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THE COLLEGE VOICE

Connecticut College's Weekly Newspaper

Jill Kremenz: Visual not Verbal

By MICHAEL SLADDEN

You and your churning midterm stomach are going through the library lobby. Take time to look at the pictures hanging there: careful studies in black and white of...let's see, look at the tag: Tennessee Williams, hmm; Isaac Singer...HEY! who put these brilliant people up here to watch us try to be smart! "It's the last straw!" But the portraits are so penetrating, the face-name combinations so surprising (did you know Tennessee Williams looked like that?) that the churning fades, and you wander from portrait to portrait, surrendering unconscious smiles. Libraries can be fun.

Not so much fun when the photographer, Jill Kremenz, came to open her own show, **The WRITER'S IMAGE**. That may sound a little harsh. But she didn't have the time of her life, either. It's hard to meet the mind that made those beautiful images. Unfair to her, really: it's hard to answer questions about work that you want desperately to stand on its own, (visual remember, not verbal); to hear for perhaps the thousandth time "What's William Buckley really like?" or "Do you use a Nikon or a Leica?" Hard for you to meet that mind because ultimately it will not be the same mind you felt when you saw E.B. White sitting so intently in a dark shack in front of typing paper, Smith-Corona and a waiting wastebasket. But to be specific:

Mrs. Kremenz arrived with her husband, Kurt

Vonnegut, having just bounce landed at Trumbull International, and is shuffled into the Librarian's office to wait for the President. He seems to be late; they pace into and out of the curious stares of viewers and students who sense that something is about to happen. "Who's the guy with the crazy hair?"

Finally the President arrives at the turnstile. His secretary hustles him in and the banter takes only about five minutes. He escorts Mrs. Kremenz to the main staircase, says "a few words", and then the awkward situation unfolds. There seems to be no set program: will she say a few words? Do we all leave? Jill Kremenz finds herself cornered against a display case of William Buckley's books; Mr. Vonnegut is besieged by the card catalogue; the general gathering disperses feeling not a little uncomfortable. Jill Kremenz is a little annoyed.

Now, after "the incident", it is hard to remember any impressions about her other than complete awe. The awe is from the photographs. She set Anais Nin on the lawn with her dress swelling out, with her stately expression; she induced John Updike to jump rope for her camera; at the 1968 convention in Chicago, she forgot the podium long enough to find Genet, Burroughs and Alan Ginsberg standing together amongst the dream-like patterns of the crowd. Her talents span so many photographic motions. It could be mistaken for a group show. As her husband, Mr.



Jill Kremenz beside her portrait of Truman Capote

Vonnegut says, she has a rare ability as a journalist: "Jill will be out at the edges," not intruding, seeing and recording the event clearly.

Her show reflects her ability to select a moment, often called "The Decisive Moment," that speaks to the true nature of the event or individual she has trained her eye upon. Some of the photos are simple head and shoulder snapshots for book-jackets, others are best efforts from careful sessions, or from hundreds of negatives spanning years of accumulated work, as are her photographs of her husband and their dog, Pumpkin. Back on opening afternoon, people were reacting

to these abilities and asking her about them. She seemed irritated, and spoke about her work as a job, spent a long time on the subject of "credentials" and generally avoided any questions which asked for thoughtful, introspective replies.

The ordeal ended with an autograph-signing for a young gymnast. She brought forward, at her mother's coaxings, her copy of Mrs. Kremenz's "A Very Young Dancer." While she wrote, she was asked if she thought children gained more from viewing her photographs, and the answer perhaps revealed her frustration with adults

that day, and the satisfaction she gained from her very young admirers: "They get a lot more information from the photographs," she said. "They look all around the edges."

It was painfully obvious that she wished everyone to look around the edges, to listen to what has already been said in the prints themselves. Mrs. Kremenz asked the girl about her gymnastics—there were some giggles and everyone ended out smiling. She left the lobby in a somewhat better mood, and left behind for October about 50 copies of successful conversations.

Photos by Michael Sladden and Dave Cook

Talking With Trustees

By JULIA STAHLGREN

Twenty-two out of twenty-nine members of the Board of Trustees arrived on campus last weekend (Oct. 3-5) to attend meetings with the Administration, Faculty, and students. Late Friday afternoon I attended a Trustee-SGA Liaison meeting way up on the 4th floor of Fanning. I had envisioned the meeting as a massive gathering of all Trustees and all SGA members. When the meeting began, five Trustees were in attendance and the student representatives included Sue Jacobson, (SGA President), Joanne Baltz, (SGA Vice-President), Kim Knox, (SGA Secretary), Dan Alford, (Parliamentarian), Paige Cottingham, (J.B. Chairman), Rich Allen presenting ConnPIRG, Lucy Nunez, the editor of the Spark, and me. At first this seemingly feeble turn out annoyed and surprised me, mostly because it wasn't

what I had expected. Then, I recalled my experience of viewing Congress in session and remembered that the appallingly chaotic atmosphere of that huge meeting had not been conducive to accomplishing anything. The smaller committee meeting I sat in on in Washington proved much more fruitful.

The trustees at the meeting were: Joan Kronick, Vice Chairman of the Board, Nancy Heaton ('78), and Peter Capalbo ('80), Young Alumni Trustees, Frances Pratt ('60), and Jane Funkhouser ('53), an Alumni Trustee. Nancy Heaton opened the meeting by explaining that the duty of the Young Alumni Trustees is to act as a liaison committee, or communication vehicle, between the students here at Conn. and the Board. She expressed a genuine yet very business like "concern for what is going on on campus."

She felt the Board must be made aware of student interests even if that meant "Young Alumni Trustees attending a few campus parties."

Rich Allen then spoke on behalf of ConnPIRG's present workings and goals, and asked the Trustees for their support in establishing a PIRG organization at Conn. Mrs. Kronick had an interesting objection to the PIRG's funding proposal. She felt money should be collected from students interested in supporting or being active in ConnPIRG instead of refunding those who are not. Rich offered a strong defense in that should the PIRG have to collect money, a great deal of energy would be inevitably wasted on soliciting funds rather than organizing and researching projects. However, Mrs. Pratt was somewhat skept-

Cont. on page 2



Novelist Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. at his wife's exhibit opening in the library.

Cont. from page 1

tical as to whether refunding would really ever be done.

From there on Sue Jacobson led the meeting relating what decisions and topics have been prominent issues in the SGA meetings these past four weeks. She related the SGA decision about refrigerator surcharges and reported the successful establishment of the Journalism course, the SGA Hotline, and briefly discussed issues being researched such as the possibility of printing more detailed information on how our tuition is spent, options concerning rendering the skating rink a truly "multi-purposed" facility, and changing personal faculty evaluation procedures. When controversy over the number of complaints registered by faculty members in regard to the excessive amount of noise on campus was brought up, Mrs. Pratt commented that the noise on campus didn't seem half as bad as it used to be. The Skating Rink issue generated a good deal of discussion and the trustees seemed disturbed by the unfortunate uni-purposed nature of the new facility. Everyone present seemed to agree that improving the building's usefulness would be most desirable and certainly advisable. Mrs. Kronick testified that she thought the party she attended down there was disastrous because of poor acoustics and excessive draft. Mrs. Heaton promised to bring up the matter at the Board meeting on Saturday.

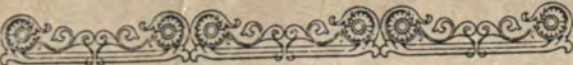
Paige Cottingham gave an encouraging vandalism report (or lack of vandalism), at which point I couldn't help quietly jotting

down the one phrase that was written on the blackboard at the front of the room, "Preferable to suffer evil than to do it."

Sue Jacobson then described the energy proposal that SGA is presently trying to pass with the administration, prefacing the presentation by explaining that she felt this concern for saving energy is SGA's number one priority. Ms. Jacobson described the plan to install electricity measuring devices in each dorm and to encourage dorms to be energy conscious by having a monthly contest. SGA has estimated that this would be a \$20,000 project that would pay for itself in less than a year. Ms. Heaton was impressed with the idea especially if it really had the potential of paying for itself so quickly. Ms. Jacobson commented that Mr. Ames is very much in favor of the idea, but doesn't want to make the monetary commitment, then asked for trustees to please speak on behalf of the proposal.

Should you wish more detailed knowledge of any of these issues, please consult the SGA meeting minutes posted around campus.

As it approached 5:30 and the room got colder and the sky got darker outside, Ms. Heaton brought the meeting to a close. No earth shattering, final decisions had been made but exchanges had occurred and my own conception, at least, of "THE TRUSTEES" as awesome figures with titles, but no faces, had been dispelled. They now knew some of the issues being dealt with on campus, and we can know that they care and are concerned, if only in that they were here, and some climbed up four flights of Farming stairs to talk to students.



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Absolutely! But only if we're willing to make the necessary sacrifices, backed by an immediate and personal commitment.

The ballot at right gives you that opportunity. It outlines possible options in five major areas of concern: productivity, deficit spending, monetary policy, government regulation, and energy conservation.

We're asking you to join us in this citizens' crusade for two important reasons. First, inflation is not just an economic problem. It's also the result of our individual and collective expectations. Rethinking those expectations and deciding what personal sacrifices we're willing and able to make is essential. Second, we believe inflation is the most pressing national issue of our time and urgently requires action on the part of every individual and every segment of our society.

Make your decisions, mark your ballot, mail it to us. We'll forward the

BALLOT

I VOTE TO SELF-CONTROL INFLATION.
I recognize and accept my personal responsibility and will share my views with others.

HERE'S HOW I'LL DO MY SHARE.

I will not ask for new government programs that require deficit financing and will expect our elected representatives to do the same.

I will support a sound monetary policy by restricting my personal use of credit.

I will not expect or ask for government regulations unless the social benefit justifies the cost.

I will commit myself to being personally more productive and will support efforts that encourage industry to invest in new plants and equipment, product development, and job training.

I will make every effort to conserve energy.

I, the undersigned, commit myself to the citizens' crusade against inflation and pledge to honor my commitment to self-control it to the best of my ability.

