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The Spark, Volume 1 Issue 5

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THE SPARK

Tenuring professors - will the students be heard?

Nov 8, 78

TOM MORTIMER
MARC OFFENHARTZ

As the tuition at Connecticut College increases at an 8% annual rate, it seems only just that student input and influence within the college decision-making process also make a commensurate increase. It should not be taken for granted that students are ambivalent or disinterested in this fiscal phenomenon of rising tuition, which seems to have no end in sight. On the contrary, it is time for both Administration and Faculty to recognize that students have a greater interest in Connecticut College than simply attending classes and receiving a B.A. or B.S. degree. It is the contention of this article that there is more room for student input in the tenure and faculty hiring decisions than either students or Administration would care to acknowledge.

The present means of measuring student interest in classes is through Student Advisory Evaluation forms dispersed at the end of each semester. This process was allegedly established to appease students and allow the administration to demonstrate that "student inter-

est" was indeed being exercised by the student body and to prove that they were not a totally unheeded voice. While this exercise of participation in the body politic may satisfy the Administration's definition of recruiting student interest, it hardly reflects the heart of where real student interest lies; namely which professors should be tenured, promoted or reappointed and what faculty members should be replaced. In the 14th Edition of the Booklet Information for Faculty, it is stated under the section entitled "Connecticut College Regulation concerning appointment, reappointment, promotion, termination of appointment and granting tenure," Article 3-9b that,

"To insure that the individual department and the college can continue to provide a curriculum which reflects changing subject matter, new approaches to learning, and student interest, the administration shall make a yearly evaluation of staffing needs."

While student input can be viewed in the hiring process, the same does not occur in the decision-making calculus involving the grant or denial of tenure. In

writing, it is the Board of Trustees which makes the ultimate decision on tenure. However, the Faculty Advisory Committee is actually the all important factor in the process. But it is imperative that the student body be able to express its sentiments on the tenurability of professors if the college atmosphere is to be truly shared between student and faculty.

But this spirit of cooperation and participation will never be fully realized until the Student Advisory Groups become more than simply "representative" groups who can only act in a "consulting" capacity. Article 3.15 of the Conn. College Information for Faculty states that in regard to staffing decisions,

"The Chairman must also consult with the Student Advisory Committee regarding recommendations for new appointments when practicable and for all recommendations for re-appointment, promotion, termination of appointment and granting of tenure."

The consultative capacity of these groups may serve the function of a sounding board for student priorities but ultimately those voices will, in most cases, fall upon deaf ears when the sensitive decisions of tenure and promotion arise.

What is needed to make these committees truly representative is not merely a consultative role, but the opportunity to actively participate in a process which affects students most directly, namely the tenuring of Professors.

The voice of the student is silenced when reduced to a consultative role. Active student support for a professor who does not receive a favorable decision concerning his/her tenure status is not a part of the existing decision calculus. In fact, this phenomenon may be altogether ignored by the Faculty Advisory Committee.

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Art in storage(story inside)

Principles

How far back shall we retreat? Are the 50's far enough? Perhaps we should consider the 40's, or maybe we could form imaginary breadlines outside Fanning, and pretend it's the Depression again. After all, it seems we'll do anything to escape reality.

Do any of us remember the definition for the word "principle"? Does the concept mean anything to us anymore? Perhaps if we could put a dollar value on principles, students on this campus could begin to understand how important they are.

But principles are abstract concepts, and students of this day no longer seem capable of grasping their meaning. Issues of right and wrong are not easy to deal with; they take some hard thought and a great deal of questioning. The article which appeared in the last issue of The Spark, "Search without consent- what are your rights" is an example of this. The searches mentioned in that article were of dubious legality and questionable morality. But do we care? No; it seems we'd rather listen to M. Jay Alperen drone on about how some students are sneaking into Harris for meals, and how the rest of us might not be getting our full dollar's worth.

No one condones students who try to get a free meal at the expense of others; but is this really the type of issue that we should be focusing our thoughts and our energies upon? Why is it that we can no longer consider issues with our minds and our hearts, but only with our pocketbooks?

The administration and faculty of this school are not evil villains content only with harming the student body. But, like any group of people in this world, they put their own wishes and desires first. Everyone is fighting hard for their own share of the financial pie, but the student body ranks a poor third in this effort. We are too factionalized within our own "camp" to even attempt to put forth a strong voice. Both The Spark and The College Voice write editorials claiming that while academics are important, a student center is a vital need on this campus. But for all this effort, few results seem to be forthcoming.

If the student body was really willing to work hard, in a unified manner, we would have had a viable student center a long time ago. But what happened? The moment those two editorials "hit the stands" students distorted the arguments contained therein, and claimed that the authors of the articles were contending that Conn. is, or should be, a playground.

There are, of course, more important issues than Crozier-Williams for the student body to think about. There are such things as; the unethical searches mentioned before, our role in the tenure policy of this school, student input into what courses are offered to us, the manner in which Housefellows are selected, the actual decision making process of what amount of money is spent and where, and so forth. In fact a whole newspaper could be written simply considering those issues which should concern the student body, and in essence this is what The Spark attempts to do.

The faculty and administration read all student publications, and they make sure to keep their "ear to the ground" where student discontent is concerned. But both the faculty and administration are far too aware of the fact that it is only a relatively small vocal group of students who are willing to openly criticize administrative policies. The rest of us either resort to grumbling among ourselves, or we shrink away in horror from criticizing anyone in a position of authority.

But the problem of a stifled student body will not simply go away. We are going to have to leave our sheltered worlds of speakeasies and semi-formal parties, if the problem is to be solved. This is not a call back to the 60's, but rather a call for a new 80's. A time when the student body can once again assert the principle that the younger generation of this world stands for more than

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THE SPARK

Volume One/Issue Five

Wednesday March 8, 1978

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The Spark is a non profit organization with offices located in the Chapel Boiler Room.

