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THE COLLEGE VOICE

Connecticut College's Weekly Newspaper

October 9, 1981

Vol. V, No. 4



Virginia Pasternak

The Perils of Peer

By Robin Lynn Waxenberg

"Energy, stamina, curiosity, intellectual honesty." These are the most important qualities for a journalist to have, according to *Newsweek* senior writer Elizabeth Peer. "You have to be willing to be resourceful, to be a gypsy . . . If you like independence, if you're a self-starter, if you like going off on your own projects and not being too closely supervised, journalism can be tremendously interesting and very satisfying."

Ms. Peer is certainly a woman of such independent means. She was the first woman foreign correspondent and foreign bureau chief for *Newsweek*. A 1957 Conn. College graduate, Ms. Peer recalls her graduation as a time when "middle class women were not meant to have careers," but rather to marry and raise a family. Yet, as an independent woman, she attended the theater program at Columbia Graduate School, ran out of money and went to an employment agency which suggested she apply for a job as a copy girl at *Newsweek*. Thus, in 1958, she "shuffled, stumbled and backed" her way into a career she found very interesting. Today, that stumbling, "quite by accident," has resulted in her coverage of political, diplomatic, economic and feature stories of nine European countries for *Newsweek*, role as a Washington correspondent, general editor and writer in New York City for the magazine, and work as a freelance writer.

On October 2, Oakes Ames presented Ms. Peer with the Conn College Medal,

which he stated was the "highest honor the college can bestow on an alumna by paying public tribute to an individual of distinguished achievement . . . Ms. Peer is one of America's most accomplished, experienced journalists today. She has covered a range of human experiences, and has the energy, insight and sense of humor which makes her a writer's writer." Ms. Peer was to receive the award at Commencement last spring, but due to illness, could not attend the ceremony.

Ms. Peer has also been the recipient of the 1978 Overseas Press Club Award for Ogaden War Reporting, a 1975 Page One Award for feature writing, a 1973 Lincoln University Award for political reporting and a 1972 Penney-Missouri Award from the University of Missouri Journalism School. But behind these awards lies Ms. Peer's interesting history of experiences as a forerunner in the world of professional female journalists at *Newsweek*.

While she found her own social world in the late 1950's quite restrictive, "journalism was opening all these doors. I was talking to the kinds of people I could never meet in my appropriate social life." In 1962, Ms. Peer was given her first writing tryout doing "back of the book work—neither politics nor foreign affairs." At *Newsweek*, field correspondents file reports which are rewritten as stories by New York editors. These functions are combined in a newspaper. By doing non-political articles for *Newsweek*, Ms. Peer could both write and report her own stories, as she still does today.

Continued on Page 4

Reagan's Cuts Threaten Conn Students

By Carly Rand

The passage of the omnibus Budget Reconciliation Bill by the House and the Senate will cut Federal expenditures by more than \$35 billion between October 1, 1981 and September 3, 1982. President Reagan signed the bill into law this July. Its effect on various colleges and individual students on financial aid is still ambiguous and somewhat frightening. To understand the change, the present programs must be understood.

There are five Federal Financial Aid programs in which Connecticut College participates. Two of these are The Basic Educational Opportunity Grant which ranges from \$200 to \$1,750 and the Supplemental Education Opportunity Grants which range from \$200 to \$1,500 and is supplemented with some other form of aid. Two other programs are loans. The National Direct Student Loan is offered to students enrolled at least half time and have financial need. It ranges from a total of \$3,000 for students in their first two years of undergraduate study, to \$6,000 for students having completed the two years toward a Bachelor's degree or up to \$12,000 for graduate study. The interest in repayment is 4% until October 1, 1981 when it becomes 5%. The second loan is the Guaranteed Federally Insured Student Loans. Students under this loan may borrow up to \$2,500 a year for undergraduate study or \$5,000 a year for graduate study. The interest in repayment is 7% (9% for new borrowers) but because the loan does not have to be repaid until after graduation, the government pays the interest until the repayment period. The fifth program is the Work-Study Program to ensure students with the greatest need priority for employment. The government supplies 80% of the money for this program, while the employer supplies the remaining 20%.

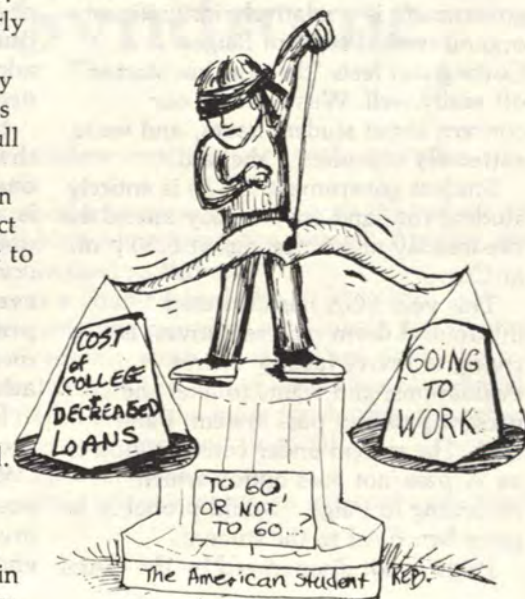
Although most changes aren't clearly defined yet, the individual Grants having already been cut \$80, and may be cut more. Higher Education groups are urging the appropriation of the full \$2.65 billion into the Pell Grants, Federal aid for the neediest students in the omnibus Budget Reconciliation Act of 1981. This would enable the Grant to include a maximum of \$1,800 and maintain the average of \$950. Along with the diminishing amounts for Grants, the eligibility for receiving a loan has adopted a policy in which students with a family income over \$30,000 must prove the financial need. They must take a test to determine if they are eligible.

This new regulation on loans is probably the most significant change in the financial aid programs. Apparently,

many students, whether they need it or not, have been participating in the GSL. Consequently, because of such misuse, the government has spent over \$10 billion on this program. It has been estimated that without the necessary cuts, the fiscal 1982 deficit will increase up to \$80 billion.

Because the government hasn't yet revealed how flexible the test for eligibility will be, it is difficult to predict the effect. One student with a GSL claimed that without the loan her family would have to give up their Christmas vacation and put the money into the tuition. Another student with a grant (the SEOG), a loan and on a College Work-Study Program claimed that not being eligible would mean she would move from Connecticut College to a state college. It is possible that this may be the case for many students. An estimate made from the applicants of the 1985 class indicated that 50% of those on financial aid had families with incomes over \$30,000. Although the 50% is a rough estimate and established from applicants, not students, it is very large. Presently about 35% of this school has some form of financial aid.

The cutbacks in Federal and state aid to students may cause colleges and universities to try to compensate for the reductions of government aid. It would be a help if Connecticut College could increase its financial aid; however, chances of this are slim. Macalester College of St. Paul, Minnesota for example, claims that they can afford to increase their financial aid by \$200,000. It will make \$3 million available to students during the 1981-82 school year. Macalester's President, John B. Davis, Jr. noted that other universities and colleges probably would not have the money to make up for the Federal aid loss, forcing some students to choose between continuing college education or dropping out.



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CAMPUS FORUM:

The Electric Government

By Ken Gotlib

Enthusiasm and devotion seem to be the key words of this year's SGA.

This council tactfully executes authority and law under the guidance of the smartly tailored and influential Paige Cottingham. Proudly commending the group's recent accomplishments, SGA President Paige Cottingham affirmed, "We've formed committees to work on two academic issues, a committee for an energy conservation program, the student phonebook is well underway, and the student government positions have been filled so that they can become active and productive."

Realizing the association's imperfections, Paige cried out that "The students can and should do a lot more . . . We all need to open our eyes and ears and take a good look at what's happening around us . . . This responsibility is shared by all of us, but if we fail to realize this now it will be too late later."

The SGA has the power to undo anything it has done. Currently, members are investigating the "A" pass/fail rule. The committee cites three problems with the system: the grade cut-off point is not specific; the filing period ends too early; and the professor is informed that the student is taking the course on a pass/fail basis. It was finally voted that a detailed proposal to rectify the inconsistencies be brought up at the next meeting.

The SGA accomplishes a great deal, and when it comes to food, stand back! The assembly simply would not tolerate the termination of Wednesday tea and cookies, and within a few minutes came up with a solution to the problem.

Apparently, the abolishment was due to the supposed waste of tea. Consequently, the SGA will suggest the use of tea bags, so that tea waste will be an impossibility. Somehow however, that did not satisfy the SGA's hunger for student well-being, and students may now look forward to doughnuts, cider, and other varieties of food on Wednesdays.

While students enjoy their Wednesday snacks, many take pleasure in perusing their textbooks. Unfortunately, according to members, several students' textbooks have not yet been received by

the bookstore—over a month after the start of classes; SGA was clearly upset about it. One member commented that the bookstore makes an enormous profit on textbooks and saves even more money by not sending back excess books. They purposely order fifteen to twenty percent fewer books than the teacher requests. The SGA voted to form a committee of five students and three faculty members to investigate four possible areas of improvement in the textbook situation, i.e. the recirculation of students' used textbooks, the absence of bookstore profit on textbooks, the limitation in cost of each professor's request for books, and most importantly, the elimination of the drawn-out delays in the student acquisition of textbooks.

The SGA's electricity seemed to illuminate the entire building as yet another student's annoyance was brought up—the seemingly unceasing deafening buzzer that awakens students at 2:00 a.m., driving them out into the streets with fear of cremation. Fire drills are crucial, but the assembly felt that drills should not be permitted between midnight and 8 a.m., and also not during final exam week.

The SGA appointed one individual to talk to Campus Security to determine whether early morning fire drills are required by law. As soon as this information is received, appropriate steps for further action will be taken.

Remarkably enough, the SGA found time to hold elections for the campus health service committee and the parking appeals committee, and they also approved the 1981-82 club and special event budget.

How does the SGA handle such a wide variety of issues in one meeting? With a good deal of cunning, that's how. A dynamic zeal waits behind the demeanor, the maturity, and the discrimination of the group. It is comparable to the strict teacher who calls on you every time you drift off into a daydream. I feel secure in applauding the Student Government Association, even though it has been the target of denigration by cynics, and hope that the students of our college appreciate the many benefits the SGA has in store for them.

SGA: Organized and Active

By Jennifer Price

Despite recent accusations that student government is a relatively insignificant organization, President Paige Cottingham feels "the year has started off really well. We've shown our concern about student issues, and we're extremely organized," she said.

Student government (SGA) is entirely student run, and anyone may attend the Wednesday night meetings at 6:30 p.m. in Cro.

This year SGA has instituted intramural dorm representatives, is trying to revive faculty/course evaluations, and wants to alter the present pass/not pass system, Paige said. The system under consideration is an A/pass/not pass option which, according to Paige, "would probably be more beneficial to the students."

Paige is not discouraged by the claims

that SGA is lacking in power or meaning. "Of course I expected some negative comments. That article (Bill Butterly's editorial) was like a shot of adrenaline—it just made me more determined," she said.