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EDITORIALS

The College Voice wants to develop a Classified Ads section in the paper. We hope it will be an effective way to announce help wanted, jobs sought, services rendered, rides needed, books for sale, birthday wishes, etc. to the campus community. Ads should be submitted, typed, by Tuesday at 5 p.m. for the following Tuesday's issue. Rates per week will be: 75 cents for the first twenty words, 25 cents for every ten words thereafter

An Opinion

By ALEXANDER R. BRASH

Last week I went to ConnPirg's public forum as an interested and concerned student. Overall it was a very informative meeting, although as far as I could tell there were only S.G.A. and ConnPirg members present. Albeit some questions were well answered, I felt most were answered evasively, and when it came to specifics much was swept under a rug of rhetoric. However, there were two key questions, which, to me, summed up ConnPirg's attitudes, and these I present.

The first question was from an S.G.A. member, and it was 'could ConnPirg explain why, while discussing funding with the administration, it had told S.G.A. that funding was none of its business?' The second question, by ConnPirg this time, was why were certain S.G.A. members skeptical of ConnPirg? To this question I found myself rather tongue-tied, having too much to say in front of an impatient

board, that really wished to tear every sentence apart instead of listening. I would now like to answer that question with the enclosed editorial, taken from The Evening Gazette of Worcester, Massachusetts on October 6, 1980.

NADER GOES HOLLYWOOD

For the man who made a reputation waging war against the likes of General Motors and some of the country's most powerful economic and political interests, Ralph Nader's venture into movie-making seems odd.

But only at first glance. In fact the formation of a movie company by Nader — New Citizen Productions — with plush offices in Hollywood, is a logical move for the consumer advocate whose goal has always been to spread the word.

Reports indicate that Nader's personal friends like Jane Fonda and Robert Redford, who have worked

for similar causes, may agree to star in general release movies and made-for-television movies that will be based on actual cases from "Nader's Raiders."

If this venture gets off the ground, the country can expect to see all sorts of imaginative treatments of corporate skulduggery, environmental outrages and demoniacal chemists out to make a few million bucks by flimflaming the people. The propaganda drums will beat for various Nader schemes, all financed by dues checkoffs by college students and other unwitting types.

Ralph Nader should do well in Hollywood, a realm based on illusion and myth-making.

Dear Editor,

I wish to take this opportunity to applaud the Connecticut College Infirmary Staff. During a recent emergency visit (as well as in all my prior visits) the kindness and concern exhibited by these people was extremely comforting and appreciated. It's good to know if help is needed there is someone there who cares. Thank you.

Anonymous

Youths For Buckley Formed

The College Republicans have formed a "Youth For Buckley" organization at Connecticut College to work for the campaign of James Buckley, Republican candidate for the Senate. Any person wishing to join or wanting further information should contact Pat Kennedy, Box 835.



Noise Forum

will be held
Tues. Oct. 14
4:00 P.M.

in
Cro Main Lounge
Students/Faculty
are Welcome.

By BRIAN MCCULLOUGH

Ronald Reagan is a decrepit, overbearing tyrant who, if elected, will not only reduce American progress to the level of pre-Neanderthal man, but will also lead the world straight into its first nuclear holocaust. Jimmy Carter is a pitifully incompetent oaf who, if re-elected, will complete his already well-under-way destruction of the economy and the American Dream, and afterwards, because of his incredible naivete, will lead the world straight into its first nuclear holocaust.

If you believe these two statements, then you've probably been watching too much T.V., because, given the type of commercials that have been aired during this presidential campaign, this is apparently what each candidate would like us to believe about his opponent.

For some reason, both men have concluded that it would be more to their advantage to

rip the other guy than to praise themselves. Thus, we have seen few commercials extolling the virtues of either Carter or Reagan — instead, we have been treated to Carter spots featuring various Californians telling us how rotten Reagan was as governor, and Reagan ads with bar graphs depicting inflation during Carter's term (with the bar marked "transportation costs" strategically climbing right past the top of the screen). Both commercials end by admonishing viewers to "vote for (insert candidate's name)" — while only explaining why viewers shouldn't vote for that candidate's opponent.

Now, if the criticisms voiced in these ads are assumed to be truthful — and that's a very big "if" — is it, even then, an honest method with which to conduct a campaign? Could President Carter really feel good about being re-elected if he'd only

managed to do so by bringing out the "scared-of-Reagan" vote (and vice-versa for Ron)? Since most Americans now receive more of their news from television than from any other news source, there is great importance in having this information be accurate. Surely there is something positive each candidate could say about himself — perhaps Carter could put out an ad which bragged about his Patently Wonderful Energy Program, and Reagan one about his Really Big Plans for a Revitalized America.

A little chivalry in the form of these political ads with a positive outlook wouldn't hurt anybody, and might even act to restore Americans' lost faith in the political system. I'd try it if I were running.

THE COLLEGE VOICE

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CAMPUS NEWS

Annoyed By Noise?

By SUE ROTATORI

Have you noticed (a) the floor and walls of your room rumbling and vibrating as if "Earthquake" were being shown next door (b) that it sounds like the library has installed its own stereo system or (c) that while sitting in the front row of your class you can't hear the professor as he screams at the top of his lungs? If you answered yes to any of the above, then you are probably aware of what many students, faculty and administrators consider a serious noise problem on campus.

Security and many of the deans have received complaints regarding noise both inside and outside of the dorms. These complaints range from students unable to study in the library or sleep in their rooms, to faculty members unable to conduct classes.

Dean Watson, to whom many of the complaints have been directed, feels that the problem stems from too many people doing too many different things in too little

space. She points out that with so many activities, both social and academic, occurring in a limited area at one time, conflicts are bound to emerge if consideration is not exercised.

There are more students living on campus than ever before, and less space in which to do things. Many of the dorms were built with commons rooms designed to be general gathering places as well as typing rooms and study carrels. Those spaces are no longer available due to the overcrowded condition of the campus.

Thus, students are trying to both study and socialize in the limited dorm space remaining, and conflicts develop.

The dorms are for studying and sleeping, but they are social centers, too, Dean Watson points out. If students are encouraged to do their studying outside of the dorm, in places like the music or chapel library as well as the regular library, and also to socialize in Cro or the bar, many potential conflicts can be avoided.

Dean Watson emphasizes that all noise is not being objected to. The problem lies in trying to decide what type and amount of noise is acceptable. "The general weekend party noise is to be expected," she said, "but individual, small group noise occurring at any time of the day or night is inconsiderate to one's neighbors, the faculty and the campus in general."

House presidents and Housefellows have been asked to notify their dorms about the noise problem and to request that everyone exercise consideration.

Not everyone agrees that a noise problem exists on campus. Many students feel that Conn is, in fact, much quieter than many other schools. As junior Frank Laufer put it, "in comparison to most schools, this place is pretty mellow." A significant portion of students feel that most of the time, the noise level on campus is not disruptive.

Both sides will be able to voice their feelings at a "Noise Forum" to be held Thursday, October 16 at 4:00 in Cro Main Lounge.



Photo by Michael Sladden

The Need for a Shift to the Third World

By SARA BARRETT

The focus of American foreign policy in the future will center more around third world nations, than the Soviet Union, according to Ambassador Goodwin Cooke. Cooke was on campus Wednesday afternoon to speak on the foreign affairs of the United States, of which he has an insider's point of view. He has been involved in the state department for twenty-four years, and has been a member of embassy staffs in Pakistan, Yugoslavia, Italy, Belgium, Canada, and the Ivory Coast. He is currently on a year-long diplomatic assignment in connection with Syracuse University.

Cooke's major concern over diplomacy in the next twenty years is over third world nations, especially those in Africa. He says the United States has "abandoned internal developments" such as transportation and communication systems, which are vital to these countries' economic growth. He thinks the U.S. "must address the long term problems of Africa" rather than supply aid from year to year hoping for instant results. He stresses that we must support the third world now, for in the years to come "our dependence on the raw materials in these countries will increase." Also a major factor is the military strength these countries will have in the coming years, basically in terms of manpower. He said that "by the year 2000, 85 to 90 percent of the population will be considered underdeveloped," but through alliances will form an immense power.

After the November election, Cooke thinks that the foreign policy matters will focus more on the third world, although a great change in policy is not expected no matter who is elected. He says that the "public, press, and Congress play a major role in U.S. foreign policies," and foreign policy can't be changed without public support. Thus a change in administrations does not mean a change in

foreign policy.

Cooke then turned to the subject of U.S. - Soviet relations, saying that the emphasis on these policies may decrease in the light of increasing problems in the Middle East and Africa. He says that Soviet aggression in Afghanistan can be seen two ways: one, as a way for the Soviets to protect their boundaries by using it as a buffer state to more hostile areas; or two, as a greed for land and desire to spread Russian ideology. But he says "the Soviet's have not infringed on any of our vital interests," allowing the U.S. to remain uninvolved.

Students also wanted to know about the Iran-Iraq conflict in terms of stress on our relations with the Soviets, as well as with other countries. Cooke says that the "war is ominous," but at this point there is not a great deal we can do about it. The Soviets, also, are exercising restraint in their response to the war between Iran and Iraq. Cooke thinks that "the war isn't in the Soviet's interest" and thinks the Soviet Union is hoping the war will not spread to areas that could threaten its borders. The majority of other world governments condemn the Iranians' hostility toward the U.S., and are appalled that an established government can act like a group of terrorists and seize diplomats for hostages. The Soviets join the other countries in rejection of this type of action.

So, thanks to the government department and the World Citizen Forum at project LEARN who sponsored Cooke, about seventy student and faculty members had the opportunity to question a diplomat on the pertinent foreign affairs of the day, and on the possible policies and problems of the future. Most importantly, he showed that successful interaction between nations is more than a game of RISK in which the players' only objective is to conquer the world; for real-life diplomacy requires a balance of alliances, aid, restraint, and most of all communication.

Unity Welcomes ALL Students

By JOHN P. HOERR

For all but a few hardy and adventurous Connecticut College students, the college's campus comes to an abrupt end in the east when it reaches Connecticut Route 32. This is unfortunate because timid students miss such features as the ice rink, and Abbey, the college's cooperative dorm. And possibly the most unhappy result of students' unwillingness to cross Route 32 is that they do not visit Unity House, Conn's minority cultural center.

Unity House is more than a residence for four minority students. It is a place for all minority students to exercise their cultural heritage. The house is also a place for non-minorities to visit, learn about minority cultures, and find some entertainment.