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Principles continued

the worship of the almighty dollar. That we are not afraid to criticize our elders, and those in authority, when we are speaking out for what is right. Idealism must not die, and neither must it take on a perjorative connotation. We must fight, not merely for the sake of fighting, but for a higher goal. For the students on this campus are part of the next generation which will be in decision-making positions. Either we stand up now for what is right, or we consign ourselves to a world where "principle" has no meaning.

Letters

To the Editor:

Having just read your editorial entitled "Vandalism", I would like to respond to your justifications for this problem and your proposed solutions to it. First of all, I am appalled by the increasing lack of respect for buildings and property that I have observed during my four years here. As a freshman, I found the dorms to be comfortably furnished, well-kept places to live. Now, however, I find broken glass panes, pushed-in door panels, and damaged furniture everywhere. This in addition to annoyances such as dining room tables left an absolute mess for whoever may use them next. I have recently felt embarrassed at seeing some prospective students observe this destruction, and I doubt that I would have come here if conditions four years ago had been as they are now.

To place the blame for this situation on the faculty, who are responsible for "increased academic pressure", and the administration, which has failed to provide "space for non-academic activities," is absurd. The solutions that you propose to the so-called "increased academic pressure" are insulting to the faculty and to students who really care about their education. How can students presume to tell a professor which books should be read in a course, let alone judge the "quality of readings" they have probably never read? If someone is going to haggle over the number of books read in a course, that person should ask himself or herself what he or she is doing here.

Your suggestions for alleviating the "lack of space for non-academic activities"

also demonstrates amazing insensitivity to the fact that a college is primarily an educational institution, not a nine-month summer camp. Certainly, we, as students, should have higher priorities than "enlarging the bar" and adding more pinball machines to Crozier-Williams; i.e., seeing that this college's limited funds are used for maintaining our faculty, adding to the offerings of our departments, bringing in speakers, and paying for the library. I am much more concerned about the already crowded quarters of Career Placement and the Dance Department than I am about adding a few extra rooms for people to hang out in. Furthermore, if our dorm livingrooms and TV rooms were treated with more respect, they would be pleasant places in which non-academic activities could take place, rather than the desolate areas that many of them now are.

In attempting to remove the responsibility for vandalism from certain members of the student body to faculty and administration, your editorial suggests with whom the fault does lie: with those individuals who, lacking any commitment to the real purpose of college, resort to destructive behavior if they are not coddled and entertained.

SHARON A. GOLEC

To the Editor:

I was interested to read your editorial on vandalism, and pleased to see that you had perceived that vandalism is not simply a problem of student immorality. However, I would take issue with the notion that vandalism increases at a rate proportional to a concurrent increase in academic pressure. Instead, I suggest that it is the total lack of direction, guidance, even

pressure, from a disorganized administration which leads to disrespect for our institution and its property and thus to vandalism.

When a child is "naughty"; he is saying, through an aberration of normal behavior, "Look at me; pay attention; tell me what is right, and what is wrong." The parent or authority figure may react according to circumstances, but the important thing is that he react in a strongly directional way, indicating concern, guidance and firm commitment to morality. This consistent exercise of intelligent and sensitive authority is of paramount importance to the development of a child's esteem for both the parent figure and for himself. Without it, the child flounders, and, bewildered by conflicting moral signals from authority, he may well behave in a manner that is immoral and self-destructive.

On a larger scale, the administration of an institution like Connecticut College has the all-important responsibility of sending out ideological signals to faculty and students, indicating the college's commitment to specific academic and social goals and proposing basic guidelines for the achievement of those goals. Once proposed and approved, such guidelines serve in a positive way, strengthening and preserving the integrity of the college community even under economic and social attack. The administration then must adhere firmly to its precepts, conducting all business with those ideals in mind, and acting in support of the college's long term goals and not on the basis of expediency. In this way, the administration not only exercises intelligent authority, but effectively displays its intolerance of policies or actions which would destroy the moral fiber of the community. As in the parent-child relationship, the distortion of goals through administrative disorganization leads to a complete (and justified) lack of respect for the administration and its property. Conflicting ideological signals from the administration of Connecticut College are a continuing source of student discontent and confusion, and result in the

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Guaranteed to make you a man

SCOTT CALAMAK

The city streets were slushy from the last snow, which had fallen a week ago. It was a dark and dirty mixture, blackened by the carbon from passing cars. It was the kind of slush that soaked right through your shoes and socks, adding a cold "slosh" to every step. Eddie Andrews knew he was going to catch hell when he got home; his sneakers were soaked and he'd be almost an hour late for dinner. It was nearly dark already.

He crunched down Festival Avenue and took the right on Acorn Street. He passed Old Man McNull's Magic Shop, the only store on the street which remained open, and debated whether he should spend his last dollar. Gazing discreetly in the window, he noticed that Old Man McNull was alone. It was better when there was someone else in the store, perhaps an old circus magician who would bend McNull's ears with tales and keep him from paying too much attention to the boy. Eddie liked to browse and try out the gadgets when the old man was not looking. Undistracted, he would follow the boy around the store and keep him away from the merchandise unless he paid for it. It was just as well, thought Eddie; his next allowance wasn't for four days yet.

"I ain't gonna eat you or nothing, you know. This is a business proposition, . . ."

He quickened his pace, getting his ankles wet, and expertly scaled the fence to take the shortcut across the vacant lot. It was dark enough that all the street lights were lit, yet there were no other pedestrians in sight. The whole town was digesting their dinner. From the lot Eddie took Second Street and cut through the alley. It was very dark in the alley, and since this wasn't the best part of town he walked very quickly. His feet were numb and by now he wouldn't mind the scolding that would come with the warmth of his home.

