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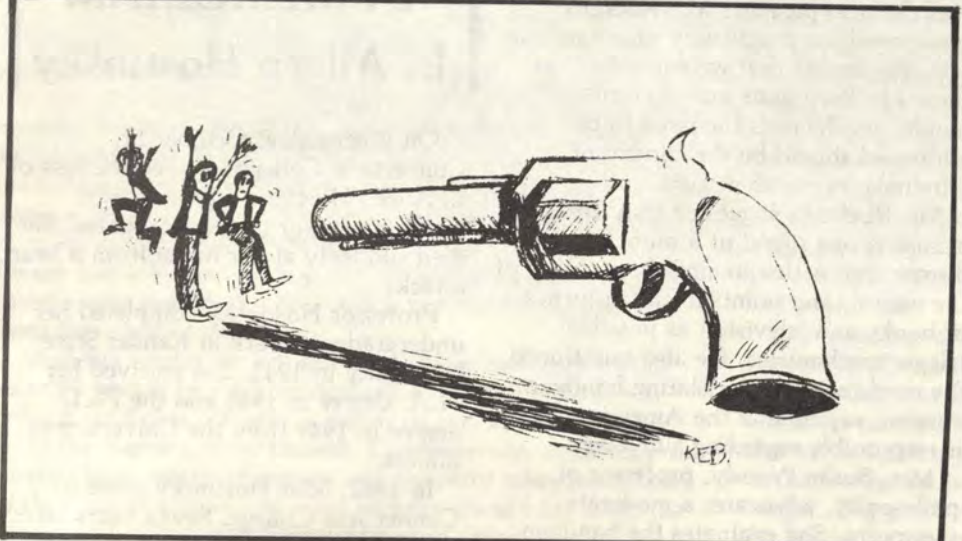
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# THE COLLEGE VOICE

Connecticut College's Weekly Newspaper

October 30, 1981

Vol. V, No. 5



## Gun Control Forum

By Linda Hughes

A handgun control forum, sponsored by the campus organization, was held on Tuesday, October 27. The discussion provided an informative exchange of views on this very controversial issue. Composing the six member panel were two Connecticut College professors, Mrs. Susan Woody and Mr. Charles Bond, State Representative John Woodcock, Mr. Stephen Rocketto, a competitive shooter, New London Police Chief Donald R. Sloane, and Mr. Robert Crook, the Legislative Director for Connecticut Sportsman's Alliance.

The first to speak was Mr. John Woodcock, State Representative and a member of the General Assembly. He is assigned to a judiciary committee that investigated the topic of stricter handgun legislation. As a result of a survey revealing that two-thirds of the American public would prefer tighter restrictions on handguns, Representative Woodcock began the fight to "Strengthen handgun statutes" in Connecticut.

The concealable handgun bill passed the Senate and was made law partly through the efforts of Woodcock. The new law decrees a mandatory 1-year sentence for anyone apprehended carrying a gun without a permit. It includes a clause that provides for mitigating circumstances. Woodcock views the objective of the law as an attempt to decrease violent crime.

Mr. Robert Crook, who spoke next, called the new gun law, "cosmetic". He believes that "gun ordinances do not help reduce crime because banning guns will not keep criminals from getting them". Mr. Crook, a lobbyist on Capitol Hill and Legislative Director for Connecticut Sportsman's Alliance, stresses that his organization does favor gun control. They are opposed, however, to those groups that are attempting to outlaw handguns completely.

"The enemy is not the 50 million Americans who own guns", he says, comparing the move to ban handguns to

the dismal failure of prohibition, and the virtual ineffectiveness of America's endeavor to counter drug smuggling. Mr. Crook feels that declaring handguns illegal is a violation of the Second Amendment which allows for persons to own guns in order to defend "person, family, and property".

Psychology professor Charles Bond was the third speaker. He discussed the psychological implications of handguns. Using the conclusions of extensive testing, Mr. Bond explained the frustration-aggression theory and how it relates to gun misuse: frustration always

Continued on Page 2

## Of Conn and Co-ops PART TWO

By Michael Schoenwald

If students at Connecticut College want to establish a co-op for used books there must be some kind of model to build from or example to follow. Obviously, the best models to follow are existing co-operatives, which have seen success and failure in their short or long term existences. If mistakes that have hurt other co-operatives can be avoided, and a smooth organization established early on, a used book co-op may become a reality for Connecticut.

Oberlin College in Oberlin, Ohio has had a book co-op since 1940. Membership in this co-op is open to anyone paying a one dollar annual fee. According to co-op manager J.F. Lang, the goal of the co-op is to be of service to Oberlin College and the surrounding community rather than a profit making institution.

Each member of the Oberlin Co-op has one vote in the election of the Board of Directors, i.e., the running of the co-op. The Board of Directors consists of the manager and 12 members with a minimum of two students. Profits from the co-op are used for three purposes: 1) bonuses and fringe benefits to employees; 2) capital to finance the business; 3) a Causes Fund, from which individuals and groups can make

applications for funds. Money has been appropriated to such groups and organizations as the Oberlin Library, Vietnam Relief Projects, the A.C.L.U. Legal Fund, the Oberlin Day Care Center and Head Start.

Mr. Lang says that since the Oberlin Co-op is not governed by Oberlin College, the college rarely asks the co-op for money for utilities and other expenses. If books are returned less than two weeks after the date of purchase, a full refund is given. After this, no money is refunded to the students. Out of 2,800 students at Oberlin only 100 are members of the co-op.

The book co-op at Vassar College in Poughkeepsie, New York, has been in service since 1923. The co-op is run by students, faculty and a manager and the store consists only of textbooks. A 10% discount is given on any book in the store to members only. For a fee of one dollar (five dollars for life) one can become a member of the Vassar Co-op. Of the 2,200 Vassar students, 400 are members of the co-op.

