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The Heights was irresponsible and insensitive to the pain and controversy the ad would, and did, cause. "What's unsettling is that the board hasn't thought about it," Cardonick said, "We need to know if something like this would be allowed for it to be printed in the future and we don't know what their decision would be." The current editor-in-chief said that no one on the previous editorial board had read the ad before running it and they didn't realize its content—it was a mistake. The current editor-in-chief said that there was no First Amendment issue involved. Dean McMorrow advised the editorial board to recognize their responsibility for it: they need to establish policies guiding the exercise of their power of free speech and their responsibility for it: they need to establish policies guiding the exercise of their editorial discretion, even if The Heights has the right to run the ad.

By Kristen Corbellini
2L Associate Editor

A Town Meeting was held February 2 on main campus to discuss the repercussions of the decision by BC's undergraduate newspaper, The Heights, to run an ad by the Committee for Open Debate on the Holocaust. The ad, entitled "A Revisionist's View of the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum," denies the factual truth of such Holocaust atrocities as gas chambers and invites "open debate" on the subject, claiming that so far we've only heard one side of the story.

The same ad was printed in student newspapers at several other schools, including Brandeis, Georgetown, Duke, Northwestern, Vanderbilt and Michigan. Other schools, like Harvard, MIT, Penn, Yale and Brown refused to run it. A few weeks after the ad appeared, a group calling itself "Total War" arranged burned copies of The Heights in the form of a swastika in the Dushrow on main campus. Characterized by the BC police as a hate crime, the swastika was allegedly intended as an attack on perceived anti-Semitism by The Heights in running the ad, not as an attack on BC's Jewish community. The Town Meeting was held to give all members of the BC community an opportunity to speak their minds on this emotionally-charged issue.

Moderator Bob Sherwood (BC Dean of Student Development) suggested three questions for discussion: (1) whether The Heights had the right to publish the ad; (2) whether the Dustbowl swastika was a "Hate Crime"; and (3) whether a right exists to debate the truths of the Holocaust. The current editorial board of The Heights was in attendance, but they have only been in charge of the paper since January 11 and were not responsible for the running of the ad. The Heights' position was essentially that no one on the previous editorial board had read the ad before running it and they didn't realize its content—it was a mistake. The current editor-in-chief asserted that the paper has the right to accept or reject any ad and that he couldn't say what they would have done if they had read the ad in question. There is no Heights policy on the acceptance or rejection of ads, and the current board "hasn't taken a vote on the issue."

BCCLS Dean Judy McMorrow asserted that there was no First Amendment issue involved. Dean McMorrow advised the editorial board to recognize the power of free speech and their responsibility for it: they need to establish policies guiding the exercise of their editorial discretion, even if The Heights has the right to run the ad. Some people in attendance, including 2L Julie Cardonick, expressed the opinion that the ad should run as an exposure of what's "out there," as was done at Brandeis. By informing people of the problem of Holocaust revisionism and general anti-Semitism that's out there, it can then be confronted and people can be educated with the truth. Others felt that the ad "shames the graves of millions of Jews," and that for it to be printed in The Heights—without any disclaimer or apology—was appalling. Dean McMorrow pointed out that lies such as those in the ad are powerful when they stand alone as they did. Most attendees felt that The Heights was irresponsible and insensitive to the pain and controversy the ad would, and did, cause. "What's unsettling is that the board hasn't thought about it," Cardonick said, "We need to know if something like this would be allowed for it to be printed in the future and we don't know what their decision would be."

The BC Administration was also sharply criticized for the inadequacy of its response to the problem. Dean Sherwood pointed out that The Heights is an independent student-run paper. A student pointed out, however, that BC does prohibit The Heights from running any ads for abortions. The administration's handling of the controversy following the run of the ad was viewed as representative of apathy and lack of communication with the school's Jewish community, also evidenced by the scheduling of Homecoming on a Jewish holy day, Yom Kippur. One speaker asserted that if this gets people to make an effort to stamp out some of the apathy and to learn respect and sensitivity to others, then some good can come from the falsity and hatred of the ad.

