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THE COLLEGE VOICE

Connecticut College's Weekly Newspaper

Government Warns It Will Be Tough On Resisters

By The College Press Service

WASHINGTON, D.C. -- Those who refused to participate in military registration during the summer probably won't start feeling legal heat from the government until October, according to a Selective Service official.

Paul Mocko of Selective Service says his agency most likely won't begin referring names of 18 and 19 year-old non-registrants to the Justice Dept. for prosecution until "we get everybody into the data base."

"That's our main priority and will remain our main priority through October. Then the activity will probably center on enforcing compliance with the law."

Mocko was unsure what that "activity" would be. "Right now our plans are

pretty sketchy." Normally the Selective Service System identifies possible evaders, and the Justice Dept. investigates and prosecutes them.

"There is no way I can speculate what action the (Justice) Dept. might take" when it gets names from Selective Service, says Justice Dept. spokesman Dean St. Dennis.

St. Dennis maintains that, without knowing what the case load might be, Justice has not yet even made any internal organizational moves to accommodate the added work.

Most government officials contacted for this story chose not to dwell on enforcement measures. There have been scattered reports that the Carter Administration in-

tends to defer energetic pursuit of evaders until after the November election.

An anonymous "Selective Service official" was quoted in a July *Wall Street Journal* article as saying the government planned a "soft" approach toward non-registrants.

But the report prompted angered Selective Service Director Bernard Rostker to warn: "This is not Mickey Mouse. It's not 'ha ha' catch me if you can." A person who fails to register is a felon. Make no mistake about it."

"The kid who throws down the gauntlet to the government will be prosecuted," Rostker told the *New York Times* in August.

Until then, however, the government is giving people the chance to register late.

Mocko recalls that in 1972, when he began working for Selective Service, "about 85 percent registered on time, and about 15 percent registered late. Of course at that time the draft and the war were the big issues, not registration."

So the system will wait until later in the fall to discover "who we don't have," Mocko says.

To do so, "I'm sure there'll be some comparison" between the list of registrants and "some other data base, though we don't know which one yet."

Rumors that Selective Service plans to track evaders through Census Bureau, Social Security, and even school registration lists have been met by counter-threats.

Census Bureau Director Vincent Barraba maintains that "information gathered through the Census Bureau will remain strictly confidential, as stipulated by the law."

American Civil Liberties Union lawyer David Landau charges that using any other government lists would

violate the Privacy Act of 1974. He promises the ACLU will sue if Selective Service makes the attempt.

But Selective Service spokeswoman Mary Ellen Levesque says her agency would seek a waiver of the Privacy Act "if it's really necessary."

St. Dennis says "it would be premature" to describe what the Justice Dept. will do when it gets evaders' names, regardless of how they're obtained.

He points out that not all those cases turned over to the Justice Dept. would end up in trial.

Between July, 1964 and June, 1973, St. Dennis says, Selective Service referred to the Justice Dept. 186,711 names of possible draft law violators. Yet only about six percent of those were actually tried. Five percent of the total were ultimately convicted.

Nearly 85 percent of the indictments during the era were dismissed before trial because the accused violator finally agreed to obey the law, St. Dennis says.

How Dry It Is

By ARON ABRAMS

The arboretum pond is drying up. This might not surprise Botany or Zoology students who research in the arb, but to the typical Conn. collegian who plans to spend a lazy afternoon studying by the pleasant pond of yester-semester and is greeted by a water-lillied marsh, the announcement demands clarification. What is happening to our pond?

According to Jim Robinson, the supervisor of the arboretum, the villain behind the great pond draught is nature. "We've had it pretty dry since last winter," maintains Robinson. "Rain is

the primary source of water to the pond. There aren't any inlets or outlets like other ponds have to help the water supply. The pond is basically at the mercy of nature."

The lack of water is not destructive to the pond. In a sense, it is beneficial for it offers students the chance to view a common, natural occurrence. And despite the current dismal appearance, the pond has looked worse. According to Robinson, the water level was so low in 1965 that it was possible to walk across the pond. For the most part, the water level works on a cycle which fluctuates

about twelve inches from winter to summer.

Due to its low water level, the pond may undergo considerable change in appearance and vegetation. Marsh-type plants, particularly water lillies, thrive in this type of environment. The problem with water lillies, states Robinson, is that they "add to sedimentation — the process in which material piles up on the bottom of the pond, thus shallowing the pond and making it even more marsh-like."

Efforts are being made to help the pond through this rough period. For six weeks during the summer, two Conn. College students spent four hours a day harvesting water lillies. Set adrift in a rubber raft and armed only with scoopers, the men waded through the mush to battle the vegetation. No prisoners were taken.

"The harvesting was quite successful," says Robinson. "In 1930, only a small part of the pond was covered with water lillies, but it's picked up quite a bit. In fact, if it wasn't for this summer's harvesting, the whole pond would have been taken over."

In addition to hunting lillies, Robinson, Mr. Craig, and other dedicated arboretum workers are improving the arboretum through a number of projects. Efforts are being made to map and label the variety of plants, which number about 350. Attention is also being given to the acquisition of various plants, the development of special collections, and the expansion of the jogging trails.



Photo by Philip Frankl

Lucey, But No Dezi

By SETH STONE

I was a victim. I had been brain-washed and recruited. I had been asked to give up that commodity which none of us can afford to lose — sleep. And, what is worse, I had done it willingly.

When they first invaded our campus, they looked normal enough. I first saw them in Knowlton living room on Wednesday night, Sept. 17. The leader identified himself as Jim Benn and said he meant us no harm. He said he had come in peace to seek our help. The 20 people who had wandered into the living room seemed willing to help him.

Jim Benn explained that he was the New London coordinator for John Anderson. He explained that he was seeking our help not for himself but for John Anderson and Patrick Lucey.

Patrick Who? "At least it's not John who anymore," somebody quipped. Lucey, Benn said, was Anderson's running-mate. "Our next vice-president," I whispered.

Not acknowledging my wishful thinking, Benn continued. He said Lucey was coming to Groton the following Friday, and this is where we came in.

"He's going to be shaking hands at Electric Boat from 6:45 until 7:30," said Benn.

"We are going to need people out there passing out literature and putting up signs."

The worst was yet to come. "It will entail meeting at the Groton Holiday Inn at 6:00."

The worst was still to come. "It will mean leaving Conn. at 5:45."

It meant getting up at 5:00.

That was the worst part.

Benn then asked for volunteers. In other words, he wanted to know what suckers would willingly get up at the ungodly hour of 5 a.m. to stand in the freezing cold, handing out campaign literature to unimpressed EB employees; they would then ride back to the Holiday Inn to hear Lucey speak at a breakfast fundraiser before rushing back for classes. Nobody in their right minds would do this, right?