The co-op's manager, Eileen Temple, says the co-op is basically a trade bookstore that carries books needed by both faculty and students. This enables students to purchase many books

Continued on Page 2

## Beware: You Are About To Enter the Tow-Away Zone

By Jennifer Price

A number of Connecticut College students have recently voiced complaints about the enforcement of on-campus parking policies, and about the policies themselves.

The rules allow juniors and seniors to register their cars and park in any parking space on campus, while sophomores and freshmen must park in south lot.

Joseph Bianchi, head of campus security, said students frequently do not park where they are supposed to, which results in overcrowding and illegal parking, (i.e. in fire lanes, in front of dorm exits). "The problems would be much less severe if everyone just complied with the rules," said Bianchi.

Some students claim that security concentrates too heavily on ticketing students and neglects other campus problems. Many feel that they have been ticketed or towed unfairly.

Sophomore Nancy Sutton awoke one morning to find her illegally parked, unregistered Honda being towed from behind Harkness dorm. She had

previously received four tickets and been told to register her car. She stopped the towtruck, was charged \$40. (\$15 towing fee, \$25 ticket) and was again told to register her car. Two hours later, Nancy returned from class and found her car had again been towed, and she was stuck with another \$40 bill.

Nancy admits that she was wrongly parked, but claims that "security picks certain cars to nail again and again. They also ticket some areas much more than others. Last year I lived in the plex and only got two tickets all semester. I've already had six this year."

"I don't argue with them because they're just doing their job," says Nancy. However, she does think that the present situation is bad, and that the school should look for an alternative.

Sophomore Hal Sizer, said "all security wants to do is hand out tickets. They vandalized my moped (by cutting the lock) and towed it from inside my dorm without any warning. They even lied and said they had warned me when they hadn't."

Sizer's hallmate, freshman Lee Babb has a different viewpoint. "He shouldn't

have had a moped with gas in it in the dorm where people smoke anyway," said Babb. "It really was a fire hazard."

Bianchi does not feel that students are singled out. "We ticket repeat offenders and when we receive a lot of complaints from the faculty, the staff, and the upperclassmen," he said.

The security chief does admit that Connecticut College "could definitely use more parking spaces," and claims that the situation is being considered by the Parking Appeals Committee.

At present there are 306 spaces on north campus, and about 330 registered cars for the area. Bianchi said that there is always plenty of room in south lot; but many people are hesitant to walk to and from south lot after dark or in the rain. Bianchi did add that campus safety is available to escort any student back to their dorm after dark.

The Parking Appeals Committee, not Bianchi, sets the rules governing on-campus parking. Bianchi simply enforces these rules, and he believes it is up to the students to obey them. "It would be far more pleasant if I didn't have to do my job," Bianchi said.

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## Of Conn and Co-ops PART TWO

Continued from Page 1

without going off campus. Ms. Temple says that the Vassar Co-op has just become a non-profit corporation with all money the store earns going back to the members in the form of increased discounts.

Reed College in Portland, Oregon has had a book co-op since the 1920's. All students at Reed are members of the co-op. A 5% discount is given on books at the time of sale. The manager of the co-op, R.A. Ehelebe, says that only 1% of the books sold by the co-op are used because classes at Reed are not repeated from semester to semester.

According to Mr. Ehelebe, only 2 adults work in the bookstore while students handle most of the clerking and check-out duties. The co-op showed a 2.8% profit in the last fiscal year with \$10,000 going back to the students from a \$10,000 gross. The Reed Co-op stands independent from the rest of the college.

Book co-operatives do not exist on a small scale only. The book co-op at Yale University was founded in 1883 and is the second oldest and tenth largest book co-op in the country with 20,000 members. According to Richard E. Ballard, the manager of the co-op, the Yale Co-op is the third largest department store in New Haven and has a barber shop, travel agency, and

personal computer shop. The co-op carries 50,000 titles and has the largest foreign and Slavic language departments outside of New York City.

Mr. Ballard stated that at the end of last year 6% of all sales went back to co-op members who have various affiliations with Yale as faculty, staff, alumni graduate or undergraduate students. Membership in the co-op is two dollars a year or fifteen dollars lifetime. The goal of the co-op is to have a 7½% return rate by the fourth of July which would equal the Connecticut State sales tax. The co-op also hopes to make as much as 15% of its sales from the sale of used books. The Yale Co-op carries a 30% return rate on books, according to Mr. Ballard.

A co-op such as that of Oberlin could possibly solve the existing problems of the bookstore at Connecticut and give the college a valuable link with the community. Granted, this article has not looked at every co-op possibility, so other forms besides the Oberlin Co-op could exist. If immediate results are desired from a co-op more than 100 or 200 students must be members.

If the Student Government promotes the advantages of a book co-op to the College community, Connecticut could have a bookstore that satisfies everyone.

## Gun Control Forum

Continued from Page 1

leads to aggression and anger which often results in violence, says Bond. However, the violent actions need not be physical, and aggression could be discharged in sarcasm.

"Frustration and anger may only prime the person to violence. But the aggressive drive still needs to be triggered." It was argued that guns act as that trigger, prompting a person to act more violently. They pull out the aggressive drive, and "they may also lower restraints against the use of violence".

Mr. Stephen Rocketto, a master class competitive shooter, and former graduate student and teacher at Conn was the next panelist. Mr. Rocketto questioned the practicality of a handgun ban. He doubts that we can affect the means to keep guns out of criminal's hands, and he feels the issue to be addressed should be the control of criminals, rather than guns.