Unity's location, however, is not the only thing that prevents students from stopping in. "The building has been so black identified," said Janet Foster, Unity House's director. Conn. students tend to think of Unity as a place only for black students. Any minority group should feel welcome to use the resources the house can provide. Minority need not mean black or Hispanic. "If the Irish students got together and wanted to do a cultural presentation," Foster explained, "Unity would welcome them."

Foster plans to make Unity House a busy place during this year. Its primary function is to provide a place for minority students to find people like themselves in a college community that is overwhelmingly white. However, Foster also asserts that Unity, "is not just a place for black students; it's a place for all students."

For this reason, the house is sponsoring many events this year for the benefit of the

college community and the general community. On October 8 Unity hosted a tea with New London Mayor Leo Jackson, the first black mayor in New England, as a speaker. Tea parties such as this will be bi-weekly events at Unity and will feature faculty members and community leaders.

On October 25 the weekly Saturday Coffee House, which is usually held in Crozier-Williams or Harkness Chapel, will be in Unity House. Also, on Halloween Unity House will have a haunted house in which students can get their wits scared out of them for 50 cents. Children from the big brother - big sister program and from Learned House, an afterschool instruction program in New London, will be invited.

Mayor Talks at UNITY

By A. BERNSTEIN

Mayor Leo Jackson of New London met informally with a small group of minority students on Wednesday afternoon at Unity House. The Mayor began the meeting by introducing some topics for discussion: environment, education, health, and safety in the New London area. When he invited his audience to address him with any questions they might have had, however, the subject turned to concerns more directly related to the group at hand.

The first question asked of the mayor was whether he felt a "dual responsibility" to black constituents, and the rest of the session was interspersed with discussions about politics, both from Mayor Jackson and the minority students.

Mayor Jackson is New England's first black mayor, elected by the City Council of

Unity will have a pre-freshman weekend in November to give minority students a chance to visit Conn. A theatrical production is planned for the weekend of November 17-22 and the Hispanic students will host a Mexican folk ballet touring group and an international dinner during the month.

Unity House is going to work in the larger community as well. The house will sponsor students from Conn. who wish to help out in New London's Winthrop apartments area. The Winthrop apartments are populated by lower-income blacks, Hispanics, and whites who lack a community atmosphere. The Conn. students will go to the Winthrop apartments to play with and talk to the area's children.

New London almost a year ago. However, he strived to shift the focus away from himself as a member of a minority in a position of political influence. "I don't like to think of myself as New England's first black mayor," he said. "I like to think of myself as a good mayor."

At the close of the meeting, a number of students voiced their interest in getting involved in an active group working for the minority interest. Mayor Jackson suggested that they and other concerned students attend a meeting of the NAACP on October 16th. Those who wish to obtain information on location and exact time of the meeting in October or on future meetings should contact the president of the organization, Mr. Clarence Faulk, at 9 Crouch St., New London, CT 06320.

Anita DeFrantz: Challenging A Modern Goliath

By MEREDITH DRAKE

Blistered hands and aching bodies. Short vacations and long workouts.

For Anita DeFrantz, a Connecticut College graduate of 1974, the hard training was worth it, earning her a seat of the U.S. women's rowing team and a bronze medal in the 1976 summer Olympics. Ms. DeFrantz studied at the University of Pennsylvania Law School, receiving a J.D. degree. She also served on national athletic councils, has been a member of the board of directors of the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia and the Conn College Board of Trustees, and has actively participated in the anti-boycott movement for the 1980 summer Olympics. Returning to campus on Sunday, October 5, Ms. DeFrantz shared some of her philosophies in a chapel sermon entitled "Taking Up the Challenge."

The sermon began with the history of David and Goliath from the book of Samuel. Ms. DeFrantz interpreted the story in terms of problem solving versus accepting the status quo. "Who will accept Goliath's challenge?" she asked. "We now have Goliaths all around that are bigger, stronger, and more powerful than just the Soviets." Her options included temporary strength like the army of the Philistines, hoping for something to happen (like Saul) or accepting the risks like David. "We need to have the courage and the faith that life can be better," she asserted.

At the agape meal afterward, Ms. DeFrantz answered questions on the 1980 Olympic boycott. With a

complete understanding of the issues, she insisted that the games are private and have nothing to do with politics. "It's a personal experience. The U.S. doesn't win anything: the athletes win. It's embarrassing for a free country to take over private games." She feels the U.S. Government had no right to call a boycott, cut off Olympic funds, and threaten to prosecute any athlete that participated. "The athletes are always the people that get hurt. The politicians just use them as tools."

What actions did Ms. DeFrantz take?

"I did a lot of talking and traveling, and wrote letters to the White House and the press. Unfortunately, since the Olympics are on the amateur level, it's hard to get organized and communicate. The press made the athletes look bad and self-interested so the athletes kept quiet." She added that it's the events themselves that are most important and the US team was even willing to give up the opening procession onto the field and the public acceptance of medals just to compete.

Ms. DeFrantz has certainly made her voice heard over this issue and did not play a passive role of acceptance in a situation she objected to. Faced with four years of hard work in preparation for the 1980 games, and a threat to her individual right to freedom of choice, she chose to speak out and challenge a modern Goliath.

Will she train for the 1984 Olympics?

"Maybe. It just takes so much of a commitment and my life comes first now. If it's convenient I'll row."

"Besides," she added, "I'm taking up fencing."

Connecticut Intercollegiate Student Legislature

Connecticut College has been an active member of the Connecticut Intercollegiate Student Legislature for several years. CISL is a mock legislature where students attending the universities and colleges of the state engage in research and discussion of social and political issues. Students also write and debate their own bills. Signs will be posted before our next delegation meeting. Anyone interested is welcome!

The Connecticut Intercollegiate Student Legislature opened its 33rd session, September 28th at Connecticut College in New London. In attendance were delegations from Albertus Magnus College, Connecticut College, Trinity College, The U.S. Coast Guard Academy, and the University of Hartford.

The guest speaker for today's state meeting was Sam Gedjenson, the Democratic nominee for Congress in the 2nd district. Speaking of his many interesting experiences in the political process, his advice to the body was that one should never let the election process be shortened as this

could secure the incumbent's re-election and allow only the wealthy to participate. Mr. Gedjenson presented his views on energy independence and the positive role that government control should play in economic policy.

Decided at the first CISL meeting were the legislative committees that would generate legislation for the coming year. Modeling itself after the General Assembly, the CISL committees are as follows: Education; Energy; Public Utilities; and Transportation; Environment; Finance; Human Services; Judiciary; and Planning and Development.

The session was closed with a debate discussing the present U.S. foreign policy of favored nation status with mainland China. After a heated discussion in which the opposing viewpoints of a realistic foreign policy versus the need to uphold past agreements were aired, the body decided that President Carter's policy should be endorsed.

The next CISL meeting is scheduled for November 2nd at Fairfield University at 1:00.

Faces in the Crowd

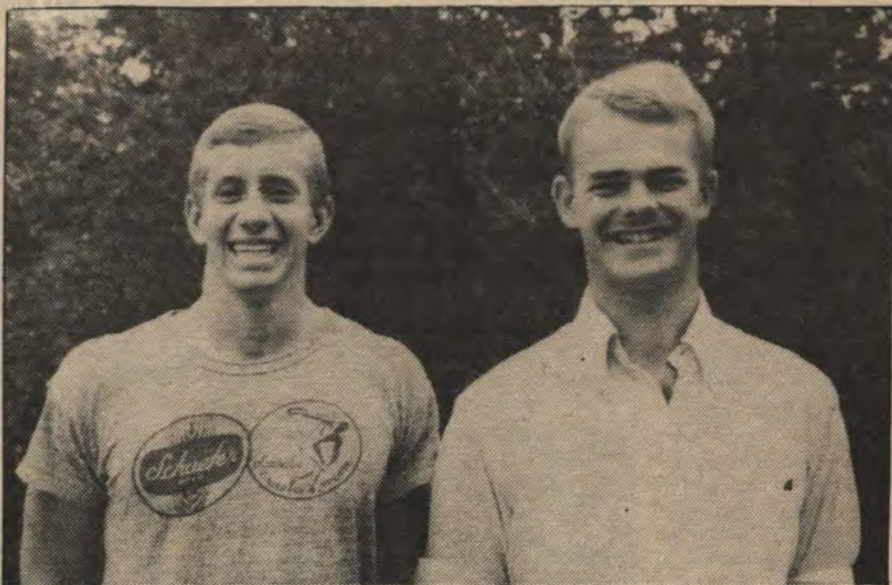


Photo by Carolyn Blackmar

Perhaps a more appropriate title for this article would be "How I Spent My Summer Vacation," as it describes the rather unusual summers of two Conn College students. Sophomore John Cohen and Senior Phil Livsey spent their summers in Quantico, Virginia. Vacationing? No; they were in school, Officer's Candidate School, stage one of the Marine Corps.

Although the Corps is completely voluntary, the application process is somewhat complex. Required of interested applicants is a complete physical, a written test, the standard Marine physical fitness test, and several informal interviews. The results of the tests and interviews are then sent to Washington, D.C. for a thorough evaluation.

Last spring, John and Phil received their acceptance letters, which included the dates on which they were to report to Quantico for boot camp. John, being just a sophomore, has to participate in two six-week summer sessions before graduating from college. Because Phil is a senior this year, he had to spend ten weeks in Officer's Candidate School (OCS).

The daily routine was basically the same, even though John and Phil were in different OCS camps. They were up and dressed by 4:30 a.m., allowed a mere ten

minutes for breakfast, time to clean up, and were outside for 2-3 hours of physical training by 5:20 a.m. Physical Training (PT) consisted of numerous activities: warm up exercises, followed by calisthenics, an endurance course, an obstacle course, squad tactics, or often even a 15 mile march throughout which the candidates were required to carry 50-lb packs on their backs.

Following PT was a short period of recovery time, classes (Marine History, Map Reading, Tactics, or Etiquette), two hours of close order drill (marching and formation), and then a 20-minute lunch. After lunch, it was back to the classroom for the candidates, and then more drill.

Dinner was usually served around 4:30 p.m., following which the camp members were responsible for cleaning their uniforms and equipment. By 8:00 p.m. the day was over.