Seven people raised their hands. Make that eight. Oh well, who needs sleep anyway.

I stumbled to Cro groggy and cold. My \$2 windbreaker did an admirable job of keeping out the 40 degree cold. Whenever I moved however, it didn't work so well. As I "cheerfully" waited for the other poor souls (volunteers!?) to show

"The Candi-Dating Game"

By BUDDY HARRIS
 Saturday, Sept. 20, 1980
 To all NBC employees and affiliates:
 In an effort to compete more formidably with ABC for the highest possible share of the Nielsen ratings, I have decided to change the format of the Presidential Debates. Since ABC is airing "Family Feud" in the same time slot, it is imperative that we create a more stimulating format. Instead of the Debate, we will air "The Candi-Dating Game."
 Sincerely,
 Fred Silverman, Pres. NBC

+++++++
 Sunday, Sept. 21, 1980
 "Hi, my name is Jim Lang, your host for "The Candi-Dating Game." It's time to welcome our three bachelor candi-dates. Bachelor number one is from Illinois. He has been a Congressman for 20 years. Give a Chi-town welcome to John Anderson. Bachelor number two is from California. He's a former governor. Give a MGM-Grand welcome to Ronald Reagan. Bachelor number three is from Georgia. He's the President of the United States. Let's give a peanut welcome to Jimmy Carter.
 "Well, now it's time to bring on our lovely lady. She's been in a sound proof booth for many years now, so she has not heard a word any of you have said. She knows nothing about you three gentlemen, yet more importantly, you know absolutely nothing about her. She's 204 years old, she used to be a super power, now she's on the decline, welcome America.
 Applause sign flashes, yet only a small percentage of the audience claps.

America: Bachelor number one, say hello.
 Anderson: Hi. I'm not here as a spoiler, I'm here to get a date. I'm neither a homosexual nor a heterosexual; I am an independent.
 America: Bachelor number two, say hello.
 Reagan: Hello. If you give me a date, I'll take you to a shining city on a hill where we can...
 America: Bachelor number three, could you please say hello? (silence) Bachelor number three could you please speak up? (Silence) Bachelor number three? (Silence) Well, let's move on. Bachelor number one, what would you do on our first date?
 Anderson: Well we'd have to have a lot of fiscal restraint.
 America: Physical restraint? Oh that's no fun.
 Anderson: And a fifty cent gas tax.
 America: Being stranded with you on an empty tank of gas could get expensive, not to mention dangerous.
 America: Bachelor number two same question.
 Reagan: Since the government is overspending, we'd have to settle for a home cooked meal.
 America: That's no fun either. Bachelor number three same question (Silence) Bachelor number three?
 +++++++
 Channel switches to ABC.
 +++++++
 "Hi, my name is Richard Dawson, your host for "Family Feud." Tonight we have the Carters versus the Kennedys. This is round one,

and we're looking for things you'd talk to a Libyan leader about. Ding, ding, ding. Billy; that was real quick. You must have a good one.
 +++++++
 Channel switches to NBC.
 +++++++
 America: Bachelor number one, what would you do if I got pregnant on our first date and wanted to have an abortion?
 Anderson: Why that would be your freedom of choice.
 America: Thank you. Bachelor number two same question.
 Reagan: Well, we'd have to ask the kid. I mean that reminds me of a story. Just the other day I was in a hospital in Texas and...
 Jim Lang: Your time is up. Actually your time was up a long time ago.
 America: Bachelor number three same question.

+++++++
 Channel switches to ABC.
 +++++++
 "It's round two, and we're looking for things you'd find in a lake at 2 a.m. Ding, ding, ding. Senator Kennedy, you were pretty quick on that buzzer there.
 +++++++
 Channel switches to NBC.
 +++++++
 Jim Lang: Well you've had a chance to ask some interesting questions, and to find out about each bachelor candi-date. Who will it be? Bachelor number one? Bachelor number two? Bachelor number three?
 America: Well, number three didn't say anything, and number two sounded too relaxed and laid-back, he's from L.A. you know, and number one sounded too tense

and high-strung. I really don't know.
 Jim Lang: Well, you have five weeks to make your decision, so why don't you go home and think it over. Because when you do, you and your "blind" candi-date will be going on a fabulous four year, tax-paid trip to the White House Hotel. Our two losing bachelors will receive guest appearances on "The Joker's Wild." Let's give our audience a "Lesser of three evils kiss" — SMACK! Until next time...

+++++++
 Channel switches to ABC.
 +++++++
 "While Billy and Jimmy go at it, this is Richard Dawson reminding you to check your listing for "The Vice Candi-Dating Game." Have a good night...."

QUESTION:
 What are your thoughts on the televised presidential debate between John Anderson and Ronald Reagan held September 21?

VIEWPOINT

By SARA BARRETT



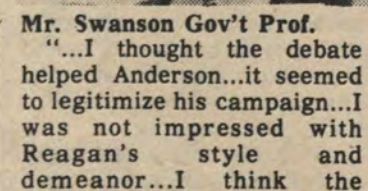
Kitty Keith 81
 "...I think Reagan was just terrible, and Anderson was not as good as I would have liked...I also think it hurt Carter by not being there..."



Rebecca Fuller 82 Westminister
 "...I thought it was a farce...like a theatre...Ronald Reagan's comments could have been out of a movie script, and neither were specific in answering the questions..."



Bill Butterfly 83
 "...both candidates did very well and were very positive...I think the debate was good for the political system overall, and helped Reagan...he captured the hearts of the blue collar workers..."



Mr. Swanson Gov't Prof.
 "...I thought the debate helped Anderson...it seemed to legitimize his campaign...I was not impressed with Reagan's style and demeanor...I think the



Vicky McKittrick 81
 "...overall, I was disappointed with the debate...I don't think either candidate answered the questions specifically or directly...if I had to choose a winner I would choose John Anderson..."



Martha Moulton 83
 "...I didn't watch the debate...I watched Midnight Express instead...I am dissatisfied with both the candidates and did not feel it was worth it to watch them..."



Jason Baum 82
 "...I don't trust Ronald Reagan...his programs would upset the stability of the checks and balances system...the thought of him being president frightens me..."

Photos by Carolyn Blackmar

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EDITORIALS

COMPUTER BREAKDOWN: Paychecks Delayed

By MARSHA WILLIAMS

Friday, September 19

I remembered on my way to the post office that it was pay day for students with campus jobs. The pay period had ended on September 7, and although I had only worked two hours, I looked forward to having the seven dollars for the weekend.