Mr. Rocketto suggested that firearm misuse is one signal of a more pervasive disease that is threatening the stability of the nation, and points to the influence of books and television as possible trigger mechanisms. He also questioned the need for a law legislating handgun control, saying that the American public is responsible regarding gun usage.

Mrs. Susan Woody, professor of philosophy, advocates a moderate viewpoint. She evaluates the handgun issue as an equation of protection vs. misuse. Citing the many tragedies resulting from handgun misuse in the last 20 years, Mrs. Woody recognizes that guns are "highly hazardous instrumentalities".

She believes that individuals must pay a price to keep society free. Mrs. Woody fears government tyranny and interprets the Bill of Rights as insulating people from crushing, arbitrary government activity. Not believing there is a solution to the problem, she feels that more self-control, and a more forgiving and loving attitude could benefit society.

Police Chief Donald Sloane was the final speaker. Chief Sloane presented a practical side to the topic. Handgun control is an "infringement" on a person's right to protect himself from crime, he declared. But he firmly stressed the necessity of registration as a means of limiting what factors in society have access to handguns. Chief Sloane

hopes the courts will enforce the law to its fullest extent. His main concern is that the loopholes in the law will render it useless.

The evening was punctuated by marked debate as the panelists offered their varied ideas. The final impression, though, was one of mutual accord. While the panelists all recognize the need to limit the availability of handguns, disagreement arises in the question of degree.

## IN MEMORIAM L. Aileen Hostinsky

On Wednesday, October 21, Connecticut College suffered the loss of L. Aileen Hostinsky, professor of mathematics for the past 19 years. She died suddenly at her home from a heart attack.

Professor Hostinsky completed her undergraduate work at Kansas State University in 1943. She received her M.A. degree in 1945 and the Ph.D. degree in 1949 from the University of Illinois.

In 1962, Miss Hostinsky came to Connecticut College. Seven years later, she became chairman of the math department and retained that position until 1976. She had also taught at Mount Holyoke College, Pennsylvania State University, Syracuse University, Frankford Arsenal in Philadelphia, Temple University, and the University of Illinois.

Specializing in abstract algebra, she served as visiting lecturer to colleges of the Mathematical Association of America from 1963 to 1966. She received a National Science Foundation Faculty Fellowship in 1968-69 for research at the University of Oklahoma and Tulane University.

Miss Hostinsky belonged to many honorary fraternities and organizations such as Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Kappa Phi, the American Mathematical Society, and the Mathematical Association of America, for which she served as chairman of the Northeastern Section from 1973-74. Also, she was listed in the *World Who's Who of Women in Education*, *Notable Americans of 1976-77*, and the *World Who's Who of Women*.

She was born on June 18, 1921, in Riley, Kansas, and is survived by her mother, Mrs. Joe Hostinsky of Manhattan, Kansas.

A fund for mathematics books in the Connecticut College library is being established in Miss Hostinsky's memory. Checks made payable to Connecticut College and marked "Hostinsky Fund" may be sent to the Development Office, Strickland House, 168 Mohegan Avenue, New London, CT 06320.

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# Tickets and Student Org.

## Let Security Kill Two Birds

# THE COLLEGE VOICE

— Letter —

To the Editor:

To many students on campus it appears that *the* job of security is to write tickets and tow cars. The money collected from parking violations, an annual sum reported to be about \$9,150 by the Treasurer, goes into the general fund of the College.

We believe that money collected in this way from students should go directly to Student Organization, rather

than into the general fund.

Security must perform the daily ritual which infuriates all who park on campus. The punishment (\$5 per ticket, and up to \$40 towing fees) here outweighs the 'crime', putting security into an adversary relationship with students.

Meanwhile, SGA funding is not keeping pace with inflation; clubs and organizations are shrinking or expiring,

rather than growing. Important student-run services and projects suffer.

The money from parking violations should go into the Student Organization budget, not the general fund. Directing this money back to students might take the sting out of the ticket wars.

Mark Oliva  
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This week's letter finally illustrates the real sense of ambivalence between the security personnel and students on campus. It's the overly harsh ticketing campaign, plain and simple. Students will say that security is courteous and helpful if you're in need, but in the same breath loathe them for towing cars. And it is hard not to suspect a pathological zeal on their part when stories of triple-towings and several hundred dollar fines are well documented. Ticketing is no longer just a hassle. They policy is alienating two groups of people who need each other and a productive rapport to keep this a safe campus.

Students simply do not take parking as seriously as the security people or Parking Appeals Committee. You're in college, and cars are only a means of access to or escape from the learning environment. Consequently, tickets are a foreign idea; safety of person and property takes precedence in the student's mind. At most security should just keep the streets and yellow zones clear of traffic debris.

At this point, however, ticketing is a complex game of cops and robbers that students really don't want to play, it is a silly game. This is not the South Bronx, or Capitol Hill: *parking is not a big deal*. Students can't afford the inevitable five dollar fines from those inevitable times when there's no alternative but to park 'illegally'. Furthermore, towing is an injustice akin to betrayal. Why doesn't security come and find the person who owns a badly parked car; or, since they *know* whose car it is, why do they insist on sticking him/her with a \$40 towing fee? Where is the deterrent?

"Look, I'm only doing my job."

And very well, too. The students are going bankrupt at the hands of a ticketing policy which is much too harsh to balance with the 'crime' of parking your car where the school does not want it.

Of course security is just plain doing its job. It is a policy of the College, and that is that. But why can't students get their spankings in a more productive way? If fining students is really the answer, why not let the fines go toward their immediate aid.

With Student Org. clearly in an activities recession, it seems the obvious alternative: let parking ticket money go to Student Org., so that WCNI, the Voice, philosophy club or whatever student activity can be enhanced or given a chance. \$10,000 a year is not a large sum in the general fund of the College; it is a fifth of one semester's Student Org. budget. The positive results would be enormous, especially the bolstering of Special Events.