"If you just look at the schedule, it seems easy, but it really wasn't," John commented. "We were under incredible amounts of mental stress."

Aside from being rushed all day, both John and Phil spoke of the "nit-picky things" they had to deal with. "They would try and create a stressful situation to anger you," Phil described. "And if you got angered, you were out of the program." John ad-

ded, "If you do what you're told and do it quickly you'll be fine. You have to keep things in perspective, try not to crack under the pressure they create." The "they" and Phil spoke of were those persons who had completed the OSC program and had continued on to become officers.

Upon graduating from college, the candidates become Second Lieutenants in the Marine Corps. If they make the decision to go further and become officers, as John and Phil plan to do, they will be obligated to spend three years with the Corps. Phil plans to pursue law; John sees the experience as beneficial for any field in that it teaches them to deal with stress.

When asked why they chose to join the Marines, Phil replied, "I look upon the Marines as one of the few military services left with any esteem. It's adventurous, a good experience, and patriotic."

John added, "I wanted to see if I could do it, but more than that, I want to make sure that someone I can trust-myself-will be trained enough to defend my family in a time of war."

If you are interested in joining the Marines as an alternative, or just talking about the experience, please contact John Cohen, P.O. Box 263, or Phil Livsey, P.O. Box 785.

General Hospital Update

By T. GARLAND
L. DECOSTER

G.H. Update correction! Instead of 'sympathy' cards, it looks like 'congratulations' cards are more in order for Jeff Weber! Annie Logan revealed this week that "her relationship with Jeff should become closer!" But Jeff Weber is now concentrating on Heather. She broke out of her silence long enough to ask Jeff to bring her Steven Lars. But will Heather or Jeff ever get their son back? It seems that Diana Taylor inadvertently told Howard Lancing about her fears concerning P.J. and his natural parents. Howard guaranteed her his support if a custody battle should ever arise. But will he be able to hold to his promise once he discovers Jeff and Heather are the natural parents? Leslie, Bobby, and Joe's

endeavor to kidnap Jennifer (in hopes of saving Luke and Laura) was a disaster. Frank Smith's men were quickly able to locate Jennifer, safe and sound in N.Y. City with Leslie. But, watch out Leslie! Frank Smith has promised to "find a very special way to thank her for everything she has done for Jennifer and him."

It looks like the "hit" will go on as planned. Or will it? Luke was in the process of searching Sally's room when she unexpectedly came out of the shower. Luke quickly found cover in her closet. Much to Luke's surprise, he discovered that Sally was really a Sal-HE!! But before Luke could escape, Sally accidentally locked him in the closet. Will Luke get out in time to save Laura and Hutch? We hope so!

Meanwhile, back at home, Bobby and Joe are scheming up a new plan to stop the

hitman. Leslie Weber has planned a surprise party for Jennifer, who is her guest. Frank Smith's attendance at the party will enable Bobby and Joe to search his home. But for what? Better luck this time, Bobby and Joe!

Port Charles is also anxiously awaiting the arrival of Alexandria Cortemaine, the rich and eccentric cousin of Tracy Cortemaine. Alexandria's arrival, Bobby and Joe's plan; and the desires of Annie Logan all promise to make next week's episode very interesting! Make sure to look for next week's update for more information.

P.S. We were all upset to see that G.H. on Thursday was canceled, due to a baseball game! Thanks to over three hundred G.H. fans who protested to the television station, G.H. was aired on Friday -- instead of the baseball game.

ENTERTAINMENT

Dancing Solos and Duets

By JULIA STAHLGREN

Solos and duets can be very tricky undertakings in the performing arts. Audiences are so easily put off by a single person dancing, singing, speaking, or making music on a big stage, in part because they can not help but feel nervous for the lone performer. In addition, a single body perhaps connotes a lecture, or self-indulgent monologue rather than entertainment, and the on-lookers' minds quickly prepare to wander astray. Duets are somewhat less risky for there is automatically established an energy, a relationship, or tension between the two individual performers simply through their different living, breathing bodies. But duets can put audiences on their guard also. They run the risk of being cliché partnerships, predictably symmetric, or too intimate to allow objective viewers to feel at ease.

I felt none of these discomforts at last Friday night's (Oct. 3) dance concert. The cover of the program read, "Nancey Rosensweig and Mark Taylor dancing *Solos and Duets* with Robin Baker," and the evening consisted of three solos and one duet. The performance was exciting, not only because of the strong choreography and beautiful performances of the three dancers, but because Mark Taylor and Robin Baker are both members of Connecticut College's dance staff.

The first piece, entitled *Cowpath Reel*, was a celebration of contrasts. One of the most refreshing, exciting aspects of this world, and the life in it, is the host of varying energies, shapes, colors, attitudes, and characters. This solo stated that perception and set about proving it. The opening vision, as crisp, cool, deep, water-blue lights came up on Mark Taylor, costumed all in white, filled the stage with an energy that radiated from the simple coexistence of those two sharp, polar colors.

Choreographed by Mr. Taylor to traditional Irish music, the movement alternated between quick and slow, stiff and relaxed, up and down. A sustained, unfocused, hanging pose was countered by a direct dart across the stage, then punctuated with a soft fall to the ground. In one corner Mr. Taylor was playful, innocent, and childlike in his suspended skips and prances, in another he was terribly serious, almost pained in his brisk contractions or hard angles. He was curvy and sensual, and linear and cold. He turned and stopped and leapt and slid.

The second piece, *Sandalwood Medallion*, was also choreographed by Mark Taylor, but danced by Robin Baker to music by Faure and Tchaikovsky. Ms. Baker was dressed in red, silky, pyjama-like harem pants. A red canopy hung overhead. The lighting was red, and white, and yellow. I felt I had been led into a bedroom and was swept up by the vulnerable, often yearning movement of a woman who had lost her



Mark Taylor and Nancey Rosensweig in 'Twined' in Oct. 3rd's dance concert.

lover. Ms. Baker's careful, precise, graceful movements expressed pain, hope, regret, passion, and resign. I felt distress in each contraction; I saw her remembering as she balanced in attitude or stretched across the floor and lay her ear to the ground directly under the billowy canopy. She opened wide her arms and reached off-stage into white light then pulled back, as if burned by the light. It was not a dance of bitter vengeance, though. The movement seemed an uninhibited, unselfconscious exposure and expression of a human subconscious. The choreography and performance were tremendously sensitive, touching creations.

Espana Cani was another solo danced by Mark Taylor, this time decked in black pants and shirt, with a red waist sash, black cape with a red lining, and a black, Spanish hat. Based on choreography by Ted Shawn, an early modern dance pioneer, this piece was restaged by Robin Baker and Marion Rice. Ms. Baker's grandmother danced with Ruth St. Denis and her

partner-colleague, Ted Shawn, and the movement in this piece, based on authentic Spanish dance, was passed down to Ms. Baker by her grandmother. This was the first revival of the dance that has been performed by a man since the original performances.

Mr. Taylor executed the crisp, direct steps, balances, turns, and hinges with controlled precision, and sharp, focused energy. He strutted and halted and tilted and stamped with drama, pride, and flare. The wonderful, pounding, piano accompaniment was provided from the wings by Lisbeth Woodies, also, as it turned out, costumed in black and red.

After intermission the duet promised in the concert title was delivered by Mark Taylor and Nancey Rosensweig. Choreographed by Clarice Marshall and Mark Taylor to traditional Irish, Welsh, and English ballads, *Twined* was an honest, sensitive profile of a love relationship. It was very intimate and personal, yet so beautifully and naturally did

the two dancers move and fit together that there was nothing discomforting or unnatural about watching all the different angles of their relationship.

The movement commented on the inevitability of moments of contrasting human moods, and depicted both clashing and complementary needs. The dances began lying side by side on the floor. Ms. Rosensweig started up and away. Mr. Taylor easily, softly caught her hand, halting her escape, and pulling her back beside him. She rolled overtop of him, then curled and withdrew away, hugging only herself.

They skipped and jumped and turned together. Ms. Rosensweig leapt and Mr. Taylor softly, naturally caught her. They taunted, teased, and tested each other with outstretched, then folded, arms; with open lunges that suddenly contracted to quick, rejecting turns or brisk shoves. Mr. Taylor reached for his partner. Ms. Rosensweig dropped and huddled, kneeling, on the floor. Mr. Taylor stretched out on the floor again, inviting her to follow. Ms. Rosensweig stood defiantly on his chest, then dropped gracefully, submissively, beside him, burying her face in the cup of his neck and shoulder.

Both dancers had a solo, a few moments in which they both established themselves as separate, whole individuals, capable and talented even without the

other. Both the solos were accented with a sense of relief and freedom at having broken away, yet both dancers' gazes were drawn back to the still, watching partner at various times during the solos.

When the dancers reunited, the fresh memory of the moments apart, with space and movement separating them, only reinforced how exquisitely they worked together. Their relationship had changed, though. While still dancing the same steps, and moving together, they both retained some of the individual quirks and characteristics they discovered and developed while moving alone. Ms. Rosensweig pranced more quickly and lightly than Mr. Taylor. Mr. Taylor did heavier, more grounded turns than Ms. Rosensweig.

The entire program worked successfully because the performers were exceptionally well prepared. They were controlled, strong, and therefore secure in the movement. They were committed to each position, and just as importantly, to each transition between positions. I trusted and respected their ability. Secure and focused and bold in their approach to the choreography, the performers smoothly transcended the technical level of movement and shared something deeper, something multi-dimensional; something liberated, emotional, and stirring.

Record Review:

The Unique Sound of NRBQ

By G.P. GOODWIN

If you have not heard of NRBQ (the New Rhythm and Blues Quartet), you will soon. Their new album "Tiddleywinks" is selling very well all over the country, which is something new for this local, northeastern band. The band has been around since the early seventies. Touring around the east coast, they have honed their act into what has been reputed to be one of the most exciting, unique shows you can see today.

There is absolutely no way you can mistake their music for anyone else's, for NRBQ's sound is something that could not be recreated by any other band. Their second to last album, "Kick Me Hard," seemed to be dedicated to their fanatical fans. Most of the tunes were bizarre. They covered everything from country and western, in "North to Alaska," to an Alvin and the Chipmunks song, "Things We Like To Do." Without selling out, "Tiddleywinks" will appeal to a wider audience.