Well, with the exception of two graduate school catalogues, the box was empty. No paycheck. Naturally, I assumed that the boxes were being stuffed alphabetically, and that I would have my check by the end of my classes.

Afternoon, and still no check. Just as I began to wonder what was going on, a friend told me of a note she saw posted on the door of the accounting office. The note explained about the computer breakdown. One line in particular stood out in my mind: "Paychecks will be in the boxes as soon as is humanly possible." My friend called and asked, "Later this afternoon? Tomorrow?" Another friend remarked about going home for Yom Kippur weekend without that extra cash. "As soon as is humanly possible, dear," is the reply. "I have no idea when that will be."

Saturday, September 20

No paychecks, and I became extremely annoyed,

annoyed because the Accounting Office was closed, as usual. No apparent plans had been made to have a service engineer come in to work on the computer. Saturday is the day off — no exceptions.

Monday, September 22

No paychecks. I was livid! My friends were livid! How is a handwritten apology stuck to the door of the Accounting Office supposed to make up for the lack of paychecks? It made no sense to me. The faculty would never be treated that way. Imagine all of the faculty members learning from a note on the door of the Accounting Office that their paychecks simply were not printed, that they would receive them "as soon as is humanly possible!" Sure, it was a small paycheck. Half of the students with campus jobs did not even work before September 7. Nevertheless, they are our paychecks. We earned them! We deserved them! No outsider was in the position to decide how important they are to us! An alternate plan for printing the checks should have been put into effect. Suddenly the acquisition of my seven-dollar check had taken over my life!

I called the Accounting Office again. "Is there any compensation?"

"You will have to talk to Mrs. Young about that, and she isn't in right now." They became annoyed as well, I was sure.

Tuesday, September 23

Needless to say, no paychecks. I felt as if we students were being taken advantage of. I called to talk with Mrs. Young, to propose that a master list be typed up indicating how much each student would receive, and that that list be posted at the Cashier's window so that we could have access to our money.

"Mrs. Young is not in right now."

Wednesday, September 24

What's this?!! Were my eyes deceiving me? Could that be a check in that mailbox? A student occupying the box next to mine asked, "Weren't we supposed to get these days ago?"

"Last Friday," I answered. He stuffed the check into a book, and continued on his way. The crisis was over. My anger subsided — a little. I still felt as if we had been taken advantage of.

Thursday, September 25

Mrs. Young explains the breakdown to me, saying that it was a combination of things wrong with the NCR Computer. "Thursday morning, we noticed that it was not working properly. It was

repaired that morning, so we printed checks all afternoon, and planned to stay into the evening until it was all done.

"At 8:00 that evening, it went down again, and since it was after hours, we had to wait until Friday morning before we could have a serviceman come in. They worked on it all day Friday, Monday, and Tuesday, putting in a total of 24 hours. It was fixed Tuesday afternoon at 4:00, and we stayed until all of the checks were printed so that they could be put into the boxes first thing Wednesday morning.

Had it been a regular 30-day pay period, we would have made alternate plans... I'm pleased with how the students reacted. They were very patient and understanding..."

She had missed my calls...

LETTER

Dear Editor:

I returned from summer vacation looking forward to a new school year here at the Academy — such a school year also entails occasional visits to Connecticut College, visits which were enjoyable last year.

Unfortunately, I received a

shock upon returning this year and seeing "No Cadets Admitted Without an Escort" signs posted at various places around the campus. Shock was soon replaced by outrage: here was a sign which reflected a distinct attitude of prejudice towards cadets.

A criticism was made, and a valid one, perhaps, concerning a lack of decorum among cadets. Fine. I accept the fact that some cadets can be loud, boisterous, and ill-mannered. I cannot accept as fact that cadets are the only ones at fault... would a serious introspective look at the entire student body of Connecticut College reveal no such qualities in your own people? Definitely not.

When a judgement is made about an entire group of people, it cannot avoid being incomplete, inadequate, and essentially wrong. To lump the actions of some and to project these onto a group as a whole is to deny the inherent worth of an individual. To be labeled is a sad thing — to label is indicative of myopic thinking.

When a sign bans cadets without an escort, it is a slap in the face to a majority of young men and women who are not so different from yourselves... apparently, they are a more tolerant group. To ban cadets from places on the campus where they are most likely to meet Connecticut College students is to effectively deny them the chance to even meet someone to escort them at a future date — a neat, cyclical way of shutting people out of any social interaction.

I have always respected Connecticut College as an institution, a feeling that is somewhat shaken by this evidence of clearly reactionary thinking. I had not thought the school capable of such close-mindedness, which apparently has already been transmitted to the new freshmen, and already altered their opinion of cadets.

It is my hope that in the future something can be done about this. I know I would prefer to be judged as an individual, on my own merits, as would everyone else. Conn College - Coast Guard Academy relationships should be more open-minded - human relations play a large part in this world. I would like to see an attempt made to improve and enhance these relationships. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Cadet Jim Seeman

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Request For Candor

By BRIAN McCULLOUGH

Jimmy Carter is a good man, and Jimmy Carter is a good president. I know, because Joan Mondale told me.

Mrs. Mondale, nattily attired in a matching green on white "Re-elect Carter-Mondale" handbag-and-necktie ensemble, spent the greater portion of her talk blandly informing the moderately large Conn student gathering September 18 — that President Carter was doing his best and needed our support in November.

Understandably, she was not there to raise controversy, especially given the increasingly close proximity of November 4. It would still have been refreshing to have heard a little candor—and, needless to say, the Carter Administration has a lot to be candid about. Just an admission of a slight misjudgment, had it been it with the economy, oil price deregulation, anything would have been a great credibility enhancer. Instead, we

received the traditional, singularly unconvincing "Everything is-will be fine; vote for us" pitch.

This distressing situation does not appear to differ to any great extent in the Reagan camp, either. Ron does not expound complex solutions to complex problems. Instead, we're expected to believe that everyone will live happily ever after if we could just remove those mean and nasty government regulations on business. At times on this issue, Mr. Reagan achieves a state of simplistic fanaticism reminiscent of an old Andy Hardy movie ("I know! We'll put on a show! We'll save the old folks' home!!")

The only problem with the candy-coated distortion of reality that the major candidates are lading out is that Americans no longer believe it. Citizens are realizing for perhaps the first time that bold, decisive action is needed now; and our two major nominees are simply

not convincing anyone with their empty rhetoric that they are capable of this type of action. This feeling among the electorate will be evidenced on November 4 by the large number of votes for third-party candidates and the even larger number of nonparticipants. And we also shouldn't forget those who will see no choice but to dispiritedly vote along their traditional party lines.