Continued on page 4
Fred Barnes, et al, talk, the Clinton ad termed credible by Republican Fed chair­
extraordinaire Budget Director Leon
Lloyd Bentsen, and deficit hawk
heavily ensconced in conservative bank­
man Alan Greenspan, sparked the first
is fantasy. I hate to break
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claiming the Clinton ad­
cine! Centrally Planned
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and mumbling something
war room stirring a pot
probably find Hillary
What's worse, you could
holds a press conference.

By Steven Davis
II. Staff Writer

To hear most Republicans and their media mavens (Limbaugh, Buchanan, Fred Barnes, et al) talk, the Clinton ad­ministration is a wildly liberal whirling dervish looking for every opportunity to extend government further into our lives. Based on what they say, you would expect to see our President in a Nehru jacket and John Lennon glasses when he holds a press conference. What's worse, you could probably find Hillary Clinton, that crazy liberal she-beast finally un­chained, in the health care war room stirring a pot and mumbled something like "Socialized medi­cine! Centrally Planned Economies! Boil, boil, toil and mumbling something called cadmium bubble.

The windbag rhetoric claiming the Clinton ad­ministration is a theral behemoth out of control is fantasy. I hate to break it to conservatives, but President is a dyed-in-the­wool, middle of the road moderate.

First, his 1993 budget was boldly calibrated for a supposedly crazy liberal. Look who constructed the budget—gray-suited Wall Streeters Rob­ert Rubin and Roger Altman, baker backed and paid for Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen, and deficit hawk, extraordinary Budget Director Leon Panetta. It's no surprise that men who are heavily enmeshed in conservative bank­ing and finance culture would produce a $495 billion dollar deficit reduction pack­age.

The Clinton deficit reduction plan, one termed credible by Republican Fed chair­man Alan Greenspan, sparked the first drop in long term interest rates in 20 years, making it billions cheaper to finance our enormous debt. The stock mar­kets reacted favorably to the Clinton plan, and went on to a bullish year. (That should be contrasted with the market reaction to George Bush's unveiling of his economic plan at the Republican convention of 1992—a market drop of 70 points the next day.)

The basis of its $250 billion "outs­ide the package" was projecting tax cuts at hundreds of federal pro­grams, and the slated ter­mination of 252,000 fed­eral employees. This should be contrasted with Republican attempts or rhetoric of the past 12 years—namely yammer­ing away about govern­ment spending too much without being specific about what to cut, or sug­gesting hokey spending cuts to wish away the an­ual deficits. And don't forget the administrations that projected balanced budgets on the basis of "roxy scenarios" and never gave serious thought to producing a responsible budget de­spite the tough talk, and set the federal government grow by a million employ­ees. And don't forget the lunacy that deficit reduction would be ac­complished without raising some taxes, despite no-trainer evidence of this con­clusion—such as pointing out that annual deficits have been running at totals larger than all social spending (excluding en­titlements) put together and about as large as our defense budgets.

Oh! but Dole, Gingrich, and others ranted endlessly about the tax increases and how Clinton was coming after all of us, and now Clinton was coming after our pocketbooks. Truth be told, income tax rates stayed the same for anyone mak­ing less than $110,000 a year, or couples making more than $145,000 a year (the richest 1.2 percent of our population). Now all of us did see a rise in the gas tax of less than five cents per gallon, but we didn't see it because world oil prices fell enough to more than offset it. For that Clinton is lucky.

Second, Clinton backed labor and pro­tectionists dinosaurs in his own party, al­lied himself with Gingrich and the Rep­ublicans, and went to the mat for NAFTA, a Republican creation. He also finished GATT, something that was then fair­ly unno­ticed but may be as economically impor­tant as NAFTA.

Clinton positioned himself from his campaign on as a champion of welfare re­form and a proponent of 100,000 more police on the streets. These again fly in the face of what Republicans tout as tradi­tional liberal orthodoxy—namely being excessively generous with those on wel­fare (what else could George Will more consistently pontificate about? Oh—l've got­tem limits!) and being a softy on crime and criminals.

