Elevator racers of yesterday

(Continued from page 6)

"The newspaper is just too much," he said. Legrec continued, affixed in his dreams, reminiscing of the eleva-
tor racers of his youth. "His legs bend in a crouch, his breaking steps, blending rhythmically with the hum of the elevator," he said, recalling motions of a man who becomes one with the elevator, a sensual art. "He feels his forear-
ger as he anticipates the larger, pressing the seventh floor but-
ton."

Tragedy has scarred his eyes. His career was snatched by a seri-
ous breakdown brought on by watching too many reruns of "Leave it to Beaver" and "Speed Racer" when his Swedish loves-
left him to do the weather on the local news.

It seems as if a calm pool of water, he turns to watch his op-
opponent's steps for the second elevator. Legrec said. "Hunger
inside his face. Whose elevator
door will open first?"

The rules for elevator-racing, and those steps are as follows: The racers push the elevator but-
ton, and, side-by-side, they wait
for the pair of elevators. The rac-
ers must then reach the top floor of
the building to receive trophies. They must return, by elevator, to the trophies in the refer-
ence. "We were the golden boys rac-
ing in their elevators," Legrec
said. "Some of us were Jewish boys from the Bronx who prac-
ticed with elevators in high school. Others were strictly play-
grounders, working for their
right move, the jazz.

"Elevator-racing was an Olympi-
C event from 1936, when Mar-
celi invented the elevator," he
said, "But after Rome, things went wrong. The new athletes were racing just for the money. Not for the joy of it, some used their money to buy coke, dissociated with the high of elevator-racing."

"We were no longer boys. We were men," he said. In 1972, elevator-racing was dropped as an Olympic sport
when terrorists, disguised as ele-

vator operators, murdered several boys and girls in their delight
to watch their elevator
operators, murdered several
Israelis athletes in Munich.

"It's times like these when I just don't give a damn about Kosny McNichol's chemical in-
balances," was the last thing he
told me. I left him quietly, out of
respect for the whispering ap-
plause of crowds that may have been echoing through his
memories.

A week later, I met him again in the Green Building. He had a
group of racers with him, all old
men and women. All of them were there. Bartholomew Brown, Giorgio Wallace, and "Little Eth-
del" Sanseri.

Legrec took me aside and asked, "Remember in that Willy
Wonka movie, when at the end, they ride away in a flying glass
elevator?" I nodded. I had seen the advertisement: "You will be-
lieve an elevator can fly."

"Sometimes, after everything goes bad and sour, you have to believe there's still a little good left, a little magic, even in eleva-
tor-racing," he said.

And as they raced their eleva-
tors for one last time, I could not
help but smile. I watched the
boys and girls in their delight
come close to reaching their
flightful dreams.

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The state of the art in careers.

To the Editor:

The chaos of Rush week and
Reg. Day has subsided. Over
1000 freshmen have moved in,
made their roommates, and met
their roommates, and attend-
their first few classes. The rou-
in of freshmen has been estab-
litly. However, there are still a few unsettled people out there. These people are uncomfortable in their
new environment. They have trouble relating to other students who seem concerned only with
textbooks and problem sets. The
noise of the elevator seems suffocating.

"We were the golden boys racing just for the money, not for
the joy of it, some used their money to buy coke, dissociated
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different, and they are tolerant of all behavior that does not restrict
other's freedom. If you are toler-
ant, you will be a welcome mem-
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nity, no matter how conventional
or how exotic your lifestyle.

Senior House currently has 10
open rooms. Those interested
to mention the Dean's Office
would like to see these rooms filled with people who would ap-
preciate the unique environment. There must be at least 10 people
out there who value freedom and
tolerance who are not too used to
living in crowded rooms, if you
like what you see, call the
Dean's Office. They will be very
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Carolyn R. Richardson '86

feedback

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