How are Student Org. and the pinkies related? In the final wash, students will always have tickets on their cars; it's the policy. But if this suggestion is heeded, they'll feel a lot better about paying those fines. The money will at least be going to other students, and justice is really done. The LAW is upheld, and student activities get new life.

—M.S.

The College Voice is an editorially independent news magazine published weekly during the academic year. All copy is student-written unless specifically noted. Unsolicited material is welcome but the editor does not assume responsibility and will return only material accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. All copy represents the opinion of the author unless stated otherwise. The College Voice is a student-run, non-profit organization.

Editorial offices are located in Room 212, Crozier-Williams Student Center. Mailing address: Box 1351, Connecticut College, New London, CT 06320. Phone: (203) 447-1911. Ext. 7236 or 7397.

—CORRECTION—

The photograph "Down South" (Oct. 30) was taken by Virginia Pasternak.



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The College Voice, November 6, 1981

## Filling Space at Cummings

By Garry Bliss

The new show that recently opened in Cummings displays work of two artists. "The Figure in Architectural Space" is comprised of pieces by Carol Parker and Alvin Scher.



Virginia Pasternak

The first piece one sees is by Carol Parker. It is a colorful and whimsical installation of three plaster people; two are on bent saw horses on the ground, the third is suspended in the air. There is a rainbow of ribbons connecting the three plastic figures.

Joy and serenity surrounds Ms. Parker's work. She is concerned with what she sees as a uniquely American conception of art. Parker believes in Gertrude Stein's idea that "a space that filled with moving, a space of time and has filled always filled with moving."

Alvin Scher's work is a mixture of seven small architecture/sculpture pieces, five drawings, and the large installation on the Cummings sidewalk of "Split Pyramid." Scher places these works in the perspective of his past. Scher feels his work "continues my involvement with figural compositions and re-introduce an older idea of mine concerning architectural forms as sculptural language."

Scher's seven sculptures combine architectural forms and human figures. The forms limit the views of the people inside the forms. In all of the sculptures, people are engaged in some sort of sexual contact. Even in the fine line drawings of Scher's, we can sense something that is both sculptural and architectural. One of the drawings is of two views, one on top of the other, of his installation piece. The "split pyramid" is a sand-color painted wooden piece.

The show will be up until November 13 and it is well worth seeing.



Virginia Pasternak

## Your Own Vaudeville Shows Promise

By Julia Stahlgren

Not many people attended the three performances of *Your Own Vaudeville* last week. It is too bad because the show, performed by the new working Theatre Company, was worth seeing. Though its true potential is no where near being fully realized, the show, created and directed by Dian Parker, sparked my curiosity and provoked some interesting questions. While the script needs significant reworking and reconsideration, I was impressed by the performers and intrigued by the set.

The Working Theatre Company has strong ties to Connecticut College. Actress, Rebecca Schneider, graduated from Conn last spring. Bill Kavanaugh, WTC's Associate Artistic Director, and Managing Director, graduated in 1980. Lighting Designer, Fred Grimsey, is Director of Theatre Services on campus. The company has been performing *Your Own Vaudeville* out in Westerly, Rhode Island at Bogart's Restaurant, as a cabaret-style theatre piece. The three actors, Rebecca Schneider, Susan Salka, and Mark Kandschi are energetic, versatile, sensitive, and seemed admirably comfortable on their playground-like stage. The set, equipped with a tall ladder, tight-rope, swing, mobile seesaw, and cafe table, provided an exciting, unusual work space.

Done in two acts, with a total of

thirteen short scenes, *Your Own Vaudeville* is a series of scenarios rather than having one continually developing plot. Dian Parker, who teaches acting at the Eugene O'Neill Center in Waterford, created the script (her first play) around a collection of Shakespeare, Brecht, and Noel Coward quotes, as well as a wide variety of music. Mozart, Edith Piaf, Stephen Grapelli, Johnny Hodges, Johnny Parker, Al Jarreau, and Earth, Wind & Fire all find their way into the show. As was characteristic of Vaudeville shows, this piece of theatre is also full of spectacle. Unusual, daring stunts, strikingly simple, honest movement statements, and some less impressive, cliché dancing give the show a special, vital appeal.

The relationship and contrast between the visual and the sensory which develops during the play is curious. Because the dialogues and monologues Parker integrated are, for the most part, truthful and pertinently profound, the piece has a multi-layered character which original Vaudeville shows lacked. Vaudeville used to be performed in enormous theatres, to large numbers of people of all ages and interests. Spectacle and music, but not serious philosophical oration were employed to entertain. In *Your Own Vaudeville*, weighty, dramatic lines ("To thine ownself be true, and it must follow, as

the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man.") are paired with tight-rope walking, juggling, seesawing, dancing, climbing, and more. An interesting combination of clashes, and parallels occur throughout between the movement and words.

However, *Your Own Vaudeville*, is, at present, a disordered scrapbook. It lacks a deliberate unity and determined purpose. I do not feel that Ms. Parker has a specific intention at work in the play. While talking with her after the performance last Tuesday she remarked that the play is a collection of her favorites. But she must recognize that this is a dangerously biased, narrow manner of selection. No matter how much Ms. Parker likes "I'll Write a Song for You" by Earth, Wind, & Fire or "Never Givin' Up" by Al Jarreau, they detract from the mood, and style of the show. I like tuna fish, and chocolate ice cream, but I would not find them a tasty casserole combination. Ms. Parker did say that she feels the favorites she chose also have universal appeal, but this does not mean the individual elements will add up to a successful whole. It is too random a selection process, unless Ms. Parker was aiming only to present a variety show, which I hope is not the case.