Welfare reform is coming this year, and more men in blue is already a reality. Clinton is also pushing gun control, some­thing the police enthusiastically support as does most of the public. As for the Republicans, again, there were law and order lectures and complaints about "wel­fare queers," but not many suggestions as to how to handle either problem. Republi­cans say he's stealing their issues, but these are things he's talked about for a while. (How else did he come to head the moderate/conservative Democratic Lead­ership Council?)

Of course, my conservative worth his weight will predictably get exercised about the health care plan. The first sound byte they'll say is Hillary and big government are going to take over another 14 percent of our GNP. Well. eh, not quite and not even close. First, it should be noted Medi­care and Medicaid outlays already are about half of that 14 percent, so govern­ment could at most suck up a new 7 percent—but the truth has never been known to stop Rash Limbaugh.

In truth to judgment of demagoguery, seemingly last is proposing extensive regu­lation, not government seizure of the health care industry. Conservative opposition to his deficit reduction ways to reduce the market to set prices, which normally is a good idea. This, however, is a case of excessive reliance on a myth—that a free market will always produce the best out­come.

The health care market, however, clearly is not working as it should in this country, the only first-world country spending more than 10 percent of its GNP on health care. Regulation, even extensive regulation, would seem to be what is re­quired. This is obvious, except of course, to the Republican confradity of dunces, who clearly have not had the invisible hand of the marketplace hand them a fat medical bill recently.

But what happens when a party is adrift on substance, with no new ideas or plans of its own? Simple. Take refuge in oppositionism—deemize the opposi­tion with personal attacks (Hillary bash­ing, the troopers allegations), hack at their plans with little regard for the truth, whine and gripe about taxes, term limits, family values, etc. (George Bush, and a while they shore for some new ideas, the American people get a side order of Whitewater immendo to go! Oh joy.

So, in keeping with my New Year's Resolution—to ditch the subtitle of of­ten consumes me and let people know how I really feel—I will attempt to do what no dream team of psychologists and pharmacists have yet been able to: namely, explain myself. I figure that maybe if I open up a litti bit to you, my ever-adoring audience, maybe you'll leave me alone.

And so, in the great literary tradition of Maya Angelou's "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings" and Howard Sier's "Private Parts," I present to you my autobiography. What is contained herein is everything you need to know about the virile tower of manhood known as me. At similarities to persons living, dead, or Canadian is purely incidental.

Larry! by Larry Dobrow as told to Joyce Carol Oates.
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Parking in Winter
Too Tough for Some

By Anthony DePaolo
2L Staff Writer

February 15, 1994. Is this winter wear­ ing a bit thin on you? Is sure is on me. I'm sick of hearing about Tonya Harding and Nancy Kerrigan. I'm sick of hearing about the demise of the Celtics (I've they should purposely blow the rest of their games, ac­quire as many ping pong balls as possible, and get themselves a Glen Robinson or a Donnell Marshall. Billy Curley a lottery pick? Just Say No). And most of all, I'm sick of all this snow and cold weather. I've "en­joyed" the last 22 New England winters, and I have to say this is the worst one I can remember. That's not saying much, of course, because (1) I can't remember farther back than high school; (2) the only thing I remember about high school is that 10 shots of Southern Comfort in 20 minutes is not a good idea; and (3) the only thing I remember about college is how to regurgitate without soiling my flooroass. Nevertheless, my lim­ited memory does not change the fact that this winter, well, sucks. However, the winter has managed to bring me some joy. Let me explain.

I'm sitting at my computer, attempting to think of something captivating, but lack­ ing, to write about plastics recycling legislation (kids: don't try this at home without the adult supervision), when I hear that familiar tune. It starts off sounding like the cries of some horrible, large beast in heat, but then I realize that Shawn Eckart is in an Oregon jail, so it can't be that. I enthusiastically run to my window and gaze into the parking lot. An all too familiar scene fills up my eyes: a car spinning its wheels trying to get out of our winter wonderland of a parking lot. Normally, this might seem like such a big deal, but the unique circumstances of this winter and my apartment building has set up the ideal environment for entertain­ment. For starters, the fact that my roommates (hit the road) have never had a car or a parking space to speak of, and they have a business requiring the use of a van — i.e. plumbing, construction, gang warfare. Let's face it — when it comes to control, van drivers have an un­surpassed ability to dominate their environment. And, even more, if law school has taught me anything, it's that parking lot and losing. Unless, of course, my car is parked near his.