NRBQ can rock n' roll as well as any band today. This is evident in two of the albums cuts, "Want You to Feel Good Too," and "Me and the Boys." NRBQ swings with "Never Take the Place of You," and "Music Goes Round and Round," which is a remake of an old kid's tune, (you know, "the music goes

round and round...and it comes out here"). "Beverly," and "Definition of Love" shows the group's capacity for ballads. Beverly is consciously styled along the Everly Brothers line. And, for NRBQ cultists their latest provides the listener with a bizarre trip into the world of atonality with the last cut on the album, "Wobbies". It is reminiscent of an earlier work, a remake of the Bonanza theme song in which every member of the band played in a different key.

NRBQ features guitarist Al Anderson who joined the band after being with a group called Wildweed (a mellow, very sixties group), and cutting a solo album. His powerful voice, and virtuosity on electric guitar provides an important aspect of the energy. Anderson is complimented by Keyboardist Terry Adams. Adams won an international award for his classical piano playing at one time. From there he has become one of the most innovative keyboardists around. His excursions into the strange rhythms, and chords is a trademark of the group. He has a love for the toy piano which provides the background sound in "Feel You Around Me."

One listen to this band and you'll realize you've discovered something you'll want to know more about.

Imus Returns to Garde with New Act

Don Imus, WNBC Radio early morning disc jockey, has agreed to revise his Adult Nightclub Act for his return to the Garde Theatre on Captain's Walk, New London. Don Imus, better known as "Imus in the Morning," whose early morning wit has made him radio's best known disc jockey, will appear on stage for two performances at 7 and 10 p.m. on Saturday, October 25.

Imus was the star at the Garde last February 2 with his X rated act which included "inspired profanity" and graphically explicit ethnic and sex jokes and stories. At the request of the management of the Garde

Theatre, Imus said he would include more of his radio personalities such as Crazy Bob, The Right Reverend, Billy Sol Hargis, Imus in Washington, and Santana Banana. This request was in direct response to feedback from the February 2 audience — who loved Imus; however, indicated a strong desire for the talented disc jockey's impersonations and less X rated material.

Tickets for the shows are now on sale at the Garde box office. Box office hours are 7-10 p.m. daily, plus 1-4 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays. The tickets, all for reserved seats, will be priced at \$7.00 and \$9.00. For ticket information, call 44GARDE.

One More Saturday Night

By PAUL COYNE

On Friday afternoons an amazing transformation takes place in the vocabulary of the Connecticut College student. Instead of hearing "Hey, what's up?" and then that incredibly creative reply "Not much," there is a switch to "Goin to the party tonight?" and then the inevitable, to the point, no bull shit reply, "Yeah maybe." Almost everybody has gone to at least one party here at Conn. (for nine thousand bucks you deserve the same feeling that your parents get after writing their first check, a severe hangover).

This year's dorms have made an effort to keep you, the student, happy by providing inexpensive parties here on campus.

Well now there's something new to worry about... start sweatin', cause this is a bone breakin', earth quakin', reputation shakin' PARTY RE-VIEW!

So now your mumbling, "Who the hell died and appointed you the galloping guzzler?" The fact is that I have been to one or two parties here on campus (yes even wine, cheese, and snake-bite, get acquainted bash for

the young Americans for nuclear proliferation back in '78). All sarcasm aside, I will try to be impartial, and one should keep in mind while reading this that no matter how bad a party seemed, someone did work extremely hard.

LIBRARY PARTY: The first official bash of the year, and this year as in the past, it went off well. The nicest thing about this affair is that it's one of the few times you don't mind the crowds. Another strong point is that it's over fairly early which leaves lots of time for post-party parties which are almost always better than the all campus bashes.

SCULPTURE COURT: Always a good time. The only thing marring this year's event were the lines for beer and the amount of Coasties. Everyone seems to have a good time at sculpture court parties. It's strongpoints include being outside while it's still nice, and music that you can talk over and dance to at the same time.

WINDHAM: Equipped with your first administration certified hangover of the year, you're ready for Saturday Night. Windham

was extremely hot (no fault of the organizers), but besides that, things went smoothly. The lines weren't bad and the heat forced many people outside, which spread out the crowd and gave you a chance to cool off without being lonely. The music appealed to most everybody by having two different music rooms.

K.B.: The drink lines, when the bars were open, were designed for a thirsty linebacker. Some people did get more than one drink for the admission price (which still isn't bad). I got a free lei at the door. The dance floor was packed, which is nice to see, and those who stayed had a good time, despite some of the problems of the evening.

PARK (in Cro): Basic Beer Bash, very little creativity and extremely poor organization. The party was based on the music of the Rolling Stones and some Reggae. Having music as the

main theme of a party demands a good stereo, and the 15 watt, factory-installed, car model they had at the beginning just didn't cut it. After this problem was taken care of everything went as planned; the beer was finished, and every one went home.

ABBY (in Cro): Surprising but boring- Stones and Reggae without the Stones or the Reggae. It was nice to see Abby throwing a party because it's very risky for such a small dorm to throw an all-campus party and not take a bath. The band was very professional sounding, but a little too mellow for a Cro Beer party.

J. A. FREEMAN HOMECOMING: Double fisted bash. J.A.-FREEMAN got noise complaints from my sister in Portland, Oregon. The band was good but the crowds were a little thick and there was talk of a great deal

of trouble getting drinks. Over all the whole affair was a success. It was nice having a choice between drinks and beer, and good music to boot (no pun intended).

Harkness Speakeasy the night before also gave you a choice between light and dark beer, and inside and outside. It rained at one point which slowed things down, but it picked up again and showed that steakeasies can often be more fun than a Saturday night party because of the crowds they attract.

I'm sure that I've missed something, but after talking to some people I feel that this has been a fair overview of the planned social events up to the time of printing. Parties here at Conn. still need something besides unlimited beer and low prices. If I ever find out what that is I'm going to leave here and open up my own college.... first drink's on me.

"It's Not Morbid, It's Cute"

By TERRY GRAVES

"Phantasmagorey, Too - The World of Edward Gorey" is an exhibit that will delight the ghoul that lurks within each of us. The Cummings show is unusual in that it offers some insight into the twisted workings of author-artist Gorey's mind. Although Gorey views himself as an author before artist, it would be difficult to separate his drawing from the literary content. One is struck by the overall effect. Rough sketches and notes demonstrate Gorey's fanatical attention to detail. Every element of his work is designed and re-designed until he is satisfied.

"Children are pathetic and quite frequently not terribly likeable"

Gorey's subjects are frequently small children and other helpless types who are faced with disaster, violence, fear and sudden death. However, Gorey adds a touch of whimsy or irony and thus saves the mini-gothic tales from being too sadistic and morbid. In "The Doubtful Interview" Gorey says, "A lot of my books I've intended for children primarily, but nobody would ever publish them as children's books. I don't know many children. And I don't know if I remember what it was like to be a child. I use children a lot because they're so vulnerable. Children are pathetic and quite frequently not terribly likeable."

Gorey has a deep interest in

wood and steel engravings of the nineteenth century which is reflected in the short-stroke, minutely detailed style of his drawings. Many of the drawings on view demonstrate a fine use of color, rarely seen in his published work.

After perusing the entire exhibit I couldn't help wondering what makes this man tick. The bizarre sense of fantasy combined with the meticulous ink drawings and hand lettering produce an effect that is unique and somewhat foreign. In "The Doubtful Interview," Gorey makes an interesting remark:

"I have a lot of trouble with the real world. I labor under the most terrible sense of unreality."

This sense of unreality is probably another reason why the reader-viewer is usually amused rather than repelled by Gorey's macabre wit.

"It's not morbid, it's cute," said one Conn. College viewer in response to her friend's comment.

The exhibit is funded in part by the Massachusetts Council on the Arts and Humanities and is part of the New England Visual Arts Touring Program sponsored by the New England Foundation for the Arts and the six New England State arts agencies. The exhibit will be here through October 17.

Craft's Craft



Planist Phillip Craft at his piano recital Oct. 3, 1980.
Photo by Dave Cook

By LISA CHERNIN

As a rule, recitals in Dana Hall are not well attended. However, the solo recital given on Friday Oct. 3 was a memorable exception to that rule, with Dana two-thirds full. Mr. Craft, a local pianist who studies with William Dale of the Connecticut College Music Department, chose a difficult and well balanced program of works by Soler, Mozart, Schumann, and Chopin.

The recital opened with three Sonatas by P. Antonio Soler, a Spanish Baroque composer. All three works require great agility, and were probably the most technically difficult on the program. Therefore they were especially challenging opening pieces. Although Mr. Craft dropped a few notes during the sonatas, his performance was very solid.

The Mozart Sonata in B flat Major, K. 333, followed the Soler sonatas. This sonata is probably the most difficult one by Mozart, and Mr. Craft played it beautifully. Despite a few rushed passages and missed notes in the first

movement, his interpretation was excellent. The middle movement was particularly lyrical, though possibly a little slow, and the last movement stood out as the best of the three. The entire sonata was played softly until the last movement, in which there were several loud chords. The contrast in dynamics emphasized Mr. Craft's control of the piano.

The second half of the recital began with the Papillons, Op. 2, by Robert Schumann. The tempos, dynamics, and rhythms ideal. Mr. Craft's sense of the romantic spirit of the work was obvious, and his interpretation was impeccable.

The last three works on the program were by Frederic Chopin. The first of the three was the Polonaise in F sharp minor, Op. 44. The Polonaise is both a technically demanding and a compositionally weak piece. It has a central lyrical section that does not jibe well with the rest of the work. However, Mr. Craft handled the potentially awkward

transitions, and the technical difficulties smoothly.

Although the three Chopin works were intended to be played without a break, applause interrupted at the end of the Polonaise. Mr. Craft took out his handkerchief, mopped his face, then carefully wiped the keys, before rising to bow.

The Impromptu in F sharp major, Op. 36, and the Scherzo in B flat minor, Op. 31, closed the program. Mr. Craft played the Impromptu, a slow graceful work, with sensitivity. The Scherzo is a pyrotechnical piece, and was performed elegantly.