Eddie was a member of the Young Detectives Club, which he had joined through an offer on the back of a box of Sugar Maple Flakes, so it shocked him when he did not immediately notice the figure hiding in the shadows only ten feet away from him. He quickly drew a deep breath and thrust his left hand into the pants pocket, where he kept his lucky gold piece. The figure made a sudden motion and Eddie stopped in his tracks, unsure of whether he should go back the way he came or continue on and hope for the best.

"Psst, kid," beckoned a raspy whisper, more like a scraping sound than a human voice. "Kid, guaranteed to make you a man. You interested, kid?"

Eddie drew back, horrified as the figure approached him. Unshaven and dressed in a muddy black rubberized trench coat, which exposed an extremely soiled white shirt, and an equally wrinkled pair of black and white checkered pants, the man fit the image Eddie's mother had instilled in his head when she suggested he stop taking the shortcut home from the magic shop. Eddie suddenly felt very weak.

"Hey kid, did ya hear me? Guaranteed to make you a man. You want or not?"

"How much?" Eddie heard himself ask, in the roughest

voice he could conjure.

"How much ya got?" inquired the vagrant with the look of a wolf in his bloodshot eyes. He punctuated the question with a toothless grin.

"I only got a dollar. I swear! Search me! I only got a dollar. I'll have two more on Monday," he added quickly.

"Two more, eh." The old man coughed up a laugh. You interested then? He inched closer to the boy.

"I told you, I only have a dollar," Eddie replied, crossing the fingers of the hand that was not clutching the good luck piece.

"A dollar it is then, sonny boy. One dollar - a bargain you can't pass up. Cheaper than ever. A dollar it is." The old man wiped a drop of spittle from the corner of his mouth. "Guaranteed to make you a man."

"You got 'em here, then? In your raincoat?" asked the child with the air of a black market profiteer.

"Them?" repeated the elder. "Oh. Them."

"The pictures," intoned the boy. "You have the pictures with you, don't you? I wanna see 'em first."

"Sure, kid. But I don't have them here. They're in my house - right there behind you."

Eddie pivoted on his feet, ready to turn and face the vagrant should he move or make another sound. He noticed the window behind him and off to his left, two feet off the ground. The glass was painted black. The door must have been on the other side of the building. He turned back to the man and in a very suspicious tone told the man to get the pictures and bring them back there.

"Give me your dollar first," the man snorted.

"No, that's not fair! How do I know you'll come back?" Eddie was a hard businessman.

"And how do I know that you'll stay here and wait for me and make it worth my trouble? I'm old and it's hard walking up and down those stairs. Besides sonny, I'm only charging you a dollar. Seems the fair thing to do is for you to come with me."

No! buzzed an alarm in the boy's head.

"I ain't gonna eat you or nothing, you know. This is a business proposition," added the man, blinking his right eye to every syllable of "business proposition." "I got some awfully fine pictures. In color and everything. You can sell them to your friends and triple your investment. Come on." The old man started walking and the boy thought he had little choice but to follow him. For the first time, Eddie noticed that the old man was very small - about the size of Eddie himself. This less-

ened any fear he had by a great deal. If it came down to a struggle, Eddie had age on his side, now that size was even.

They walked around the brick building to an equally dark alley. They climbed down a short flight of stairs and the old man opened a door and entered the apartment. When the boy followed him in, he closed the door, putting a chain on it.

"Could you open the door, please," asked Eddie who was starting to feel a little claustrophobic, if not frightened.

"Don't worry about it. These days you don't know who to trust anymore." The man led Eddie through a livingroom that had cloth over every piece of furniture. It looked like it had not been dusted in months - or lived in for years. All the windows of the apartment had been painted black on the inside, but the paint was chipping away, and scattered rays of street-light shone through, projecting little beams here and there on the floor, the walls and the covered furniture. Specks of dust were suspended in the light.

It took a few seconds for Eddie's eyes to fully adjust to the darkness. When they did, he looked over the old man and noticed that the hair on the back of his head was cut very irregular - almost chipped away near his neck. There was a wide, puckered pink scar between where his hair stopped, and his shirt collar began. They settled in the kitchen. The old man beckoned Eddie to sit in a white metal kitchen chair. The white paint was faded and cracked and the cushion was missing. The man sat in an identical chair on the opposite side of an old card table.

"How old are you, sonny?" intently asked the old man.

"I'm ten, and my name is Eddie. Could I see the pictures? I'm really late for dinner and my ma's probably ready to kill me."

"Yeah, sure. Would you like something to drink first? I'm gonna have something and I hate to drink alone."

"No thank you."

"Oh, come on. You must be thirsty. I'd really feel bad if you didn't, kid... Eddie. I hate to drink alone."

"Okay, I'll have a little," sighed the boy.

The old man got up and walked directly behind Eddie. He saw him open a cabinet and take out a bottle and two glasses. They were the only items in the cabinet and the man had to stand on a stepstool to reach them. He went to the sink and Eddie heard him turn on the water. He came back and handed Eddie a small tumbler of amber liquid.

"Eddie took one sip and his throat closed up. It tasted like the stuff his father drank when he had a hard day at work."

"What is this stuff? Why's it so cloudy?" He was a Young Detective at all times.

"It's rye and water. It's good for you. It'll put hair on your chest," smirked the old man.

"Why's it so cloudy?" repeated the boy, narrowing his eyes.

"It's the water. It'll take a few minutes to uncloud. It's good. Don't worry about it, kid. See, mine's like that, too." With that, the man downed his drink in one gulp. "Go ahead - it's good."

Eddie took one sip and his throat closed up. It tasted like the stuff his father drank when he had a hard day at work. He held his breath and drank it down. If his father and this old man could take it, so could Eddie.

The old man got out of his chair and started walking towards the living room.

"You wait here," he grumbled, "I'll go get the pictures. I'll be right back. Don't go anywhere now."

Eddie nodded his head, which had suddenly started spinning. He didn't turn to see the man leave the room, the room could turn itself, he felt.