*Your Own Vaudeville* is, then, at a youthful, formative stage. It needs direction, correction, and attention. Ms. Parker has a collection of artistic material which is important to her, but she must pinpoint an aesthetic or topical reason for producing it together. She needs to put some distance between herself and the content of the show and, perhaps perceive it on a more thematic, goal-oriented level. The material already has the potential for making a very articulate set of observations and for treating a very intriguing issue. But that potential must be recognized, developed and spotlighted even if that means weeding and reworking.

The strong potential I saw in *Your Own Vaudeville* lay in the strong juxtaposition of visual and verbal communication. The presence of strong words, dialogues and speeches alongside interesting movements in the play automatically set up a strange, polar relationship between movement and words. Throughout the play I felt an odd separation between the two forms of expression and perception. The words and movement coexisted but never seemed to merge. The Noel Coward scene, entitled "Duo", came closest to accomplishing a connection. The

movement of Schneider and Kindschi effectively paralleled their dialogue. Their bodies and their words communicated subtle, real yet unglamorous and imperfect aspects of love. Here were represented some of the many craned necks while kissing, the frank rejections, the crushed ribs in an embrace, the petty spats, and comfortable teases.

Yet even in this scene, I felt the subtle, awkward, uncomfortable, and affectionate shifts, slips and jerks, as Schneider and Kindschi embraced on their seesaw, were ultimately more meaningful and engaging than the couple's dialogue. In fact, during most of the show I felt the visual, moving elements overpowered the verbal consistently. This is not necessarily a bad thing, but I wondered why. Why, in Scene I, when Schneider was quoting Shakespeare, did my attention and concentration focus on Kindschi, as he walked, sat and lay on the tightrope which was strung across the upstage area about five feet off the floor? Why, in scene II, were the slow, rolling, restless movements of Salka, two-thirds of the way up the two story ladder, more fascinating than Kindschi's accompanying Brecht commentary? Why, during intermission, did I stay in my seat to watch the actors sit, and stretch and chat in their "offstage" chairs which were deliberately visible to the audience? Why, in scene VIII, was I more morbidly, nervously held by Kindschi's contorted body balancing on the swing than by the cruelly manipulative questions posed by the "clowns" on either side of him? Perhaps all these maneuvers were magnetic simply because they tinkered with natural forces and laws like gravity, and balance. Or, are bodies a stronger, more natural, honest means of expression—if so, why?

Spectacle is a more primitive form of expression. Gesture, mime, physical imitation, and dance predate storytelling and oration. There are many more universal, cross-cultural gestures than words or sounds. Yet, words have come to be considered the more sophisticated articulate means of expression and communication.

In his book *Visual Thinking*, Rudolf Arnheim states that visual stimulus is a quicker, more direct means of communication. Words as symbols for visual images, are understood through association with visual images, so comprehension of words is a three step

## Danceworks

By Krista Whetstone

"Danceworks", a concert presented by the Dance Club featuring Connecticut College students, will be held on November 5, 6, and 7 at 8:00 p.m. "Danceworks" consists of 11 pieces choreographed by students. They include everything from ballet and Caribbean dance techniques to jazz and modern dance.

The choreographers are: Leona Mazzamurro, Nan Gaines, Amy Condren, Barbara Lapucy, Eve Chilton, Robin Lynn Wilson and Callie Hoffman. There is a wide variety of styles and subject matter including a piece by Eve Chilton called "solesoul" concerning a woman's harvest in the fields. A piece known as "Bacchanal" by Robin Lynn

Wilson will depict a festive carnival held annually in the West Indies. "Bacchanal" and several other pieces will be accompanied by live musicians.

The dancers have been preparing for the concert since the beginning of the semester. Jake Handelman, Production Manager and President of the Dance Club, is confident about the concert. He says it is an uplifting, "jazzy" concert geared mainly towards the audience and their enjoyment. With the wide variety of styles and the upbeat mood of the pieces, it should prove to be an entertaining and exhilarating evening.

Tickets are \$1.50 for students with I.D. and \$2.50 general admission. "Danceworks" will be held in the Cro East Studio.

# Crew Does Well on the Charles

By Dave Legow

It was cold, wet, and windy when the Camels launched their shells into the Charles River for the annual regatta held in Boston. Not bothered by the inclement weather, loyal Connecticut fans gathered alongside the river to cheer on the Camel crews. The Head of the Charles is the big race of the fall in which crews from all over the nation and the world participate. The course is three miles long as opposed to the standard springtime mile and a quarter.

Roughly, forty crews are entered in each race. Included in the regatta are such prominent crews as the Navy, West Germany, Norway, Harvard, Yale, and the U.S. Olympic teams. But despite the stiff competition, the Camels did extremely well and proved themselves to

be strong contenders for the gold medal in the spring.

The women's heavyweight eight stunned their competitors by finishing tenth out of forty teams. Connecticut was the only small college to place among the top ten. The Camels were clocked at 17:40, finishing ahead of Rutgers, Brown, and Boston University, its three chief adversaries in the Eastern Sprint Championships coming up in May. The Coast Guard was left behind finishing 35th in a time of 19:24.

In the mixed eight competition the Camels finished 28th with a time of 18:33. The winning time in the event was 16:12.

In the men's lightweight four, Conn placed 27th out of forty. The University of Minnesota won the event in the time of 17:08:8. The lightweight women did

not fare as well. Up against bigger schools like U. Penn. they came in 9th out of ten.