She does say that "it's not fair to say that SGA is not doing anything when no one tells us. Every matriculated student is a member of SGA, and if someone doesn't participate or tell us their complaints, we just assume that everything is O.K." Dorm house presidents are supposed to attend weekly meetings where they are free to give advice or raise complaints.

Paige said she is happy with the accomplishments of SGA to date. "We've got all of our committee positions filled, a lot of people are involved, we're organized, and I'm very enthusiastic about the rest of the year."

Reality of Sexual Assault

By L. A. Christiano

On September 30th at 8:00 p.m., an informational meeting entitled "The Reality of Sexual Assault" was held at Unity House. The meeting was sponsored by Unity, the Office of Volunteers for Community Service, and the Women's Center of Southeastern Connecticut.

The meeting was hosted by Ms. Grissel Hodge, Administrative Assistant of Unity and Office of Volunteers, and temporary Acting Director of Unity. The meeting was open to all interested members of the College community and has a turnout of 15 people, almost all of whom were females. There were two women speakers, both volunteers at the Women's Center of Southeastern Connecticut, whose names will not be mentioned to protect the confidentiality policy of the Women's Center.

Their talk consisted of two parts—the first part involved the facts and myths about rape itself; the second part dealt with the aftermath of rape and what the Women's Center is all about. The speakers discussed the various degrees of sexual assault, all of which involve force of the threat of force. It is estimated that only one out of every ten sexual assaults are reported. According to the statistics, one rape committed every six minutes.

The speakers made the distinction between submission to rape and consent to rape, stressing that a woman may have to submit to her assailant in order to save her life. Previously under Connecticut law, husbands could not be charged with raping their wives, but this law has been changed. Connecticut is now one out of the five states which have made this change.

The speakers stressed the need to wipe out misconceptions about rape which affect our attitudes. Through various surveys it has been found that attitudes of rape being "okay at times" are still remarkably prevalent among teenagers. Many people believe that rapists act out of sexual frustration. This is not true since reasons which motivate someone to commit rape are psychological rather than biological.

The initial motivations may fall under three basic categories: 1. the need for power and control over someone; 2. the need to express anger, resulting in misdirected force; and 3. the minor percentage who are sadistically motivated. Statistics show that over 80% of sexual assaults are planned or at least partially planned. Rape is an act of violence, not a sex act. In 87% of reported cases, the assailant either threatens death or has a weapon. Reported victims have ranged in age from two months to ninety-six years old, and have included handicapped people and men. In over 58% of the cases the rape occurs between people who know each other and there is a 50/50 chance that it will happen in a residence. In 93% of the cases both the victim and the assailant are of the same socio-economic circumstance. Rape is a crime of convenience and it is most often that a rapist will choose a victim

in the same area. Women can be sexual assailants themselves or can be used as decoys to aid men in getting victims. There is also the fallacy that some women want to be raped. Dressing for attention does not give anyone else the right to commit a degrading and violent crime.

The speakers stressed the need to stay alert and be aware that rape can happen to anyone. It is important to be aware that in the past, rapes have occurred on the college campus and in the immediate area, and according to the speakers, that it is a Conn College policy not to publicize such happenings. Students should take advantage of the escort service provided by Campus Security. If you or someone you know has been victimized, the first thing to do is get to a safe place, then call the police and get to a hospital for a medical examination. It is necessary to check for both internal and external injuries, and for evidence if you want to press charges. The hospital will automatically notify the police; however, a victim has up to a year to press charges. Evidence from the medical exam is sealed in a kit and sent to an office in Hartford, Connecticut, where it is kept confidential.

The speakers also discussed the post-assault trauma for a victim, a condition referred to as Rape Trauma Syndrome. The Red Cross has developed the services of the Women's Center to fill the emotional needs of rape victims during the Rape Trauma Syndrome. Rape crisis counselors provide services from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., weekdays at the Women's Center, and provide a 24-hour hotline. A primary counselor talks with the victims themselves, and a backup counselor aids the primary counselor by talking to the family and friends of the victims.

The Women's Center will begin a six-week hotline training program on Wednesday nights from 6:30 to 9:30 p.m. beginning October 21st and running through December 2nd. The program uses community, hospital, and people familiar with the legal aspects of rape, as well as films and texts. Upon completing the six week program, practice in the office of the Women's Center can be obtained by working with the counselors at the Women's Center. Due to the amount of time spent in training counselors, one year contracts to work on the hotline have been established for all volunteer counselors. Course credit can be obtained at Conn College through an individual study program or a combination of independent research work and taking the course offered at the Women's Center. There is a problem with transportation however, since it is not provided by the Women's Center or the College.

The speakers from the Women's Center provided information which was interesting as well as eye-opening. If informational meetings are provided by the Women's Center in the future, it would be in the students' best interest to attend.

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"Did you hear about the assassination?"
"Whose?"
"Sadat. President Sadat was just shot."
"Is he dead?"
"I don't know. No one knows. Some reporters say he is, some say he isn't."
"Wow. I thought you were going to say Reagan was hit again."
"No."
"When was Reagan shot anyway?"
"About six months ago."
"It seems longer. At least they didn't try to kill him again. Who shot Sadat? Why?"
"A group of Egyptian soldiers. They were on parade, then they turned around and started firing at him."
"Why?"

"I don't know. I guess they were dissatisfied."
"I guess . . . So now we just wait and find out if he's dead or not. It will probably be on T.V. soon."
"I feel sorry for Dan Rather. Everytime someone gets shot, he has to sit at the anchorman's booth for ten hours. He was there when Reagan was shot, and the Pope, and John Lennon."
"No. Lennon was shot at night, remember?"
"Yeah. During Monday Night Football. That was a while ago too."
"Yeah . . . Well, want to go eat lunch?"
"I guess. Maybe someone in Harris knows if he's dead or not."
"Maybe."

— A.A.

Cramped Housing Just Mathematics



I saw Marg Watson, Dean of Student Affairs, at the P.O. about the second day of school last month. I asked her if it wasn't fun to have everyone back on campus.

"There's fun," she said, "and then there's housing," and hurried off toward Fanning, wearing one of those 'I'm going to survive this' smiles.

Ten days later I went to listen in at a "Housing Information Meeting". There was the besieged Dean Watson, soothing a group of bitter and desperate Freshmen women. They were speaking horrors about the cramped quarters of their triples (formerly doubles), obviously having saved up their frustration for someone they were assured would help them. Dean Watson replied with equal frustration that nothing could be done, that it was "all a question of numbers." One of the girls suggested a law suit, but when the dean went pale, she doubled back quickly and laughed it down.

Of course there were other unpleasant scenes preceding this one. Like when Dean Watson was first shown the number of residential students arriving in August (1,495), versus the number of suitable beds, (1,450, including basements). Or how about when Sue and Mary and Paula spent their first night of college in a double room, one of them on a mattress half slid under another's bedframe. Then there's Margaret, who has a nice single room — on an all-male floor.

It's all just a question of numbers. Of course it depends on what numbers you're looking at, and from what side of the housing situation.

If you're a Freshman woman, for example, the numbers look like this: there are 40 triples (5 having been solved so far), 10 girls living in singles on men's halls, and positively no chance for a change this semester, and probably this year.

If you're a male, you may be delighted by the one girl on your hall, unless she has already brained you with a shampoo bottle when you stumbled hung-over into the shower.

If you're on the College Admissions staff: you're ecstatic

over the number of qualified applicants who chose Connecticut College this year, more than ever. In fact, considering you accepted about 40% more than could possibly live here, you played the numbers game almost perfectly. Still, it seems a bit unpleasant to you to have 130 or so girls in unhappy living situations.

If you're the College Treasurer, you're just barely skinning your way up the Black ink cliff this year, having taken an amazing leap of faith off the 1,595 paying students-budget pinnacle. You've heard some stories about overcrowding of freshmen, which is a shame, because the College certainly can't afford any new housing. Why don't more of the kids live off-campus?

If you're living off-campus this year, the numbers look pretty horrible. Cat food is up to 69¢ a can; fuel oil is \$1.25 a gallon, but so what, you can't eat it; there are no six-packs left in the icebox after your on-campus friends came down the other night, got hammered and bitched incessantly about the housing problem. You're counting tins of cat food versus number of nights of scoping before you can find a partner with a nice warm single in Harkness, and a meal ticket.

If you're the besieged Dean Watson, the numbers are appalling. Your double-digit popularity quotient is diving, there are only 85 lunatics with enough money to live off-campus, compared with the normal 150, and they're finding warm, meal-ticket holding friends at an alarming rate. You see an average of a half-dozen distraught young women every day, who bag the numbers game, and tell you very sincerely that they didn't think it was going to be like this, and Dean so and so said you'd fix it up, which you can't do. You understand that first semester Freshman year is when privacy and space are about the most precious commodities; and you've heard the parents' argument (I didn't pay \$10,000 for my daughter to have a third of a room!) just a few times. Perhaps you wish you could be Dean of the Faculty for a while.

Oh, if you're not one of the above, don't worry about all this. It's just a question of numbers really.

— M.S.

Fighting the Joffrey Syndrome

When the lights dimmed last Saturday evening in Palmer Auditorium, a black-tie audience was elegantly hushed. President Ames took a few minutes to thank the assembled community for their generosity and industry, without which the renovations would have been impossible.

The tone was more than congratulatory. A permeating sense of reward enthused the hundred dollar-a-seat donors; voices between and after the programs evoked the Connecticut College arts mystique; the College had reaffirmed its commitment.

Not a few students who managed to see the Joffrey benefit came away with that same warm feeling. Will they find the realities as warm this year or, more importantly, in the several years to come? Will they see an active, expanding

commitment to student creativity, or simply sporadic "reaffirmations"?

The Joffrey mood invites compassion with the enthusiasm last year's Joan Mondale appearance created. Another well-publicized and executed reaffirmation.

Commitment is a double-edged idea. Certainly, commitment is reminding ourselves with lovely presentations or words that Connecticut is a bastion of arts philanthropy, of unique student energy and ability, of dedicated and first-rate faculty. Often it seems the more we sharpen this edge, the more the other—resource and financial expansion—tarnishes and dulls.

How much cutting can our artists do with only one edge?

— M.S.

GO FOR IT!



THE COLLEGE VOICE
SUNDAYS 6:00

Studying French Abroad

The College Voice, October 9, 1981

By Victoria Howe

IES, Vanderbilt, Sweet Briar, and Smith. These are just some of the programs available to students who wish to study in France. Unfortunately very few of us at Connecticut College take the time to research the various programs offered. Most go to Dean John King to find out how to proceed in such matters. He usually suggests that one try the Institute of European Studies program; Connecticut College is affiliated with it and therefore gets first priority in acceptance. It is thought by some students that because we are affiliated with the program, we are required to fulfill a certain quota every year and therefore it is the only program that the administration tries to push. Perhaps this is true.