When the man returned, not more than five minutes later, Eddie was still in

his chair, but his head was in his hands on the table. His eyes were closed, and his breathing was hardly noticeable. He was out like a light, the cloudiness had done its job.

The man lifted the child out of his chair, and placed him ever so gently on the table. He opened a kitchen drawer and took out a set of scalpels, alcohol, gauze, a pair of scissors and a few hypodermic syringes. He turned on a gas burner under a metal pot of water. He had also brought back some blankets and towels from the other room and started opening them up and spreading them out over the

table, around the boy. He dropped the tools in the boiling water and grabbed an old beaten-up text book from a low shelf. He pulled the cord of a bare bulb in the ceiling and the room glowed with a yellowish light. He brought the sterilized tools back to the table and turned the boy over on his back.

Eddie woke up in a very dark room with a very bad headache, and a feeling in the rest of his body like he had been dropped from a sixth floor window. He was lying on his back and attempted to turn over, but a sharp pain in his neck prevented him. He tried to pick up his head again and saw white. It took him a long time - perhaps hours - to pull himself together enough to get off the table where he had found himself. He went to the sink, where he splashed cold water onto his face, drinking as he washed. He thrust his whole head under the faucet, but when the water trickled down his neck, it burned him as if it were acid. The water that ran into the sink was not clear or even cloudy, but very dark. He could not tell it was red because the room was too dark.

Eddie struggled into the livingroom without drying

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Art-coming out of the closet

KIM LEWIS

Connecticut College owns a great deal of art work which has never been seen by the student body, most of whom are unaware of its existence. Yet some of these pieces are quite valuable, done by well-known artists, and many are of potential interest to the college community.

Much of this artwork has not been made available for viewing because of a lack of disorganization of records and catalogues, a lack of security, or a general lack of interest and energy. The artwork is stored in closets cabinets, basements, and attics across the campus. Some pieces, of course, are highly visible and well-known, such as the outdoor sculptures which surround the Cummings art building. Other pieces are shown occasionally or can be seen on office or library walls. The majority of the college's collection, however, goes unnoticed.

This year, three students are trying to remedy the situation. Baron Naegel has been working in the Fanny Wetmore Gallery of Cummings as part of his work-study program. He has mounted all the shows that have appeared in the gallery since the beginning of the year, and he has done some cataloguing and organizing of prints.

"The majority of the college's collection, however, goes unnoticed."

Karen Haas and Buffy Easton are doing an independent study with Mr. McCloy of the art department. They are undertaking the onerous task of organizing and cataloguing the rest of the college collection, which includes paintings, sculptures, silver and student works.

Baron, too, has been working with Mr. McCloy, who teaches printing, and with Mr. Price, chairman of the art history department. Mr. Price is technically in charge of the gallery and consults with Baron about the shows which appear there. Baron, however, decides upon the nature of the show, selects the works that are to be used, and mounts them in the gallery. The etchings of Claude Lorrain are presently

on exhibit, and past shows have included Durers, Rembrandts, landscapes, portraits, and German woodcuts. Baron has learned a great deal about the collection, having mounted these five shows, but he admits that Mr. McCloy is the most familiar with the content and history of the entire collection.

There are approximately twelve hundred prints stored in the gallery, making up the third largest print collection in Connecticut, according to Mr. McCloy. The bulk of the collection was given to the college by Miss Fanny Wetmore in the 1920's. Miss Wetmore lived in New London and though she did not attend Conn., she was friendly with Mr. Logan who, in addition to being a printer, was chairman of the art department. Miss Wetmore's collection includes European prints, for the most part from the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries. Flemish, German, and Dutch prints, in particular, are strongly represented, including many by Rembrandt and Durer. Other prints from individual donors and some valuable Japanese prints among those from the Black collection, have built up the college collection. Though Baron mentioned a Lautrec, a Matisse, and a Cezanne, there is an obvious lack of modern prints.

Miss Wetmore unfortunately

kept most of her prints unmatted and stored between pieces of newspaper before donating them, and some of the works were damaged. Many of the other acquired prints also came unmatted or were matted poorly. The college did have its collection professionally evaluated and some of the prints were professionally matted and restored. Because of a lack of funds, however, some prints still remain unmatted and so are not exhibited. A catalogue of all the prints is available in the gallery and one may ask to see a particular print, but at times this raises another problem. Some of the works are missing, though Baron says that many of these may simply have been put or returned to

the wrong storage boxes. A third problem is one of security. The prints are too valuable for the gallery to be left open without some kind of surveillance. It is open, then, only when Baron, Mr. McCloy, or Mr. Price is available, which limits viewing time for visitors.

Baron has done a great deal, in mounting exhibits and in trying to lessen these problems. A lack of money and security persists, but perhaps these things may be overcome as interest in the gallery increases. Baron will be here next year, but he stressed that both he and Mr. Price are looking for someone else to help out. So far, no one has appeared interested, but more and more people (especially those in nearby art history classes) have been "checking out" the gallery.

Buffy Easton and Karen Haas are also trying to make the college collection more organized and accessible. Most of the college's possessions other than prints and silver are from the Olsen collection. They were catalogued and stored in Bill Hall (which was the art building before Cummings was built) or used to decorate dormitories. In the move out of Bill to storage rooms in Cummings, the catalogues of the collection were mysteriously lost, though records remain. Theft and vandalism in past years necessitated the removal of dormitory artwork. Silver is rarely used at meals these days and it, too, has been put away. All this has led to a disorderly storage of college-owned artwork across the campus, without any complete record of what is there, or even what should be there.

