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THE COLLEGE VOICE

Connecticut College's Weekly Newspaper

Dick Gregory: Serving the Cause of Human Liberation

It is difficult to label the prolific activities of Dick Gregory. He became famous as a professional comedian. Today he is a recording artist, author, lecturer, actor, human rights activist, social satirist, critic, philosopher and political analyst, who combines all of these roles to serve the cause of human liberation and to alleviate human suffering brought on by ignorance and apathy.

Today Dick Gregory has become one of the most sought-after speakers in America on college cam-

pus. He visits more than 200 colleges each school year, and his popularity among business groups is rapidly growing as well. He strongly opposes nuclear power, and has said that he may run against Sen. Ted Kennedy in the next election for the Senate seat from Massachusetts.

Gregory will be speaking in Palmer Auditorium on November 17 at 7:00 p.m. The event has been sponsored by Chapel Board and Unity House, with grants from SGA, the Government Department,

and the Lectures and Discussions Committee. The evening promises to be a vibrant, exciting one.

Dick Gregory was born in the Black ghetto of St. Louis, Missouri. While in high school, he became a state champion in track and field, and later expanded his honors on the track at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale, Illinois. He entered the entertainment field and quickly rose to the top, once more becoming a "champion" in American society. But society's

definition of success as not on line with Dick Gregory's moral passion. As he has described it, "The real champion, I have come to understand, is the man who has risen to the crest of life's highest purpose - singular and complete devotion to serving one's fellow man." Dick Gregory has ardently pursued his definition of "championship" by doing the things he does best: making people laugh, making people listen and, ultimately, helping them understand one another.

Dick Gregory chose a career in comedy at a time when Black comedians received bookings only in Black clubs and theatres. In 1961, he was called as a last-minute replacement at Chicago's Playboy Club. He was an immediate sensation. He soon appeared in all the top clubs in the country and on major network television shows, and consequently became the man who opened the formerly tightly-closed doors of the White-dominated entertainment industry to all Black comedians who followed his breakthrough.

Having opened the doors of the entertainment industry, Dick Gregory began knocking on other doors. He used his fame as an entertainer, and whatever fortune that fame would bring him, to open the closed doors in the American system which barred the entry of any man or woman to the guarantee of full freedom.

During the civil rights movement of the 1960's, Dick Gregory participated in every major (and most minor) demonstration for human rights in America. He devoted his time and talent to giving benefits for civil rights groups, peace groups, and other clusters of people devoted to human liberation. And though, ironically, the doors he had opened in the entertainment industry began to slam in his face, he did not compromise with his ideals and his vision

of a liberated humanity living together in peace.

His participation in the struggle for human dignity cost him over a million dollars in cancelled bookings, travel expenses and legal fees. He found himself behind prison bars many times, twice serving 45-day sentences - once in Chicago as a result of his daily demonstrations protesting de facto segregation in the Chicago public school system during the entire summer of 1965, and again in the state of Washington as a result of his demonstrating with the Niqualy Indians in their demand for full participation in American society. Dick Gregory fasted during both periods of confinement, taking only distilled water for nourishment. In 1974, Gregory ran 800 miles, from Chicago to Washington D.C., to call attention to the problem of hunger in the world today.

Dick Gregory the recording artist has many albums to his credit, including *East-West*, *The Light Side-The Dark Side*, *Dick Gregory On*, *Dick Gregory's Frankenstein*, *Dick Gregory Alive at the Village Gate*, *Dick Gregory at Kent State* and *Dick Gregory Caught in the Act*.

Dick Gregory the author has written nine books, including his autobiography *Nigger*, *The Shadow That Scares Me*, *No More Lies: The Myth and Reality of American History*, *Dick Gregory's Political Primer*, *Dick Gregory's Natural Diet for People Who Eat: Cookin' With Mother Nature*, *Dick Gregory's Bible Tales With Cinnamon*, and *Up From Nigger*.

Gregory has received the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters from Malcolm X University (Chicago) and Rust College (Mississippi) and the degree of Doctor of Laws from Lincoln University (Pennsylvania).



Dick Gregory: author, actor, philosopher, social satirist, human rights activist.....

ConnPIRG Hits a Detour

By ARON ABRAMS

Plans for a permanent Connecticut College PIRG have been temporarily shelved. Citing an inability between the school chapter of the Public Interest Research Group and the administration - trustees to agree upon an acceptable funding mechanism, College President Oakes Ames says that, for the time being, the school chapter of the nationwide group won't receive any funding from the college.

Two possible funding mechanisms for the group were proposed at the October Trustee meeting. The trustees vetoed both proposals, including one which the student body endorsed.

In what Rich Allen, Chairperson of ConnPIRG, considers a "decision by students to tax themselves,"

the Connecticut College student body voted last year to adopt a refundable fee program. This is the device that is used by most of the 180 college PIRGs for funding.

Students approved this refundable-fee proposal by a margin of eight to one. The referendum that was passed read: "I support the establishment of the Connecticut Public Interest Research Group at Connecticut College. I understand that ConnPIRG will be funded by a refundable \$3.00-semester fee when approved by the administration. Voting yes shows my support for ConnPIRG's request. Each semester I will have the choice of whether to pay the fee."

According to Ames, the voting of the students on this issue played a small role in

the decision of the trustees.

"The trustees felt that the wording of the referendum was unclear," says Ames. "Since the administration and the trustees have both heard that complaint from many people, the trustees and the administration could conclude that the majority of the students weren't sure how the funding worked."

Ames felt there was another problem with that proposal.

"The idea of people automatically paying a fee and then having to retrieve it back is not a good way to get money for anything."

The trustees also opposed a second funding mechanism which was proposed by the administration. This option, a negative check-off, called for the fee of ConnPIRG to be

cont. on p. 11

Conn. Meets Dana Challenge

Connecticut College has earned a \$500,000 challenge grant from the Charles A. Dana Foundation, which will be used to remodel Palmer Library as a center for the humanities.

The Dana Foundation first offered the grant in May, 1979, challenging the college to raise \$1 million in gifts and pledges toward the renovation project by the Fall of 1980.

With gifts from alumni, parents, trustees, faculty and friends, as well as \$3,000 from the class of 1980, the college

reached the \$1 million goal last week.

The renovations will transform the three-story, 57-year-old library building into a humanities center with seminar rooms, lecture halls, a language laboratory, 44 faculty offices and a faculty lounge. The \$500,000 grant from the Dana Foundation boosts the college to the halfway mark in funds raised for this project.

Follow-up in next week's issue.

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OPINION

Why We Need a Debating Society

By RICHARD FRANCIS

The most widespread and dangerous phenomenon on college campuses today is that of student apathy, or to generalize, the apathy of the majority. Conn. College has been affected by this disease for no different or complex reasons than have 90 percent of other colleges across the country. The causes of student apathy (at least those that a college can control) range from the homogeneity of the students and affluence, to the feeling among grade-conscious students that we have so much work to do that we can't afford to "get involved" — i.e., that we can't afford to get involved in time-consuming social or political events and actions. Then, there are those students who just don't care.

Concerning the problems of the homogeneity of the student population and affluence, these are problems that admissions can relieve by admitting more minority, financially aid, and geographically diverse students. But this is not an easy problem for admissions to solve because, among other things, the solution requires a large endowment to work with, which Conn. College doesn't have.

However, the fact that we students don't care or make excuses for not getting involved, is our fault. In our defense though, there is the valid argument that there are not enough meaningful activities to get involved with, even if we wanted to.

I am proposing "the inauguration" of a debating society on campus. This would bring all facets of the campus together to engage in constructive and meaningful debates over issues that concern us all. I have seen debating teams flourish on many campuses, and see no reason why such a society could not flourish on our campus.