The end of the Scherzo brought the enthusiastic audience to its feet, and Mr. Craft received a standing ovation, a rarity at Dana recitals. After several bows, he played two encores, The Spanish Dance No. 5 by Enrique Granados, and The Ritual Fire Dance by Manuel de Falla.

Mr. Craft played with ease and panache, and clearly he is a pianist of considerable talent.

SPORTS

Impressive Camel Lacrosse

By ANDY CHAIT

The Camel Varsity Lacrosse team has looked very impressive in its first two Fall outings, beating Fairfield Univ. 10-5, and Bryant College, 18-1. It all began with the Homecoming morning Blue-White game, won by the White squad of Camels, 6-3. New head coach Fran Shields has been very excited about the team's performance so far. "The level of lacrosse at Conn. is looking to be a lot better than I expected. I'm developing a new type of move the ball, run and gun offense that I played at St. Lawrence and Ithaca, and I think that the guys have adapted to it well. It has surely resulted in a lot more scoring for us."

The Fairfield contest was tight at first, but Dave "Norton" Krakow and Fritz Folts took command. Folts, who had four goals and one assist in the game, scored the first Camel tally, assisted by Krakow. Krakow then assisted Bryan MacDonald's first goal as a Camel, scored one himself, and Doug Tulin added a fourth, from Folts, to give the Camels the 4-1 edge. Middle Tod Rutstein controlled the midfield and added two assists to the Camel cause. Krakow finished with one goal and two assists in an impressive day. Goalie John "J.B." Brayton was super in the Conn. net making 17 saves, many of the fantastic variety. Frosh defenders Dan Soane and Zach Karas were really impressive in their debuts as Camels. Bob Ruggiero, a senior, was his usual steady self. Junior Goalie Norm Livingston played his first ten minutes of goalie ever, and made one nice save, allowing two goals.

Other goal scorers for the Camels were Scott Bauer, Jaques Hoffmann, a frosh, and Robin Brown.

Last Sunday's game against Bryant College was a good one for the offensive confidence of the Camels.



Photo by Michael Sladden

The Camels looked impressive in their 18-1 trouncing of Bryant.

Before 150 onlookers, the Camels pumped in 18 goals to Bryant's lone goal. Again, Fritz Folts and Dave Krakow led the offensive fireworks. Folts had five goals and three assists and Krakow added five goals. Another bright spot for the Camels was the play of Frosh attacker Chris Harford who tallied the game's first goal at :55 and went on to finish with a three goal, three assist day. Tod Rutstein added three assists to the cause, running through Bryant middies with ease. Senior Bill Barrack was most impressive with his hustle. Said Coach Shields, "Bill definitely won the hustle award today. He's worked hard to be where he is now physically and he'll be an asset to our midfield units."

The Camels raced to an 8-0 lead at the intermission and increased it to 17-0 before Bryant scored with 4:48 left in the contest. Defensively, the Camels were sound and played aggressively. Coach Shields cited the play of

defenders Andy Castle, Bobb Ruggiero, Dan Soane, Zach Karas, Bob Gibb and Scott Hefter.

"Gibb and Ruggiero were especially impressive in that the Bryant attackmen were really inexperienced and they didn't try to take the ball from them every time, they played with poise and worked on their positioning. Soane and Karas are improving every time they pick up a stick."

Goaltending was also solid as John Brayton, Norm Livingston and Rick Gersten combined to stop 20 Bryant shots. Bryant was particularly frustrated by Brayton, who looked sharp for the second straight week.

Also contributing to the offensive cause were single goal scorers Robin Brown, Bill Barrack, Tom Seclow, Dan Price and frosh Jaques Hoffmann, who scored a goal for his second straight week and is looking impressive along with other frosh mid-die, Andy Obstler.

Travels with Doug

By SETH STONE

Biarritz, France sounds like a picture post card type of town. A perfect place to spend a vacation. According to Doug Roberts, "Biarritz is a big resort area about 50 miles from Spain." Roberts, the Conn hockey coach and rink manager, spent some time in Biarritz a month ago. He was not there on vacation. He was there on business, though he spent most of his time playing. The burly, former pro hockey player was there to play hockey.

"France has a league, and hockey has been getting stronger every year. Each team is allowed one foreign player, Canadian or American. It is an amateur league, but the players are paid under the table, and they receive other benefits. Americans get an apartment, a car, and a salary for coaching or playing."

Roberts was a member of

an American hockey team playing in a tournament in Biarritz.

"It is called the Anglet Tournament. There are four teams in the tourney. Teams from Russia, Yugoslavia, and Poland have participated. We are the first American team. This year, teams from Bulgaria, France, Montreal, and the U.S. participated.

Roberts' connections as a pro allowed him to join the American team. He started his career with the Detroit Red Wings, the city which he grew up in.

"Being from Detroit I got involved in the senior program there, and played on the Red Wing's old-timers team. Basically, it was a question of renewing old friendships."

While the other members of the American team are not exactly household names, they are former college and

Cont. on page 10



Freeman J.A. proved to be too much for Larrabee as the men from South Campus came out on top of a 46-7 drubbing.

Women's Tennis

By JOE COOPER

The Women's Varsity Tennis Team recently sent five representatives to Middletown to compete in the Connecticut State Tournament. The tourney was scheduled for Friday and Saturday at Wesleyan but the Friday matches were postponed due to inclement weather. Because of wet courts first round play was re-scheduled for Saturday and Sunday.

Camel stars, Joanne Knowlton and Taryl Johnson were the most successful Camel players. They were seeded third in the doubles draw, but were prevented from advancing past the semi-finals by a duo from UConn. Unfortunately, the other Connecticut College pair, Blair Nichols and Nancy

Garlock, were eliminated in the first round. The only Camel competing in the singles category was Linda Shaeffer, who managed to win two matches before losing the third. Although the Camels did not bring home any medals or set any records this time, they all played respectably and deserve credit for their efforts.

As a team, the women currently boast a record of 5-1 in competition against individual schools. The squad has upcoming matches against Trinity, Bridgeport, Clark, and Springfield in the coming weeks. The high point of their season will be the New England Tournament, held over Fall Break. Come on out and support the dynamic Camel netters at their upcoming home matches.



Photo by Mary Walton

The Women's Field Hockey team lost their last two contests by identical scores of 3-0 at the hands of Amherst and Assumption.

The Wide World of CREW



Photo by Michael Sladden

The Women's Novice Crew prepares for a workout on the Thames.

Life on the Water

By ELIZABETH GREENE

While most individuals at Connecticut College are indulging in the delights of dinner, the men's and women's crew are paddling on the Thames River. From four-thirty to seven-o'clock, every weekday, the women's team runs down to the boathouse, dodging the traffic on Rt. 32, to do their pre-rowing exercises. At the conclusion of these exercises the team may lift weights or have a three mile timed run, depending on what day of the week it is. Once the preliminary warm ups are done, the team is ready to hit the water.

Rowing up the Thames River certainly is not a boring experience. The team passes many sights such as the Sub and Naval Base, a couple of factories, the Harvard boathouse, the Yale boathouse, and some Coast Guard crews. Just when the team begins to hit some pretty countryside it's time to turn the shells around and make the return journey home.

During the large amount of time the crews spend on the Thames, they have encountered many assorted and interesting happenings. In the past, irate swans, bothered by the motor boats, have attacked our fearless coaches. This year however, it seems that the crews have had to row through schools of dead fish that have eaten some poisonous algae. Regardless of these happenings, crew goes on. In fact, the women's team has acquired a new coach this year. His name is Fred Schoch and he is originally from Princeton, New Jersey. He has a great deal of rowing and coaching experience that he shares with the team. Fred is very pleased with the turn-out this year and he thinks that the crew is an "enthusiastic bunch."

The Varsity Team this year is under the captaining of senior Chris Spatheling. Her varsity crew consists of four seniors; Heileigh Bostwick,

Andrea Heap, Karen Lanphere and Laura Peck, three juniors; Gigi Lane, Carolyn Leavenworth and Nancy Schubert, eight sophomores; Gretchen Anderegg, Anne Balsalma, Kim Gibbs, Liz Greene, Lynn Herrick, Beth Lerman, Tanah Kalb, and Edie Taylor. This motley crew is under the guidance of two sophomore coxswains, Ginny Aldous and Meredith Drake.

The men's team, as well as the women's, is getting into shape for the fall regattas. The first race is the Head of the Connecticut on October 12th. The next is the Head of the Charles on October 19th. Ric Ricci is the men's coach and is once again very involved in the crew program this year. The men's team has been rowing a four and a pair. The stroke of the four is Kirk Doggett, followed by Jorgen Wettering, captain Lyons Bradley, Grant Ward and Sean Peoples, the cox of that boat. Rowing in the pair, without cox are Sam Bradford and Joe Cooper.

The crew team is training very hard for its long and rigorous three and one half mile races this fall, with expectations of doing fairly well. Let's hope they can maintain their enthusiasm, energy and motivation for the Spring season with races every weekend. And remember, if you see a sweaty oarsperson rush to dinner at seven o'clock for their delightful meal, be kind and don't plug your nose.

Raffle Winners

1st Prize: Chris Vineze, Lamoin Hall - Brunch for four at Poor Richards Restaurant.

2nd Prize: Ms. Georgia A. Holmes, Burdick - Basket of wines from A & M Spirits.

3rd Prize: Jim Brooks, Branford - Twenty gallons of gas from Scotch Cap Service.

Head of the Charles

By FRED SCHOCH

On Sunday, October 19th, the Connecticut College Men's and Women's crews will race in the prestigious Head-of-the-Charles Regatta. The regatta which serves as a motivational highlight as well as a fall "speed" indicator for the hardworking Connecticut athletes, is the largest single day race in America. Last year, over 3,000 oarsmen and women competed for medals in this grueling, three mile, upstream race on the Charles River.

The day's racing begins at 9:30 a.m. and continues until the final race at 4:00 p.m. This year, the Connecticut College Club of Boston will be offering refreshments to all students and alumni. The location of the refreshment canopy will be on the Boston

side of the Charles, mid-way between the Eliot Street bridge and the finish line. This is an excellent viewing position and all friends of Connecticut College are encouraged to drop by.