Maybe it is true that one can never lose money by underestimating the intelligence of the American public, but it is equally true that one can lose votes doing so. The race between Carter and Reagan is a close one—the first candidate to realize this principle may well be the one to emerge victorious.

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ENTERTAINMENT

An Elevated Theatre Form

By PATRICIA DADDONA



"The Iliad, Play by Play" director

Palmer Auditorium is dark. The stage is lit in yellow patches, now soft, now glaring. Wires criss-cross everywhere. The powerful and distinct voice of an actress expresses the sharp, precise hand and body gestures of another. At the stage's far edge, an actor crouches close to the floor and speaks in sign language with the playwright. The stage manager murmurs from one corner, while the director motions with fierce hand movements at others from center-stage. Actors and stagehands await direction, or watch.

Something is evolving here, more silently, but perhaps also more beautifully and articulately than in any other theater in the country. That "something" is Shanny Mow's first serious full-length

drama, entitled, "The Iliad, Play by Play." The artists bringing that work to life are members of the National Theatre of the Deaf.

In 1967, after one unsuccessful attempt at acquiring Federal funding, Artistic Director David Hays took his idea of a theater group, of and for the deaf, to the Eugene O'Neill Theatre Center. Through the O'Neill Center, and through supporters within the Vocational Rehabilitation Administration of HEW, NTD found the means to college and public audiences. It found a home as well.

"The Iliad, Play by Play" is an adaptation of Homer's *The Iliad*, with a modern twist. The epic is staged in a football arena, and the story unfolds "play by play," complete with a half-time as choreographed by former NTD actor William Rhys. Both the playwright, Shanny Mow, and the director, Edmund Waterstreet, are veteran NTD actors and instructors. Both are also deaf. In fact, ten of the thirteen actors in the company are deaf. And yet, as David Hays points out, theirs' is not a handicap, but a handicraft. He describes the deaf language of NTD as "an elevated theatre form" consisting of "handshapes" (sign language) and pantomime. The eloquent precision and dance-like motions of signing translate into a form of communication that out-strips any other.

NTD's 1980-81 season includes a tour with "The Iliad,

Play by Play" which will take the troupe to the Western, Midwestern, and Northeastern states. In the Spring they will make their thirteenth European tour. Meanwhile, their November performance in Nevada will mark a unique theatrical accomplishment. At that point, they will have toured every state in the nation since their formation in 1967. They will be the first theatre anywhere, at any time, to do this.

The original actors and actresses of NTD came mostly from Gallaudet College in Washington, a special college for the deaf. It was there that the concept for the theatre originated. Since then, actors have been chosen most frequently at the end of

a five-week summer school program sponsored by NTD and the O'Neill Center. Applications for actors are requested, and there are occasional auditions throughout the year. Most of NTD's artists have been with the theatre for two or three years, and often longer.

In spite of NTD's innumerable successes (not the least of which is a Tony Award, won in 1977), difficulties in production do arise. Blocking is sometimes a problem, because the deaf actor cannot turn his back to the audience and "sign" at the same time. Lighting provides more trouble. The audience cannot read the signs the actor is making if he is standing in darkness (as some scenes of some plays might necessitate). Mr. Hays also notes that it would be impossible for NTD to produce a play in which much of the dialogue occurs over telephones. Plays with such prerequisites must be turned down. On the whole, however, NTD is enormously versatile, and has performed works by writers as diverse as Sheridan, E.E. Cummings, and Moliere.

The only actress in NTD who is not deaf is Connecticut College alumna Jody Steiner.

She expresses in words and sound the signs of her co-actresses as they perform. Her voice is clear and resonant, and conveys the appropriate emotion as exquisitely as her co-actresses shape it. Like the other hearing and speaking members of the group, Ms. Steiner must alter the tone and timbre of her voice to fit the various characters in each play. She does this expertly.

The O'Neill Center and Connecticut College are neighbors. By extension, so are Connecticut College and NTD. In fact, David Hays is a professor here and affiliations go "way back." Because the theatre likes to open up on "home ground," NTD and Mr. Mow are here now for two performances of "The Iliad, Play by Play." Their distinguished presence energizes and revitalizes both school theater-goers and the New London community. It is good to have NTD back, and Mr. Mow with them.

Note: For more background information on NTD, see David Hays' article, "Theatre of the Deaf," from *Theatre Three*, 1970. Some of Mr. Hays' comments in "Theatre of the Deaf" were referred to above.

A High Scoring Performance

By MAX LANGSTAFF

Once again Palmer Stage has been graced with a thrilling and provocative performance by The National Theatre of the Deaf. Their adaptation of *The Iliad* was exquisite. Using American Football as a metaphor for the legendary Greek and Trojan conflict, deaf playwright Shanny Mow has, with great wit and sensitivity, given life to those wonderful heroes, Achilles and Hector. With all the excitement of the superbowl, the story of the Iliad is explained, play by play. Even the half-time story of *The Odyssey* offered exceptional entertainment with all the humor and excitement of the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders.

Edmund Waterstreet, a twelve year veteran of the company, makes his directorial debut with *The Iliad*. Under his direction, the play moved along with exceptional precision, always remaining true to its source, and never

losing yardage or fumbling under what could have become an overshadowing and cumbersome metaphor. Instead, not only did the superbowl metaphor add richness and excitement to the story, but the resulting performance indirectly made a strong statement concerning the brutality of American football.

The set design by David Hays was very effective in creating a believable stadium environment, with the use of onstage lights and bannerlike backdrops. The costumes by Fred Voepel were, as is always the case, dazzling.

The entire show was filled with a special wonder and excitement found only rarely in theatre today, yet almost always in performances by the National Theatre of the Deaf. Connecticut College is certainly lucky to be treated with an evening of theatre at its best.



Photos by Mike Sladden

"Taking Liberties" Is Not A Clever Title

By BOB BROAD

If a record album should be anything more than a jumble of songs from a particular performer, then Elvis Costello's "new" release, "Taking Liberties," is a failure. But if the greatness of individual songs makes up for the degrading presentation of the album (it is essentially a "compilation" of previously released songs), then it is a success.

Few could disagree that Elvis Costello is one of the few good contemporary pop songwriters. Every one of these tracks is meticulously constructed and, with a few exceptions, powerfully performed. He is finally emerging from beneath the ridiculous labels of "punk" (which some ignorant ones stuck on him years ago) and "New Wave" (that gargantuan and virtually meaningless label). What is now clear is that Mr. Costello is an intelligent, funny, and angry person who writes good, original songs. He is also highly offensive, but most often to those who deserve it. The album is literally packed (twenty songs, as on "Get Happy," his previous l.p.) with fine songs, from the opening cut "Clean Money," to "Ghost Train," which closes the album.