Buffy and Karen wish to integrate all the college's possessions into one main catalogued collection. This would include a selection of the best student work which has been collected by the art department for many years. They have begun with the paintings, the most famous being those by Jim Dine and Helen Frankenthaler which are on loan. But as Buffy says, the entire project is probably too large to be completed in one semester. Both she and Karen are graduating this year so continuation of the project

Pre-registration

BARBARA FRIED

Last semester a system of pre-registration was finally implemented. Students had clamored for some substitute to the archaic registration system. They dreaded the lines and mobs. They feared being closed out of courses. The decision to institute pre-registration was, at least in part, a response to this student discontent. At the time of this writing, no determination has been made for next semester, although due to time, one is imminent. A student evaluation of pre-registration should be part of that decision.

Pre-registration last semester eliminated The Line in and out (and around) Cro. That was pleasing. It also relocated lines outside of professors' offices. And the shorter lines were illusory. They were just as effective at closing students out of courses as The Line. The system could provide no mechanism to prevent this. Of course, the scheme itself was questionable (pre-pre-registration?), but if tenable, could be adapted in the future. Most students had few problems, actually. At any rate, they had no more than usual.

What about the Registrar? For him, the whole ordeal was barely tolerable. News of the intent to hold pre-registration was sprung on him. Snap. System devised. There was no time to perfect a better system. So students, faculty and administration stumbled through this one. And somewhere 80 students foundered. The pre-registration week was supposed to be held during the period of November 14-18. It was extended a week, and then finally to December 1. At this point, 320 course enrollments were still unregistered. This would have significant ramifications on the accuracy of the bookshop's ordering of texts. The Registrar turned sleuth. The last form was not submitted until a month into this semester. One might prefer to label

this negligence as unfamiliarity rather than disregard. After all, it was the students who had wanted pre-registration.

Eventually, students found themselves enrolled in courses. Not all were completely satisfied. They had expected pre-registration to enable adjustments in course sections. It did not. No shifts were made by the Registrar as a result of pre-registration. A few departments did make minor changes, but they were individual cases. No uniform policy was set. Many departments refused to lift course limits, even on those courses where limits are unnecessary. This is a bone of contention.

The real conflict is a basic one, though. Connecticut College is a small school. It is dedicated to the liberal arts concept, attempting "to free them (students) from narrow conceptions." The budget has certain limitations. These realities must be reconciled with student demand for specific courses. No system can do it. That is a fact. No line, pre-registration or pre-pre-registration will alter it.

What then? Accept the fact and work from there. A student has justification for expecting a place in courses in his major, at the very least. Departments should help the administration see that there is a correlation between the number of students majoring in a subject and available places in courses of that subject. After that, practicalities demand compromise from all involved. Whether or not pre-registration will help in this aim is uncertain. The data from last semester is still being compiled. When it is, a stand may be supported. Yet it seems as though pre-registration can never achieve much more than dispensing with The Line. Some would say they deserve more for their \$6,450. They would do well to accept that even the dollar has no voice in this conflict. It is fact versus fancy. The Registrar is trying.

FANNY S.
WETMORE
PRINT
GALLERY



is uncertain. Buffy did say, however, that preparations might be made for an alumni show next fall.

The college's collection is beginning to shape up and become accessible. Mr. McCloy was mentioned by all as being the only one who knows what the collection contains, and he is leaving this year. Baron, Buffy, and Karen are learning about the artwork and its organizational process, but they are also helping to insure that the artwork does not go unnoticed and uncared for in the storage rooms of the college.

jazz
blue grass
folk
NIGHTLY

**ANNA
CHRISTIES**
bank st. new london

Ousted House Presidents

MICHAEL HETSKO

Last semester, there were three House Presidents who were ousted from their positions, because they failed to receive a vote of confidence. These House Presidents were: Julie Shapiro of Marshall, Jennie Hirshey of Plant, and Steve Owen of Lambda. In the cases of Ms. Hirshey and Mr. Owen, it was a matter of being voted out during a meeting in which they weren't even present.

These incidents caused quite an uproar in the respective dorms, and among the officers who were ousted Ms. Hirshey and Mr. Owen claim that because they were not present for the meeting, they were not afforded an opportunity to defend themselves against what they termed "innaccurate accusations".

...misconceptions die hard, and many students are still assuming that the House President is responsible for more than he actually is.

Judiciary Board Chairman, Jerry Carrington, said in a personal interview, that he assumes full responsibility for these unfortunate actions, and that corrective measures have been taken to insure that dorm officers will be present during discussion previous to a vote of confidence.

In another action, Mr. Carrington and the Judiciary Board has decided that a vote of confidence may only be held with at least a week's notice. This action will prevent the calling of a vote of confidence within an hour of a scheduled dorm meeting, as was the circumstance involving Ms. Shapiro.

Thus, while two major problems with the vote of confidence have been solved, there are at least two or three other difficulties which remain. First, and foremost, there is the disparity between the actual responsibilities of the House President, and the responsibilities that the student body attribute to that post. In the opinion of Mr. Owen, the duties of

the House President include; representing the dorm at Student Government meetings, being leader of the dorm, controlling any problems with noise, being available to students for the discussion of problems, and listening to student views so that they can be presented in Student Assembly.

Mr. Owen and Ms. Shapiro feel that they were blamed for the failure of social events and other things which weren't their responsibility. This type of misunderstanding has arisen in the past, and therefore the Judiciary Board has made it a policy to have the official duties of officers read before any vote of confidence. Nevertheless, misconceptions die hard, and many students are still assuming that the House President is responsible

for more than he actually is. The responsibility here lies with the students who must understand exactly what is to be expected of the officers before a vote of confidence can be taken. In addition, some fault for this misconception must be placed upon potential House Presidents who, when campaigning in the spring, find it easier to talk about parties, than their views concerning S.G.A. policies.

In Ms. Shapiro's case, there was an apparent lack of communication with many members of the dorm. She believes that although there were problems in the dorm, she was not approached with these concerns until the vote of confidence arose. In short, she feels that the students were too hesitant to criticize her performance and offer her a chance to readjust, until it was too late.