Then comes the problem of getting such a society started. If we understand even a few of the very important reasons for organizing a debating society, then we should become highly motivated, or "psyched" to see the proposal through. Other than the reasons I stated earlier pertaining to our apathy, there are also many other important reasons a debating society should not only be considered, but implemented. Probably the most important reason is that a debating society (I say "society" rather than "club" because ideally it would be highly organized, formal, and involve large numbers of students) would provide us with the opportunity to learn relevant opinions other than our own. Some might say that this is the job of the professors; well, that's true, but we would learn and think a lot more by exchanging opinions rather than just listening to our professors. Common sense will tell you that, and so will the

professors, who always try and get us to talk in class! We also are not as intimidated in debating with students as we are with professors.

Further, it is human nature to attach ourselves to people who agree with us — at least on personally important issues. These people we call our friends. But, this kind of attachment is too easy. Ideas must be challenged, not just accepted. Otherwise, so what? We flatter our egos and that is the end of it. One doesn't learn much by being forever in agreement.

Another reason for having a debating society is that debates present a great variety of non-classroom issues for us to think about. We can suggest our own issues for debate providing they provoke some thoughtful and meaningful exchanges among the debaters. A third reason, which encompasses the first two, is simply that it would enable us to gain that needed confidence in speaking.

We have spent so much time listening in our grade school and high school years (and had this feeling we should not say anything anyway) that we very simply have forgotten how to speak, and speak intelligently. So by the time we get to college, we naturally are afraid or embarrassed to speak out. For this reason, and the fact that we will be called upon to speak all our lives, I am also proposing a mandatory speech class to be taken, preferably in the freshman year. This class will help relax these anxieties about accosting other people as well as increase our confidence. With the speech class as a prerequisite, students can then join in the debating society that will run throughout the year.

Yes, a debating society is hard to organize. This is probably the greatest ob-

stacle. Who will organize it? Well, first of all; in order to get people together to do this, you have to ensure them that what they are doing is important. Hopefully, I have succeeded in doing this. Then we have to consider the obvious problem of there not being enough participants. This occurs usually because debating is so time-consuming, in many cases, involving a lot of research on both sides. But that is half the fun of debating — finding those arguments that could help your side as well as anticipating your opponents. Then students will say that it is not worth their time even if it is an excellent way to learn — saying "We can't get credit for it, so why do it and fail our other courses?" The answer to that is that the college administration must provide incentive via a regular four-hour course. Then the time we spend will be justified as well as useful and fun. Anticipating the popularity of debating, maybe juniors and seniors will do the debating and freshman and sophomores will have two years to sharpen their skills by attending the debates and learning how they are run. (This would also help give juniors and seniors the notoriety and respect they deserve.)

Now, where can we have these debates? It has been suggested by Mr. Knight (the treasurer of the school) who debated in the college himself and like the idea of starting a debating society here, that maybe with the proper permission, The Lyman Allen Museum, the chapel, the lobby or foyer of Cummings, or, as I suggested, possibly the first floor lobby of the old Palmer Library after it is renovated, could be used.

All in all, these obstacles become trivial when we consider the importance of implementing the proposal.

A Puzzling Sight

By CHARLES ANDREW HEFFNER

The other Saturday morning, as I walked toward the Admissions Department, I came face to face with a disturbing sight. My car, which I had parked opposite Knowlton dorm over night, had been picked up and moved over the curb so that the right rear wheel was on one side of the curb and the left wheel was on the other. Having given much thought in the past to the phenomenon of vandalism on the American College campus, I now felt it personally. It was my car, my very own property that had been affected by this destructive and curious phenomenon.

I wonder, can smashing a campus Grand piano or destroying a dorm bathroom be looked at as an affluent version of the violence and destruction that takes place on New York City subway cars? The acts are basically the same: they both focus on the destruction of impersonal property. However, on the one hand we are looking at actions on the part of middle or upper class individuals who live in a fairly wealthy college community. On the other, we see actions mostly on the part of deprived youths who express their anger at society by destroying its property. Are we to conclude, then, that certain college students are very angry at the world around them and express this through vandalism? Or, is the act of vandalizing a means by which a person can express power and authority? I do not know the answers to these questions.

From a psychoanalytic viewpoint, vandalism might represent internal sexual and aggressive energy turned outwards and displaced onto the world around us. According to Freud, all individuals have these innate energy forces which, hopefully, are kept in check by the moral force of the conscience, or super-ego.

oasis in a desert. We all know that it is impossible to ruin a salad. Given the importance of the salad bar one would assume that it would be consistent in quality. Not so. Inconsistency in the variety of salad garnishings offered is common. Some days there will be several garnishings; other days there will be only lettuce. Complex inhabitants have noticed the weekend is the only time creamy Italian dressing appears at the salad bar. For those of us who live on salads-vegetarians or conscientious objectors - a good salad bar means satisfaction and a good meal. Is that too much to ask? We don't think so.

The final course, dessert, can make or break a meal. Many of the desserts are of exceptional quality: cakes, brownies, ice cream. Overall they are the least susceptible to criticism. The ice cream is of excellent quality, but why are the most popular ice cream-Rockyroad, Heavenly Hash, Mint Chip, Chocolate Chip - served so skimpily? These are the flavors that are scooped up first. The food

Someone who has successfully internalized the "oughts" and "ought not" that society regards as essential to a civilized existence, is considered "normal". A person, however, who finds it very easy to disregard the mores and values of the society, he lives in, could be characterized as having an underdeveloped super-ego and, therefore, a low degree of the internal moral restraint necessary to control his primitive sexual and aggressive urges.

I am not trying to imply that vandalism on the college campus is sole by the result of a population of sociopathic personalities that creep out at night and destroy everything in sight without a single drop of guilt or concern for what they have done. But I am trying to search for some clue as to what transforms a supposedly well adjusted, "normal" individual from Jekyll to Hyde with what appears to be a total disregard for the world around him.

To some readers, this article might seem contradictory in that I began by expressing how disturbed I was by something that affected me very personally, and then moved on to explain my feelings in a seemingly impersonal and abstract way. One might ask, "how is it that a personal response to something affected that guy so deeply?" One might expect anger, hostility and bitterness, and therefore an article that reflects all of those things. The fact is, I do feel outraged. I am trying, however, to cleanse myself of that rage by transforming it not into an exercise in futility, but into a personal value.

I am trying, however, to overcome that rage by expressing it not in a futile manner, but in a constructive one. The references to psychological theory and the questions I subsequently raised reflect my personal bewilderment.

Let's Talk Turkey

By PAUL SINFIELD

Before you take that next bite, take a look at what you are eating and then ask yourself the following questions: Am I enjoying this meal? Does it fulfill my needs nutritionally? What are the alternatives to what I am eating? The results to such an exercise are seldom positive. There are few times in any given week that the Connecticut College Food service provides its clients (us) with warm, good tasting, nutritious meals. This should bother Conn College students who are conscientious about their health and conscientious about how their board money is spent. This article is a call for support from the student body to effect some progressive change in the food service. Below are outlined some of the major shortcomings of the present system. If you have something to add, either an additional complaint or some support for the present system, we want to hear it. Feedback is helpful. Let's talk turkey and I don't mean processed!

The temperature of food had a direct relationship to its taste. Hot food should be hot,

cold food should be cold. Oftentimes, however, this is not the case. The steamers in Harris and hot plates on some of the other dining halls do an inadequate job of keeping the food hot. Cold to lukewarm vegetables, potatoes, and entrees are commonplace. Keeping the food hot would make great strides towards appeasing the complaints of students.

The quality of food served is also an important factor in determining ultimate appeal. Bad lamb cannot be made appetizing; neither can bad steak, pork, veal or fish. Obviously student preferences for these different meats will vary, but the poor quality of the food service is almost universally recognized by the student body. This meat offers little nutritional value to the students and is oftentimes overcooked.

Similarly, the vegetables served are steamed so long that their vitamin content is greatly depleted. With the exception of some of the broccoli and spinach dishes, the cooked vegetables are tasteless and nutritionally worthless.

For many at Conn College the salad bar stands out as an

service should do a little ice cream investigation.