"Hoover Factory" is the best example of Elvis' recent switch in instrumental emphasis from guitar to keyboards. This humorous

song about a vacuum cleaner factory is laced with electronic effects which are not nearly as boring as most electronic pop music.

His nervous, haunting version of "Girls Talk" shows that even if your friend (Dave Edmunds) dilutes your song, and your artistic antithesis (Linda Ronstadt) butchers it horribly, you can still personally do it justice.

The old Van McCoy soul number "Getting Mighty Crowded" is a lively, fun "dance tune" (and dance tunes are all the rage these days) but since it was when Van McCoy did it, why re-do it? "I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea" is still brilliant, but WHY RE-RELEASE IT? "Everyone is on their knees - Except the Russians and the Chinese" in "Crawling to the U.S.A.," and while criticism of America-worship is welcome, the proverb "practice what you preach" haunts the album cover with its conspicuously American phone booth.

The best cut on the album is the uncharacteristic "Just A Memory." The title tells exactly what the song is about (an old love remembered), but the twist he gives to this well-worn subject in the chorus is so surprising and beautiful that it saves the song from the unbearable predictability of 'The Rolling Stones,' 'Memory Hotel' and other "love-gone-by" songs.

Eighty-five percent of this material is previously released. The natural question to ask about a rather poorly arranged collection of re-released songs is, "Why release it?" and the obvious answer is, "to make big money for Columbia Records."

The liner notes on the back of the album are signed by (yawn) Gregg Geller, Vice President of Contemporary Music at Columbia Records. Mr. Geller spews out one of the grossest attempts at product hype ever made. Using phrases like "the irrepressible Elvis," "amazing skill," "dynamic album," "powerful, unique voice," "the fabulous Attractions" (Elvis' band), and their "fiery vigor," this corporate lackey tries to disguise the fact that these are Elvis Costello's songs, but it is not his album. Only Mike "Commander" Chapman (producer of *The Knack*) stands above Gregg Geller as the most obnoxious, ridiculous album cover hypist.

The usurpation of an artist's control over his own material is not funny, it is disturbing. While the title was intended to be ironic and cute, "Taking Liberties" accurately describes what Columbia Records, Inc. is doing by releasing this album.

An Extraordinary Film

By ROBERT LEVINSON

"Ordinary People," marking the directorial debut of Robert Redford, is a wonderfully moving and sensitive film. Conrad Jarret, played by Timothy Hutton, is having a difficult time recuperating after an aborted suicide attempt. He tried to kill himself, we are to infer, as a result of a boating accident he shared with his brother that left his sibling dead. Feelings of guilt overpower and haunt Conrad to the point where he is unable to cope, and consequently, he seeks the advice of a psychiatrist, portrayed by Judd Hirsch. Through his visits, Conrad understands the real conflict he faces is not returning to a normal existence but rather overcoming his feelings of responsibility for his admired brother's death. He has one major roadblock impeding his progress...his mother. Beth Jarret, played with perfect coolness by Mary Tyler Moore, makes her unhappiness known. Unfortunately it is not the same misery Conrad is experiencing. She is distraught

because subconsciously she loved her first born more and is having trouble accepting her remaining child for an accident she feels he is responsible. Acting as a mediator is Calvin Jarret played by Donald Sutherland who tries desperately to instill love and warmth into a family divided. He is loving and sympathetic to Conrad and constantly makes excuses for his mother's lack of affection.

"Ordinary People," from Judith Guest's best selling novel of the same name, is a perfect vehicle for Mary Tyler Moore to display her ability to play dramatic roles. She previously received plaudits for her dramatic portrayal of television reporter Betty Rollin in a made for T.V. movie, but never has she had a really successful full length feature film. She is no longer the spunky Barbie doll character she was so often typecast as. Mary Richards (from the Mary Tyler Moore Show) and Laura Petrie (from the Dick Van Dyke Show) have really come of age! Looking

majestic and handsome with her linear, mature face and slim angular figure Mary Tyler Moore brings dimension to the character of Beth, one that could easily be branded simply a cold and ruthless person. Although acting totally self-centered and uncaring she was able to illicit compassion from the audience, or at least this reviewer, to feel for her disappointment and anger. In my opinion it is her portrayal that makes **Ordinary People** such an engrossing movie.

The rest of the cast did formidable jobs without a single poor or unpolished performance. Also notable is Timothy Hutton, a newcomer, who attacked and conquered the role of the slightly disturbed, self-destructive teen-ager with intense determination. His performance is both captivating and credible.

Ordinary People is an enthralling film. It is both well acted and directed and if nothing else, great entertainment. You might need a box of Kleenex with you, but I strongly urge you to see it.

Dedication is a Key

By ALLEYNE W. ABATE

The new trainer and men's lacrosse coach, Fran Shields, is a man who makes the most of every situation. He uses all of his resources and knowledge to get the best out of everyone and everything. With the small room in the infirmary that is his office he serviced six people in the half hour that I was there, with much care.

he was the assistant coach at Ithaca, too.

His attitude to the sport of lacrosse is another telling characteristic of the man. Shields firmly believes in aggressive control. He is planning to continuously drill the team on precision stick-

Shields, from Geneva, New York, has a B.S. in Physical Education from St. Lawrence University. He is presently working on his Master's degree from Ithaca College.

His educational experience with sports on the medical level is overshadowed by his time spent as a lacrosse player and coach. As an undergraduate at SLU, Mr. Shields was the coach of the women's lacrosse team for all four years and was a starter at attack for the men. He finished as the all-time leading scorer for SLU. Last year, before coming to Conn.,



work and footwork. Dedication is a key to the team's success.

Fran Shields' love of people, sports, and life make a winning combination that will bring the sports medicine and lacrosse team at Conn. College to an extremely productive level.

Meet Patrick Lucey

cont. from page 1

up, I saw joggers out for an early morning jog under the bright night sky, lit up by such constellations as the Big Dipper. Hopeless health nuts I muttered. Ah to be blissfully out of shape.

As the other volunteers stumbled to the front of Cro, we greeted each other with such statements as "uh," "humph." We were all happy to be up for such a good cause. Finally our chauffeur arrived with our custom limosine. The white station wagon screeched to a halt, throwing exhaust fumes up in our faces.

