supplement that fact that his girl was away. The thought spurred Jim to amble across the room where he could study the physical beauty of his goddess. He yawned and moved close to the dresser top. As Jim viewed the picture, his heart pounded. The complexion of the girl in the picture was very pale. Jim rubbed his eyes and wiped away the salt water which had gathered in them with a tissue. Again, he peered at the photograph. The full lips of last night appeared slightly thinner and less sensual. Jim ran the desk lamp and clicked the switch to its brightest. Once again, he gazed into the picture. Her face and dress were a bit mussy and her eyes, instead of possessing that deep penetrating look, looked glazed. Jim turned away and stared out the window into the grey mist, disillusioned. He recalled how Julie had appeared on that first morning. A faint smile slowly emerged on Jim's perplexed face. Then, alone in the darkness of the morning he spoke aloud, "My God! She really must be beautiful always."

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