As critical as this article might seem we understand the limitations on a large institution's food service. We, too, have limitations. We do not expect fillet mignon every night, but we do expect hot, nutritional meals that we can eat, and perhaps even enjoy. We ask for a greater variety of alternatives to the main entree (at present we have yogurt, cottage cheese, and PB&J), improved preparation to insure consistently hot meals, and general concern for the students wants and needs. The food service should consult the students on what improvements can be made.

Our goals are simply to insure that change in the present system is effectively achieved. This will require the participation of the entire student body. Input is necessary in any system. A simple way of supporting this cause is to send this article to Ms. Geiger, the head of residence, Box 1628, or to Ms. Fisher, the head of the food service, also Box 1628.

LETTERS

Dear Conn. College,

"The buildings never change." This was my first impression as I revisited Connecticut College last weekend. The foliage looked as well managed and frankly beautiful as it always did at the summer's end. The students wore the same type of clothes I found familiar on campus - the cliché faded jeans, tee shirts and \$75 knapsacks that signified student chic. Only their faces were subtly, yet significantly, different. Perhaps they really did appear more healthy, youthful and handsome than I remembered. Perhaps though, it was only a

manifestation of the "this years' scoping is better" syndrome, which resulted from an over imaginative student's mind getting bored too easily with what is offered him.

No, the Dorms never change physically on the outside, despite an occasional add stairway or new bush, but the nervous energy they once contained constantly seems to be draining away. Maybe the ghost of Ms. Vorhee's is taken it's spectral toll, quite effectively as frisbees no

longer litter hallways and bathroom partitions no longer spout wisdom in blue marker quotes. Most significantly, the co-ed who studies with her desk (and ear) too close to the door takes even less time to sprint down two flights of stairs every time a volume control knob goes over seven on the first floor. There seems to be a few more of this type inhabiting the dorms. And after this happens a couple of times on a Saturday afternoon, standing in beer at a Cro party treating your ears

to New Wave Disco seems like more fun than having your own room invaded by loud music critics.

Which reminds me of that venerable Homecoming institution "Casino Conn." Venerable in its unchanged quality of being a slight disappointment to everyone, because the stuck up students are less than enthralled to chat with the Alumni who are too snotty to get excited about chatting with a mere college kid. Nobody has much fun.

This was not intended to be a depressing monologue about a bad time at college. It was actually a great refreshment to see that more students are found outdoors on a sunny afternoon than before. A new look is working its way past jeans after all, that of sports chic, where you can tell a student's athletic inclination by their warm-up clothes. Dozens of students have apparently turned flag football from a media event to a spectator sport with a league of strong teams participating heartily.

But let's make one last observation, for this letter does not intend advocating any violent gestures against any building or person. Something on campus is being suppressed. It may be intentional or fate, but let's lean towards the realistic. There are plainly fewer guys here, and being a guy I find this distressing, naturally. Now there are plenty of fellows doing things but it is as if they are a collection of performers, something to show off proudly to alumni, the student body majority, and importantly, to other small colleges. Let's face it, other colleges, even those whose student populations are under "adult" supervision are manyfold more violent than Conn. College has ever been capable of. Nonetheless, it appears that boys are seen as the seed of immense destructimn here because it is their nature. But it seems to me that a reverse stereotype role is being played here which is pursued through an abundance of female oriented courses and lectures at Conn. So maybe subconsciously men have reacted overly masculinely to the stereotype of being a male at a womens college.

1980 saw ten years of co-education, but could it also see the first year of a return to all women in over a decade? Statistically, there are more women in each freshman class, which could be seen as an advantage to Saturday night's scoping scene. Unfortunately, to this alumnus, it is the mark of the sad demise of the experiment of co-education here. Albeit, it was a "fun" experiment to me, which leaves me to seriously doubt what I got from here, aside from a good time. C'est La Vie, it was fun.

Tony Littlefield
(An Alumnus)

Dear Mr. Littlefield,

Allow me to respond to a couple of the concerns you express in your letter. As a member of the class of 1982 (one of the most evenly female-male ratioed classes), I too have observed a yearly decline in the numbers of males entering Conn. College. I hear that 30 freshmen are joining us in January and all of them are women. Tour guides have told me their tour

groups are dominated by female perspectives.

I, however, cannot believe that the college is deliberately phasing men out, after creating a very successful coed institution. I asked Mr. Ames a few days ago if indeed Connecticut College is discreetly trying to reestablish itself as a women's college. His answer was a most definite no. The college is, in fact, taking carefully planned steps towards balancing the female-male ratio. The Ice Arena, and the many improvements in the athletic department are viewed as hopeful attraction to men. However, as women get more and more involved in a wider range of athletics, as well as other areas they have been absent from in the past, this intent may not prove fruitful in terms of equalizing our student body.

According to Mr. Ames, the decline in male population is attributable to the fact that admissions is no longer lowering their acceptance standards for men. This is an issue that greatly concerns the administration and faculty, as it should the students. Is a more natural, well-balanced student population worth lowering the academic standards of the college? While I avidly support the preservation and extension of the male species on this campus, I say it is not.

Then the question still remains how to attract a larger number of qualified men to Connecticut. Part of the problem stems from an enduring wide spread misconception that Conn. College is a "Women's College." I'm sure you, as I, have encountered a fair number of individuals who raise their eyebrows knowledgeable and say, "Oh, Connecitcut College - that's all women, isn't it?" This could be because our alumni representatives are largely female. Don't forget that we have only 6 years of male graduates to represent us, as opposed to 65 years of female.

What all this is intended to communicate, Mr. Littlefield, is that your male followers are not being discharged for bad behavior. People are aware, and concerned about establishing and maintaining a healthy, comfortable female-male population.

Furthermore, any one who really believes that getting rid of the men on campus would solve the noise and vandalism problems is looking for a solution in the wrong place. It seems to me that the solution to that problem, and the success of the college's future lies in making all students realize that our powers and rights as intelligent adults and paying inhabitants should not be expressed and demonstrated by showing what we can destroy but by showing what we can create.

Julia Stahlgren

Dear Editor

The following is an open letter to SGA:

Unless you vote to overturn the finance committees budget is allotment for WCNI-FM on November 12, 1980, the radio station doomed to die.

This is why: According to the F.C.C.'s new ruling, all 10-watt stations must go up in power or face extinction. WCNI broadcasts at 10 watts. Thus WCNI must go up in power. Part of the transition includes becoming a stereo station like every other station in the area, or in the country for that matter. Yet this can't happen as things stand.

The facts: WCNI has asked for a minimum operating budget of \$10,320, but could receive only \$9,000 as a result of the finance committee's axe. Even more critical, WCNI has asked for a budget of \$7,285 to go stereo in preparation to increase wattage. The finance committee's response? ZERO.

Why you should vote an increase WCNI's budget: As the largest club on campus with nearly 100 members, the station provides a daily 19-hour product for college and community consumption. This includes a program of soft rock, jazz, classical, and rock music as well as news, sports, and weather eight times a day, public service announcements, and community interviews. Even more important, the station is a training ground for students interested in communications at a school that offers little else for them.

To philosophize for a minute: Developing skills in communications is essential, no matter what your major is. If you can't express it, how can you apply what you know?

A final thought: WCNI could become a professional sounding radio station. With your help, funds are needed to update the record library, expand the news department, and purchase stereo equipment and the new 100-watt transmitter in addition to bare operating expenses.

Connecticut College and its surrounding community could lose a radio station next year. WCNI's budget is essential. Don't vote against it.

Sincerely,
Nicole Gordon
Director of
Public Affairs
WCNI-FM

Dear Ms. Gordon and SGA,

As editor of *The College Voice*, I, too, feel that developing one's ability to communicate, both vocally and literarily, is an essential part of one's education. In addition, as a frequent listener to WCNI, I would like to say that I enjoy and appreciate the radio station on campus and would be quite disappointed should it be silenced. However, Ms. Gordon has provided a clear, fair case for WCNI. I wish to address a more general issue which is, however, directly related.

I attended the Wednesday, November 5th SGA meeting in which the finance committee presented their 1980-81 budget proposal. I wonder at the amount of time it has taken the Finance Committee to organize this outlined proposal. We are more than half way through the first semester, and I have just learned how large a budget *The College Voice* is working with. Because of the number of objections to the proposal voiced on Wednesday night, the proposal is still not firmly set.