Another problem faced by House Presidents is the resistance encountered from the Housefellows. Many Housefellows still cling to the old tradition of the Housefellow being the leader

of the dorm. Some House Presidents find this competition hard to deal with.

Aside from the obvious hurt and humiliation that people obviously suffer when they are voted out of a position, there are other discourtesies which befall the ousted House Presidents. Mr. Owen and Ms. Shapiro said that they felt slighted by the S.G.A. leadership, as there was no recognition given to them for the work they had accomplished. In addition there were no offers to allow them to serve the S.G.A. in a voluntary capacity.

In spite of the events that transpired, all of these people feel that the vote of confidence is necessary and serves a useful purpose. Changes that they would like to see have, for the most part, been made. The only exception seems to lie in the handling of the mandatory vote of confidence in October. Mr. Owen and Ms. Shapiro feel that the J.B. members who run the meeting should not be in such a hurry. Rushing around encourages the cutting of procedural corners. Mr. Carrington states that he believes that next year, the problem will be solved.

Letters continued

expression of this unrest through vandalism.

The solution to the problem of vandalism lies in a reaffirmation (or simply a new statement) of the academic and social goals of Connecticut College. It lies in the tough, active administrative participation in the attainment of those goals. An administration which flaccidly vacillates between hockey rinks and the liberal arts is hardly worthy of the esteem of its faculty and student body. Direction, consistency and strength are needed desperately by this community - without them, the destruction of college property goes hand in hand with the death of liberal arts education.

SARAH RABINOWITZ

Finer diners

MARTY JOHNSON

It's Saturday morning at 2:00 a.m. and you're insanely munched out. Thoughts of the Steak Loft and the Copper Beach tantalize your taste buds. Steak Teryaki! Veal Marsala! A mad dash to the car is interrupted by the painful reality that 1: They're closed, and 2: You have a mere \$3.38 in your pocket. What do you do? There's always Ocean's. But remember what happened the last time you ate there? Dunkin' Doughnuts? God forbid.

Resigned to the fact that you must crash, while dying of starvation, you trudge back to your room. But wait! You've forgotten the twenty-four hour bastion of nocturnal noshing, the Diner.

The twenty-four hour diner is an American classic. Where else can you stuff yourself beyond recognition for a mere pittance, and be entertained as well? The entertainment factor is perhaps the most important feature of any diner. Clearly, no one in their right mind goes to a diner to satisfy their epicurean cravings. If anyone ever tells you that they truly find diner food delicious, rest assured that their taste buds are fairly well blanched. A diner's purpose is to fill that empty space in your stomach as rapidly and as cheaply as possible. In addition, the diner also provides some of the greatest people-watching in the world. In other words, distortion abounds. Diners consistently attract some of the most interesting people you'll ever see, and it's well worth the time to go to a diner and observe them.

Are there "good" diners in the greater New London/Groton area? After a long and arduous search, I'm pleased to report that we are fortunate to have several prime diners in the area. Over the past few weeks, I and several trustworthy companions have been conducting an extensive review of selected diners. We concentrated our efforts on diners of the hash browns, eggs and French Toast genre.

Our panel of reviewers was quite impressive. It included such notables as

Dick Humphrey, whose many years behind the wheel of an oil truck have given him an exceptional palate for truck stop cuisine. Dick is also an exceptional judge of character - just ask him, and he'll tell you. The infamous Dayton brothers, Jud and Duncan, were also members of our panel. Their uncanny ability to seek and find nourishment anytime, any day, anywhere has amazed me for years. Jonathan Goldman joined us, employing his great talent of consistently pointing out some of the most outrageous people you will ever see. Rounding out our panel of experts are Dobbs' gifts to impeccable taste and gracious dining, Carol Kline and Cathy Welker.

After much debate, we have selected the following two diners as being of exceptional quality: The Monte Carlo and Norm's.

The Monte Carlo Diner, on Route 12 North in Groton, is amazing. The interior is tastefully decorated with aluminum foil window shades, mirrored walls, chrome chairs and accented with various brass wall hangings. You get the feeling that you are in a giant promotional campaign for Reynolds Wrap. The menu at the "Monty" is larger than all the other establishments we visited. Everyone reported having a satisfying meal except me. I ordered the cheese blintzes, which were a bit bland, but then I should know from ordering such kosher delights in a chrome plated hash house. Most important of all the "Monty's" clientele is very amusing. Our waitress was "goosed" several times by a rather soused restaurateur who laughed in a totally perverted cadence. We also overheard a couple planning various ways to steal the brass wall hangings on a near-by wall. The lady mentioned in a very slurred voice that "Gosh, thosh thingsh sure would look nish in the dining room." An essential thing to remember is not to laugh at all the outrageous things you hear. You may find yourself dealing with a large, drunken, irate individual. Overall we found the Monte Carlo to be good, and worth the experience

at least once.

What can be said about Norm's Diner? Norm's is as American as the proverbial pie they serve. The food is by no means an epicurean's delight, but it's inexpensive and filling. The panel unanimously agreed that the food at Norm's is by far more appetizing when "the lady with the glasses is cooking." It's very true. The gentleman who cooks there occasionally is not nearly as adept as his female counterpart. Our panel of critics sat at the grill-side counter one morning, and watched him burn our entire order of French Toast! Judging from the many bandages, gauze pads and burns on his fingers, we could clearly see that things weren't going well for him. A good short order is literally an artist, and this gentleman must believe that suffering inspires his talent.

It's Norm's extraordinary clientele who make this diner number one. Our panel recommends that you arrive before 1:45 a.m., because at 2:00 a.m. the third shift at Electric Boat ends and Norm's gets stampeded. If you're fortunate enough to have a seat, it's an amazing thing to watch. Within five minutes the entire place is wall-to-wall welders. But Rosie, the inimitable wonder waitress, has the entire operation under control. Rosie is an artful comedienne and her customer is her "straight-man." The combination makes an interesting show which you eventually become part of. It's a show you won't want to miss.