Founded in 1973 by the Cambridge Boat Club, the original purpose of the regatta was to accommodate New England crews by providing an opportunity for informal fall competition, as the fromal racing season for rowing doesn't actually begin until March. The regatta was successful from the start; its popularity has waxed steadily and now, in addition to hosting college crews from as far away as Wisconsin and California, who fly in for the weekend, the race committee boasts a foreign entry from the West German National Rowing Team.

The format of fall racing is different from that of the spring race structure. In the autumn, crews concentrate on rowing technique, cardiovascular fitness and spend much of their time performing drills on the water. Another goal of the fall season is to accumulate as many miles in the boats as possible at a lower stroke of rating per minute than is required for the intense, shorter distance spring races in the spring. Hence, fall races are usually three miles in length which forces the crews to stroke at a lower rate in order to survive the distance.

The Head-of-the-Charles demands a myriad of skills. First, the athletes must be physically prepared for the long distance. Second, they must work together and flow as a unit, maintaining their proper technique over the entire course. Additionally, the coxswains, who play an important role in this drama, must weave the 60 foot eight-oared shells under six bridges and through five difficult turns, all the while exhorting the crew to increase their efforts to pass opposing crews as they power, single-file, to the finish line.

This year, Conn. College led by captains Lyons Bradley and Chris Spatheling, will race 26 athletes in four events. Those events are: Varsity women's eight, lightweight Men's Four, Lightweight Women's Four and a Mixed Eight. Starting positions are awarded on the basis of the previous year's performance and as a result of last year's strong showing, we have three of the four entries starting in the top 15 or less.

Come cheer on the traditionally highly successful Connecticut College oarsmen and woman, in this the fall season's most exciting event!



Photo by Carolyn Blackmar

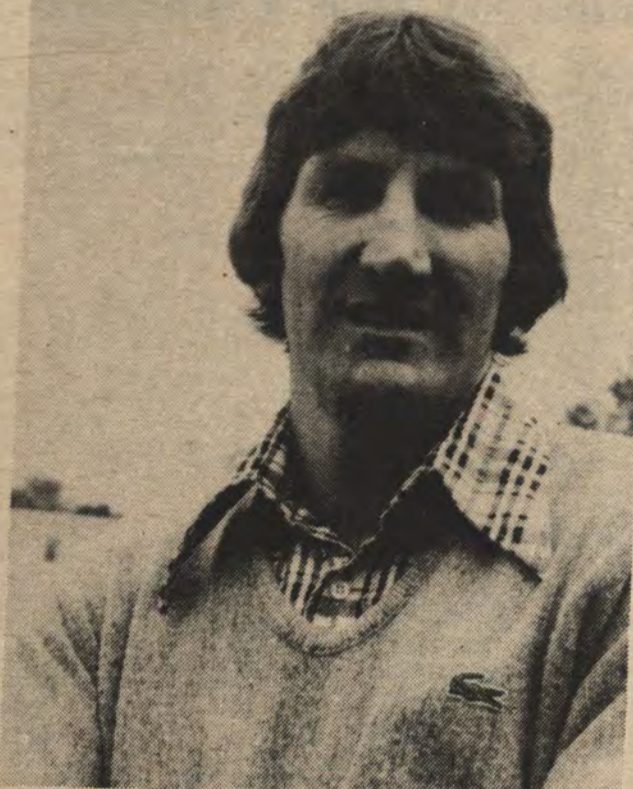
The Women's Volleyball team had two tight matches last Tuesday night. They dropped a heartbreaker to New Haven 15-10, 12-15, 15-10 but bounced back in the second match defeating Bryant 17-15, 15-12.



Photo by Michael Sladden

The Cross Country team defeated Clark last week by a score of 19-45.

Travels with Doug, cont.



Conn. Hockey Coach and rink manager, Doug Roberts

Cont. from page 8

minor league players. "The team was made up of former professional and college players. Two of my brothers were on the team which was coached by Bob Brinkworth. A Detroit engineering firm sponsored our team, and paid a portion of our expenses. The tourney was directed by the head of the French league."

While hockey is played in Russia, Sweden, and Finland, it is not thought of as a French sport. But Roberts said that he felt hockey awareness was increasing in France.

"The tournament was promoted throughout the whole area of Biarritz. Banners were put up all over town. It is a small town, and the arena can seat about 3,000 people. We played four games, and two were sold out."

The style of hockey played in Europe is different than that played in North America, Roberts said. "Other teams play more finesse hockey. The Russian style of hockey is played, featuring a lot of puck movement and constant skating. They force you to play their game and make a mistake."

If Roberts and his cohorts had to adjust to European hockey, the French fans had to adjust to North American hockey.

"Our team was more versatile and physical. When we played Montreal, there were fights. Tempers flared. French fans were not used to seeing fights. An English speaking fan said to us later that it looked as if the fighting was staged. He said they thought it looked like pro wrestling, and that it was nothing they had ever seen before."

The American team ended up winning the tournament, defeating Bulgaria 10-1, Montreal 4-3, tying France 5-5, and defeating Montreal in the finals 4-1.

"The French team came closest to beating us. They came back to tie us up," said Roberts. "France and Bulgaria were small in stature and easier to intimidate. The Montreal team was the toughest, because our game styles were similar. We were very closely matched."

Assessing his performance, Roberts said he was satisfied. "I was happy with my shape. I was physically ready. I spent a lot of time running and riding a bike. I was able to stay with the guys, and I never felt physically drained."

"I had 5 points (2 goals-3 assists), and they scored two goals when I was out there. Everyone is concerned with his plus-minus ratio (which shows how many points a team scores when a player is on the ice, compared with how many goals are given up with that player on the ice). Mostly, I tried to be consistent."

Over-all, Roberts enjoyed the experience, and has fond memories of France.

"I envied the French coach. He lives in such a beautiful place. The French play about a 30 game schedule. They can concentrate on finesse and being good skaters. They don't have to worry about getting their brains bashed in. They can relax and enjoy the game of hockey, without taking it too seriously."

Roberts enjoyed playing in France. The same cannot be said of a previous experience playing in Europe. After retiring from the New England Whalers two years ago, Roberts went to Helsinki, Finland to play. There is no bitterness in his recitation of the events in Helsinki, but he was obviously disappointed.

"The trip to Finland was a last minute thing. Originally, I was supposed to play in Sweden, but that fell through. Then my agent called me with this offer. I took it, without really checking into

it."

Roberts went to play on a Division I team in Helsinki, the top division in the country. Each of the teams could skate two foreign players. Roberts' team had himself and Chuck Lefley, who returned this season to play in the National Hockey League.

"A couple of these teams could have been good WHA (World Hockey Association) teams. A couple of the Finnish players played in the WHA for Phoenix and Winnipeg," said Roberts.

As he did in France, Roberts had to adjust to the European style of play.

"The rink is about 10 feet wider, as it is of international dimensions. I had to do more skating. I had to adapt to playing a zone defense instead of playing the man."

He also had to make other adjustments. In the U.S., Roberts had been used to playing with older veterans such as Gordie Howe and Bobby Orr. In Helsinki he was a member of a very young, very inexperienced team.

"Our team was very young. We had a lot of 19 and 20 year olds. A lot of the guys were in the army," said the former American pro. The factor of being young, being in the army, and living in a country with high inflation, made life tough for the Finns.

"All the time I was there, Finland was having high inflation. Things were very tight. Chuck and myself got treated better than most of the guys. Thirteen of them were in the army. The owner paid them just enough to get by. We (Roberts and Lefley) got cars, while they had to take the bus. I felt very uncomfortable."

A situation like this would naturally lead to some resentment, and Roberts said he was not immune to it, although it was not expressed directly.

"Americans are very open. We don't hold much inside. Europeans hold much more inside themselves. I found a little resentment. The Finns are perfectionists. Those who can't speak English on the team were embarrassed about it. Thus they would not say much to me. They did not turn a cold shoulder to us, but they did not communicate either."

Team meetings are usually thought of as being held in the confines of a locker room. In Helsinki the concept was a little different.

"The idea of a team meeting was to have beer and knockwurst in a sauna. The men could relax, and then they would talk. The knockwurst was laid on the sauna to heat up, and somebody would bring in some beer."

At one of the team meetings, Roberts' role in Helsinki changed drastically.

"The first coach had been fired. I had been helping him, even though he did not speak any English. The second coach was a friend of the owner. He spoke English, and he was my interpreter. What he lacked in hockey knowledge, he made up for in conditioning. He was like a

drill sergeant."

"By February, the team was floundering, mainly because we were the youngest team. At one sauna party, they discussed what to do with the coach. The players all spoke Finnish, and I didn't understand. I did keep hearing my name mentioned, and finally asked what they were saying about me. One spoke up and said they were discussing making me coach. I was surprised. I said that this was not the right way to do things, and they had to go through the owner."

"The next day at practice, the coach handed me the whistle, told me that I was the coach, and skated away. This was not the way I wanted it. He had been my friend, but somebody had talked to the owner."

"The owner of the team said I could coach for one practice, and for the next game. I told him that this was not acceptable. I was either a coach or a player, and I would not coach under those terms. He would not let me do either."

Roberts stood by his word. He did not coach under those terms, and did not play again for the team either. He acquired the services of a lawyer, and settled his contract in court.

The situation made him appreciative of the strong union pro players have in the NHL.

"The man had not been living up to a number of things in the contract. Our rules here are specific. The Player's Association gives the players a voice, and it gives them legal consul. In Finland, they don't have enough strength within

themselves to speak out."

This souring experience in Helsinki did not sour Roberts to coaching hockey. But playing again, against quality competition, did make him miss the game a little more.

"There's been times when I've felt I wanted to continue to play. When you get it together for a couple of weeks, like that tourney in France, and you can still do it, it makes you feel pretty good."

"I'm happy doing this (coaching), but there is satisfaction in knowing I can still play. Once an athlete always an athlete. I really felt the old flame burning when I played."

Roberts has had the opportunity to feel the flame many times in a 12 year pro career that spanned from Detroit to California to Boston to New England. He has had the opportunity to play with such superstars as Gordie Howe and Bobby Orr, played for owner Charlie Finley, and has played alongside his younger brother Gordie.