I was horrified by the seemingly random, excessive increases in some allotments, and equally shocked by the backward slicing of other budget requests. While *The Spark*, a monthly newspaper which responsibly and intelligently addresses important social, political, religious, and moral issues, was allotted a sum that falls significantly short of covering their printing costs, the senior class will be enjoying a whopping \$10,000.00.

I am greatly concerned by this irresponsible treatment of the limited funds with which the Finance Committee has to work with, and by the strange logic which seems to have been applied in the allocation process. I do not think that the majority of students on this campus think it more important to add a few more class cocktail parties to the year's events or to make Senior Week more extravagant, than to enable a student publication, radio station, or research club to continuing functioning successfully. If they do, I am even more distressed.

In the meeting on Wednesday, Joanne Baltz (SGA President and Chairman of the Finance Committee) stated that no priorities were set before acosting the budget requests submitted by clubs, classes, and organizations. She explained that the committee made their cuts and increases on a non-biased, percentage basis. I do not think this redeems the cock-eyed budget. Priorities must be set and I believe those priorities should stem from the very obvious fact that this is an "institution of higher learning", and functional, educational standards must be set, then maintained outside the classroom as well as in. I ask the Finance Committee not to insult the intelligence of this community by skimping on the extracurricular opportunities and assuming it will be pacified by another keg of beer, another cocktail party, and an extra hamburger at a class picnic.

Julia Stahlgren

THE COLLEGE VOICE

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Sara Lee Silberman
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CAMPUS NEWS

David Robb: Finding New Directions

By PATRICIA DADDONA

If a tall, youngish-looking man is seen in the vicinity of the Chapel or in campus classrooms, and he looks vaguely familiar, that man is probably David Robb, Chaplain and associate professor of Religious Studies here at Connecticut College. Last year, after seven years as this campus' minister, he went away on a sabbatical. Now, back from a year of study at the Union Theological Seminary in N.Y.C., everyone has questions for him. Why did he go away? What did he do? How is it to be back? The most difficult question to answer, however, and perhaps one asked less often than these others is, how did he come to choose the vocation of preacher and teacher in the first place?

"No angel appeared at my bedpost," Mr. Robb replies to the last inquiry with a smile. In fact, before choosing the ministry, he planned to major in English and either do graduate work or study law. His goals changed because of faculty influence (especially that of Reverend William Sloan Coffin, Jr.), and their determination to take "the Christian faith with seriousness, but in such a way that it was compelling to me." Mr. Robb studied theology in his senior year, and was accepted at Union Theological Seminary as a graduate student in 1961. At that point, he "felt a real vocational call," and describes life then as "one of the most exciting times ever."

After graduate school, Mr. Robb joined the staff of the First Congregational Church in Washington, D.C., and was ordained as a minister there. For the next three years, he was primarily involved in urban ministry. In 1967, he began teaching part-time at Georgetown University, and continued to do so until 1973. Meanwhile, January of 1968 brought his release from the First Congregational Church, and his connection with the Council of Churches in Washington, D.C., where he served as a church-and-community liaison.

Far from being sheltered from "the real world" in any way, David Robb became involved with, among other activities, the "Poor People's Campaign." When the originator of the campaign, Martin Luther King, was assassinated, Mr. Robb remembers clearly how the religious community "kept the city alive for a week" as stores and businesses closed and angry citizens poured into the street. Finally, by "a fluke," in 1973, when Connecticut College was looking for an individual with Mr. Robb's background, a friend mentioned him to the school's search committee, and Mr. Robb accepted the position here that he holds today.

After six years of teaching and preaching on campus, David Robb decided that he needed "time to read, research, rethink, and explore." Supported by the administration here and by a small fellowship, Mr. Robb



David Robb,
College Chaplain.

Photo by Dave Cook

pursued his interest in the study of psychoanalytic literature, and its religious implications, last year at U.T.S. Through an intensive program offered there, he obtained his Master of Divinity in one year instead of the usual three. Giving neither sermon nor lecture, he concentrated instead on writing his thesis, a critical review of Freud's Theory of Religion. Mr. Robb also worked part-time for the Mission Board of the United Presbyterian Church and did a lot of research, especially with regard to the role of the Church in urban economic development. Happy to temporarily relocate and, as he says, re-think, he describes his sabbatical as "exhilarating." It should renew you and refresh you, he says "and that's exactly how I feel."

Like anyone else who takes time off from a career, Mr. Robb finds himself experiencing a period of re-adjustment now that he has returned to Connecticut College. There is, he asserts, however, much to do here. He is both "changing the emphases on the kinds of things" he's working on and finding and pursuing new directions in his work. He continues to regard preaching as illumination, and not as dogmatic lecturing. "I have never regarded religion as a separate category of life," he says, "as if it were a section in Time magazine. It really offers a perspective on life that is very compelling and enriching. But," he adds, "it is not the only perspective on life."

Pleased to be back, David Robb is nonetheless concerned about Connecticut College and one attitude in particular that seem to dominate the thinking of both faculty and students. "There is a psychology," Mr. Robb says, "that this school is a 'second choice'." While he finds this school "an exciting and lively place to be," he also detects a tendency towards conservatism and conformity. People feel, because of this "we're number two" supposition,

Cont. on p. 11

Freshman Class Figures

By JOHN P. HOERR

If you are a freshman at Connecticut College, you were chosen from 2986 applicants, and were one in every three who then decided to attend.

There are 452 students in the class of '84, making it the largest class at Conn. Within the class there are two females for every male. This ratio has been tending away from balancing during the past two years, due to random factors, but is expected to swing back towards a one to one male to female ratio again.

Minority students are very rare in this year's freshman class; they number about 16. This unfortunate trend, however, is not limited to Conn. Most of the colleges in

New England are suffering a similar lack of minority applications.

According to Conn's Dean of Admissions, Jeanette Hersey, minorities are often counseled to seek career oriented educations rather than work towards a liberal arts degree. To meet this need, minorities enroll in universities instead of colleges.

In response to this problem, Conn's admissions department is striving to stir up more minority interest in Conn. Unity House, the college's minority cultural center, is also taking a part in informing minority students of the possibilities available at Conn. "We are determined to have a better ratio next fall," said Hersey.

It's Music to the Ear

What has 30 legs, 15 fabulous pipes, and an incredible heavenly sound? Give up? Why the Conn Chords of course!

The Conn Chords are an all-female, close harmony singing group of dynamic and delightful darlings ready to add a little spice to your life. In the past few years, the Conn Chords have been somewhat laid back, but this year, its' vibrant and energetic members are ready for a piece of the limelight.

The group sings a vast array of popular tunes, folk tunes, and "oldies but goodies." The girls have been working hard arranging engagements to sing around the New London area in hopes of raising money to fund visiting groups and their own traveling expenses. The Conn Chords are ready to sing for you at any time. Aside from singing at colleges and restaurants, the group is ready to sing for cocktail

parties, birthday parties, or whatever you can come up with, right here on campus. If you are ever interested, just drop a note in box 382.

All of the practice and hard work that goes along with being a Conn Chord is all worthwhile as long as the girls can do what they love most, sing! More importantly, it takes people like you to support them as to make their success possible.

The group invites you to join them in an evening of song and merriment. They are pleased to be presenting the Princeton Tigertones for your enjoyment, and of course you'll also get the grand opportunity to hear none other than the Conn Chords. The concert is on Saturday, November 15th, at 8:00 in the Chapel Library. Refreshments will be served, and the donation is 75 cents. Please come and support a good cause...making people happy.

In picking the class of '84, the admissions department was guided primarily by academic achievement. Standardized test scores played an important role if the applicant's high school was not familiar to Conn's admissions department. Of those students who provided class ranks, 80 percent were in the top fifth of their class. The average freshman SAT verbal score was between 570 and 590.