First and foremost is The Long Haired Freak Who Drives The Forty Foot Long Pontiac. He, along with the rest of the cars in the parking lot, my roommate and I watched him make contact with 5 vehicles before he could get his vehicle out of the parking lot. Another joy to watch is the Chick in the Audi Who Didn't Pass Physics in High School (hereinafter "Chick in Audi"). Chick in Audi always has trouble getting her car out of a normal space. She always fails to remove the foot of snow behind the front tires. Thus she spins the wheels at the car tries to climb that small hill behind each Michelin. Eventually she'll flatten the hills, but then she tries to cut the car out of the space. Thus, the wheels have a grab on the frozen tundra, but she increases the resistance to movement by cutting the wheel too early. Overall, it takes about 15 minutes for her to break free.

Then, there's Dood in the White Van (hereinafter "Van Man"). First, no one should drive a van in the winter unless they have a business requiring the use of a van — i.e. plumbing, construction, gang warfare. Let's face it — when it comes to control, van drivers have an un­surpassed ability to dominate their environment. And, even more, if law school has taught me anything, it's that parking lot and losing. Unless, of course, my car is parked near his.

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Well, you may be thinking: the writer grips, and hath not doth writer barethe a problemth ethyself without ithyself lot of parkedness? (Author's note: the last sentence was pulled from a paper entitled "Shakespeare: Did he write with a lisp or merely in a foreign language?"). Well, the Bible says let he who is without sin cast the first snowball, and I have my parking idi­osyncrasies, too. I have been guilty of block­ ing other people in late at night when no more spaces exist. In addition, I will park in the middle of the lot rather than park down the hill to make it easier for me to get out of the lot, which has taught to annoy some people, especially Long Hair and Van Man. How­ever, if law school has taught me anything, it has taught me the virtues of preparation, and I park accordingly. You should, too.

Skills honed in competition

Continued from page 1

Listing to the client's problem. The compet­ition originally involved forty teams and proceeded in a single elimination format. The simulated interview was judged by Boston area attorneys and BCLS faculty. After each interview, teams received con­structive criticism regarding their perform­ance, which according to participants, was helpful in future rounds.

In general, students who participated seemed to enjoy themselves and, in spite of impending first year finals, did not seem extremely stressed. The winners spent part of the recent vacation week preparing for the regional competition.

Clutch play nets IM title for BCLS squad

Continued from page 7

Harrold — but Joe made a huge save, peckchecking the puck out of danger. BC Law had a chance to regroup the lead on a brilli­ant centering pass to a man in the slot, but the shot was a misfire and the chance went by the boards — literally. The crucial moment of the game then arrived: a penalty was called against the undergrads late in the third period, giving BC Law one last chance to avoid overtime, and pull off the miraculous victory.

With a minute under to play in regulation, BC Law broke down the ice 2-on-1. Mark Swirbalas had the puck on left wing. Skating across neutral ice, he led a pass for a streaking Brian Popejoy on the right. The pass was a little too far ahead of Popejoy, giving him a terrible angle at the net. He collected the puck and seemed to be about to pass back to Swirbalas, but instead suddenly released a hard wrist shot, which beat the surprised goalie high to the glove side, and hit the top corner of the net. Popejoy's second goal of the game gave BC Law a 2-0 lead, and as the teams skated back to center ice for the faceoff, 24 seconds remained in regulation.

The undergrads pulled their goaltender in a final desperate effort to tie the game and steal their championship. BC Law controlled the faceoff, skated into the undergrads' zone, and opened the game four times to twice before surrendering the puck. With less than ten seconds to play, the undergrads rushed up ice for their final opportunity. A desperate slap shot missed wide left, and Joe Harrold dived on the loose puck, at the final second ticked away. He kept the game puck in his catching glove, and accepted the congratulations of his slated teammates, as BC Law had captured its first intramural champion­ship in many years, 3-2.