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Student-faculty relations

JOSHUA LYONS

Typically, a small liberal arts college is a warm place with an overall feeling of comraderie. It breeds social and academic interaction. A small college should have the feeling of being a community within itself. One of the most important attributes of the small liberal arts college is its low student-faculty ratio. A low student-faculty ratio should allow for a great deal of interaction between students and faculty, on both academic and social spheres.

Unfortunately, the student faculty interaction at Conn. leaves much to be desired. It is still a very formal relationship which seldom leaves the classroom. There are many things that students and faculty can learn from each other that go beyond academic disciplines. So, why is there a gap between us?

"... the student-faculty interaction at Conn. leaves much to be desired."

There have been many reasons cited as to why students and professors do not get together on an informal basis. However, there is much disagreement about these reasons, on both the part of the faculty as well as the student body.

One big reason was the problem of faculty at meals. A few years ago, students took notice of the fact that faculty members were eating lunches in the dorm dining rooms. Apparently, some of these professors had not been invited by students and were just sitting at the tables by themselves. Students took offense to this phenomena. They felt that these professors were "freeloading". As a result of this student uproar, the College banished faculty from student dining rooms. They were only allowed to eat with the students if they had been invited to do so. However, faculty are still required to pay for dinners unless previous arrangements have been made by a Housefellow. And of course, there are many complications if a faculty member and his family are invited.

As a result of this policy, many faculty members felt hurt and insulted.

when invited, they felt uneasy and as if they were imposing on the students.

Also, if a faculty member has a family, it is hard for him to come to cocktail parties. This situation means that a professor may be unable to eat dinner with his family, or he may have to find a babysitter, which can be a very costly proposition these days. Thus, few faculty members are willing to join students for meals or cocktail parties without at least a few inhabitants.

A major problem with students is that we tend to place professors on a pedestal. They are very scholarly and seem to be always judging us. This "hang-up" is very unfortunate. It is true that professors tend to be more scholarly and more knowledgeable than students, and we should respect them just as they should respect us. But this respect should

not act as a block between us.

Apparently, students and faculty alike have many fears about interacting with each other on a social basis. Students do not always feel that it is their place to be social with professors. Also, if a student has a meal with a professor, what can he say not to make a fool of himself.

On the other side of the coin, faculty members tend to feel uneasy in dormitories. They do not want to feel that they are imposing, and what happens if a professor is in a dorm and no one talks to him. It can be very embarrassing to stand in a corner by oneself.

These are a few of the hindrances blocking student-faculty interaction. Many possible solutions have been discussed to alleviate this problem. These ideas have ranged from reinstating the dormfellow program, to informal livingroom talks.

The dormfellow program was tried on the past and failed. Faculty members were assigned to a dorm and sometimes did not know any students in that dorm. Also, neither faculty nor students want professors to be in an

administrative position in the dorm.

Another possible solution that has been discussed is to have faculty members come to a dorm to discuss a piece of art or a book. This requires preparation on both the part of the professor and the student. Also, this creates an atmosphere very similar to the classroom. Another possibility considered was to call upon the faculty to give lectures. There is definitely a great wealth of knowledge to be tapped from our faculty for lectures. However, this situation would still be formal and would require the faculty to prepare and perform.

Better ideas are those which promote informal "get-togethers". It would be nice to have informal discussions with faculty at cocktail parties and other dorm functions such as picnics. A picnic would also allow faculty to bring their families. Informal departmental "get-togethers" would also help promote more interaction between students and faculty. On an even smaller basis, an advisee-advisor "get-together" could be a lot of fun and very useful. Students could help each other with problems they have encountered as well as get to know their advisor on a less formal basis.

What is needed are more informal social functions between students and faculty. Academic and more formal functions are good, but there is a definite lack of informal "get-togethers" where no one is called upon to prepare and perform.

We are all people and can learn a great deal from each other about a wide variety of topics, interests, and hobbies. Relations will not improve immediately, but these ideas, and others, must be given a chance to work. It is time we all dropped our defenses and joined together as a community heading for a common goal.

Participate in the area's premier live call-in talk show: "Late Night New London". Call 447-2523 or campus extension 314. Wednesday nights 11pm-1am, on WCNI 91.5 FM. Host: Scott Calamar.

Snow job

JEREMIAH CRONIN

For the student body, the snow storm of February sixth and seventh was a time to drain kegs, sleep late and cross country ski. But for the school and Physical Plant, in particular, it was a financial burden. While downtown New London resembled a B-horror flick, with the roads deserted, driving prohibited and the only signs of life a Texan in olive fatigues, life on campus was relaxed and operating near usual. Though the roads leading to school were closed, the campus roads and most of the foot paths were clear. It seemed hard to believe that there were houses floating in the Sound and that Norwich was declared a disaster area, when on campus the greatest inconveniences were walking to Harris and finding someone driving to Gordon's.

The people who deserve the credit for keeping the school from becoming snow bound are the grounds crew and the men in Physical Plant. These men worked 60 continuous hours, without leaving the campus, and without showering or sleep, except for a nap on a pile of cardboard boxes. The machines ran continuously.

The snow imposed a great cost everywhere it fell. It cost Connecticut College \$9,966.47 for snow removal. However, Physical Plant operates with a fixed budget. In the budget there was a set allowance for overtime

and the unexpected costs of snow removal, but not nearly enough to cover the cost of this storm. The difference will be partly taken up by compensations by Physical Plant and the contingency fund. Physical Plant may be unable to afford some of the new equipment it needs, or to undertake some of the more expensive projects it had planned until a future date. Also, because of the great time that has been given to snow removal, Physical Plant has had to set back its calendar of projects.