Diversity also played a part in deciding a student's admission. Among the freshman, there are representatives of 29 states and seven foreign countries. Further, students from private schools make up 39 percent of the class. Considerations were given for the whole range of activities that could make a person interesting and athletes, according to Hersey, were given preference only as much as any prospective student with any talent, nonacademic or academic, was.



Photo by Dave Cook

The Conn Chords from left to right: Carolyn Blackmar, Gina Annino, Cara Esparro, Sally Becker, Holly Hubbard, Heather Stewart, Laurie Anderson, Mary Bridgeman, Cheryl Goldberg, Cindy Sasla, Nicole Nolan, Valerie Gutwirth, Andrea Klyne.

Residence Unrest?

by MARSHA WILLIAMS

Originally, I had a plan to see two articles printed about the housekeeping staff: one describing the way housekeepers and janitors feel about their jobs here, and the second article, in which the students' feelings about the housekeeping staff would be described. Unfortunately, only one article resulted.

Realizing that there would only be one article, I decided to make an attempt to present both points of view simultaneously. Rumors had begun to spread that some

housekeepers and janitors were unhappy — unhappy with the students who insisted on making their jobs more laborious by deliberately trashing dorms, and unhappy with the new demands that Ms. Geiger, head of the Residence Department, was making on them. At the same time, some students were becoming more and more bitter about the staff, complaining that they just were not cleaning.

I outlined my task, and decided that three series of interviews were necessary in

order to make the presentation of opinions accurate: interviews with members of the housekeeping staff, one with Ms. Geiger, and interviews with students on campus.

Well, I learned some very interesting things while attempting to gather adequate information for the article:

1) Members of the housekeeping staff just aren't willing to talk honestly to an outsider about their jobs;

2) Seemingly, the last person to learn anything concerning the work or

personal feelings of the housekeeping staff is the boss, Marijane Geiger;

3) The students themselves have no qualms about voicing their attitudes and opinions of the housekeepers and janitors.

Having written for the College Voice for the past three years, I have learned to keep my eyes and ears open at all times for potential stories. So, naturally, when I overheard this: "They think we're just dirty old maids," and "She thinks that we're just cleaning ladies, so we're

not too bright," I thought that there was an article to be written. The housekeeping staff was obviously unhappy...or so I thought.

Naturally, I was surprised to hear that there were no really harsh statements when I interviewed, even though I promised confidentiality. I learned that the housekeeping staff had their vacations cut. I learned that if a housekeeper or janitor were to get sick, others would have to cover and clean that particular dorm, without

Cont. on p. 11

ConnPIRG Consumer Report

By CONNPIRG CONSUMER PROJECT

The ConnPIRG Consumer Project has recently completed a price survey of local New London merchants. Items surveyed are those commonly used by students. Until this year, Conn students without cars had little alternative to shopping at the Bookstore. However with the new convenient SEAT bus system, comparison shopping is now a possibility. Since this survey was completed during the first week of October, prices may have changed thus this survey may not show exactly what the shopper will pay for these items at this time. However, the survey clearly shows that prices vary between stores, which enables the consumer to discover which merchant offers the best buy. The Consumer Group stresses the importance of comparison shopping and hopes that this survey will aid in the process. The ConnPIRG Consumer Project welcomes any suggestions for projects that students feel would be beneficial to the college community. Suggestions may be sent to Box 397.

	FINAST	BRADLEES	UNIVERSAL FOODS	REXALL DRUGS	CVS	TWO GUYS	BOOKSTORE
Tide Detergent 20 oz.	.95	--	1.19	--	--	.79	.90
Dial Soap	.39	.25	.49	.45	.51	.40	.43
Kleenex Tissues (100 ct.)	.40	.50	.99 (200)	.59	.49	.89 (200)	.46
Secret Deodorant	--	1.55	--	1.84	1.66	1.59	1.50
Right Guard 3 oz.	1.49	1.49	1.95	1.99	1.49	1.29	1.93
Tickle Deodorant	1.69	2.09	--	--	1.97	1.77	1.87
Crest Toothpaste 3 oz.	.99	.99	1.10	1.16	.85	.92	.92
Silkience Shampoo 7 oz.	1.89	1.69	--	2.09	1.79	1.69	2.28
Prell Shampoo 3 oz.	1.77	1.09	2.05	1.95	1.75	1.99	1.60
Agree Shampoo 8 oz.	1.75	1.75	2.19	1.19	1.99	2.09	2.42
Agree Conditioner	1.69	1.99	1.93	1.99	2.27	1.89	1.93
Noxzema 8 oz.	--	1.29	1.65	1.66	1.67	1.59	1.65
Tampax 40S	2.59	2.59	3.29	2.75	2.29	2.17	2.85
Tampax 10S	.85	.89	--	.99	.73	.77	.84
Bayer Aspirin 24 ct.	.89	.69	1.08	1.26	.89	1.38	1.08
Scotch Tape	--	--	1.04	.69	.57	.68	.60
Hi Liters	.49	.44	--	.48	.59	.59	.59
Pencils 12	1.19	.79	--	.99	.89	1.09	1.25
3 Bic Pens	1.39	1.26	--	--	.59	.59	.59
Legal Pads	.79	.89	--	1.19	.92-2	--	.95
200 Notebook Sheets	2.59	1.39	--	--	1.27	1.59	2.68
Notecards	.59	.39	.59	.49	.49	.49	.49
Elmer's Glue 3 oz.	.59	.39	--	--	.39	.49	.49
Liquid Paper	--	1.99	--	--	1.29	1.29	1.29
Typewriter Ribbon	--	--	--	1.39	1.29	1.35	1.49
100 pg College Notebook	1.49	1.39	1.45	1.00	1.44	.99	1.09
Eaton's Typewriter Paper	1.89	1.79	--	2.15	1.99	1.89	2.20

Tarzan Brown

Mystic River Run:

Winners but no losers

By SETH STONE

The run is referred to as a marathon, although it is only 5.5 miles. The race begins on a little side street, beyond a couple of churches, past the "Top Hat," past the "Two Sisters Deli," and past "My Store--used furniture." The course itself, running down a straightaway, with only a few inclinations, around a traffic circle, and back again is relatively easy for a runner. The location is not Boston or New York, but the quaint town of Mystic, with its antiquated Main Street and old coke signs hanging over the restaurants. The winner was not Bill Rodgers, or even Amby Burfoot or John Kelley, but Steve Gates. And, stangely enough, the race is known as the "Tarzan Brown-Mystic River Run."

"Tarzan Brown is quite a legend," said his widow Ethel Brown.

"Tarzan Brown won the Boston Marathon," reported race official Ted Owen. "He was an old-time runner, and one of the most natural runners around. He didn't use regular training methods," Owen laughed.

Ellyson "Tarzan" Brown is a legend among old-time racing buffs. Overcoming racial prejudice, he became a well known runner years before anyone was a well known runner. Brown was a black man, born on an Indian reservation in what is now Charlestown, R.I.

The participants in Nov. 2's race may not have known who Tarzan Brown was, but most were appreciative of getting an opportunity to run. Most were decked out in the latest of jogging chic. Multi-colored jogging suits, Adidas t-shirts, beanies, caps, and shades, were the order of the day. The conversations revolved around "my joggers," and "my Nikes." These pre-race outfits were complimented by post-race sweat, contortions, and grimaces.

"The weather is good," explained race chairman Fred Janney, "with almost ideal running conditions. There is a little breeze, but the wind is not really a factor. The temperature is nice, if not a little cold. It should be a good race."

Starting time for the race was 1:30, but many of the 600 runners were already limbering up by 1:00, doing anything to fight the cold. Most did sprints up and down Pearl Street, the site of the race. Others did calisthenics, including deep knee bends, toe-touchers, and isometrics against parked cars. All received last minute encouragement from their families and well-wishers.

A little boy was seen wishing his mother well. "But I hope I beat you," he said pulling off his green sweat-shirt to reveal his jogging suit and prominent 422.