One might continue research on French programs by studying various program pamphlets supplied in the Dean's office. These, for the most part, are outdated though, and the literature on each program is bound to be self biased.

Thus I resorted to a third, more discerning source. I interviewed four students who had actually spent time studying in France last year. They were: Michael Braswell, a senior, double majoring in Economics and French; Stuart Adelberg, doubling in Theater and French; Jill Hackel, doubling in French and History; and Louise Sterri majoring in Psychology.

Michael Braswell went on the IES program to Paris. He decided on such a program out of "laziness". It was the first one suggested and he took it. It was a full year program and the overall fee provided tuition, board, and some meals.

The transition from Connecticut College to Paris was not too difficult for Michael. He had grown up in New York City and therefore nothing about Paris took him by surprise. What he did feel

though was a slight tinge of disillusionment. For years, he had romanticized about "Le Gai Paris". In arriving, he found that French people were very similar to Americans. They too went to work every day and had to deal with the same problems and anxieties. "There I was in Paris. I said to myself, 'now what?'"

All Michael's classes were in French and he had the option to study at different institutions such as the Sorbonne and L'Institut Catholique. People in his program varied in their knowledge of French and teachers tended to adjust their lessons in favor of the less knowledgeable; therefore, courses weren't as challenging as they could have been. Luckily, challenging courses weren't mandatory for Michael; his main objective in going to France was to become fluent in French and travel.

IES provided a lot of time to travel. Michael saw a great deal of Europe on a three hundred dollar Eurail pass. IES also provided a few outings to various chateaus in the Loire Valley and the south of France, which Michael said was one of his most favorite places in Europe.

One of the unpleasant aspects about the IES program was the housing. Michael was placed with a family experiencing such traumas as divorce and drug addiction. IES counselors offered very little help. Many of Michael's friends on the same program were also disappointed with their families. Few students ever felt accepted as part of the family and claimed they were never considered as more than boarders. Michael will value his personal growth which resulted from these difficult times. "No matter what happens, one has to continually reinforce the idea that one is in Paris to learn French and nothing should be allowed to interfere with that."

In dealing with the French teenagers, Michael found that they were much more intellectual and politically aware, yet they were also less "flexible" than Americans. They were more uptight, class conscious, and really didn't know how to relax and have a good time. "The French 'joie de vivre' is all a fallacy."

Stuart Adelberg went on the Vanderbilt program to a small town in the south of France called Aix-en-Provence. He wanted to spend one semester abroad and Vanderbilt was one of the few programs which gave this option. Also, having grown up in New York City, he was interested in experiencing French country living as a new dimension.

Stuart claimed that he was misled to believe that Aix-en-Provence is a small town. It is actually quite large, not Paris, but just as advanced and fairly touristy. According to Stuart, people should not go to Aix-en-Provence thinking that because it is smaller than Paris, it is easier to get to know and mix with the French people. This too, is a misconception. Aix-en-Provence is a very upper class town. Families are extremely class conscious and unreceptive.

Vanderbilt is a much smaller program than IES. There are only forty students on it who are mostly American. They all study in a small school under the auspices of Vanderbilt. Such a small program has its advantages and disadvantages. With so few students, everyone becomes well acquainted by the end of their stay. Students become friends with people very different from themselves out of both need and a lack of selection. This is an invaluable growing experience. At the same time though, a small program limits the choice of educational facilities.

Stuart found that the professors in his program were extremely stimulating.

"The teachers there go to school to learn how to teach. It is difficult to become a teacher. They are real professionals." Stuart found it very interesting to study such subjects as philosophy and political science from a French viewpoint.

Stuart missed the city life living in Aix-en-Provence. "You can only walk up and down the same street so many times." Yet for someone who likes the peace and quiet of a smaller town, the beauty of Aix-en-Provence is unsurpassable and its history, even more intriguing.

Jill Hackel went on the Sweet Briar program to Paris. She found from talking to friends that Smith, Sweet Briar and Middlebury were some of the best programs. Smith and Middlebury are hard to get into as they tend to accept students mostly from their respective schools. Jill highly recommends the Sweet Briar program. It is the oldest established program and is fairly large, with one hundred and twenty students. Students come from schools such as Vassar, Mount Holyoke, Brown, Wesleyan and Carnegie Mellon. She was amazed at the discipline the students showed in only speaking French.

Sweet Briar students have the choice of at least thirteen Paris Universities to study at, each specific in their field of study and very demanding. Literature and art history are very strong subjects. Jill took her first Art History course on the program. "Instead of using a book, you see the real thing in taking many trips to museums, it's wonderful."

Unlike Michael, Jill was not so eager to travel. She has lived in Switzerland for the last twelve years and did not feel the pressure to see Europe. Instead she

Continued on Page 5

Elizabeth Peer

Continued from Page 1

The combination of her successful reporting, fluent French, and the "courageous" male chief of correspondence who suggested sending a woman, resulted in her 1964 promotion as the first female correspondent for *Newsweek*, in Paris. She remembers most men at the magazine didn't want to send a woman. But "when you're young and trying to make your way, somebody has got to take a chance on you, and somebody took a chance on me." She noted that the French people were quite accustomed to women working in professional fields. "There were plenty of French women in journalism"—and a real lack of American women in the same roles at that time. Ms. Peer was paid less than men in her capacity, on the magazine. When she approached her editor about this he asked "You want a raise? Think of the honor of your promotion. You are the first woman *Newsweek* has sent abroad, and you want money too?" Well, she took the job. The opportunity was too exciting to pass up.

As a female harbinger in her role for *Newsweek*, Ms. Peer felt a heavy responsibility in Paris. "When I went, it was very tough. Any change like that was difficult"—living abroad for the first time, working in a foreign language, in a strange city. There were times during her first six months when she wanted to give up. "What kept me going was that a lot of men were hoping I'd fail. If I did, the editors could say 'we tried a woman in Paris, she blew it, couldn't take it.'" But she did, and remained in

Paris for five years. Then she left for Washington, did writing and editing in New York, returned to Paris in 1978 as the first female *Newsweek* foreign bureau chief, then back to New York City.

Just what is it that keeps a journalist going, that keeps his or her interest and motivation strong? "What keeps people at it is the surprise element, the perpetual novelty, the interview that gives you a slant on another subject, a twist that lifts a plotty story into another dimension. There are very few days when you wake up in the morning with a feeling of heaviness about your profession. It can be tiring but never boring."

A day in the life of a journalist is certainly far from routine. The routine, in fact, becomes the constant change of activity. At one time, Ms. Peer hid under a desk to hear testimony for an airline legal suit. At another she disguised herself as a movie extra to get an interview with Richard Burton. He was so impressed with her ploy that he was happy to talk with her. She has interviewed Alberto Giacometti—"one of the most interesting sculptors of the post-war period and perhaps the greatest", as well as Barbara Walters. She even recalls "camping with the Simoli Guerillas and the leader of the Guerillas, who was trained by the KGB in Moscow, and very distrustful of Westerners. After you've laughed and played a bit, as well as been through some long rough days together, you develop an understanding of a mind which is really quite alien to your own experiences. It is continually broadening your understanding of life."

Intellectual honesty, in the reporting of news is of great importance to Ms.

Peer. "It's easy to find evidence to support a thesis, something you believe deeply or want to say. But that doesn't make you a good journalist. What is hard is to go out with a question, a point of view, and after four interviews to stop and say—no, that's not the weight of the evidence and to follow the new weight of the evidence, abandoning what you thought was the slant of the article in the first place."

According to Ms. Peer, the reader is constantly subject to the slanting and distortion of news by writers and reporters. It is the role of editors to be skeptical and critical, and to make sure "people writing for the publication are doing objective, factual work. . . It is the writer's responsibility to use good judgment in maintaining the quality and reputation of the magazine. . . But writers are not the only vehicle of information to the public," she stated. "Your employers are always measuring you for credibility against what other people are saying."

Ms. Peer noted advantages of both practical training and graduate school for potential journalists. "Actual training provides on-the-job experience. You learn through abrasion, your own interviews, writing and rewriting, and by talking with people who are older and more experienced than you. You build a self-confidence by getting published. Graduate school, she felt, is not necessary, but helps in terms of contacts and additional credentials. There is a general debate among editors, she mentioned, as to just how much journalism school teaches you."

As a journalist, a writer must be willing to do "dogwork"—researching for an interview, analyzing statistics, computer printouts, government

documents, archives, weighing the tips colleagues or influential individuals give you, and realizing "how much of all your interviewing you throw away by the time you do a final story—taking this quote, this line of analysis, and this detail, from all of your legwork."

Ms. Peer felt "journalism opens up to you, particularly in the case of a foreign country, a social life of tremendous interest and variation. You're talking everyday to the people who run the society in which you are living. Journalism "gives you a license to probe the motives and most intimate psyches of some of the most interesting people alive in your time," to find out what a particular individual "fears, what drives him, what moves him. When you're dealing with a person of great substance, that's an incredible privilege. It is endlessly interesting. Journalism is a lot of free adventures, and for me it's the adventure which is the basic continuing attraction."

After over 20 years of such "adventure", Ms. Peer still feels she has "one of the best jobs in journalism as a staff job goes." In the future, she might write non-fiction books and do contract freelance work for particular magazines. Having recently married and taken a year-long sabbatical at sea, Ms. Peer's adventures continually take a new dimension. As a journalist, she views herself as "curious, energetic, hardworking, dogged and resourceful." Her experiences and achievements reinforce her very appropriate self-description. How would she like to be remembered by her successors? "As a craftsman, a professional." And that she certainly is.

Studying French Abroad

Continued from Page 4

took advantage of Paris and was never bored. "We were always going out to cafes and museums or walks in the Tuilery Gardens."

Jill did not really mix with the French teenagers that much. She said it was extremely difficult, as they were somewhat unreceptive. She spent time with American and other European friends who made it a point to only speak French.

While in Paris, Jill lived with twenty other students in what was called a "pension" which is like an apartment/dorm. The first six weeks of her program though, were spent in Tours. There she lived with a family who was absolutely wonderful. Her friends on the program also had great things to say about their families. Unlike IES, Sweet Briar students are asked to evaluate their families at the end of their stay; families with bad evaluations will no longer be used.

Louise Sterrick took a somewhat different route. She went on a Smith program to Geneva (a French speaking part of Switzerland). Her first six weeks were spent in Paris for orientation. She saw the sights of Paris and took a type of "crash" French course. At this time also, students are tracked according to their knowledge of French so that unlike Michael's classes, Louise's were comprised of students with equal backgrounds. Classes were thus more demanding.