The ride to Groton was not one of the highlights of the day. The windows were rolled up to keep the cold air out. There were nine of us in the car, fogging up the windows, making it impossible to see. On top of this, I was one of the two lucky enough to sit in the "way back." It was fun to see where we had been instead of where we were going. The scenic overpass, the beautiful Rt. 95, the breathtaking bridge, and the fancy Holiday Inn. After this memorable trip I was anxious to get out of the car, even if it was to stand around in the parking lot, waiting for the pamphlets to arrive. I felt like I had been up for hours, and it was only 6:00.

Finally, the Lucey advance man arrived with the pamphlets. Seemingly we were finally getting down to business. After all, the advance man was "national" and we were only local. I should have known better.

He explained to us that there was a little problem with the pamphlets. Yes, they had been printed up. Yes, the content was correct, stating Anderson's and Lucey's support for the Trident submarine which EB had a contract to build. Their support was a key aide to winning some votes in this area of the state.

"But we have a problem." The advance man explained to us that it wasn't his fault. The pamphlets were printed up in a non-union shop, meaning that there was no union label on them. Passing out non-union material at a place like EB was slightly suicidal. Besides, Lucey would lose his reputation as "pro-labor."

So instead of passing out a few thousand timely pamphlets, we passed out a few hundred standard "Anderson Addresses America" pamphlets. They did nothing to explain their position on the sub, and nothing to explain who Patrick Lucey was. Explaining was to be our job. "Meet Patrick Lucey, John

Anderson's running-mate, to the main gate." we were to yell. This is what we had volunteered for. So much for the "Anderson difference."

As we rode to the main gate of EB (past the ever popular Norm's Diner), we talked of the efficiency of the Anderson staff. Reagan staffers would never have made this mistake. Of course, if we were Reagan volunteers we would have still been sleeping, as Reagan doesn't campaign before noon. Beauty sleep you know.

We were ceremoniously dumped in front of the main gate, each being given about 30 of the leaflets. Jim was there with us, as he had been given about 8 signs to put up. These signs were obviously hand-made, drawn with the original colors of red and blue magic marker. Actually, they looked pretty nice considering the hustle with which they were drawn. "Pat Lucey Here Today" or "Meet Pat Lucey at the Main Gate" and all had Anderson's name on them.

We finished putting up the signs at about 6:30. The advance man told us we could not start handing out the leaflets until 6:45. During the ensuing 15 minutes we each staked out good spots to stand at. I was about 100 feet from the main gate where Lucey was to stand. I myself was standing against a fence, in case I needed some support.

Then the action started. A big camper rolled up, stopping a little bit beyond me. It had Anderson bumperstickers all over the outside. These were "The Boy's on the Bus." The media had arrived. Cameramen jumped out, trailed by miles of cable. Reporters stepped out (they were after all, reporters), looking tired and probably thinking where the hell is Groton, Conn. (where the hell is Groton, Conn. anyway?) They all marched past us, over us, and through us to establish good positions at the gate to report the ex-

citing media event of hand-shaking.

The national media looked tired and bored. After all, it was 6:30 in the morning, they were in some place called Groton, following around the vice-presidential candidate of an Independent candidate. Members of the local media looked a little better. After all, a genuine media event was happening in their area, and they had a chance to meet the "big boys."

The media all dragged themselves to the main gate, awaiting the arrival of Lucey. With the media there, Lucey could not be far behind. He wasn't.

From over the hill, two motorcycle policemen appeared, with their sirens blaring. Following them were a long line of limosines, with Groton police cars interspersed. For a supporter of the 50-50 gasoline tax, Lucey was generating the use of a lot of gas. At least all of the cars were American made.

One of the cars in the middle of the procession stopped suddenly. A great mass of people moved to surround it. Flashbulbs popped. Seemingly bored workers on their way through the gate remained seemingly bored. Remembering the cries of "Patrick who" I knew this was him.

Secret servicemen immediately started doing whatever it is that secret servicemen do. As usual, they were very inconspicuous. With the sun barely in the sky, they were wearing sunglasses. While the EB employees wore work clothes, the secret servicemen wore dress suits. They had a strange habit of looking around like caged rabbits. And, with their earpieces, I was constantly tempted to ask them what the score was.

With Lucey at the main gate, and the secret service conspicuous by their inconspicuousness, I had my

cue to start. I immediately moved from the fence to the center of the sidewalk. I was almost run down by a 6 foot, 250 pound tank carrying a lunch box.

"Uh," I said, "m-meet Patrick Lucey, J-John Anderson's r-r-running mate at the main g-gate." (I was now a soprano). I held out a leaflet in his general direction.

"Where are you from," he asked.

"Connecticut C-C-College," I said in my pre-puberty voice.

"I didn't know it was still all girls," he said, walking past me.

At this point another of Lucey's staff came forward. She told me to speak louder (oh God!) and move closer to the gate.

Waves of workers were starting to pass by. All of us were kept very busy. Slowly I managed to add a little deepness to my voice, but I was still glad that I had a beard.

"Meet John Anderson's running mate, Patrick Lucey, at the main gate," I yelled as a stream of employees passed by.

"Who?"

"Patrick Lucey."

"Lucey huh? Where's Dezi?"

This is the mentality of the people building our nation's defense weapons. Now I know why they are over budget.

As the hordes swept past me, I kept yelling and kept pushing the hand-bills towards them. I did this automatically, and the people took them automatically. Most did look at the leaflets and a few threw them away. Others put them in their pockets. There were a few who looked genuinely interested.

"Anderson is my man. I'm gonna vote for him," one man said.

"Good choice," I replied. "What is he running for?"

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SPORTS

Camels Serve Victory to Cadets

By ALLEYNE W. ABATE

The booters of the Coast Guard were handed an upset victory over the Camels on Tuesday, September 23. This loss to the Cadets brings Conn. College's record to 2-2, after starting off the season with two very impressive victories, over Fairfield and Quinnipiac.

The first half of play favored the Camels, as both of our goals came at this time. The scoring was opened, however, by the Coast Guard's Kurt Goth, with an assist by O'Day. This would be the only opportunity capitalized on by the Cadets until 13:26 in the second half.

At the 10:51 mark of the first half Kevin Sayward, a tri-captain of the Camels squad, booted a shot past Coast Guard goalie, Fernando Lardizabal, to tie the game at 1-1. Senior, Tom Burke later followed with a

goal off of a rebound late in the first half to give Conn. a 2-1 lead at halftime.

Things went downhill from there for the home team. Chip Orcutt, the freshman goaltender, was called for pushing in the second half. The result was a penalty kick for the Cadets. Kevin O'Day, a junior, made it count at 13:26. At the end of regulation, the across-the-street rivals were knotted at 2-2.