The narrow street was becoming crowded. Ropes were strung along the sides to keep the crowd back, but they were not working. Runners and spectators were intermingling in a generally festive atmosphere. By 1:20 the pre-race butterflies were becoming apparent as the racers began assembling behind the starting line. At 1:30 all were ready, breathing heavily and jumping in place. With a few final announcements, a plea for spectators to clear the street, the gun was finally fired, and 600 caged lions were unleashed.

Ted Owen took his seat by the starting line. He wore a fluorescent, bright orange parka, with "North East Sports Timing Services" imprinted on the back. Owen looked like a glow-in-the-dark walking billboard.

He sat with what appeared to be a tape recorder. Three sets of commands were starkly engraved on the machine.

- 1.-Check power
- 2.-Reset after each race
- 3.-Select function

"Our purpose is to time races," explained the elderly Owen, his lined face revealing an amused expression at all the attention he was receiving. "We operate at track meets, cross-country, and we're getting big in bicycle races. As a matter of fact, we even went to Wisconsin for a log-rolling contest."

"We have a camera, to take photo-finishers in bicycle and track races. However, we

Cont. on p. 11

ENTERTAINMENT

An Evening of Jazz

The College Voice, November 11, 1980

By TIM BISHOP

Last Wednesday, a reasonably small group of people turned out at Palmer Auditorium to see this year's first jazz concert of a major scale. A band made up of Pat Metheny, Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden, and Paul Motian played a largely improvisational concert of classical jazz for an hour and a half. Although the performance by the musicians individually and together, was outstanding, this feeling was not conveyed by the audience. I'm sure many of the fans were hoping to hear some of the amazing licks

that Metheny has done in the past with the likes of Lyle Mays, Mark Egan, and Dan Gottlieb. That band's sound as a whole has more of a fusion flavor to it. But when Metheny appeared with the acoustic trio, all veterans of Keith Jarrett's quartet, the crowd seemed to be disappointed but still entertained. It would appear that Wednesday's performance was a new experience in jazz for many.

Redman and Haden joined Metheny along with Michael Brecker and Jack DeJohnette on an album released last month titled '80-'81. The

musical style of the concert was similar to that of the album. The quartet played two or three songs from the album, in the process, taking magical trips of improvisational jamming, with each musician getting a fair crack at his specialty.

Metheny, an amazing guitarist who has six albums out, seemed to dominate and shine with fantastically brilliant and imaginative playing. Often, he would cruise along on his electric guitar, experimenting, making music that periodically abandoned the sound of a conventional guitar. The fans especially enjoyed Metheny's performance.

Dewey Redman's saxophone performance was quite impressive as well, pouring out notes that were oh-so-smooth and pure. He was even seen boogying around on the stage when he wasn't playing. Paul Motian, on drums, played consistently throughout the evening, but in a style that was sometimes too random. His robot-like appearance was occasionally interrupted by a slight grin and sporadic frenzies on the high-hat. Charlie Haden, although a very talented bassist, was often passive in the group jam sessions. He simply was not heard (perhaps an amplification problem?). Only in his solos did he command attention.

My opinion of the show was that it was very good, although I am aware there are some who do not agree. My biggest complaint

was that the band didn't seem to have their hearts into their performance, with the exception of Pat who was more energetic. The fact that the bandmembers didn't talk among themselves or with the audience seemed to make them even more distant. More active participation on the part of the musicians might have entertained the crowd more.

Despite my criticism, I think this quartet plays well together. Most people were impressed with what they heard that night and will look to Metheny in the future to provide quality jazz guitar. I must commend Social Board for their efforts in getting these fine musicians to New London. It's just a shame that there weren't more people there to appreciate it.



Pat Metheny on guitar at last Wednesday's Jazz Concert. "Brilliant and imaginative playing."



Dewey Redman on sax: "Oh-so-smooth..."

Photos by Michael Sladden

"Vanities"--Triple Portrait

By JOANNE COPPOLA

Vanity. That is the environment in which this play began, with a humorous and simple context. Last weekend Oct. 31 - Nov. 2). The audience was allowed to witness the typical concerns of three high school cheerleaders, played by Cathy Sponagle, Julie Pierson, and Dayle Ballentine in *Vanities*, directed by Laura Miller. Their exaggerated characters drew laughter and provided the hindsight that invites recognition of their truth.

The play, written by Jack Heifner, is separated into three sections, each dealing with stages in the women's lives. It is an effective device on the part of the playwright, gradually drawing a complex triple portrait, tracing the development of the lives of the original teenagers through college and middle age. Each actress was successful in the singular creation of her character, and, for the most part, the relationships within the trio.

This reviewer was impressed by the strength with which all three actresses infused their portrayals, and the cores they maintained throughout the play. I got a true sense of the passage of

time and accumulation of experience between the acts. I was distracted, however, by their tendency to remind me of my status as an audience; I felt aware of the "performance" aspect of the production.

The play itself seemed to become rather murky in conclusion, having introduced subtle complexities, conflicts, that it never resolves. It felt too much an ending, when in the philosophical sense, it should have been more of a beginning. Having reviewed their lives, criticized and been criticized, and recognized the present, I yearned for them to look to the future in some hope with that knowledge. Instead I felt them resign themselves to more of the same, with the possible exception of Kathy, played by Cathy Sponagle.

The significant ironies were preserved in Laura Miller's ('81) direction of *Vanities*, and gave it its impact. Yet the vanities at which the characters sat seemed only to provide them with that two dimensional reflection, and I would have been happier with a quieter, more introspective examination. But then I suppose that is the nature of such "vanities."



From left to right, Cathy Sponagle ('83), Julie Pierson ('83), and Dayle Ballentine ('81) in *Vanities* directed by Laura Miller. It was "a complex triple portrait."

Photo by Carolyn Blackmar

ALCESTIS

is a

Rare Occurrence

By TERRY GRAVES

The upcoming production of *Alcestis* is a rare occurrence, according to Director Mel Cobb. Written in 438 B.C. by Euripides, *Alcestis* has baffled scholars for years. Usually Greek drama can be classified as tragedy or as a satyr play. (Satyr plays were the ancient Greek equivalent of slapstick comedy.) However, *Alcestis* has elements of both styles. The play defies the established structural standards of Greek drama.

Alcestis was first presented at the Drama Festival in the city of Dionysia. Each contestant submitted four plays: three tragedies and one satyr play. Euripides submitted *Alcestis* as the satyr play although it definitely has many tragic elements. The story deals with man and his relationship to the gods and his desire to transcend his mortal state. Death is a basic

Cont. on next page

The Wheaton Trio at Dana Hall

By LISA CHERNIN

The Wheaton Trio will present a program of works by Schubert, Mozart, and Brahms on Sunday, November 16, at 3:00 p.m. in Dana Hall. The Trio is the first of two groups in the Dana Series, a new part of the Concert and Artist Series that features talented performers from New England.

All three members of the Wheaton Trio are distinguished performers and teachers. Joel Moerschel,

cellist, is a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and teaches at Wellesley College. He has appeared as soloist with the Eastman-Rochester Orchestra and the Boston Pops Orchestra, and has performed extensively in New York, Boston, New England, and the Midwest. Mr. Moerschel is a graduate of the Eastman School of Music.

Nancy Cirillo, violinist, teaches at Wellesley College and at The New England Conservatory. A recipient of the Naumbourg Award, she has given solo concerts at Town Hall, Alice Tully Hall, and Carnegie Recital Hall in New York. She has appeared as soloist with the Little Orchestra Society, the Naumbourg Orchestra, and the Boston Pops Orchestra. She has toured with Music from Marlboro, the Manhattan Trio, the New Art Trio, and the Boston Musica Viva. She records for C.R.I., Delos, and Nonesuch.

Victor Rosenbaum, pianist, has been Chairman of the Piano Department at The New England Conservatory since 1973, a position he also holds at the summer Eastern Music Festival in North



The Wheaton Trio: Nancy Cirillo, Joel Moerschel, and Victor Rosenbaum. They will be tuning up in Dana Hall on Nov. 16 at 3:00 p.m.