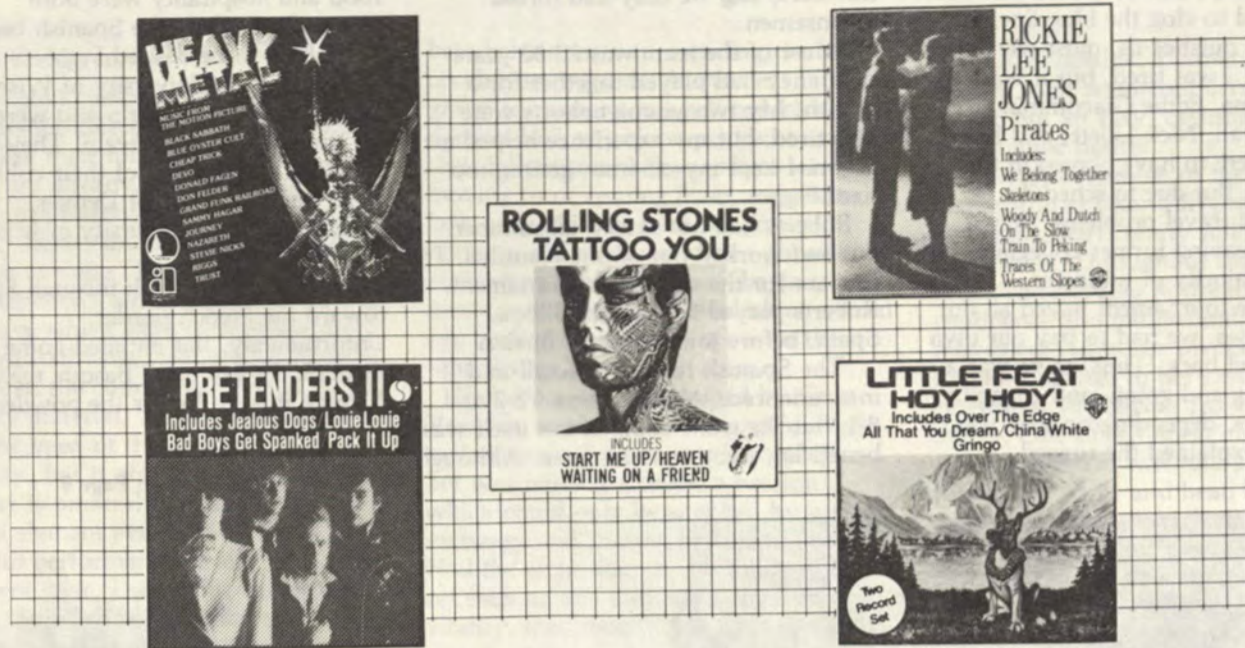
Psychology and International Relations are strong in Geneva as well as *Literature and English*. One has a choice of at least six different schools to study at, some of which offer graduate studies to students on the program. Work is demanding as one is obliged to take nine courses per semester as opposed to our four. There are no written examinations, only oral, and very few students fail.

One of the most interesting aspects of Smith in Geneva are the living conditions. One is given the same options as the programs mentioned above, yet in addition there is also something called Le Cite Universitaire. This is very similar to a dorm complex. It holds about four hundred and fifty people of which only about fifteen are Americans. The rest are Europeans from all over. The students cook for themselves, yet there is also a snack shop for those who don't want to cook. A student center and a disco provide space for the numerous parties given. There is a great deal of opportunity to meet people through various clubs and social groups.

Vacations are long, allowing for much travel. Over Christmas break, a special program is offered called Schlossmittersill where students can go to a castle in Austria and ski for about one hundred dollars a week. Christmas is celebrated in the castle with a Christmas tree and turkey dinner.

Geneva itself is a wonderful town full of theaters and opera houses, cafes and museums. "One is never lacking for something to do."

These are just a few of the programs available to France-bound students. In addition, one can apply to work programs such as Princeton provides. There are also four week programs over our Christmas break where people can take courses for credit in France. Summer programs are offered in theater and the other arts. Before any decisions are made, take time out to do some research. No one program is good for everyone. As shown, it all depends on the individual's needs.



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Adventures of Doug Roberts

The College Voice, October 9, 1981

By Seth Stone

Doug Roberts now sits in his dark, quiet office, in the front of the hockey arena. Periodically he is interrupted by visits from his players or callers asking about local hockey leagues. On his desk lay a stack of Conn hockey schedules, ready to be mailed out. Idly, he asks if Bobby Hull can really make the New York Rangers. On the surface, all is routine, as the rink manager and hockey coach prepares for the arriving season.

Just three weeks ago, Roberts was in a car being held at the French-Spanish border, a gun pointed at his head. This memory is tempered by remembrances of a warm beach, cold beer, and the beautiful French countryside. Below the surface, there is excitement, as Doug Roberts remembers his week of international hockey.

"For the second year in a row," he explains, "I was a defenseman of the American team invited to the Anglet Tournament in Birritz, France. It was a good experience, as we were there to have a good time and make a good showing."

The tournament, held September 10-13, was upgraded this year and featured tougher competition. The Moscow Dynamos were the showcased team.

"Five of their players performed in the Canada Cup against Team Canada. They were more professional," related Roberts, "and they had themselves up on a pedestal. The Dynamos wanted to win and be known as the best team in the world."

France and Montreal fielded teams in the tournament, and Moscow had no trouble beating them. They ripped the inexperienced French 18-0 and toppled Montreal 12-2. After observing these games, the Americans tied Moscow 2-2. *Roberts explained this accomplishment.*

"The French were a young, national team. They were tough and aggressive, but inexperienced. Montreal, like us, was made up of some ex-professionals and former college players. We felt both squads were too aggressive. They were swarming and forechecking, but Moscow is so good with the puck, that they loved this. The Dynamos would catch the opposition up ice and come away with a lot of 2-on-1's in front of

the net.

"We were defense minded, which was tough, because I had only two mates. We managed to clog the blue line, and though they outshot us, most were from a bad angle. I was tired, but it was fun."

At one time, Eddie Giacommin, Dennis Hextall, Nick Libett, and Kevin Morrison were to have played in the tournament. But due to schedule conflicts and travel problems, they opted out, leaving former collegiate stars to fill the majority of uniforms.

"While the tournament payed all our living expenses, we had to pay our own way over and back. Thus, there was a lot of coming and going, and changing commitments, depending on who was available," explained the rugged,

smiling, former pro defenseman. "With this arrangement we did not have the numbers, and we only had three defensemen.

"Most of the team was 23-30 years old. They had played together for a month. My two young cohorts were also tired, but my experience helped me go on. I kept myself from getting too tired."

Roberts had not skated all summer, but had worked out on the Nautilus. To prepare for the strenuous tournament, Roberts played 2 games in Bilboa, Spain, before journeying to Birritz.

"The Spanish team was small and inexperienced. We beat them 12-2 and 8-1, but the game competition itself was beneficial. I got more ice time. Although

Bilboa itself was a factory town and not very pretty, they treated us great. The food and hospitality were both tremendous. Only the Spanish beer left something to be desired."

Two former University of Wisconsin players skated for Spain and were asked to join the American team. They headed for Birritz with some of their cohorts from the University of Denver, Michigan State, University of Michigan, and Wisconsin.

They travelled north through Spain toward the French border. Unfortunately, this entailed going through the explosive Basque region. Though it is no longer the powder keg it

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SAILING VERY FAST: Former team captain Peter Shope, with Nancy Richardson, Maria O'Brien, Rob Hitchcock and Olympic hopeful John Harvey at a recent regatta. The team is hovering just below the nation's top twenty, in its first year as a varsity sport.

Virginia Pasternak

Soccer Trounces CG and Wesleyan

By Betsy Singer

The soccer team's victories over Wesleyan and the Coast Guard symbolize more than mere wins; our team demonstrated both physical and emotional endurance. Opposing the verbal abuse by the Coast Guard and the over-confidence of Wesleyan, Conn remained steady and crushed the hopes of each team. Randall Klitz, one of the team's tri-captains, describes how the team slightly changed their technique, resulting in the two wins.

The 1-0 victory over Wesleyan was a first. According to Randall, Wesleyan's past successes must have eased their

coach's mind, for he was heard to have said he "expected them to trounce Connecticut." Also, the night after the game, he "would allow his team to party in celebration of the victory." Normally, drinking is not allowed during the soccer season, in order to preserve players' physical conditions. Seeing the coach's confidence, Wesleyan's team presumed they would win. However, Conn soon took advantage of their lax attitude.

Randall observed that Wesleyan's forward was "huffing and puffing, obviously a result of staying out too late the previous night. I could sense they

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Running the Inner Race

By Christine Breck

Cross country requires individual discipline. All team members determine how much pressure they will put on themselves because individual performance is a matter of individual participation and psyching rather than teamwork. The team, of course, needs good showings by its members in order to win a meet, but there is no way the team can help the individual who is running the race.

Maryanne Tilton, who is the number one woman runner here, had never run before she came to Connecticut. When she started, she hated running and never thought that she could do it. The only reason that she ran in the first place was that she did not want to play for the tennis team. So for two weeks, Maryanne worked out on her own to build herself up to the point where she could complete the whole workout.

On the other hand, Dave Littoff had already run a 4:18 mile in high school. He began his collegiate career by winning his first six races and now as a junior, has been handling his early opposition with incredible ease. Dave recently won the Pop Crowell Invitational and broke his own course record by a minute with a 4:53 pace for 6.2 miles.

According to both Maryanne and Dave, their coach, Mark Connelly,

understands that the team's first priority is their academics. He runs flexible practice schedules that allow an individual time off if needed. Individual practicing is always encouraged.

When the team practices together, they follow an unregimented cycle that can change to accommodate the runners. For example, on Monday he might require the difficult assignment of running 18 intervals; Tuesday might be alternating fast and slow running; Wednesday might be a 10 to 12 mile distance run; Thursday the team might work on their speed; Friday might be a race workout, practicing starts and running intervals; and Saturday might consist of time trials.

By alternating short burst strenuous workouts and long distance running, this cycle allows the body to build up speed and endurance. Mark Connelly also emphasizes stretching out before practice to prevent injuries.

Running is a very hard sport to stick with. It involves a lot of work and produces no immediate results. At Connecticut, cross country is not a very high pressure sport. Everyone who is on the team runs because they want to run, and consequently puts pressure on themselves to improve. To anyone who wants to try cross country, just remember that you will not know you can do it if you don't try.

WOMEN'S FIELD HOCKEY

Scores:

Conn. vs. Trinity V: lost 4-1

Conn. vs. Trinity JV: lost 2-0

Conn. vs. Wesleyan V: lost 3-2

Conn. vs. Wesleyan JV: lost 4-1

Conn. vs. Mt. Holyoke V: lost 3-1

Conn. vs. Mt. Holyoke JV: lost 3-0

WOMEN'S TENNIS

Scores:

Conn. vs. Western Conn: CANCELLED

Conn. vs. U. Conn: lost 7-2

Conn. vs. Trinity: lost 6-3

*NOTE: Conn. vs. Wesleyan postponed

Gaps Which Need Bridging by The Joffrey II Dancers

By Julia Stahlgren

For a small company of young adults, who together take class, rehearse, tour, and realize their futures as leading dancers are already bright, the Joffrey II Dancers exhibited a surprising lack of group dynamics and ensemble unity last Saturday evening. The benefit performance in Palmer was composed of four pieces which were stylistically and thematically diverse, and should have highlighted the company's wide range of repertory material. The program *did* speak for most of the dancers' versatility, but it also suggested that the company is presently missing an essential element necessary to the successful performance of any movement style. I sensed no collection of energies into a vital, radiating network, which resulted in a lack of precision, and articulate body relationships.