The improbable champs only graduate three from the trium­phant squad, and only one who participated in the championship game, so it is a repeat in the team's future? Only time will tell, but all indications are in place for another successful hockey season next year for the boys in black.
Spinning the daytime dial: It's all talk

By Sean Kennedy
IL Staff Reporter

You wake up to the sound of the mall-man falling down the steps again. You have slept through Personal Injury Law, and your Dispute Resolution Through Fist-Fighting class doesn’t start for another three hours. Facing the choice of cracking open a textbook or embarking upon your monthly hundred-yard dash, you do the noble thing: you turn on the television.

Some former weatherman or lottery hostess is pacing in front of what looks like a local tractor-pull audience, ranting about the moral decay of modern America. The topic: men who have sexual fantasies about their friends’ protocologists.

Welcome to the wonderful world of daytime television, where every day several would-be kings preside over their courts of the unemployed. Between the hours of 9:00 in the morning and 6:00 in the evening, the three major networks devote twelve hours of programming to talk shows. Are these the fireside chats of our generation?

I braved this very world as I sat motionless on my parents’ couch between Christmas Day and New Year’s Eve. Determined to learn something from this harrowing experience, I wiped the drool from my lips and committed my story to paper. Here, then, are the highlights and lowlights of my journey.

Vicki! (NBC, 10AM). If I am not mistaken, this woman used to be in a show with some other buck-toothed redhead and that guy who stars in “Dorf on Golf.” Now she subjects us to a daily shmooze-fest during which she emotes with guests ranging from washed-up celebrities to future washed-up celebrities. By the way, the exclamation point is not a typographical error; she uses it to make her name as forceful an utterance as, say, “Turn that shit off now!”

Oprah, one of a bevy of talk show hosts who help waste away the daylight hours.

Geraldo (CBS, 10AM). I dozed off during Geraldo’s show. When I awoke, the host had removed his shirt. The middle-aged housewives in the audience were going crazy. Confused, I flipped back to Vicki!

Montel Williams (NBC, 11AM). With his hip topics and Chess King wardrobe, Montel seems to be gunning for an audience which should be attending class instead of watching television. But during his too-frequent didactic tirades, he comes off as the kind of guy who dreams about a Nixon and Quayle ticket in 1996. No wonder Montel co-opted his bald-head-and-mustache style from Gordon Liddy.

Ricki Lake (NBC, 2PM). This show was like MTV filler for people who can’t afford cable. The host spent most of her time milking around and talking about how she used to be fat. I assumed she meant fatter than she is now. The audience looked like the people who get pulled over on “Cops.” Since watching the program, I have found out that Ricki is the actress who played opposite Divine in all those John Waters movies. I like her better now, but not enough to sit through another hour of her televised therapy.

Maury Povich (NBC, 4PM). Having hosted “A Current Affair” and slept with Connie Chung, Maury has earned the undying respect of this reporter. So although the word “unhealthy” came to mind as I watched his show, I balk at saying unkinked things about him.

Donahue (ABC, 4PM). Donahue is every bit as liberal as Michael Dukakis and perhaps just as short. During the show he runs frantically about the studio, making sure that everyone and his brother gets to say something. Donahue presents me with a wide array of experiences, most of which were fueled by alcohol and an insatiable curiosity that led me into my first (and probably my last) courtroom. It was around this time I met Bethany and subsequently took a plunge. Depending on her Prozac-controlled mood swings, she was either the coolest person I’ve ever met or the human equivalent of a particularly spiteful octopus. I blame everything that’s wrong with me on her.

I wiped the drool from my lips and committed my story to paper. Here, then, are the highlights and lowlights of my journey.