The most impressive showing for Connecticut in the Charles came from its men's heavyweight eight. They rowed in the elite event. The Camels took 15th out of forty completing the course in 15:44. In this race the Conn oarsmen beat all their competition for the spring including old rivals such as Trinity, Williams, U.R.I., Wesleyan, Princeton, and the Coast Guard Academy. The Coast Guard came in 16th finishing two seconds behind their opponents up the street. This was the first time a Conn College's men's crew team has ever beaten the Cadets in men's heavyweight eights competition.

Camels coach Ernie Arlett was pleased by the performance of his team. The

oarsmen of the heavyweight boat were elated upon hearing the news that they had beaten the Coast Guard. Traditionally in the spring at the Dad Vail Championships for Small Colleges the Cadets have won the gold medal and have outranked Conn. But it looks as if this year could be different.

Although the Guard only lost by two seconds, they appeared to be greatly shocked by the success of the Camels. One observer noted a Cadet shaking his head upon hearing the results. Varsity coxswain Sean Peoples said after the race, "This ought to give Bill Stowe, the Coast Guard coach, something to think about this weekend."

The College Voice, November 6, 1981



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# Rock 'n roll stirs with Seven & Seven



# The Transparent Man

By Carolyn Abbott

Thomas Barnes was born without his outermost layer of skin. He was a bright red baby, and his mother, when first holding her child, could see a web of blue blood vessels pulsating through his tiny body. To her he seemed like an internal organ, fragile in her arms. She was made to wear a sterilized suit, mask, and gloves—a strange doctor, with only his eyes showing through his white costume, took her son away. As he grew, Tom's skin became less transparent, and drew less attention from his family and schoolmates. As a child though, he was often treated as a sort of circus side show by a few physicians who, knowing they could do little to help either Tom or medical science, satisfied their curiosities through many appointments quite costly to Tom's family. As a result, Tom's father's already insufficient income was depleted and the family learned that Tom must bathe in baby oil and avoid too much sunlight.

Tom grew up in the countryside where the people were forced to live simply, most having little money or education. The weather was often cool and wet, the area sparse in population, and the houses spread far apart—perhaps these conditions were the cause of the unsociability of the people, who stayed most often within or around their own homes, becoming more withdrawn and less expressive than their contemporaries in the cities.

As a child Tom was, as other children, openly and verbally expressive of his emotions. Very early his parents noticed that whenever Tom was experiencing any level of emotion higher than the normal flow of feeling, his flesh became an even brighter shade of red. His parents reacted as they thought fit, drawing little attention to these states, and assumed that Tom would outgrow these revealing colorations of his skin.

In Tom's home, there was an enormous love held within the three selves. To anyone visiting, this love wouldn't be apparent—there wasn't a lot of hugging or words of endearment, there were only slight gestures: a pat on the back, a quivering smile, a rough-voiced word of encouragement. To those who lived there these gestures were everything and comforting, they knew well that there was love between them.

Tom grew to be a thin, fair young man, getting along just well enough with his peers to escape feeling alienated, having no close friends, and having little sense of belonging outside of his home. He was often reading novels, he found something darkly intriguing in the words of Thomas Hardy. In *The Life of Thomas Hardy*, Tom found a piece written by the writer's wife of her husband's first childhood memory. This memory described to Tom something of himself:

"He was lying on his back in the sun, thinking how useless he was, and covered his face with his straw hat. The sun's rays streamed through the interstices of the straw, the lining having disappeared. Reflecting on his experience of the world so far as he had got, he came to the conclusion that he did not wish to grow up. Other boys were always talking of when they would be men; he did not want at all to be a man, or to possess things, but to remain as he was, in the same spot, and to know no more people than he already knew (about half a dozen)."

Tom also wore a straw hat to shelter his skin from the sun.

At sixteen Tom left school to help his family earn money, and at twenty-one he was well into the routine of helping his father deliver milk to houses in the country. One morning, as they drove along to the ring of milk bottles jostling in the back of the truck, Tom's father asked him, "Why don't you go into town one of these weekends with some of your wages and meet a few of your old classmates?" Tom's face grew darker.

"What is it, Tom? I know your mother and I are quiet people, but when we were younger we used to run about in groups—why don't you like people?"

"I do like people, I mean . . ." Tom stared at his father's hands—the blue veins rising as he gripped the steering wheel. "I mean, I like the insides of people, but I just don't like what we show to each other". This was before Tom fully realized that he showed more of his insides to others than most.

"What do you mean, are you saying your mother and I have showed you something wrong?"

"It's not you, it was at school . . . the books we read . . . like *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, they were very serious, and well, tragic. The other guys would laugh at the . . . tragic parts and I would try to laugh too, and I did, but my face always gave me away—they knew the books made me feel, you know, tragic, and they would laugh at me. I can't hide like they could."

Tom's father had never heard his son speak from his tangled interior, and he could say nothing.

Tom continued his quiet, imperceptibly changing life with his parents, sometimes going alone to see a movie in town, sometimes walking out to the marshes to see the young quails—he could almost hear their naked hearts beating in the brush.



At one of the houses where Tom and his father stopped to deliver milk, a dark-haired woman of about thirty-five years had started to wait on her doorstep for her milk. As Tom walked up with her two pints she would smile and wink. One morning, after a month of these greetings, as Tom handed over the bottles, her moist hand pressed against Tom's. His face colored, his pale eyes—focused on her feet—moved slowly upward past her thick calves, her burgundy dress, her swelling and falling breasts, to her wide brown eyes.

"I've seen you out walking through the marsh, Tom. This afternoon I will walk with you." Her voice was deep and final. Tom felt he had no choice. "Yes, that would be fine." He spoke steadily, but he felt his face prickling. The rest of that morning Tom's face flashed red and white, although his father never spoke of it. That afternoon Tom knocked at the strange woman's door.