In overtime Conn. had some good opportunities to score, particularly on a shot by tri-captain David Geller that hit the goal post and went over the top. The Coast Guard Academy, though, ended the game less than four minutes into overtime, as Peter Hoffman picked up a loose ball then passed it to senior, Tom Criman, who fired the ball past Conn.'s Orcutt to decide the game.



The Camel's met the Coast Guard in an exciting game last Tuesday.
Photo by Mike Sladden

WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL

By MARSHA WILLIAMS

Last week was a rather busy one for the Conn College Women's Volleyball Team, as they played 4 of their scheduled 38 games. Two of the games were played victoriously at home, while the other two were played on the road.

The Conn College - Sacred Heart - Coast Guard tri-meeting took place on September 23 before a balcony filled with spectators from each of the three schools, and one bear.

The Camels met first with the Sacred Heart Pioneers, winning the first two games. Although our team was victorious, the Pioneers really made Conn's Camels work for every point. The fans were shown an excellent display of volleyball, as both teams were forced to dive to keep the ball in play. Long volleys characterized this meeting. Carol Marton opened the second game with three consecutive scoring

points, and Beth Brown put an end to it, serving the last four points. It is hard to single out specific players, however, as each member played well.

In the second game of the tri-series, Sacred Heart quickly and easily overpowered the Coast Guard, so it was no surprise when the Camels beat the Bears in 2 games, 15-4 and 15-3.

In the second series, played on Wednesday night, each of the three teams emerged victorious. Conn College met Eastern Connecticut in the first match, and was able to beat them in 2 games. Next, Eastern was fared against the Women's team from the University of Connecticut, and the UConn Huskies were triumphant.

The final leg of the triangle was completed when Conn College went down to UConn. Despite the odds, the Huskies beat the Camels in only two games. The team's record now stands at 4 wins and 1 loss.

Flag Football Kicks Off



Flag football with the KB-Branford team matched against Harkness-Plant.

It's that time of year again. Although some of the names have changed and the site is different, flag football, the toughest sport at Connecticut College has begun another season. With last season being just a memory, except for seeing an occasional S&M jersey and Gerald Schanz's appealing smile, the new season begins. This year will be a little different. The new Chapel stadium can seat a lot more fans than the old stadium, but the field is narrower, thus cutting down on those famous power sweeps. Therefore, this year should feature the pass. Those yellow poles in both end zones are for field goals, some-thing new. This may also be the year of the last-second field goal attempt.

The two early favorites must be Smith and Burdick. Burdick seems, on paper at least, to be unstoppable. With Tony "Housefellow" Delyani throwing those heavy blocks for running back Shane O'Keefe and quarterback Gerald "the Jungle Man" Schanz, Burdick's offense could be awesome. Captain Jim Robinson anchors the defense with a great pass rush. The only thing that could stop this team is the problem that middle linebacker, Paul Kiesel, keeps taking the coin during the opening coin toss.

Smith the co-favorite for the title is loaded with speed, strength, and experience. Quarterback Jeff "Tex" Hilford was the quickness and the arm to be one of Conn's finest quarterbacks ever, if he could only find a mouth guard to fit his mouth. Smith's scouts went all the way to Europe to find linesman Cris "the Streak" Galanto. He and Neil McLaughlin (6'4" 260 lbs.) make the lines look very sound. Veteran Tom Seclow adds a lot of muscle and gas to the lineup.

Windham has a lot of rookies this year but Captain Jim Dezell, did a good job scouting. The freshmen, although they will make mistakes, are tough. Tony Morakis is the front line, and with his quickness puts on a mean pass rush. Returning veteran Scott Bauer, being a house fellow this year, has a lot of weight on his shoulders,

hips...but he has proven to be one of the unstoppable forces in the league.

Harkness-Plant could be a sleeper. Andy Heffner, recently released from Studio 54's team, could be one of the finer quarterbacks in the league. Fans all over are wondering which flags go best with his blue disco pants. Scott Hefter, Joe Hardcastle and John Terenzi have speed, strength and size.

With a little luck tight end Russ "Slim" Greg will catch a pass this year, and rookie of the year candidate Billy "I ain't afraid of nothing" Forrest won't get broken in two. This is a team to watch.

Captain J. Mont of Hamilton is optimistic after a 31-14 opening day victory over Larrabee, but Hamilton just does not seem to have the talent to be a big power. They do have Kenny "Cub Scout" Goldstein though. Hamilton also has Rick Gersten.

Larrabee has started its season off unimpressively. A weak running and passing performance characterized their team's play. The team was somewhat helped by Q.B. David Zieff who sketched plays on his chest.

Down at the sunny south end of campus the flag football players grow big.

Players like Bill "Buttocks" Barrock and Kenny "Colossal" Abrahams hope to make a good showing for the Freeman-J.A. team. Other standouts are Chip McGuire and Andy "Core" Storero. Their first major test will come against Smith this Saturday.

No one knows what to expect from the Marshall and Wright teams. The talents of Shawn Moss, Mike Bacon and Paul Coyne among others are there but a pre-season report on these two teams is not available right now.

Blunt and Branford have merged and produced a fairly solid team led by Q.B. Pat Dealy and receiver Aaron Cohen. They also have a secret weapon -- Mumford. That's right, James "Mumford" Kellog has worked out all summer preparing for the upcoming season. Some believe he's capable of bench pressing the entire J.A.-Freeman defensive line.

The league has 11 teams this year and seems to be fairly well-balanced, with no one team clearly superior to the rest. The season should build to an exciting finish on November 16 when the Superbowl is scheduled. The games are at 4:00 on weekdays, 11:30 on Saturdays.



Women's Field Hockey Team played Barrington College last Saturday. The game ended in a Camel loss.