Despite the generally good quality of the individual performances, the framework element which was missing from the company's performance was group timing, trust, and interchange which makes a dance company a company and not just a selection of soloists. The Joffrey II is a company designed to prepare young dancers (ages 17-23) to be soloists in the more mature, larger Joffrey Ballet, and other major ballet and dance companies of the world. Thus, I suspect that stress is supportively placed on the individual and the variety of the dancers' styles. A special flair, attitude, or look is, after all, what achieves solo success for a dancer.

However, an ensemble can be established without smothering uniqueness. A connecting awareness of timing, precision, and shape must be found and articulated through an active give and take of energy between the performers. Otherwise, a disjointed gap exists between the performers, analogous to the distance between people who talk at one another instead of talking with one another.

In the first piece, *Random Dances*, overall success was stunted by sloppy timing in most of the moments when the choreography commanded the eight dancers to pirouette, develop, jete, or even open their arms in unison. But the problem was more than a couple being a

beat behind, or a turn ending one revolution too soon. Movement into group formations was self-conscious; the dancers looked preoccupied with where their fellow company members were moving to or coming from, suggesting a lack of familiarity with the group patterns and rhythms; canon phrases were often timid, unsure. The dancers need to develop the equivalent of a third eye by fine tuning each nerve to the other living energies on stage.

Unfolding, choreographed by Gray Veredon, explored layers, and folds of male/female, love/hate relationships, but was missing a drive, a passion which could only be supplied by surging exchange and sharing of human energy. Had the eight dancers been able to feed off each other's individual rhythms and vitality, this piece would have worked as a dynamic, curious, and provocative dance. The choreography contrasts positive and negative attitudes, needing and freeing, wanting and breaking away. The couples reaches, and turned abruptly away; they fell and leaned on one another; there were soothing, and antagonistic moments. The women danced independently at times, alternating coquettish piques and arches with angry, defiant leaps and arabesques. The men responded with a similar variety of attitudes, then reclaimed their partners.

The dancers should have seemed a group of magnets, positive and negative forces, sometimes attracting and sometimes repelling, but each dancer seemed to grasp this only as far as his or her own technique and prescribed steps were concerned. They failed to create that thrilling beam of energy generated in the space between a magnet and its opposition. Most of the performers tried to make up or pretend some sort of convincing intensity or drive through facial expressions, but that could not take the place of the group sharing and exchange of a deeper, vigorous force.

Though the final piece, *Threads from a String of Swing*, was choreographically and musically cliché, the trusting, playful action of the six dancers came close to realizing a supportive, flowing unity. In this dance, with all its fast, flashy drags, dips, lifts, and swings, based on familiar social dances of the Swing Era, the dancers finally seemed to move and mold more

naturally together. Partnering no longer seemed such an unconfident, mental strain, but an easy, exciting overlap of well trained bodies.

Individually, most of the dancers demonstrated beautiful, precise technique, particularly Julie Janus, and Lael Evans. Throughout the evening Julie demonstrated noticeable air of confidence and understanding of the movement, from her precise turns in *Random Dances* to her sassy kicks and cartwheels in *Threads from a String of Swing*. One of the finest moments in *Random Dances* was Julie's (ornamented with green socks and head band) pas de deux with Travis Wright (also in green). There was something very delicate, yet frisky about the way she moved. She had all the full, natural energy of an ivy; her limbs seemed well served by consistent surges of air, and growing, strong muscles.

Lael Evans demonstrated an awe-inspiring control, with a softer, more ingenué quality than Julie, especially in the third piece *Monotones II*, a pas de trois danced with Ron Reagan and Michael Medina. Standing on pointe, one leg extended straight up past her ear, Lael smoothly maintained a serene command of each muscle as Ron and Michael turned and twisted her in remarkable patterns. She had such power, and undaunted authority over her limbs and verticality that she gave a curious sense of calm dare and confident challenge to a piece which verged on being monotonous in mood and energy.

On the other hand, I was truly surprised that Ron Reagan and Sabine Labonne (Ron's partner in the first two pieces) have made it as far as they have. Ron's alignment was poor, with his pelvis thrust out behind him and little sense of generating the movements of his limbs from a vital, stable center. As a result, his turns were consistently off balance, and his arms and legs were lacking in energy and conviction. Even a soft, round arm must be filled with a power which will beam out the tips of the fingers. Otherwise, the limb will appear lifeless, the dancer, half-hearted. Ron needs to backtrack and correct some of his basics, for without them even his highest leap will seem mediocre.

Sabine needs similar remedial training to get her shoulders away from her ears and to free her breathing while she dances. Her held breath cut off the life force secondary only to her heart, which must have been having its own difficulties functioning, so tight and tense were all her chest and shoulder muscles. Her movement was strained, her energy restricted, and the overall image was without confident flow.

The Joffrey II Dancers is the "farm team" of the Joffrey Ballet. These young performers will move on to dance for the Joffrey or other companies within three years of their beginning with the Joffrey II. Thus, the theory behind the Joffrey II Dancers (founded in 1969) is to involve young professional dancers in a temporary, rigorous, experiential training program which will familiarize them with all aspects of performance. Technique is not the sole thrust of their education. Make-up, Lighting Design, State Management, Composition, and Performance are among the different arts they explore within the grand category of Dance. Therefore, we must keep in mind that these dancers are students. Their profiles in the program, more like yearbook blurbs than resumes, help to remind us.

Yet, they *are* also professionals. Each receives a stipend annual salary, except when on tour when each receives a full



Lael Evans and Ron Reagan

Photo by Herb Mitchell



UNFOLDING by the Joffrey II Dancers

Photo by Herb Mitchell

salary; Joffrey II's Artistic Director, Sally Bliss, considers 50-100 applications a year from new, as well as established, choreographers who want to compose for the company; Joffrey II's winter tour 1982 is already scheduled to include about eighty performances; and the company dances under the impressive, name and reputation of the Joffrey Ballet, considered one of America's more popular, imaginative ballet companies.

I suspect that part of the company's weakness lies in the chasm between the roles of student and professional. While under pressure to produce polished, sophisticated performances which adhere to a certain amount of classical expectation, and also present a constant influx of completely new choreography, the young company is still in the throes of discovering and learning the many spinal elements of a performance company. However, this unifying force the group lacks is too important to ignore for the sake of learning the steps to another new piece. While watching the performance last weekend, I sensed the dancers were juggling a wealth of art they cannot share with an audience until they can share it with each other. A sentence cannot make sense until the words, regardless of their individual sophistication or beauty, are brought together in a meaningful arrangement.

Thus stated, I do not mean to sound ungrateful, or ignorant of the immense favor served Connecticut College by the Joffrey II Dancers. On behalf of the College community I thank the company and all others involved, for the fruits of the benefit. Palmer looks beautiful.

Guess Who's Staying Forever?

By Jill Crossman

The kitchen clock read 5:45, which, translated into more applicable terms, meant that the roast needed basting and the potatoes could be put on to boil. Time enough remained to stir the gravy, chop the carrots, spread a breadcrumb crust over the zucchini-walnut casserole. A quick shower at 6:15, dress by 6:40 and answer doorbell at 6:45. If fate didn't intervene all would fall, actually collapse, into place.

She skated about the kitchen with the skill and finesse of Peggy Flemming — a double axle over the stove, serpentine steps to the counter and a sit spin before the refrigerator door. It never became easier, she realized, stooped over the Hamilton Beach blender. Honestly, you'd think after so many times it would be second nature, an experience you could sleep walk through. Why then did she still worry about sparkling silver, a crisp tablecloth and the shine of her no-wax floor?

Harold took it so calmly, with such an envious air of indifference. At the moment, he sat in his recliner reading the Post, concerned only with Dave Winfield's last home run and the latest IRT subway strangulation. What bliss! The parental burden fell totally on her this evening. She would have to act doubly charming and to twice the worrying. Maybe he would be a nice boy, someone with a solid character, personality and a checking account at First Federal Savings. She couldn't doubt Janice's judgment altogether. Besides if her daughter thought him nice, what else mattered? Certainly not the opinions of two geriatrics in their early fifties who had sacrificed everything of value and importance for an only daughter.

Methodically basting the rump roast, brushing on Worcestershire sauce with languid brush strokes, images came back to her which she had tried to obliterate, proving Freud correct—some things cannot be suppressed. Her Janice in tight braids, Mets baseball cap, bringing Louie Jordan home for cookies and milk. Louie terrorizing their dog, Trixie, with the electric can opener. Janice pouring the quart of milk over Louie's filthy blond head. Or Janice the Cinderella, with a lavender prom gown, lace-trimmed sleeves and a hemline barely sweeping the floor. Her escort, Butch Wheeler, standing in the doorway, tuxedo caked with mud, torn shirt, wilted corsage, arriving straight from a local gang rumble. Ah, but Janice's taste improved somewhat as she grew older. Though she did bring that boy from college with the awful habit of cracking his knees at the dinner table. Perhaps only a divine revelation would change Janice's choice of men, some cosmic force, a parting of the Red Sea. Then again, hope still endured; after all, miracles are the staple of motherhood.

At 6:45 she adjusted her pearls and with a final glance toward the vanity, advanced down the steps. She couldn't decide whether the walk felt more like the Batan Death March or Daniel entering the lion's den. Time to rouse Harold, stir the man away from the television's drone and into a dinner jacket. "Harold, it's 6:45. Janice will be here soon. Harold, are you listening? Go upstairs, take the first door on your left. You'll recognize the place—it's our bedroom. Your suit, clean shirt and pressed blue tie with the gold fleur-de-lis print lie on the bed. Put them on now, please!" The man emerged from his sanctuary of overstuffed chairs and Zenith color tones, stumbled up the stairs, eliciting random grunts.

The final preparations commenced and the grandfather clock's ticking reverberated through the tiled kitchen, the dining room with its meticulously set

table and up the staircase to the master bedroom.

"Now honestly, Harold, straighten your tie. I don't want this young man to think you're a slob. First impressions you know."

"For Christ's sake, stop fussing will you? The guy isn't Prince Charles you know. So knock off the red carpet treatment."

"I don't have to give you the 'this is very important to Janice' speech again, do I?"

"I don't see why. I know it verbatim. I believe it starts with the line, 'one of these days Janice will find a nice young man and she'll want us to treat him like one of the family'. It goes downhill from there."

