

COLUMN CORNER

A muffled pounding throbbed in my sleeping brain. "2:45 a.m." my bedside clock informed my leaden eyelids. I staggered from under the blankets and pried open the door. In the darkness outside hovered the beefy, cleft-chinned face of Franz Nordica.

"Franz!" I shrieked, feeling sexily self-conscious in my flannel Dr. Dentons and Clearasil encrusted complexion.

"Ve go skiing today, ja?" He was splendidly attired in tasseled socks, knickers, and a haevy sweater emblazoned with an emaciated reindeer. The only items that he needed to complete his Alpine image were a manure shovel and a bouquet of wilted Edelweiss.

I dressed hurriedly and lugged my equipment to Franz's jeep, where its owner was decorating a breakfast of garlic sausage and sauerkraut on pumpernickel. He peered with sullen suspiciousness at my skis. "Parrel staves?" he queried.

"Just an economical little number I picked up at a garage sale," I shrugged.

"And zese--zese are your ski boots?" Franz choked, dangling my dilapidated Pro-Keds distastefully before him.

"They're comfortable," I explained defensively, "and they work well if you tie them on with thick twine."

KRISTal ball

By KRIS ECKHARDT

We reached the slopes a short while later. As I clambered from the car, the wind tore mercilessly through my parka and turned my hands and feet to numb, sodden lumps of flesh. "Ah...a mild day. Wunderbar!" chirped Franz, marching briskly beside me. By the time we boarded the chair-lift I was shivering uncontrollably, both from the cold and from fear of plunging to certain demise through the pitifully thin safety slats of the chair, onto the snowy precipice below.

"Relax," Franz gurgled, loosening my desperate grip on his jugular vein. "Ze lift has not even started yet--ve are ze first vuns on line."

Aside from a minor concussion at the crest of the hill when the chair attacked me scurriously from behind, I disembarked without mishap. Franz meanwhile was eagerly scanning a map of the various ski trails.

"Vich run shall ve take?" he questioned cheerfully. "'Horn of Satan?' 'Death Valley?'"

"How about 'Uncle Wiggly's Blueberry Patch'?" I ventured timidly.

"Heh, heh!" Franz's hearty slap on my back sent me sprawling into a snowbank. "You Americans...such a sense of humor. Come, ve go to 'Suicide Strip'."

I glanced dubiously at the skull-and-crossbones sign marking the beginning of the slope. "It's easy!" Franz called. "I show you." He hurtled down the icy cliff face of the mountain until he was a tiny black smudge in the distance. My mind filled with the "Agony of Defeat" scene on 'Wide World of Sports' I inched after him.

Three hours later, I crawled into the base lodge, my mouth frothing queerly, and collapsed at Franz's feet.

"Gut, gut!" he exclaimed. "Only next time--you must stand up on your skis. Now much for Intermediate. Now ve try ze expert trail!"

My doctor diagnoses that in time I may be able to hear the word "slalom" without going into nervous spasms. However, I will never be able to ski again, even after my multiply-fractured leg has healed. I will break the news to Franz as soon as I can control my hysterical grief.

reMARKS

By MARK TUSK



MORAL MAJORITY LEADER JERRY FALWELL WITH PRESIDENT REAGAN.

With the untimely death of the brilliant John Lennon came hundreds of articles regarding his life and music. After reading quite a few that appeared, many reflecting back on the 1960's, I came to a startling conclusion: The music and politics of the 1980's are making a sharp turn to the past.

John Lennon was a "spokesman for a generation" flew the words of adulation. Comparisons between Lennon and John F. Kennedy came up often on this point. His death made me think about what the future held for the people of this country in late 1963, when their so-called "spokesman," JFK was murdered.

A devastating war was to tear apart the country. Much of it was under the administration of a hideous being named Nixon, who proved to cause irreparable harm to the nation.

If our "spokesman" was really John Lennon, let's look at the governors of our of our fate: First, we have another Republican administration to be wary

of, a la Nixon. Our Vice President is a former head of the CIA, and our leader is Ronald Reagan, a man who believes that trees cause more pollution than cars. Regardless of his twisted biological beliefs, Mr. Reagan still believes that the Viet Nam War was "a just cause." (With this in mind, registering for a death lottery called the draft didn't thrill me, to say the least.)

Besides our delightful new administration, there are many reasons to believe that this country is slipping into the past.

The "shift to the right," the trend of conservatism that the U.S. is undergoing is amazing. From politics to music, every indicator shows that Liberalism as a trend has screeched to a halt.

The attitudes of the people supports this theory. The

meteoric rise of such ultra-conservative factions such as "The Moral Majority" and the Ku Klux Klan is disturbing. Hiding under the facade of religion and the guise of "reform" the Moral Majority is out to set the moral standards of this country. Bans on all abortions, mandatory prayer in school and book banning are some of the ideas forming their platform. The KKK and other neo-nazi groups are not just demonstrating, they are taking up arms and causing racial tensions unseen in decades. It is not surprising that the conservative-based fashions of shorter hair and Preppy clothing are becoming popular.

Whether out of lack of originality, or the lack of an exciting new trend, today's music has also begun an atavistic turn. The new groups, the music of the future, have been reverting to past crazes as more than a base to work from. Examples include the recent Mod, Reggae and Heavy Metal revivals. Even sixties' style psychedelic is back; the popularity of the Doors (virtually a dead band since 1971) and Pink Floyd suggest this is so. The music of the past has become a replacement for further development.