In a future article about Roberts, his thoughts about his pro career will be explored, along with his observations about the great players. His view on the upcoming hockey season, and his plans for the rink will be discussed. And the rink, ladies and gentlemen, will be ready for skating on Oct. 22. Doug is obviously a busy man.

Photo by Carolyn Blackmar



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OFF THE TRACK

Portrait of a Neurotic

By WILLIAM C. MAGUIRE

The wind ripped at his face. It bit into his skin and chilled him down to the bone. He trembled nervously as he watched the waves. Each wave rose and sank. A voice called to him from out of the greyness. It was the ghost of his mother. She pleaded with him, insanely, ravenously, but he was too scared: he would not meet her. She had been out there all his life and sometimes while out in his dingy, she was there too, waiting for him just under the surface. He could see her livid white skin, and her scales sometimes glistened.

The sun beams touched his face. The sinking orb swirled orange and red as it melted into oblivion. He felt as though he had to urinate. He was going to burst if he didn't release the swollen beast inside him. The smooth thighs of his wife flashed up in his mind. He caressed them softly. With each stroke he rubbed harder until her smooth soft skin was red. She begged him to stop but he didn't. The shadow on the rock stared back at him, and he was embarrassed. The shadow knew what he had done too, and was ashamed of him. He hated himself as he zipped his fly quickly.

The rocks tumbled under him. He kicked them as he walked and spit at them. The wind again blew into his shirt, freezing the sweat onto his chest. His feet sunk down into the soft undulating sand, and soon he fell down on his knees, burying his face into the wetness. He swung his head back and forth across his wife's chest. Her breasts felt warm and tender so he licked them but they turned cold as ice and froze his tongue. He wiped the dirty sand off his face. A seagull flew overhead waiting impatiently for him. He looked up at the bird and cursed it and picked up a stone to kill it. It circled around him, cackling like an old hag. He threw the stone, but the bird had gone, its loud scream still pervading the air. He put his hands over his ears to block out the ringing noise but it pulsed too loudly. The water rippled up the strand, inviting him to make love as

it swayed and frothed erotically. He imagined the smooth and familiar waist which blended into the wide muscular hips. He heard his mother's voice shouting at him, and looked up but saw only the mist rolling over the water.

He lit a cigarette and sucked the smoke feverishly. His lungs ached and his legs hurt. He hadn't slept in a week. Each time he tried to, the voice came and woke him up and he was screaming and didn't know why. A whale was swimming just beyond his dory; he could see it spurting water into the air and circling his small boat. The whale had not been fed in a long time and was waiting to chew on his bones and blood. It wanted to rip into his flesh and tear his ligaments and tendons and crush his heart and smash his brain into bits of red tissue. He could see the torn veins and broken arteries gushing his life into the whale's mouth. He would not be fooled by the whale. He had known about him for a long time and only went out when the voice wasn't there because the voice told the whale to kill him.

He could hardly see his dory anymore. It was too dark. His wife would never make love to him in the dark. She always kept the sixty watt light on. It stood on the night stand next to their bed and shot his eyes with needles. It reminded him how bad he was, how absolutely disgusting and filthy he was. He wanted to kill that light, to smash the bulb in his hand and feel the glass in his skin. He would laugh at it and curse it. But his wife protected it. She worshiped that light and wouldn't let him touch it.

He sat down on the cold hard sand, picked up some dead seaweed, and crushed it in his teeth. The rocks stared at him and the wind whistled through the trees. The voice began calling him, again, quietly from in front. It was in the wind and the fog. It crept up in back of him and then came out of the sand. He jammed broken seaweed into his ears but the voice continued to grow louder, echoing from the rocks.

He took his shoes off and

dug his heels into the sand. He got up and ran, down the beach, away from the voice. The barnacles and mussels cut his feet. The blood warmed his feet and made him feel good, but the sand got into his cuts and burned.

The moon had appeared in the western sky. It glared at him and lit his dinghy. He wasn't sure if the whale was there anymore. Little silver fishes rose to the surface of the water, flashing their tails and jumping into the air. They rode the waves toward the shore and then disappeared underneath the black surface. He could barely see the larger fish playing below them, waiting to catch the small silver fishes in their teeth and snap their small bodies in half. The silver fishes were too fast though. They always managed to escape. He wanted to be a little fish. No, he wanted to be a bigger fish, so that he could catch and devour and dig his teeth into those brilliant scales and tear them to pieces.

His dinghy rocked at its mooring. He watched his boat as the sea pitched it up and down. It reminded him of a boat in a canister of fluid which he had seen in a bar. The canister rocked back and forth but the boat never went anywhere. He had watched the little boat for a half an hour when the bar tender threatened to have him kicked out of the bar. He just sat there and waited for the bouncer to come over and throw him out on the sidewalk. As he walked home he found a hooker. The room

was dark. Her body was stiff so he tried to pump the life back, but the harder he pushed the deader and harder her body became. The stench of the room had filled him with fear. She was trying to smother him in the tobacco crusted sweat and make-up which clung to him.

The bell of the lighthouse began to ring methodically. The boats bounced up and down in the black moonlit water. They glistened, throwing dreary gleams of light in all directions. The dim light made him feel strong. The little twinkling patterns reflected the light of that damn sixty watt bulb. The knife's sharp smooth steel stood before his eyes like a church steeple. His hand felt the cold terror and he tightened his grip on the beautiful metal.

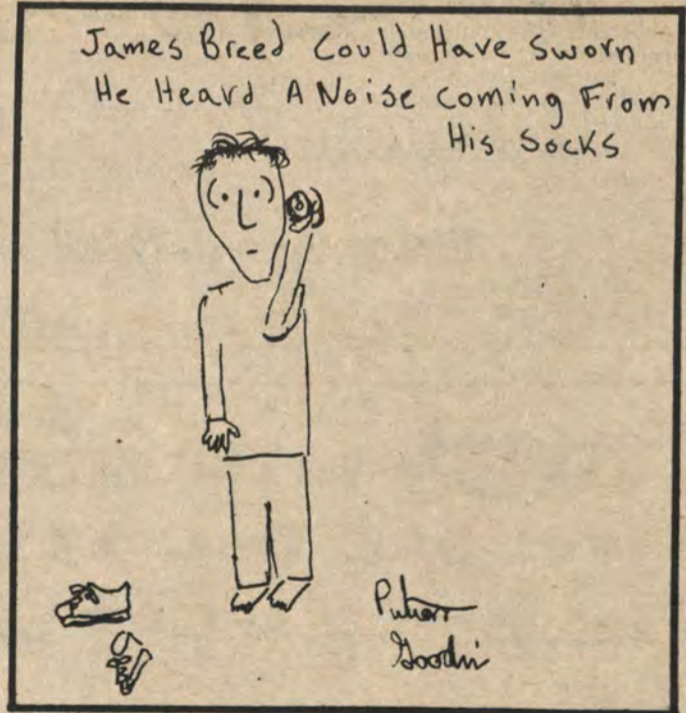
His wife said she had a bladder problem and a headache. He pulled up her nightgown burning with the desire to possess that milk white skin. Her arm swung at his face while he dug his teeth into the inside of her thigh. She threw the lamp with the sixty watt bulb at him. It hit his eye and cut it open. The blood ran down his cheek. He grabbed both her wrists and laughed and pinning her arms down, swept his tongue across her writhing body.

Lightening flashed in the distance as a squall approached the shore. The blade sank into her milky breast. The rain smashed against the water in turgid anger. Puddles of warm red covered his hand and face. He smelled the blood and tasted

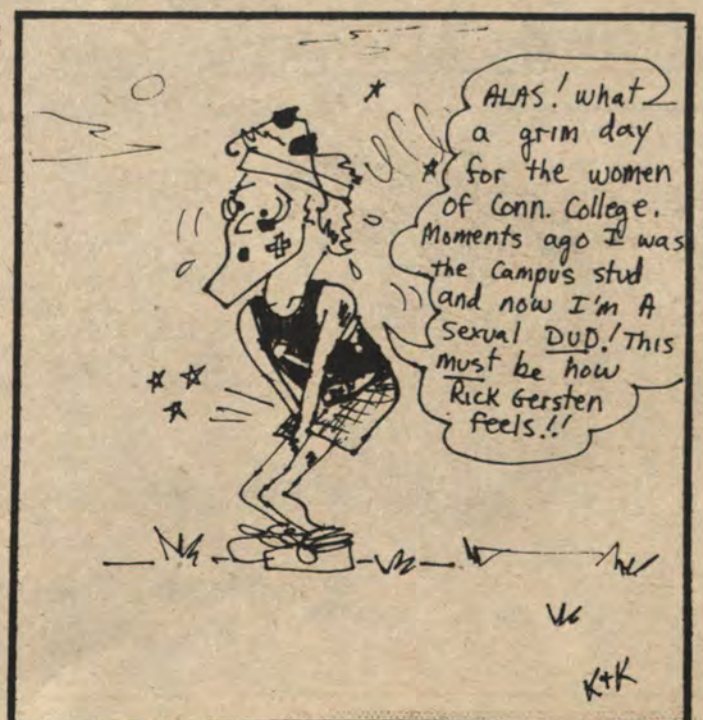
it and smeared it over the coarse stubble of his face. The nerve impulses caused her body to convulse for a half an hour. He buried his face in the warmth of the red breasts and kissed them. The liquid drove his passion and heart beat. The clouds poured forth gushing water as the wind slapped his eyes. He tried to pump the body back to life, laughing and crying in desperate panic. It lay still, soft and loving.

The voice again called. He knew it was time. The rain beat down upon his face. He felt no pain. His heart was numb. The voice rang in his ears, seducing him, swooning, calling him from the deep. His dinghy rocked and pitched in the torment of the storm. The water froze his testicles and his body began to shake. Tears ran down his cheeks. The water was freezing. Her arms wrapped around his ankles. He stepped back. The hands slowly caressed the inside of his thighs and tugged at him, drawing him downward. The whining, singing voice grew louder surrounding his head. He could feel his mother's breast touch his lips. The water sucked him downward. The saltiness hurt his eyes, but he had to search for the whale. He knew it was there waiting for him. The voice calmed him. Everything became red and felt warm, like he was wrapped in a blanket. Water filled his lungs as he tumbled downward, downward into his mother's arms.

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