The doorbell sounded extremely loud, rivaling the intensity of a London air raid siren, but forewarning a danger far greater than Luftwaffe bombers. Filing to the front door, they formed the imposing blockade. Armed with strict smiles, idle chatter and rump roast, they confronted the enemy head on.

"Mom, Dad, so good to see you. I missed you so much, have loads to tell. The city is so intense. You wouldn't believe the stories." Her mother noticed that Janice looked a little thin, obviously hasn't been eating properly. Does she

still take her One-A-Day vitamin? Probably not without her mother's constant reminders.

"But most importantly Mom, Dad, meet Ernest Howell. Ernie, my mother, Doreen, and father, Harold."

"Nice to meet you. Ernest was it? Janice told us . . ."

Janice's friend appeared oblivious to her remarks. Instead, he walked into the living room, gazing at walls, ceiling, the coffee table, turning over books, pictures, the ash trays. As he moved farther away, she received a better view of him. About six-feet even, lanky, terribly undernourished, a good dinner would suit him fine. Auburn hair, wispy, falling in his eyes—a good haircut would suit him even better. Crooked teeth—no excuse for that today with an orthodontist in every medical building. Well, maybe Janice liked his mind. After all, Carl Sagan never dazzled with his looks.

"So Mom, I told Ernie what a great cook you were. But don't worry, he loves to eat—really gets into Mexican. Last night we went out and Ernie ate, can you believe, twelve enchiladas and eight beef burritos. Every five minutes he asked for more Tabasco sauce, ended up using three whole bottles. Drove the waitresses totally crazy. I could have

died."

"Sounds amusing dear. Ernest, why don't you come sit down on the couch." He still paced the room, a rat in a maze, actually more like a woodchuck with those buck teeth. Every lampshade, coaster, doorstop and paperweight received his examination. He touched, fondled and pawed every object not secured. Frantic chestnut eyes darted from wall to ceiling to parquet floor. Finally, the "thing", for until this point she had seen no concrete evidence to prove its human existence, uttered a single phrase.

"Nice house Janice, a bit to Bau-haus, but really domestic, nice assimilation of styles."

Don't think about him—just concentrate on mashing the potatoes and putting the fruit salad on the table. Maybe he'll dematerialize as quickly as all the others. Just a passing trend—oh God, please let it be so.

The table glowed, radiated almost. Each piece of silver, china, even the Corningware casserole dish sparkled. She only regretted wasting her experience on someone of Ernest's caliber. A nice Wall Street stockbroker would have truly appreciated her skill.

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Freshman Fred Gets His Back Rubbed, and so on

By Jason Baum

When we left Fred, he had joined an obscure religious cult promising happiness, friends and all the incense he could burn. His parents had him kidnapped and returned to school. To avoid any future "adjustment problems" Freshman Fred's parents gave him a brand new BMW 320i. Let's join Fred as he finishes a Saturday evening dinner in Harris.

"Gosh, this food is wicked bad, it tastes so bad. I really miss my mother's cooking. That reminds me, would either of you care to go with me to the movie tonight," Fred boldly mumbled to the two girls who had reluctantly sat at the table for six which only Freshman Fred occupied in an otherwise full "cafeteria," (refectory! I know, I know . . . but would a reader please explain to Freshman Fred what a rectory is, as soon as possible, thanks!) After Fred made his offer the girls got up with their trays and went outside to eat. This wasn't unusual to do but Fred was surprised they went outside especially with the sleet and hail. "Must be real nature lovers," thought Fred as he put his tray, keys, and I.D. onto the conveyor and started back to his room. When Freshman Fred went to open his door he patted his pocket where his keys should have been and exclaimed "shit."

"I have to see your I.D. before I let you into this room," stated the security officer.

"But I lost it when I lost my keys, sir," offered Fred.

"Sorry kid, I can't let you in," said the pinkie flatly.

"Wait a minute here comes my housefellow, he'll vouch for me."

"Hi Frank, what's wrong, get caught impersonating a real man again?" asked Housefellow Harry. He then immediately walked into his room, followed by a giggling freshman girl. The door slammed shut before Freshman Fred could ask for help. When he turned around, the pinkie was gone. He wandered outside and found the pinkie writing tickets on some illegally parked cars.

"Listen, I want to get into my room,"

whined Fred.

"Wait a minute, aren't you the kid who got hurt in the flag football tryouts last week?" inquired the officer.

"Yeah, that was me, that was when I was trying to be a real man," replied Freshman Fred happily because he was recognized.

"O.K. wimp, I guess I can let you into your room."

Fred was in the process of cleaning his room when a knock on the door interrupted his fantasies of bringing someone back to his room. Fred closed his closet and answered the door. "Hi Freshman Fred, whatcha doing?" asked Peter Prep.

"Just cleaning my room in case I get lucky," said Fred with a sly wink that looked more like a nervous tic than the man to man acknowledgement he had meant it as. "Going to the party?" asked Fred.

"I guess I'll make an appearance if I don't get invited to an off campus party at one of my many boarding school friend's beautiful houses," explained Peter Prep.

"What prep school did you go to again?" asked Freshman Fred.

"Well, I didn't really go . . . actually I meant that I have a lot of friends who did . . . my high school was just like

one though," stuttered Peter Prep.

"I went to Eddie Haskell High in Perth Amboy," stated Freshman Fred proudly.

"That's really nice. Can I borrow your car for my date with Polly-Pink-Pants tomorrow?" begged Peter Prep.

"Gosh, you know I would lend it to you if I could but my father would absolutely kill me," offered Fred apologetically.

"See ya around," said Peter hastily as he padded away in his worn Docksidiers held together by tape.

"Fill it up with regular," joked Fred to the upperclassman who was pouring the beers at the almost empty party.

"Lemme guess, you're a freshman."

"Yeah, I am but everybody has got to be one once. Right?" said Freshman Fred with a smile still on his face.

"Listen kid, by the time you've been here as long as I have you'll be so sick of people like yourself that you will almost puke everytime you see one. You won't understand what I am saying now but you will, believe me. I've been here so long nothing could possibly surprise me," declared Sam-Sick-Of-School.

"Gosh, you sound like you've been here forever. What year are you?" asked Fred in amazement.

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Doug Roberts

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once was under Franco, the Americans still experienced a few hair-raising moments.

"As we came over the border, the guards were going through cars. We saw they had guns, and one was pointed right in my face. They were talking Spanish and we could not understand. I was not really scared, but we were nervous, since we were rushing to catch a train. We only had ten minutes."

A serious moment quickly turned slapstick, as Roberts and his teammates rushed from the border guards to the train station. Like the old cartoons, as they were pulling into the station, the train was pulling out.

"We got to the train, just as it started moving. We raced from the car, and began jumping onto the train. We were also throwing our bags through the window, all while it was moving. We made it safely on board, and looking back, it was rather funny."

Once into France, the Americans were able to begin enjoying themselves again, although Roberts was still haunted by memories of his first tournament.

"The sponsor made it enjoyable for us this year, although I had been skeptical. Last year, the travel had taken its toll on me. We were really far from international airports, and cars and vans were used to transport us. This was rather tiring, and we always managed to be late and get lost."

But Roberts also remembered the beauty and the good times provided by the town of Birritz.

"The arena was a 3,000-seat facility. It had beautiful glass enclosed bars at each end. The fans were enthusiastic, and it was a nice atmosphere to play in."

"We were near some very beautiful beaches, and there was a town casino. There was a lot to do. In the hotel, we stayed on the same floor as the Russians. We got in late and made a lot of noise. The Russians got up at 7 a.m. and slammed doors. It was a funny kind of confrontation."

At first, Roberts was put off by the lack of emotion and aloofness of the Moscow team. Slowly, this perception began to dissolve, and by tournament's end, the two teams were enjoying sincere comradery.

"On the ice," said Roberts, "the Russians showed no emotion. You cannot intimidate them. We would get upset at the referees, but they would show no displeasure. Only after a couple of goals in the third period did they show emotion."

These goals were tallied enroute to a 7-3 Russian victory over the Americans in the tourney final. It was on-ice performance that finally transcended the political and cultural barriers between the two teams and broke the ice.

"Only their trainer and two of their players spoke English," related Roberts. "They were very stand-offish. I tried to talk but they were unfriendly. But, they began to respect us more after we played them. After they beat us 7-3, they wanted to exchange sticks. We went to their dressing room and exchanged jerseys."

Roberts echoes the widely held sentiment that sports should be left to the athlete and not face interference by politicians. The Russian squad wanted to unwind after the tournament but were constantly monitored by security agents. They had to secretly maneuver to join American players, and could not clink glasses when drinking, lest the agents know their whereabouts. These restraints were overcome, leading to some personal contact and exchanges.

"I had purposely taken a pair of new jeans to the tournament," he admitted. "Afterwards, the Russian trainer brought me into a room with 3 or 4 of their players. They offered me caviar and vodka for the pants, but I politely refused. One offered me an electric

samovar, and though it needed an adapter, I said great.

"I traded a USA tee-shirt for a Russian jersey. The Russian player had wanted clothing he could wear all the time, and I was quite happy with the exchange myself."

There were also real emotional and cultural exchanges, and Roberts will never forget these moments.

"My roommate received a beautiful Russian art book. A Russian player had simply come up to him and said, 'for you'. He was so happy for the contact and friendship, and that was his means of expressing his feelings."

"I also remember the closing ceremonies for the tournament. The teams were lined up and listening to the French announcer. I looked up and the Russian captain was looking at me. Neither of us could understand French and we smiled. We were thinking the same thing and we understood each other. Throughout the ceremony, he constantly sought eye contact, and without exchanging words, we were able to share that moment."

Roberts remembered an earlier occasion when he played against the Russians. He was on the New England Whalers when they defeated a touring Russian team 5-2.

"That game was a great time, and it was a really good feeling. People still come up to me, saying that they remember the game. It is great that they remember, but the Anglet Tournament will be my memory."

Freshman Fred Gets His Back Rubbed

Continued from Page 8

"I'm a sophomore. But that doesn't matter. I know what goes on here and I've been thinking about dropping out. You tell me, why shouldn't I drop out?" demanded Sam.

"I don't know." Freshman Fred said as he turned around and walked away.

"Wait a minute, come on back and let's talk. I'll tell you about the times I almost dropped out of high school," yelled Sam-Sick.

The band had begun their first set and they were pretty good. Their name was the "Rejects" and they were a local band who sang other band's music. Fred tapped his foot to the Rejects as they did their first number, "God save Nanook" a song recorded by the Frigidis, a band the Rejects idolized. "Oh Nanook, Nanook, they rammed an oil pipe up your schnook," yelled the Rejects as Freshman Fred scouted the filling building for Miss "Right". "Wanna dance?" Freshman Fred asked a girl standing in the corner. She giggled as Fred realized she was holding hands with Mutant Marty, the kid who had knocked Freddy out at football practice. Fred wandered back to the keg and drank down three quick ones. He wanted to be well fortified before he approached anyone else.