The ideas of political oppression and conservatism widening the bridge between the youth and the establishment will show up in the music of the eighties. Today's aspiring musicians should get on the ball. Coupled with the future's political climate, popular music should again have a meaningful direction. Like the 1960's, music and politics should again go hand in hand, after all, "The times, they are a changin'" stated Bob Dylan.

As for the politics, the past and the future, Pete Townshend summed it up best:

"The change it had to come We knew it all along. The world looks just the same, and history ain't changed. I get on my knees and pray... We won't get fooled again."

big MAC

By GORDON MACPHERSON

Bill's head jerked upward as he caught himself falling asleep. His eyes had a glazed scarlet hue. The clock read 3:48 a.m. This was the fourth and final night of the school week, Wednesday night. After tomorrow, he could rest. Rest was all he could think of.

Finals week always seemed like this, for some unearthly reason. The despair, the migraine headaches, the nausea, the fear, the apprehension: was it worth the trouble? Mom and dad thought so, and evidently the other kids thought so, too. An example had to be set for the other children in the family.

The weight upon his eyelids required great strength to bear, strength that Bill was losing rapidly. He chucked weakly to himself, thinking of how much

enjoyment he had gotten out of the sixteen pages of vocabulary he had just finished reading over. Flipping through the rest of the papers, Bill figured that if he worked steadily, he could finish English and start on history by about five a.m. if he could hold out until then. Realizing that he had a snowball's chance in hell of staying awake another five minutes, Bill reached on to his night table and took out the bottle of pills. Gee, thought he, it's amazing. Imagine, pills that keep you wide awake when you're exhausted.

He downed several of the little multi-colored capsules and waited. Within a few minutes he felt it miraculously necessary to get up and walk around. Taking a few more of the pills, Bill grabbed a few

sheets of printed paper and walked about, reciting Greek and Latin roots. He grabbed a cup of coffee, drank it down and dropped the cup onto his bed. Bill carried on like this

for a few more minutes, dancing and singing a bit with his stomach now in knots. Impulsively, something in him made him run to the sink in the bathroom where he faced his frustrations uncomfortably.

While he was returning to his room, he stopped and struck an assured pose. An evil grin took hold of his jaws. "To sleep, perchance; but not to wake-up." Bill sank slowly to the floor and was found in the morning by his brother, who woke him up and helped him to school.

I visited Bill last week at Valley Hospital. On the clipboard was written, "nervous exhaustion." Next to that, "hallucinations." He was happy to see me. The only thing that made him happier was the rumor he heard that he had passed all of his exams. "Well, Bill," I asked, "How do you feel?" His reply: "I'm grateful to our system of testing. It has made me a new person. Would you pass me those pills?"

GUEST COLUMNIST

Ski Partners To Avoid

By ED McCARTHY

At last! Another ski season is here. And every year eastern skiers dread the thought of not having any snow for the New England ski resorts. But there are other problems for skiers, such as the types of ski partners you should avoid.

The number one skier to avoid at all costs is "Chris the

explorer." Chris is the type who insists on going on closed trails, never stopping to think why there are no ski tracks. Not only does Chris always get lost, he is also an avalanche prone. Explorers are persuasive and charismatic and are usually hard to resist. But just think how it feels to be face down under ten feet of snow and I'm sure you'll have no problems avoiding them.

The next type of skier to avoid is "Al the Technician." Al is overly concerned with reading how-to ski books and

can usually be found by the ski lift looking for a ski partner. At first you're every impressed with the data he has on ski wax from the latest issue of Ski World.

On the left ride up the slope, Al worries about the wear on your ski boots pointing out that if the soles wear .0043 centimeters it will restrict your binding release by 36 6/7%.

By the time you reach the top you're in complete awe of his philosophy on skiing. Then Al says, "Let's take the beginner slope; it's my first time out this year." He falls twice in the first thirty yards. And you start muttering to yourself realizing that you're a bigger chump than Al is.

The last type of skier to avoid is "Chuck the hotdog." Chuck is always the best-dressed person on the slopes and no matter how nice your ski equipment is, Chuck's is always the latest and the best. Chuck

is quite a ladies' man as well as a partier. Every morning as you pass him on the way to the ski lift he says, "Wow man, my head is killing me." Chuck casually looks around for a lady ski instructor to accompany him on the lift ride. When realizing that there are none around, Chuck disappointingly asks if you would like to take the chair up with him.

On the lift ride Chuck tries to impress you by telling where the best night life spots are in the ski village. He goes on to tell about his ski experiences in Jackson Hole, Vail, Sun Valley, St. Moritz, and Chamonix. When reaching the top of the expert slope you start thinking to yourself, "What am I doing here?"

While skiing down the slope Chuck zips by you in a flash of neon clothing, as you say to yourself, "Well, I guess I won't be seeing him again."

Besides, when the ski conditions are this good I like to take my time." Halfway down the mountain you spot a ski patrolman carrying a body down the hill on a sled. "Gee, I wonder who it could be? Hey, it's Chuck; what happened?"

He looks up, "Oh I knew I shouldn't have come today--the conditions are terrible."

So when you get suckered into skiing with a bad ski partner, don't get mad. It could be worse. You could be Chuck the hotdog.