Then I went to law school, where I learned to hate everything and everybody. Despite the fact that you all think I’m such a happy-go-lucky dude, I really have nothing to live for except rotisserie sports and playing the guitar. What the fuck, at least I’m pretty good at those. Th’End

Boy, that concept sure ran out of steam in a hurry (can you say “deadline,” boys and girls?). Regardless, I hope I’ve cleared the air about myself and my past. In closing, I leave you with this advice: life is a highway. I don’t understand the analogy, but it’s a pretty good song.

No doubt about it, law school writer’s life is a highway.

Continued from page 2

block. I used my physical abilities to extort many a jar of Gerber’s Apple Sauce from the weaker lads, most of which I subsequently spit up on anybody who made the mistake of koochie-kooing me.

True fact: At age four, I inserted my dad’s keys into an electric socket and was blown twenty feet across the basement of my grandparents’ house, where I was later found drooling profusely and looking like Don King.

Kindergarten was a blur, and the ethereal Ms. Tenman was my first love. We used to steal away to the paint closet during naptime, where we’d feed each other Fig Newtons and recite Dr. Seuss in the dim glow emanating from the electric pencil sharpener. Or maybe she just scopped the kakka out of my corduroys. As I said, it was a blur.

The D-brow family up and moved across town so the suburban mecca of Franklin Lakes, NJ when I was eight, but not before my parents cursed me with a second baby sister. Talking to my hospital-bound mother after the big event, I allegedly said, “I wanted a brother, mommy, but I’ll love her anyway for you.” This is a matter of some dispute; even at that young age, I held the belief that sensitivity is for the weak. Anyway, what I seem to remember saying is, “Keep Lisi off of my reach or she’ll be sewer meat.”

When I was a teenager, I spent the four or five minutes that I wasn’t “reading” in the bathroom immersed in my studies. Regardless of whether I had friends, outside interests, or acne reminiscent of the connect-the-dots books of my youth, I received the grades upon which I continue to coast. The seminal event of this period was probably the loss of my much-bargained-for virginity. I was real proud of myself; little did I know then that it would take me several years to repeat the experience.

College presented to me a wide array of experiences, most of which were fueled by alcohol and an insatiable curiosity that led me into my first (and probably my last) courtroom. It was around this time I met Bethany and subsequently took a plunge. Depending on her Prozac-controlled mood swings, she was either the coolest person I’ve ever met or the human equivalent of a particularly spiteful octopus. I blame everything that’s wrong with me on her.

I spent most of my summers on the idyllic fields of Trail’s End Camp. This really wasn’t a very important point part of my existence, except that I met most of my friends-for-life here and associate 95% of my fond memories with the place. No biggie.

March 11, 1994 • THE ALLEGGER • Page 5
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By Geoff Howell
1L Staff Writer

There is little doubt that Boston College Law School contributed mightily to the record-setting television ratings of the XVIII Olympic Winter Games. The convenient overlap of our winter recess and the final week of competition led many future litigators to set up a permanent camp within reach of a remote as CBS and TNT bombarded us with fluff and, occasionally, action.

The three weeks of high drama, comedy and tragedy from Lillehammer were generally fascinating despite the jingoistic, sexist and often shoddy quality of television commentary to which we were subjected. Perhaps it is safe to say that the Lillehammer games were memorable in spite of the televised coverage.

Many viewer complaints focused on the ease with which CBS used to fuel its prime time broadcasts. Studio host Greg Gumbel would introduce the evening's agenda, then tap dance around 400 commercials and five other events before getting to the main event—usually well after 10 p.m.

The amount of coverage devoted to the Nancy Kerrigan/Tonya Harding debacle actually seemed reasonable, but maybe I'm just jaded from the mountain of print and electronic coverage dedicated to the soap opera that is Boston media.

One of the really sad bits of journalistic oversight centered on the figure skating and grew naturally out of the Kerrigan/Harding coverage. You might remember that one of Harding's chief complaints in previous years was that to matter how well she skated, how many triple jumps she landed, the judges would always give Kerrigan the edge because of her more traditional style.