Photos by Carolyn Blackmar

Interiors

Fishin' the North Side

By ALI MOORE

In late spring, my father always sat me down and said: I knew it was comin'. The second I saw the white hull of that fiberglass concoction full of money and all kinds of useless gear--ten different types of reels, hundreds kinds of poles, big fish tank that ain't never held a scup, purple, pink, and white lures all uglier than Mrs. Triggerbush's Sunday dresses, those billion dollar Depth 'O Finders, Fish O'Finders, Fish O' Catchers, Fish O' Cleaners, and Don't Crack Me Up On The Rock O' Pleasers--I knew them two bone-headed, unpractical, summer dinks were gonna steam right into my spot, slammin' that plastic vessel right over the bass, right in the way of my lines. So I says out loud, "George, them summer folks with that 140 horse engine gonna throttle in and scare your bass away. You better set your lines like as you're fishin' for those itty-bitty scup." So I reeled in quick and the bait, the darn ole slippery, slimy, big-toothed eel that looks like the dinks' mothers, kept on the hook; I couldn't pull the thing off, so I dropped the pole and let the eel go a' whappin' and a' whappin' on the wooden boards--they don't make boats like they used to, what with these Tupper Ware bathtubs the dinks is buyin' these days-- hopin' to put my foot on it and cut the hook out of it, the eel, I mean. Well, here I am makin' all kinds of noise, stampin' and hollerin' at the ole eel, and probably scarin' away them cow bass that been layin' and lazin' and waitin' for my eel; then I hear the boat behind me and one of them yellow slickered, flounder nosed, mush brained, eel lipped, good for nothin' summer dunebars asks, "Sir, would you please tell us where we can catch some fish? We've been out here for three hours and haven't had a strike. My friend, Philip Smith, and I can only come to the island on weekends, so we'd really appreciate it if you would help us find some fish." And I smiled at 'em and looked at 'em, thinkin' I hate dinks. I hate dinks, and knowin' they set on the water for three hours and expect a poor man (my father and grandfather fished, spendin' their lives on the sea, figurin' out the good holes, keepin' the secrets from people, and handin' their tricks to me) to give up my brains and holes so they can catch a few cows for sport while I starve to death and can't bring no fish to market? I looked at them some more, smiled big, toothy, and friendly, and I says, "Up the beach them bass fishermen been catchin' some big cows. You know where the sandbar is?" They look at me real stupid, like I was a prophet or a teacher, and one of them says, "Yes. The sandbar, of course. I know where it is."



Illus. by Karen Bachelder

And I pulled up the pole with the squigglin' eel so they see it good and I says, "Nothin' here but eels. My wife likes 'em." They moved to the side of the boat, makin' it tip real nice, makin' sure they don't come near the eel that's danglin' in front of their dried potato faces. I hoisted the eel over into my dory and bid farewell to the summer folks when they gunned away; and figurin' it wastime toquaff some brews over at the docks, I rowed to harbor, chucklin' at those summer dinks workin' their lines over the sandbar, catchin' dogfish on every pass.

Auditions

The theater department will be holding open auditions for the student directing projects on Wednesday, October 1st, at 7:00 p.m. and Thursday, October 2nd, at 8:30 p.m. The auditions will be held in Palmer's T.V. studio which is located under the mainstage. Seven one-act plays will be cast from these auditions. Everyone is welcome. A two to three minute audition piece is requested, but not required.

I am the sublet room
you retreat to
that brings back could-have-beens.

My walls, floor, ceiling — all
are mirrors, and you keep gazing fondly in.

I want you to stop
coming here.

I scratch out the address
that you keep writing on notepads.
I lock windows and door.

But I have given you the key,
and you use it.

I used to pray that you'd rent
this place,
that you'd find comfort here,
and softly settle in.

Now,

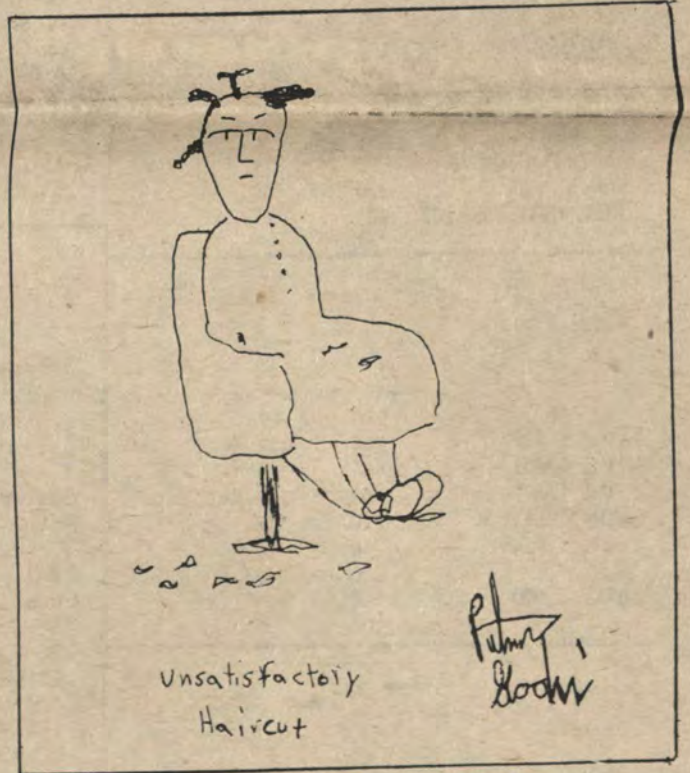
I want my lease back.
It's too much, your presence —
it weighs on me like mahogany,
smothers like a carpet.

Besides, you have a house
on the other side of the city.

I have no place else to go.

I need this room.

Patricia Daddona

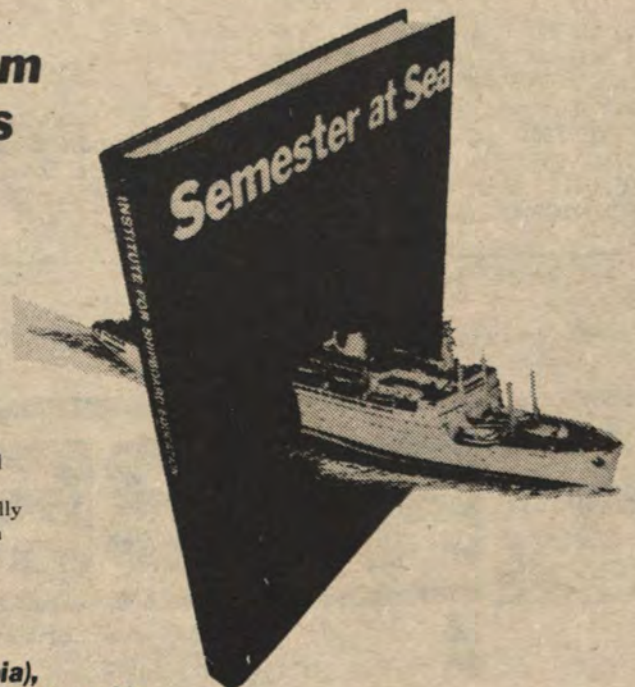


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GROTON SHOPPING PLAZA-REAR 82 Plaza Court Groton, CT 06340 203-446-1277
NEW LONDON 90 Bank Street New London, CT 06320 203-442-5314

Store Hours
New London:
M-S 9am - 6 pm
Groton:
M-Th-F 10am - 9pm
T-W-S 10am - 6 pm
Ticketron now in Groton