As the lights went on, Fred stood by the door watching the couples filter out. "I guess I'll be sleeping alone tonight," thought Freshman Fred as he staggered his way back to the dorm. When he got to the front door he remembered he had no key and the door was locked. "Shit. What else can go wrong tonight?" thought Fred as he banged on the door. "I am dying for some companionship, just someone to rub my back. I need a warm body or I'll go crazy," announced Fred out loud to no one in particular.

too many times to remember, each receiving a slightly different, yet always disappointing answer.

"So Earnest, I suppose I should find out what field you're in."

"Nothing right now."

"No job?", she couldn't avoid interrupting.

Janice leapt into the interrogation, obviously realizing Ernest crossed dire straits. "No Dad, what Ernest really means is that he's between jobs. He's in the process of a major career move. One carefully thought out, I may add. But he does have a part-time position to earn rent money and such."

"Doing what Ernest?"

"Salad bar manager at Roy Rogers. Of course lettuce, tomatoes and beets don't thrill me, but you can have some good times there."

"Oh yeah Dad, Ernie does the most creative things with the fixings. Makes little faces using the carrots as mouths, olives as eyes and, naturally, cauliflower ears. Or he spells out messages in the creamy Italian dressing."

"But some of those aren't repeatable, Jan." Now he snickered, smiling slyly at her daughter. Here, a man graciously

filthy words written in dressing. And Janice enjoying it, laughing along with

methodically pounded into Janice's head, had vanished, replaced by vile guffaws.

"As Jan said, I'm between careers. I tried retailing for awhile, got this brother with G.E. in sales. But then I

He hadn't noticed the person behind him.

"I'd hate to see you go crazy," whispered Promiscuous Pat. Freshman Fred had heard about Pat from Amoral Alvin, a senior who was known for his sexual exploits with coeds, local girls . . . anything that moves actually.

As Pat took two bottles of Genesee out of her rented dorm refrigerator, Fred asked, "What's your major?"

"Having a good time," Pat replied with a wink that Fred had only seen in certain movies that he wouldn't talk about in mixed company.

"I didn't know they offered courses in that," Fred replied innocently.

"Wanna help me in some field work?" Pat asked hungrily.

"Wow," said Fred as he thought to himself, "this is it, she's gonna rub my back!"

The next day Fred sent Pat a dozen long stemmed roses. He saw her in Harris, as she came in at the last possible moment to grab some O.J. so she could go back to sleep. Fred had been waiting in Harris since it opened.

"Hi Pat," said Freshman Fred as coolly as he could.

"Oh, hi Frank, you'll never guess what happened, someone named Fred sent me a dozen roses, I think it's some guy I know who transferred last year. Isn't that sweet?"

"But I, my name isn't Frank, I sent . . ." She wasn't there.

Two weeks later Promiscuous Pat still did not know Freshman Fred's name. The school doctor told Fred he had V.D. and gave him some Sudafed. Will Fred ever become a *real* man? Stay tuned and find out.

Next time, Freshman Fred takes a walk with Spacy Stacy.

Guess Who's Staying

Continued from Page 8

realized my real talent, my true artistic bend lay in a different area — writing.

Anything else and she would have adapted. Sure he might be a bit sporadic, unstable. But a nuclear engineer or doctor could afford to be semi-neurotic. Writing? She envisioned Janice living in a loft with combined bedroom-living room-kitchen, leaky plumbing, Swanson TV dinners and a pet cat named Kurt Vonnegut for the rest of her life. Over her mother's dead body!

The glare from Ernest's plate, miraculously empty, struck her eye, terminating her nightmarish daydream. He sat idly in the Chippendale chair, looking about, those agitated eyes never still. Suddenly, he seized the salt and pepper shakers and paraded them across the tablecloth, humming Tchaikovsky's "March of the Wooden Soldiers." He stopped, smiled at Janice and spoke, mercilessly, again.

"Yeah, I started writing about four years ago. Passed through a lot of styles — you know Wordsworth type pantheism, Joycean stream of consciousness, psychological Herman Hesse probes and even a little Jackie Susanne smut writing. Now I work mainly in the dramatic mode. I finished a play last year that almost got staged off-Broadway. My tribute to all the writers who inspired me personally. I called it the "Sound of Muses", but the director and I disagreed over the interpretation of Carlos Castaneda. Now I'm working on a new one though, which I'm sure will go straight to Schubert Alley."

If she cleared the table, perhaps Ernest would grasp the message and stop babbling. It all proved too painful — off-Broadway, Jacqueline Susanne, muses. Harold remained seated, *absorbing the conversation, continually shaking his head. For God's sake, why couldn't he act, pass judgment, save his daughter from Harold Pinter, here?"*

"You see I'm about to update "Hamlet". I feel that Shakespeare, although a literary genius, doesn't have impact in today's society. We exist too far removed from Elizabethan England. Anyway, I propose to take William's greatest character—Hamlet, place him in mid-town Manhattan and let the chips fall. Of course minor character and plot adjustments remain. Hamlet can't live in a Denmark castle, so I use a luxury penthouse on the East side. Obviously, the king couldn't kill Hamlet's father in the garden by pouring poison in his ear, like Will's version. Just not realistic to the 1980s. So I have Claudius hire this hit man to shoot Hamlet's father while he's jogging through Central Park, only the killer makes the hit look like a common mugging. Now, as far as the father's ghost scene, I thought of Hamlet really getting into one of those isolation tanks, you know—"Altered States" type. And he has this primordial hallucination about his dead father . . ."

Her head spun. Grabbing dishes, candlesticks, assorted spoons, and the butter dish, she hastened to remove all debris, including Ernest. Forget offering coffee and dessert. Concentrate solely on Ernest's swift departure. Dishes flew into the Maytag, leftovers dove onto the refrigerator shelves. Still she could hear that voice rambling on.

"So Hamlet meets up with these two old friends who now turn tricks in the Time Square district—Rosie and Gildie. Actually, I can't call him Hamlet—need something more common, down to earth. Hank, yeah, Hank works well."

The voice echoed through the kitchen endlessly. She could place her head in the oven. Unfortunately, the Amana Radar Range was electric, not gas. In the midst of her anguish, Janice appeared.

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Kasdan Wins Again with BODY HEAT

By Charley Taylor

Lawrence Kasdan's *Body Heat* is the best film noir in years, a humid and hypnotic picture that delivers the excitement it promises, where other recent attempts, like Bob Rafelson's solemn remake of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, have failed. Film noir is a term coined by the French critics of Cahiers du Cinema to describe certain American movies of the late 40's and 50's. These movies were usually black and white crime movies that were dark not just visually, but morally as well.

Kasdan's other screenplays (among them *The Empire Strikes Back*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, and the current *Continental Divide*) are also firmly, and successfully rooted in various genres. But, Kasdan's use of the stylistic conventions of film noir in *Body Heat* are putting some people off, and making it the target of some criticism.

Those who don't like *Body Heat* are calling it a soulless carbon copy of classic film noirs. To be fair, the first twenty minutes or so of *Body Heat* are disconcerting. You get the feeling that you are watching 1981 characters stuck in a 40's movie. The hardboiled dialogue is reminiscent of James M. Cain's, terse and cynical in a way that at first sounds like self-parody.

Just as the obviousness is beginning to wear on you, something happens—all of the conventions start to work. The movie is stylized throughout, but it is self-conscious of its stylization.

With the aid of Richard H. Kline's cinematography, Kasdan uses the ever present heat imagery to create the atmosphere of *Body Heat*. Although the details of the seedy Florida town are finely observed, the film has an exaggerated, dreamlike quality, the unreal feeling of life in a heatwave. The heat of the day gives way to the fog of the night, chimes sound on a porch and the lovers' bodies are always slick with sweat. *Body Heat* feels like August.

This atmosphere is what gives *Body Heat* style as well as substance. To complain, as Janet Maslin did in *The New York Times*, that "the only place where people talk as they do in *Body Heat* is in other movies," is to miss the point, because this is very much a movie about people acting out roles and trying to live life as if it was the movies.

By staying within the conventions of the film noir, Kasdan makes *Body Heat* both a satisfying entertainment, and a reflection on the way movies can impinge on real life. Ned Racine (William Hurt) and Matty Walker (Kathleen Turner) are both trying to be characters out of the old noirs they have seen; Ned, a cool stud, and Matty, a smoldering femme fatale. They are a projection of their own, and each other's fantasies. They talk to each other in tough, sexy wisecracks, and as they talk, we can see them being drawn deeper into their roles, forcing them to play the game they are setting up for themselves.

In one scene Matty presents Ned with a classic gray fedora like the ones Bogart wore. When he tries it on he looks uncomfortable, a poor schlub trying to play a role that just does not fit him. As the last scene of *Body Heat* shows, this is a movie about living out your fantasies, and how easy it is to become trapped in them.

If a film noir is to succeed, it is crucial for it to draw us in and make us aware of our complicity with the characters. We must feel that the people on the screen are projections of ourselves, trapped as we perhaps could be, if we became desperate or obsessed enough. *Body Heat* does this, it draws us in, and makes us ask "what if?" As Ned and Matty live out their fantasies, we in the audience can live out our fantasies through them.

Body Heat is also a genuinely sexy movie. The lovemaking scenes work because they manage to suggest without being evasive, and to be explicit without being blatant. Kasdan understands that eroticism does not lie in recording the mechanics of sex. The sexiness does not just hinge on the lovemaking scenes, but is palpable in the whole heated-up atmosphere, in the sensual elegance of Kline's cinematography, in Bill Kenney's production design, and in John Barry's wonderfully smoky score.

This is Kasdan's first film as a director but he seems to know instinctively where to place and move the camera. It glides and swoops effortlessly through the scenes. He has a true eye for images, and how to put them together in a way that links sequences and causes them to illuminate each other.

Body Heat contains some of the best lap dissolves (the simultaneous fading out of one image and fading in of another) I've ever seen. At one point we see a fire, and then as the image dissolves, Matty's face emerging out of the fire. You just nod yes because it is breathtaking and right.

Kasdan has a good sense of pacing as well; he keeps things moving at just the right tempo. The denouement comes a bit rapidly, but he makes it work. Even when the conventions are most obvious, the dialogue most postured, *Body Heat* is never less than thoroughly entertaining and compelling.

Body Heat also benefits from a series of first rate performances. Mickey Rourke has a nice, humorous edginess as one of Ned's clients, an arsonist. J.A. Preston, as a weary police detective, and Ted Danson, as a DA who fancies himself to be Fred Astaire, compliment each other nicely. They amuse even as they make Ned, and us, sweat.

In an ingenious piece of casting, Richard Crenna is excellent as Edmund, Matty's husband, a rich, no-nonsense businessman. There's a fascinating scene in a restaurant between he and Ned where he tells Ned that he despises people "who can't do what's necessary." Ned winces and says "I know that type of guy." He pauses and concedes, "I'm a lot like that." They look at each other and laugh, Edmund unaware that by making Ned confront the truth about himself, he has sealed both men's fates.