Judge-bias certainly became an issue once the ice dancing and pairs competition were complete. Russians Gordeeva and Grinkov edged rivals Misibisikin and Dmitriev in pairs for what CBS broadcaster Scott Hamilton considered to be the shape of the game. A bias in favor of traditional style. Is the dance competition, 1988 gold medalists Torvill and Dean finished third behind a pair of Russian teams who skated, according to Hamilton, more traditional

So did CBS ever discuss the selection of judges, or give us an insight into the evolution or basis of scoring? No. We were given curiously explanations of how artistic and technical scores combine to generate ordinals, which actually decide who finishes in what place. The way in which these scores are generated remains a mystery to me.

The various heroes and heroines of Lillehammer games managed to rise above all these miscues to avoid being overshadow themselves. The impressive triple-gold medal performance of Norwegian speed skater Johann Olav Koss, the medals won by Bonnie Blair and Dan Jansen at the same venue, and the surprising success of the U.S. ski team all made indelible impressions. Nordic skiing, outside of the jump, was usually relegated to lesser status on the broadcast, but CBS and TNT gave us a great look into the dedication of cross-country skiing enthusiasts and the importance of the sport to the Scandinavian culture.

There were also some surprisingly effective features done away from the athletic competitions. One of my favorite features was a visit to the Natural History Museum in Schwarkoff to a United States Marine's arctic training center in the north of Norway. The reaction of the soldiers to Schwarzkoff's presence was nothing short of adulation and the sight of a plateau skimming off into the sunset brought home the historical significance of the biathlon.

Perhaps the simplest example of how powerful the Olympics can be comes in ice hockey. Possibly the only event whose final competition was shown live in its entirety, we were allowed to witness the growing teams that culminated with Sweden's overtime shootout victory over Canada. The cameras put us into the middle of the battle as we saw the black eyes of the Swedes and the emotions of a memorable encounter. When Peter Forsberg scored the decisive goal, we were allowed to get as extended look at the celebration and the Canadians' simultaneous disappointment.

CBS allowed us to share a memorable goal-scended by the hockey despite the absence of Team USA. Give the same quality broadcasting and dedication to women's ice hockey in 1998, when it becomes a medal sport, and spread more of the other amazing winter events, and the American audience will cease its grumbling about all the filler it is subjected to during the rest of the Games.

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Olympic TV coverage not a perfect 6.0

By Eddie Carbone
3L Contributor

After unsuccessfully seeking the inaugural Holy Grail for three seasons with superstars like Jon Sachs, Ward Welles, and Mark Owen on the squad, the BCLS Hockey team appeared to be in a rebuilding year in 1993-94. With only three third-year players—Co-Captain Jon Feinberg, Dave Penn, and Eddie Carbone—the team was inexperienced and seemed destined to spend a year preparing for a shot at the title next year. The intramural regulations only specified that all non-skaters be out before the main event—usually well after 10 p.m. So did CBS ever discuss the selection of judges, or give us an insight into the evolution or basis of scoring? No. We were given curiously explanations of how artistic and technical scores combine to generate ordinals, which actually decide who finishes in what place. The way in which these scores are generated remains a mystery to me.

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BCLS Hockey team goes all the way

By Eddie Carbone
3L Contributor

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The action is wild and wacky for BCLS basketballers.

Hut has hot hoops
Athletes get fix in LSA league

By Eddie Carbone
3L Contributor

The LSA Intramural Basketball League has returned to the Quonset Hut. With a schedule of games stretching from February 2 through the championship tournament the weekend of March 26-27, the league is well on its way to a successful rebirth on Newton Campus. Despite several complications and controversies which marred the first half of league play, the games themselves have been exciting and enjoyable for those hoop-starved students who were forced to go without an intramural league last year.

Playing basketball inside a former bomb shelter is a unique experience and not a bad way to kick start a fast-paced season. With the full-speed action of the NBA (or even the NCAA, for that matter), it has its appeal. With the sidewalks only a foot or so from the exterior walls, the element of danger is added to LSA games—an element I'm not sure Dr. Naismith bargained for. In addition, the league has been marred by snowouts, absent referees, and a scheduling conflict which gave the only court available to both the LSA league and the freshman intramural league simultaneously!
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