Carolina. He has appeared as soloist with the Atlanta and Indianapolis Symphonies, and the Boston Pops Orchestra. He has performed in solo and chamber music recitals in this country and abroad including a residency at Osaka University of the Arts in Japan.

The Boston based Trio, founded in 1967, is one of the

longest lived trios in the United States, and the ensemble is justly acclaimed its brilliant, yet thoughtful, music making. The Trio plays the great Trio literature of the 18th and 19th centuries as well as masterpieces of the 20th century.

For ticket information, call the Palmer box office at 442-9131, or extension 384.

Springsteen Puts Energy Onto Vinyl

By PUTMAN GOODWIN

Bruce Springsteen has been touted as the best performer of the seventies. Since his emergence from Asbury Park N.J. in 1973, he has continually built up his fanatic following. The average everyday popular music fan however, has not found a warm spot in his heart Bruce yet. It took Bruce 2 1/2 years to make it, but now there is a Bruce Springsteen album that attempts to appeal to the mainstream, without stranding his hardcore fans. In some ways, he has done what he set out to do.

The River is a carefully packaged, two record set with plenty of pictures of Bruce and the E-street band for all the fans. The first two sides mainly feature Bruce's forte, straight ahead rock and roll. The production is very clean, less muddled than some of his recordings, but it isn't slick. The cuts really do sound live, and it is doubtful that Bruce does any overdubbing. This is a plus in itself, because it is impossible to recreate the slick overdubbed sound in concert, which is why so many bands nowadays sound disappointing in concert. Other than the clean sound on the album, the hard rock cuts sound like the best of Springsteen's work on earlier albums. It is when he slows it down that you can see a difference in this album.

"Independence Day," "Hungry Heart," "The River," and several of the cuts on the last two sides of the album count less on Bruce's voice, and his energy. They seem to be constructed with the average Joe in mind. The title cut, "The River," has one of the classic Springsteen themes, but there are shades of Neil Young in the wailing harmonica interludes. "Hungry Heart" is a great throw-away tune. You can hardly recognize his voice, as he uses his high register background vocals, and honking baritone sax are not to be taken seriously. "The Price You Pay" is a calmer Springsteen than anyone is used to.

The themes are the same, the hard rock songs are the same, it is just the slight variations that will make this album appeal to a wide audience, and certain cuts will probably do very well. For the hardcore Bruce fans, he hasn't sold himself out, and he still has his performances. His wing through the east this fall will be the true indicator as to whether Bruce is alive and well.

The most important thing to remember is to keep Springsteen in the right frame of mind. He isn't offering anybody new concepts in popular music. For him to be adjusting to the influences of music's new waves would be a sell-out. Springsteen is a good straight-ahead rocker who has energy, and gives great performances. Sit back and enjoy his ability to put some of that energy onto vinyl.

Alcestis

Alcestis cont.

theme. There are also some comical elements.

Today there are few revivals of Alcestis because nobody quite knows how to deal with it. Usually productions of Alcestis are the endeavors of scholars. This produces an overall effect that is different from the results of a purely theatrical approach such as Cobb's.

It is fascinating to think that the cast of Alcestis is re-creating and relating words, actions, and ideas that were set down 2418 years ago.

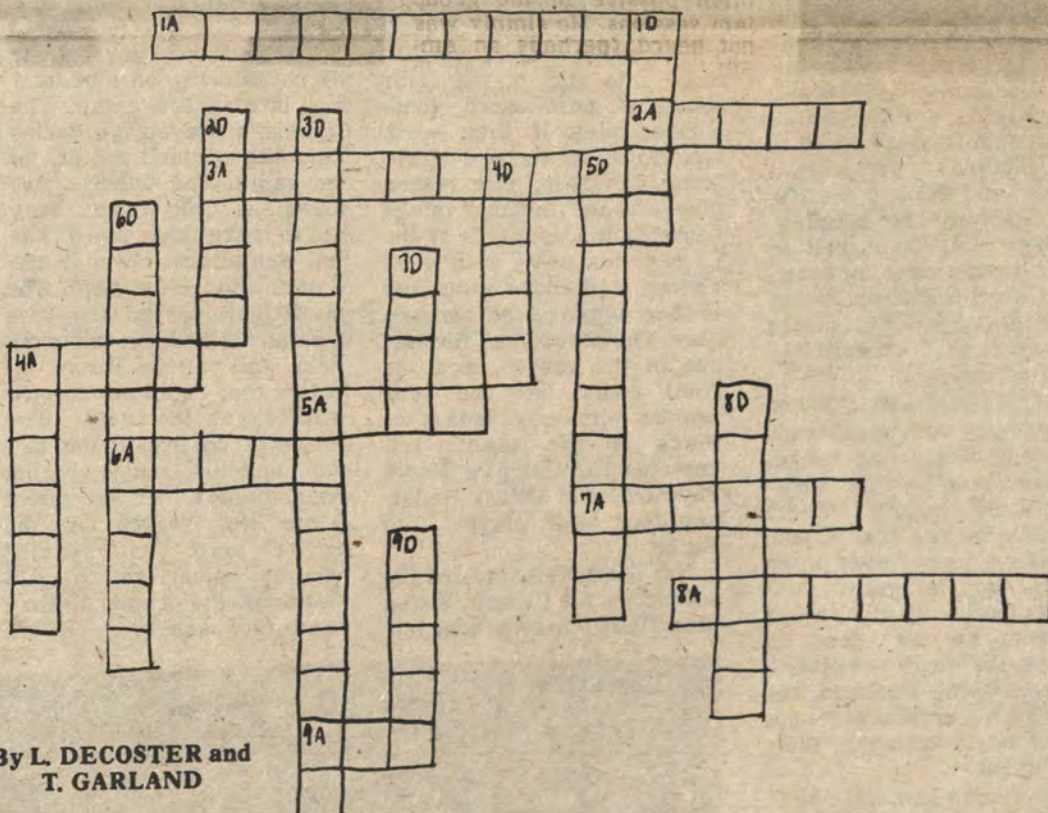
"We're trying to find out what was speaking so strongly to the Greeks at the time and then see what we can get out of it for ourselves today...a good playwright can write a play and it will always mean something," said Cobb.

In addition to straight acting there are five different choral odes which are combinations of dance, music and speech. The dance is being choreographed by Cynthia Williams, an M.A.A. candidate in dance.

The music will be a recording of the 20 known fragments of ancient Greek music. Until recently there was no auditory record of these fragments which were found in Greece and Egypt, inscribed on papyrus. The recording is the product of a Spanish musicologist who wrote the scores in modern musical notation, constructed the instruments and performed the fragments. Cobb spent about thirty hours just locating the music for the play.

Alcestis opens on Thursday, November 13, 1980 and will run through Saturday November 15, 1980. Showtime is 8 p.m. with a Saturday matinee at 2 p.m. The play promises to be a far cry from the dry, distant approach often encountered in Greek theatre. Tickets are \$1.50 with I.D.

General Hospital Update



By L. DECOSTER and T. GARLAND

ACROSS

- _____ is now a safe city because Frank Smith is no longer loose.
- Mr. _____ is now behind bars forever.
- _____, the eccentric niece of Ed Courtermaine, finally arrived.
- Leslie still feels _____ for Rick but will not admit it to him.
- _____ is running away from Laura because he feels that she betrayed him.
- _____ is asking for Luke because he wants to tell Luke that he never would have murdered him.
- Heather stole a nurse's uniform and now she is one step closer to her _____.
- What to look for in next week's paper _____.
- _____ is very unpopular this week because she opened up her big mouth to the reporters.

DOWN

- _____ is still managing the Campus Disco.
- Heather is using her friend _____ to help her escape.
- _____ is the most exciting soap opera on TV.
- Susan is trying to buy the Campus _____ from Frank Smith.
- What has just been handed down by the Supreme Court concerning F. Smith's future.
- _____ got his job back as Chief of Staff.
- Luke got a job as a _____ at Kelly's Diner.
- _____ is still pretending that she can't remember her past.
- What Alexandria sent to the Courtermaines and what Monica is. A _____.
- _____ decided to become independent from Rick.