"Come in, Tom. My name is Mary. I've watched you out walking, I asked our postman who you were. I like you, Tom. You're always alone, you're like me—you think people are fools, don't you?"

"No, I don't . . ."

"False modesty. You know we're better than they are—why else would you avoid them like you do? I have so-called friends, quite a few, I've got them fooled. They think I care for them. You can use people, you know. I do. The old fool who owned this house, and the money that keeps it, I married him knowing he'd die soon after, and he did. You've been living off of your parents, I see—I hated mine, got out of them what I could. Well, let's go for a walk."

"I don't think I could, I'm not feeling well . . ."

"Yes, your face is very red. You'll do better after a walk."

They walked together through the marsh. Tom tried to forget the woman within the strange house and imagined that this murky, foul creature beside him somewhere held pockets of sudden, frail beauty like the marsh itself. She began to speak.

"You know what the trouble with people is, they don't know how to be, if they could live like these birds—see how the geese are flying wild, squawking, they don't have toilets, no beds to mate in . . ."

"But you have toilets."

"I know, I don't mean we should do everything like animals . . . I guess I mean the way they just do things without covering them over—the way the geese cry or laugh or whatever they do when they squawk like that."

Tom saw that she did possess some of the painful perception he owned, and considering himself far from perfect, he tried to ignore the ugliness he saw in Mary. Everyday after work he would go to her, they became lovers. With her he could speak as his mind spoke when he was alone with himself.

Tom's mother became very ill. The doctor said she had cancer and Tom was torn open with grief. His father could hold his fear no better—they were as vulnerable as the young quails in the reeds. Tom's skin often appeared scorched by the sun. He saw the cancer in his mother's lungs as a white, powdered moth covered in soot and burning, and he could do nothing. The doctor took her to the hospital where they fed her with tubes and chemicals and where, it seemed to Tom, the large machines hovering above her seemed to feed off her, sucking her life through their metal mouths. Tom paced the hallway outside of his mother's room unable to see her sunken, ghoulish eyes any longer. He could hear her speaking to his father.

"I've been thinking, and I know I used

to believe I'd die eventually, and I could accept it—but I never really knew. I'm angry because somewhere I couldn't see in my mind I demanded to live forever, I expected it—I thought I had the right to go on." Tom's fist hit the wall he couldn't see, and he knew he had always demanded the immortality of his parents. Soon, Tom's mother went back to her home.

"Why do you always stay with your family these nights? Your father can care for her well enough," Mary spoke in the dark.

"If she dies, all the years after I'll wish I'd spent one more minute with her." But Mary couldn't understand the love between a parent and child and she continued to lie awake many nights, alone.

Tom's father hired a young nurse, Sharon, to help his wife. Sharon was one of those people who become nurses out of a need to heal people, she wore her need like shining robes around her, and the complex weave of it often brushed across those she cared for. Wounded, Tom and his father naturally found hollows in these folds of cloth, and needed her.

Tom's mother improved and the doctor said she would live. Tom felt his horror melt, he was healing—the moth was muffled in snow and the clear again. He went to the marshes. Swans on the silver surface bowed to their ruffling images, creating a continuum of white neck. He heard a noise like the laughter of geese, turned, saw Mary walking towards him. He realized he had missed her, realized she had been drained from him as he was filled with his mother's illness. He was glad to see her. She met him, they went to her house, they were almost desperate in their physical hunger, they consumed, they fell into their dreams.

In the morning, as Tom was leaving to deliver his milk, Mary stopped him at the door:

"Why did you spend so many nights with your mother—after she'd begun to improve? I was alone."

"How could I have known? . . . That stuff might have started to eat her again, I had to be sure."

"How is her nurse, or perhaps, your nurse?"

"She helps mother a lot. She's fine."

"I've been inviting some of my friends over, Jake and Tim, they've helped me." She watched his face. Tom carefully constructed his features in disinterest, kept his body straight and calm, but his face reddened.

"Yes, they're very good friends, I use them well." She watched his face grow hotter. Tom turned to the wall.

"You can't hide, I know you're jealous—how could you be? You disgust me."

Outside of the door Tom looked across the marshes and the ducks were flying in a frenzy of feathers and the clouds were rolling furiously over the sky.

That night Tom returned and Mary was tender and he was quiet again. He sat reading after dinner and Mary, glancing over occasionally, read a book of her own. Mary looked up once and saw Tom's face redden. She got up and walked quietly behind him, read the page he was reading and returned to her book.

When Tom was asleep she found the book, opened it to the page that Tom was reading as his face grew darker. She remembered one afternoon in the marshes he had said, "People wear so many masks. You and I, everyone." She remembered his face as he said this, and knew she had found the passage she needed. It was a description of a young woman applying make-up to her face.

Continued on Page 9

# Clyde's Apple Cider: Sweet Antiquity

By Cara Esparo

When the summer breeze turns crisp and cool, and the green leaves turn to brown, rustling with age, we call to mind our childhood memories of pumpkins, mischief night, and trick or treat. Now, in our college years, we must add to the list, the sweet, ripe 'ole taste of B.F. Clyde's old fashioned apple cider.

Clyde's Cider Mill of Old Mystic, was established in 1881, and remains the sole survivor of its kind. It is not a renovation; it is a "real" cider mill. It is "real" in the sense of primitive methods, an untouched constitution, and family tradition. The mill is presently maintained by Jack Bucklyn, the grandson of B.F. Clyde, who, with heartfelt certainty, declared the mill would thrive for many generations to come. In his distinctive suspenders and wire-rimmed glasses, Mr. Bucklyn told the story of a proud history, patting his grandchildren on their heads as they darted by, while calmly tending to his work with a confidence that comes with life-long experience.

