Gun Control Forum

By Linda Hughes

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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.

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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 Sportman's Alliance, stresses that his organization does favor handgun control. They are opposed, however, to those groups that are attempting to outlaw handguns completely.

"The enemy is not the 20 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 Bund 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

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 been ticketed or towed unfairly. They vandalized my moped (by cutting the lock) and towed it from inside my garage. Security wants to do is hand out tickets. 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."

Sister’s hallmark, 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 residents, we ticket them." He believes that the parking situation is bad, and that the school should look for an alternative.

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.

Of Conn and Co-ops

By Michael Schonewald

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 College 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 these 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.

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 staff. 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. The 2,200 Vassar students, 400 are members of the co-op.

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

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

By Linda Hughes

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Continued on Page 2

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Of Conn and Co-ops
Part Two

Continued from Page 1

without going off campus. Ms. Temple
co-op in the country with 20,000
small scale only. The book co-op at Yale
$10,000 going back to the students from
the books sold by the co-op are
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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.

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 five dollar fines from those inevitable times when there’s no place to park abound. 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 WCNJ, 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 parking tickets 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 photograph “Down South” (Oct. 30) was taken by Virginia Pasternak.
ARTS AND LEISURE

Filling Space at Cummings

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

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 landscapes."

Scher's seven sculptures combine architectural forms and human images. 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 time line drawings of Scher's, we can see 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 wood piece.

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

Your Own Vaudeville Shows Promise

By Julia Stahligen

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

There are many people who attended the performance opening of Your Own Vaudeville last week. It is too bad because the show, performed by the new working Theatre Company, was worth seeing. Though it's true potential is any 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 Conn College with two actors, Rebecca Schneider, graduated in 1980, from Conn last spring. Bill Kavanaugh, the Lighting Designer, Fred Grimsey, is Director of Theatre Services on campus. The company has been performing Your Own Vaudeville out in Western. Rhode Island at Bogart's, a Restaurant, as a cabaret-style theatre piece. The three actors, Rebecca Schneider, Susan Salka, and Mark Kandeki are energetic, versatile, sensitive, and seemed admirably comfortable on their playground-like set. The group, equipped with a tall ladder, tight rope, 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 one thing. It has been a slowly developing plot. Dian Parker, who teaches acting at the O'Neill Theatre Center in Waterford, created the script her first play) around a collection of Shakespeare, Brecht, and Noel Coward works. It is, as well as a wide variety of music, Mozart, Edith Piaf, Stephen Grappelli, Johnny Hodges, Johnny Pizzarelli, 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 costumes, strikingly bold movement statements, and some less impressive, cliché dancing give the show a visual, 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 scenes lacked. Vaudeville used to be performed in enormous theatres, to large numbers of people 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 a natural force, as a law of nature") are understood through association with visual images, so comprehension of words is a three step process. The presence of strong, 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 reworking and restructure.

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 process, unless Ms. Parker was aiming only to present a variety show, which I hope is not the case.

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However, Your Own Vaudeville, is, at present, a disordered scrap book. It lacks a delicate 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 I never worked 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 do not find them a tasty cabaret 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.

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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 Mazamaitis, Nih Gagne, Amy Condron, Barbara Lapyc, Eve Chilton, Robin Lynn Wilson and Callie Hoffman. There is a wide variety of styles and subject material including a piece by Eve Chilton called "sole" 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 music.

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 that they will succeed. He says it is an uplifting, "jazzy" concert geared mainly towards the audience and their enjoyment. The range of styles and the upbeat mood of the pieces, it should prove to be an entertaining and enjoyable evening.

Tickets are $1.50 for students with I.D. and $2.50 general admission. "Danceworks" will be held in the Cro East Studio.
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 men’s lightweight four, Conn placed 25th out of forty. The University of Minnesota won the event in the time of 17:06.8. 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.”

Rock ‘n roll really stirs with the exciting taste of Seagram’s 7 & 7UP. And so does country and western, and jazz, and disco—in fact, everything sounds better with 7 & 7. Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Rock ‘n roll stirs with Seven & Seven Seagram’s
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 jolting 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 meant, 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 so freely, or, more to the point, so openly, 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 geese—he could almost hear their nails 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 found the passage she needed. It was a description of a young woman applying make-up to her face.

"You know what the trouble with people is, they don't know how to be if they didn't have the green eyes-focused on her feet—moved up with her two pints she would smile at him, and married him. He fingered Tom's hair against his own, his face colorless and his eyes burning, and he could do nothing. The doctor said she would live, Tom felt his voice turning and he turned to the window. The geese were flying wild, squawking, they didn't have toilets, no beds to make in.

"But you have toilets." "I know, I don't mean we should do everything like animals. I mean the way they do things without covering themselves—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.

"The doctor said she had cancer and Tom was torn open with grief. His father could hold it no longer, they were as vulnerable as the young quails in the images, creating a continuum of the marsh, Tom walked through. Tom tried to forget the woman knowing held die soon after, and he did. You've not been living off of your parents, I see—I hated mine, and God knows I could. I'll stop, let's go for a walk."

"I don't think I can't—one of the things I love—your face is very red. You'd 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 was the sterile suit of a child he couldn't see, and he knew he had always been filled with sorrow, frail beauty like the marsh itself. She began to speak.

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"I don't think I can't—one of the things I love—your face is very red. You'd 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 was the sterile suit of a child he couldn’t see, and he knew he had always been filled with sorrow, 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 didn't have the green eyes-focused on her feet—moved up with her two pints she would smile at him, and married him. He fingered Tom's hair against his own, his face colorless and his eyes burning, and he could do nothing. The doctor said she would live, Tom felt his voice turning and he turned to the window. The geese were flying wild, squawking, they didn't have toilets, no beds to make in.

"But you have toilets." "I know, I don't mean we should do everything like animals. I mean the way they do things without covering themselves—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.
Clyde's Apple Cider: Sweet Antiquity

By Cara Esparo

When the summer breeze turns crisp and cool, and the green leaves turn 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 old 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 rennovation, 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 a life-long experience.

The apples are cleaned and pressed in 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 deliciously transformed, the mill's power. It is the last working steam engine that is the sole supplier of produced. The true mark of the mill's life-long experience.

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.

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 she 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 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, two 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 grese pecking at each other in the mant. He began to laugh. Their words seemed to be swirling 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 iron worked. He walked out of the bar.

Mary was asleep when she heard the footsteps, gritty on the path outside. She opened her eyes slowly and saw your nurse handing him all of his savings. She said "You must be crazy. " Tom turned, "What's so funny? Come on, you haven't said much all evening."

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