COSTS OF SNOW REMOVAL

- 1) Labor: grounds crew, mechanics, electricians-60 hours of continuous operation. Student and non-student-part time. Power House technicians. \$8,046.90
- 2) Materials and Repairs:

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| -gas (618 gal) | \$381.92 |
| -oil (20 qts) | 11.00 |
| -snow plow axle and drums | 275.00 |
| -chain repairs | 137.65 |
| -Gravelly #1 blower repairs | 150.00 |
| -Gravelly #2 blower replacement | 604.00 |
| -Snow shovels, borrowed but not returned | 204.00 |
| -meals | 120.00 |
| | <u>\$1,919.57</u> |
- 3) Total Cost: \$9,966.47

Guaranteed..continued

off. He had never felt like this before. His body was weak, every joint creaked and ached. He felt tired and heavy as he walked, and wished he had something to lean on. The livingroom was light enough to allow him to see. He lifted his hand to his neck, and when he caught sight of it noticed that it was doused with red. Blood red.

He looked at the hand like it was not his. It was wrinkled and hairy, and there were spots over it. He could see his veins standing out, and his nails were very long. Everything went very white and he collapsed to the floor. He screamed loudly, but it came out muffled - more like the cry of an animal.

He was shaking all over, but recovered enough of his strength to walk around the room. He was looking for a mirror, and found a tall, thin piece of furniture covered by an old white cloth. He pulled off the cloth and found a mirror. It had been shattered, but a large piece remained near the bottom. Eddie knelt and gasped at what he saw.

His hair had turned grey. His face was wrinkled, and his eyes were cloudy and bloodshot. His teeth were rotting. His freckles were transformed into age spots and his peach fuzz into grey stubble. Could he have slept for sixty years?

He wandered the apartment, searching for some proof of time, but found nothing. He crept back into the kitchen and searched all the drawers and cabinets, after finding the lamp cord. He found the surgical instruments, and, quite by accident, discovered the old book - which was hidden under the sink. He read the title out loud, to aid with pronunciation: Eternal Youth: The Secret of Hypothalamic Transfusion and Injection - and guessed at what was printed inside. The title was printed in block letters, but there was a seal of some sort on the cover. It consisted of a skull, a star, two half circles and a tree. Eddie took the book and sat down at the kitchen table.

He didn't leave the flat for three days, until he devoured the contents of the

Continued on p.12



Guaranteed...continued

book. He sustained himself on the whiskey and a loaf of bread that he found in a warm ice-box. When he went out it was late afternoon of the third day. He waited in the alley, inhaling the city air. He sat down in the shadows and waited. He waited for hours, but he knew what he had to do.

Tommy Matthews cut across the vacant lot and took Second Street. From there he cut through the dark alley, walking very quickly. He was twenty minutes late for dinner already, and would be a half hour late by the time he got home.

About to break into a dash, he was stopped short by a ragged old man who had emerged from the shadows. His appearance would have frightened any young boy, and Tommy was certainly no exception. The man moved his way into Tommy's path.

"What do you want?" quivered the boy.

"Hey kid, I got something that's guaranteed to make you a man. You interested?"

If you are interested in submitting poetry, short fiction, or literary criticism for publication in a student literary magazine, put your manuscripts in a folder and send them to:

Cronin: Poetry, Criticism
Box 214
Sims: Poetry, fiction,
Criticism Box 1266
Martin: Fiction Criticism
Box 938

Tenure continued

The atmosphere between student and faculty would be greatly improved through incorporation of the student general will. A representative sampling of faculty response to this proposal evoked a generally favorable response, but, much to our dismay, no faculty member queried was willing to place his/her thoughts on record for public review. In an environment of faculty hesitance where is the concern for creative student-faculty rapport? In a liberal arts institution there is no room for intimidation or blatant refusal to deal with a troubled situation.

Junior faculty members appear to be intimidated by the "Old Guard." The politicking among faculty members has apparently accelerated beyond the point of academic improvement. Competition for tenure positions has actually stifled the search for a more representative and inclusive criteria for tenure selection. Such moral cowardice, on the part of faculty members unwilling to speak out "on the record" is a poor show in a society which has placed great emphasis on freedom of expression and moral conviction.

The following articles are currently utilized by the Faculty Advisory Committee when reviewing faculty members: 1. maintaining scholarly competence in the discipline and in areas in which the individual teaches, and integration of new material into classroom work where relevant, 2. original research and scholarly publication, or creative work, or performance in the arts or physical education, and, 3. professional activity outside the college.

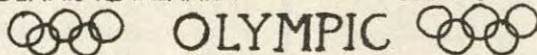
The student body is capable of articulating its views in these areas. However, the voice of the student has been successfully channeled to a consultative status. Semantics? Hardly; this situation is intolerable and cannot remain unaltered. As our tuition increases and money is being spent recruiting professors whose potential is greater than their actual performance, surely the voice of the too often ignored and financially pressed student can be absorbed into the tenure process.

The student body must accept the responsibility for making decisions which affect the quality of its education. Each year one class graduates and a new freshman class arrives; each year professors return, some who have fulfilled their academic responsibilities, others who have not. If this college is to remain in a spiritually and an academically healthy condition, students from each class should ask themselves: What constitutes a tension-free atmosphere void of discontented faculty members who pass their time "going through the motions" of academia? Am I truly receiving a quality education in an institution which does not consider my evaluative responses worthy of serious attention?

The Advisory Committee is the most influential force in the determination of faculty promotions, appointments, and tenure decisions. Currently, it consists of the following professors: F. Edward Cranz, Helen Mulvey, Kathering Finney, David Fenton, and R. Francis Johnson. It would greatly facilitate student input on the tenure question if student voices would be incorporated on that key committee. We propose that, in order to remedy this inequity of influence, four additional seats for students be created on this committee. These students would be elected from each class in the college and would be responsible for articulating the students' interest and sentiment on these matters of tenure and promotion. In this manner, the student body will become a more active element in the decision-making process.

DENNIS KUVALANKA

STEVE SYLVESTER



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