The apples are cleaned and pressed in the simplest fashion—by timeless milling process. Timeless it is true, yet in 20 minutes, 80 bushels of cider can be produced. The true mark of the mill's authenticity, is the "simple slide valve" steam engine that is the sole supplier of the mill's power. It is the last working steam engine in all of New England. In addition, Clyde's hospitality provides "custom cider making" whereby town folk can bring their own apples to be deliciously transformed.

The pastoral drive out to Old Mystic

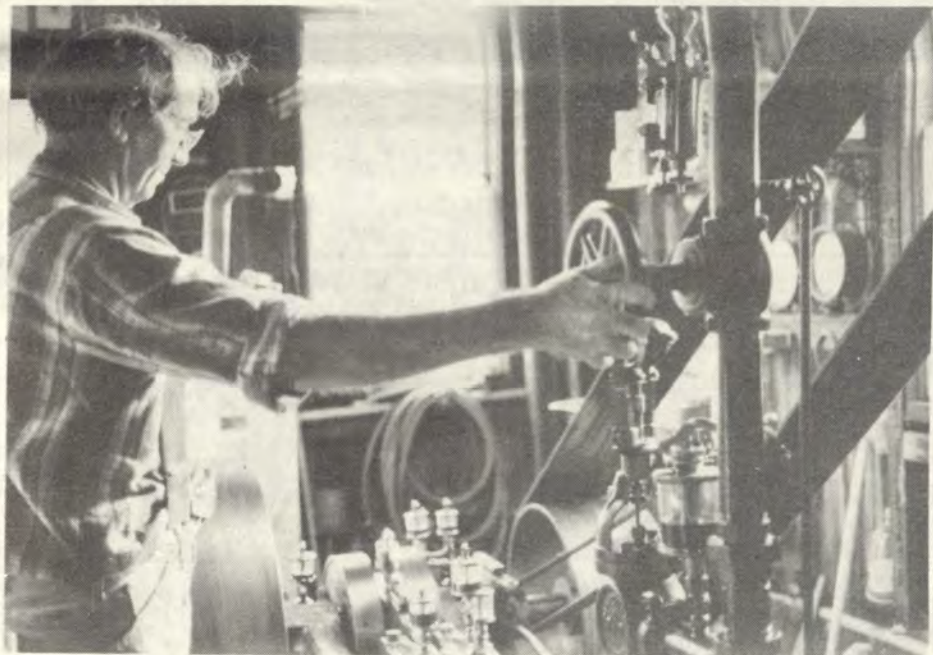


By Cara Esparo

is worth the trip alone, as the route wanders by cows and their pastures. But, the highlight of the Clyde's experience is the first good gust of the sweet apple aroma that overwhelms your senses. It provokes a teasing anticipation for the "out of this world" cider taste that's on its way.

It is truly refreshing to rest assured that some old fashioned purity still survives.

*To get to Clyde's Cider Mill—Take N. Stonington Road, Old Mystic, 95N Exit Rt. 184 (1st exit after bridge). Go 6 miles, take first right after Yesterday's Manner (on left) then sharp left—N. Stonington Rd. Mill on left.*



Cara Esparo

## The Transparent Man

Continued from Page 8

When he came back again the next evening she spoke: "I saw your nurse in town as I was buying aspirin. I remember it well, because I thought as I looked at her, that the wind must have picked up—her cheeks were so red, then I noticed she was buying some cosmetics." She watched his face carefully.

"She never wore it when she was with mother. She could never be so false." But he couldn't believe that Mary would lie to him, and he lost some of his respect for Sharon.

He began walking the countryside alone, as Mary had said she was tired of walking through sludge and wanted to spend some time with her friends in town.

Often now Mary watched Tom's face, and Tom felt he was being twisted and controlled by some unknown force. He couldn't join Mary in town, this was his religion: despite the boys at school, the hardened or blank faces he had known, there was something good in all of them, although he was afraid to find this goodness in anyone but his family and Mary. Now he felt he was losing Mary.

One night he decided to go with Mary to a small bar in town and meet a few of her friends. There was Jake and Tim, both loud, muscular farmers—Brod, a quieter but opinionated schoolteacher, and a beautiful blonde young woman who watched with sharp, blue eyes. They drank beer and talked. To Tom it seemed that the four others were always competing to talk, each carrying on a separate conversation, so that their words battled between them. As they became drunker the competition increased and they began to joke by

finding fault in each other: one would point out to the other that his speech had become slurred, one would spill some beer and another would call her an uncoordinated oaf, they would attack each other's stories beyond the point of interest or fun. People in the bar began to turn and look at them. Tom remembered seeing a few geese pecking at each other in the marsh. He began to laugh. Their words seemed to be brawling between them.

Brod turned, "What's so funny? Come on, you haven't said much all evening."

"Oh, nothing you'd think was funny, just something stupid I remembered."

"Something's wrong with him," said Mary, "I can always tell when his face turns red like that—I can read him like a book—that's how I use him."

Tom's hands, shaking, rose to his face—from the fear inside him, he knew its color. He walked out of the bar.

The next day Tom didn't go to work. He went into town instead, to an old warehouse where welders of steel and iron worked. He walked up to one worker and asked him a question, the man lifted a heavy pair of tongs from a mound of liquid orange beneath him. The welder's face stretched in surprise, and he said "You must be crazy." Tom handed him all of his savings.

Mary was asleep when she heard the footsteps, gritty on the path outside. She awoke as the door opened, as Tom entered her hands slapped against her cheeks. Tom's head was completely covered by a metal mask which had been welded shut.

<sup>1</sup>Florence Emily Hardy, *The Life of Thomas Hardy*, 1840-1928, New York, 1968, p. 147.

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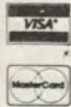
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