Body Heat would fall flat if there was no chemistry between Hurt and Turner. Luckily there is, in spades. Some people have carped that Turner is not good enough as Matty. Nonsense. She is everything a femme fatale ought to be. When Ned first lays eyes on her he's hooked, and we can see why. Matty is a manipulator who is smart enough to let Ned think he's in charge. Turner brings a beauty and persona to the screen that we have not seen in a while—a tough and tender femme fatale. Half Ned's fantasy and half her own, Matty is a stunning creation, lady and dame, fire and ice.

This is William Hurt's third movie. He debuted last December in *Altered States*, and in April he was in *Eyewitness*. Each of these performances is brilliant, but taken together they constitute the most impressive and exciting movie debut in a long, long time. Ned Racine, second rate lawyer and womanizer is a poor fool who would like to believe he's smarter and cooler than he knows he is. Aware of what he is doing, he romanticizes himself into a situation and lets himself be destroyed in it.

Hurt gets inside a character and projects it with an actor's skill, and a movie star's charisma. Neither a macho stud nor an alienated loner, Hurt is a rarity, a genuinely romantic American actor, and simply one of the best actors of any kind that we have. His haunted characterization of Ned is at the center of *Body Heat* and is one of the many reasons to see this movie.

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Note: Stuart Pimsler was an MFA candidate in the Connecticut College Dance Department several years ago, and is now living and working in New York City.

Soccer Trounces

Continued from Page 6

were overconfident," he says. "We pressured them right away, coming out strong in the first half. There's been a problem in the past. We usually come out strong in the second half. But now, by being more aggressive, we set the pace and beat them to the ball. In the first half, we definitely dominated, although we lost some concentration in the second half." Randall recalls, "At the end of the game, the Wesleyan players were very disappointed in themselves. The team was nice about it though, but their coach was furious!"

In a side comment, Randall mentions that even one of the referees gave Conn's coach a hard time. There was a discrepancy over the weight of the soccer ball they were using. To the ref's astonishment and team's amusement, Conn's coach Bill Lessig, took out a tape recorder during the quibble to record what the ref had to say pertaining to the legal weight of the ball.

The victory over the Coast Guard represents another kind of success. It is a fact that Conn and the Coast Guard are long-time rivals. Amidst the cheering by fans, many spectators shouted negative comments which could be heard by both teams.

"It was a really good game and even the negative shouting helped me to play harder. Their field is great, suited for our style: It also helped me to be

playing at night." Randall continues, "I guess the best part was when Bob (Caveman) Gibb scored the goal. He stands for everything the Coast Guard is against, with his long braided hair. Same for Rocco (D'Amiano) with his earring. The cadets are conservative, clean-cut, short-haired, etc. As for their skill, they've always been physically aggressive but they rely on their power more than on actual skill. This time, they seemed to have improved, employing a few plays with their strength."

Randall proudly praises Conn's soccer team and compares them to an 11-link chain. "There are no real superstars. We play as a team, more so than in past years. We each have something to offer." Highlighting the three captains contributions, Randall adds, "Steve Barnard gives much needed verbal support. Rocco offers looseness and spirit." Modestly, he continues, "Through my play on the field, I'm a guide to the other players, hopefully keeping them composed under pressure."

As for the potential of participating in the finals, their 5-1-1 record shows they can overcome possible physical and emotional barriers that could arise. Randall believes that if the fans remain as loyal as they have been this year, and if the team can "pull together and concentrate on getting psyched," this potential does exist.



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Television and Children

"I think we are hard pressed to say that a child, just by watching something on television, is then going to act out what he has seen."

By Edward B. Burger

Margaret C. Holmberg, as assistant professor of child development, recently appeared on the WSUB radio program: "What Do You Think?" The discussion dealt with "How Television Teaches Social Values to Children." Child development is, as Professor Holmberg puts it, "a field of study that concentrates on the growth and development of the child from conception through adolescence." She also mentions that it is unique to have a department of child development at a liberal arts college.

Are social values taught to children by T.V.? Professor Holmberg thinks the content of the programs is not the only factor. One must also consider the atmosphere in which the child is watching the program. "I think we are hard pressed to say that a child, just by watching something on television, is then going to act out what he has seen. Whether or not he does that will depend on whether or not the environment, the home, the school situation that he is in permits that. All of us know a lot of things which we never do and children do also. They may learn different things from television, whether they do those things depends on whether it is permitted."

Professor Holmberg makes three suggestions to parents. The first is to monitor the kinds of programs that their children watch. The second is to limit the time the children watch. And finally, watch the programs with the children. By doing this, she says, "parents are knowing what their children are seeing and then either can say 'yes, this is the way we do it,' or 'no, this is not the way we do it in our family.'"

Professor Holmberg feels that there is a great deal of good programs for children of the preschool age. One of these programs is *Mister Rogers Neighborhood*. She says, that preschool children are, "trying to figure out the difference between what is real and what is fantasy." On this program, she points out that there is a definite distinction between these two ideas. Professor Holmberg also feels that programs dealing with nature are also good. She recommends *The Wide Wide World of Animals* and *The National Geographic specials* for both children and parents.

There are also certain programs that the professor feels are not good for preschoolers and youngsters. She speaks of the high pressure dramas and the violent crime programs. She also includes game shows, "where everyone gets so excited about winning or losing." How about cartoons? She says, "I think cartoon are kind of benign; I don't think

they're harmful."

Professor Holmberg recommends that children should not watch too much T.V. in order to have more time to play on their own. She points out that it is very important to discover and learn different things through personal experiences. She also suggests that children should understand what the mechanics of television are and to realize the effects of sounds and music on an episode. By doing this, Professor Holmberg feels that children could then select programs, know how to interpret what is shown to them, and do so in an objective way."

What would happen to the future society if television was the domineering factor to social values? Though this would be highly unlikely if it did happen, "we'd have a lot of passive people in our society, and we'd miss out on a lot of potential human creativity." But the professor also points out that, "there is no denying that television is important and a great way of learning things, of seeing things from another part of the world, instantaneously." Professor Holmberg plans to continue her studies of children's social relationships with other people, especially with their siblings, and see if the dynamics of that interaction help children in other social relationships.

Guess Who's Staying Forever?

Continued from Page 9

"I came to help you clean up some. Real nice dinner, Mom, beautiful as always." A pause—mother continues to cover food in Reynold's Wrap, daughter stands at sink. "I know you don't like him, Mom." Ah, disgust registers that quickly on her face. "But you don't understand him. He's odd, warped, whatever you call it. He'll publicly embarrass himself or me—climb into a fountain at the Twin Towers, taunt security guards at the Metropolitan Museum, bring a transistor radio to Lincoln Center. Always, purposely against the norm; I think he revels in it. But he's got a special talent, a gift."

"And what pray tell could this mysterious power be? Certainly not his literary faculty or his dazzling table manners."

"No, Mother, not that complex, something so simple, so beautiful."

"Don't leave me hanging."

"Laugh—he makes me laugh."

Gazing upward, her eyes canvassed her daughter's face, hanging on the raised cheekbones, the curved lips, the smile. No, all this couldn't be attributed to mere laughter. A higher force existed. *Dreaded fate against all her petitions had, indeed, intervened—the only plausible explanation.*

Octoberfestivities

The little toast-meister will preside at WCNI's Reggae Dance party tomorrow night.



Freezing cold didn't stop these Kaisers, or the "quaffing".



Octoberfestivities in the quad last weekend were well attended.

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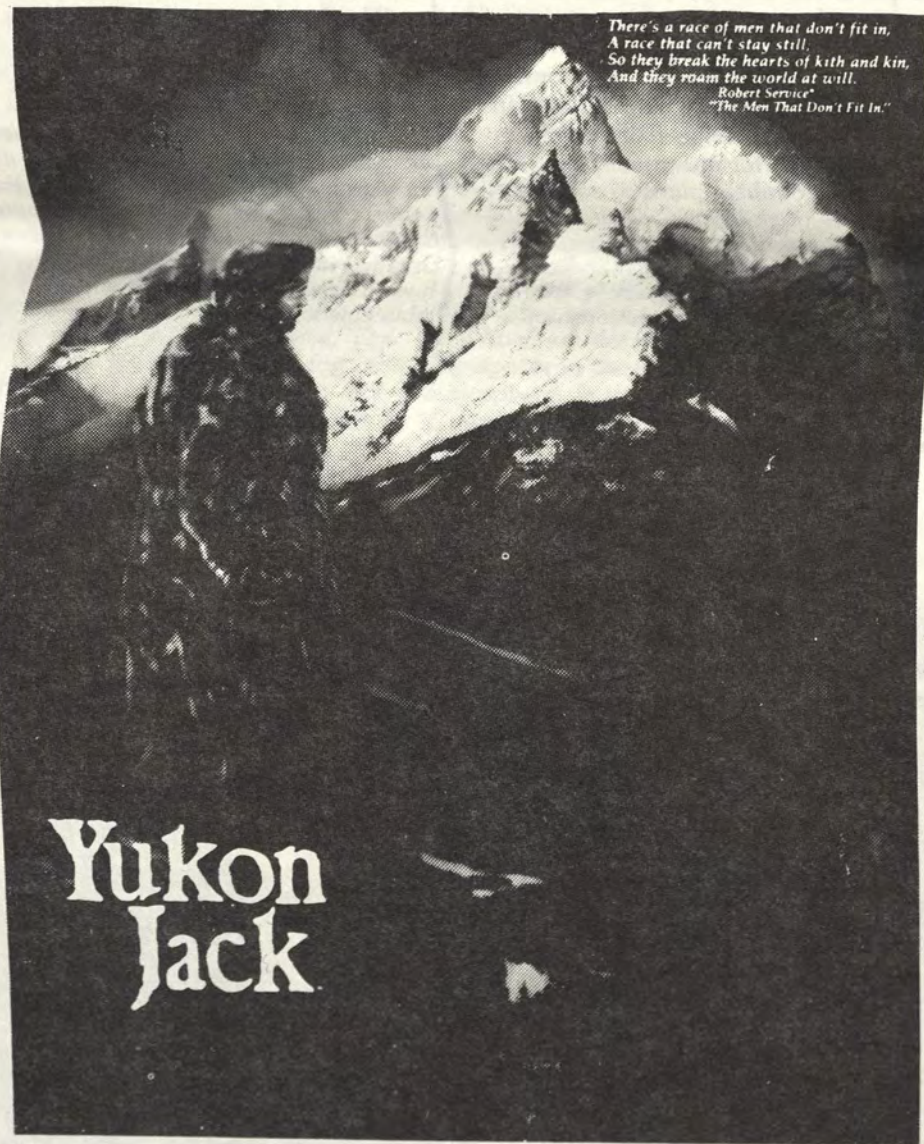
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