ANSWERS

- Port Charles
- Smith
- Alexandria
- Love
- Luke
- Hutch
- Escape
- GH Update
- Amy
- Leslie

DOWN

- 10
- 9
- 8
- 7
- 6
- 5
- 4
- 3
- 2
- 1

ACROSS

SPORTS

Swimmers Drown Opponents



The AquaCamels dove into what promises to be an exciting season with their victorious meet against Holy Cross last Thursday, Nov. 7.

By MARSHA WILLIAMS

Spectators witnessed an excellent display of talent Thursday evening as the Women's Swim Team, also known as the Conn College AquaCamels, defeated Holy Cross by a score of 85-32.

"We're psyched!" tri-captain Ellen Hennick exclaimed after the meet. All of the team members, as well as Coach Clifford Larrabee, were psyched. Practically every swimmer improved her time, but the big winner of the evening was sophomore Linn Speers. Not only did she break two pool records, one for the 50-yd. butterfly (29.0) and one for the 100-yd. butterfly because (1:06.8), but she came within seconds of qualifying for the Nationals. "I'm really surprised with the 100-yd butterfly because I've never done that well in competition," Linn said, smiling ear-to-ear. "I hope to bring it down even more...and with Coach Larrabee I know I can."

Other winners include tri-captain Jenny Davis, who touched the wall after only 28.1 seconds in the 50-yd freestyle and also won the 100-yd freestyle; Jenny Burns, also a tri-captain, who placed first in the 100-yd backstroke; and Susan Coakley, swimming in her first intercollegiate meet, placed first in the 200-yd. freestyle and the 500-yd freestyle. Rena Zurn was a

second place winner in the 200-yd freestyle, Joanne Ferrero placed second in the 50-yd butterfly, and Mary Medbery placed second in the 100-yd backstroke. Nancy Maxwell was the third place winner in both the 50-yd freestyle and the 100-yd freestyle.

Liz Sargent was a second place winner in two events, the 100-yd. breaststroke and the 100-yd. Individual Medley. Ellen Hennick placed second in the 50-yd. breaststroke, and freshman Sandy Marwill was second in the 200-yd. Individual Medley, and third in the 100-yd. Individual Medley. Although Holy Cross had no divers competing in the meet, AquaCamel Gretchen Jacobs represented Connecticut College in beautifully executed diving.

Said Jenny Davis, "we're really happy with the results, but we're not going to get overconfident because we've got some tough meets ahead." To say that Coach Larrabee was overjoyed would be a gross understatement. By the end of the meet, he was almost as wet as the team members, not from being splashed, but from the big embraces he got from the swimmers after each event.

The AquaCamels' next home meet is Wednesday, November 19, against Braindeis. BE THERE.



Liz Sargent races for the wall.

THIS WEEK IN THE CCFFL

WRIGHT	14	LARRABEE	7
WINDHAM	17	FREEMAN-JA	14
SMITH	42	HARKNESS-PLANT	14
WINDHAM	21	MARSHALL	0
HARKNESS-PLANT	49	LARRABEE	7
SMITH	60	KB-BLACKSTONE	0
BRANFORD-BURDICK	21	WRIGHT	13

Smith (6-0), Windham (6-1), Branford-Burdick (6-1), and Harkness-Plant (5-1-1) are at the top of the standings in the CCFFL and have already clinched the four play-off spots in quest of a trip to the Super Bowl.



Jeff "Tex" Hillford, quarterback of the undefeated Smith machine, runs the ball against Harkness - Plant.

Soccer Ends on a Big Note

By ANDREW CHAIT

Last Saturday, the Camels took on the Bisons of Nichols College in what was supposed to be a tough match. Nichols came into the match with hopes of post-season tournament play if they were victorious. By the end of the game however, post-season play was the farthest thing from the Bisons minds as the Camels ran away with a 4-1 victory, and added some fuel to their hopes of post-season play. The game, was the last one of the season, and the final game for the four seniors who have meant so much to the team; tri-captains Jim Gabarra, Kevin Sayward, and David Geller, and fourth year player Tom Burke.

Jim Santaniello opened the scoring for the Camels, with a beautifully placed header into

the upper corner of the net. As the game went on, Kevin Sayward tallied twice and Randall Klitz tallied once. The Bisons only goal of the afternoon came on a penalty shot late in the game. The Camels outplayed the Bisons from the opening minute of the game. The defense was sharp, as Chip Orcutt only had to make three saves. The ball was almost never in the Camel end of the field. The midfielders passed well, kept the ball in the Bison end of the field, and cut the Bisons off before they could attack past midfield effectively. The forwards controlled the ball well and had many scoring opportunities. An excellent game was played by the entire team but special mention must go to Jim Gabarra, the teams all-time leading scorer, Kevin

Sayward, the teams third leading all-time scorer, David Geller, who was always heard encouraging the Camels on the field, Randall Klitz, and Chip Orcutt.

The Camels ended the season with a record of 8-5-2. Their level of play improved greatly during the season, and they surely would have been tournament bound if it had not been for a four game losing streak early in the season. Unfortunately the Camels did not get an E.C.A.C. Tournament berth; the last one went to Coast Guard. The Camels are losing four key players to graduation but with some good freshmen and the returning players, there should once again be a high caliber of soccer here next fall.



The Camels wound up their soccer season with a 4-1 win against Nichols College.



The Women's Field Hockey Team: Exceptional performances, and outstanding teamwork. Photo by Carolyn Blackmar

Field Hockey Success

By MARSHA WILLIAMS

The Women's Field Hockey team recently completed its season by attending the North East College Field Hockey Association Tournament in Mt. Holyoke College.

The lady Camels won two games and lost one during the tourney. They lost their first game against Smith College on Saturday morning but came back strong Saturday afternoon to defeat Barrington College 1-0. Collette Beaulieu scored the lone goal for the Camels.

On Saturday afternoon Conn. took on Skidmore College. The Camels dominated the first half but could manage only 1 goal, (Shelly Warman). The score

was 1-0 at the half. Skidmore came-back in the second half to tally one of its own to make it 1-1. The Camels retaliated just 5 minutes later when Collette Beaulieu scored the deciding goal. The final score: Conn. College 2, Skidmore 1.

Coach Nita Lamborghini was extremely pleased with her team's performance. She cited the exceptional performances of Collette Beaulieu, Susan Quigley, Ebit Speers, Jane McKee and Kath Smith, but felt that the team's success that weekend was due to "teamwork". She said, "The women really put everything together this weekend. They played

exceptionally well. It was a total team effort."

Susan Quigley was cited for her skill and hustle and was selected to the North East College Third Team. She will go on to compete at the North East Tournament to try for a spot on a North East Sectional Team to compete at Nationals.

To add to the success of the weekend, Conn. College won a \$100.00 scholarship for a chosen field hockey player to attend the hockey camp of her choice.

The Camels end their season with a 5-9-2 record. Coach Lamborghini is excited about next season, as all of her players will be returning.

Volleying in the Championships

By TANAH KALB

Point! Game! Match! These were the words heard most frequently in the gymnasium on Friday, October 31, and Saturday November 1. On these two days, Connecticut College's

Varsity Volleyball team held the Division Championships here for the Division Three teams. Included in this division are Connecticut, Trenton State, Brooklyn College, Lehman College, Eastern Connecticut State

College, Eastern Nazarene College, Barrington College, and Oneonta College.

Going into the Championships, Connecticut was in good standing with a record of 12-13. On Friday, the team played two matches, one against Lehman College and one against Eastern Nazarene College, both of which Connecticut won. These two victories set the team up to play against Oneonta College on Saturday morning. After a disappointing loss in the first match, Connecticut was able to try again in the playoffs against Oneonta. In a well attended and supported game, spectators watched the team suffer a loss after beginning the game with a 7-0 lead.

According to the Head Official of the tournament, Connecticut's tournament was "the most organized and efficient I have ever seen." she had ever seen. Having officiated at many of Connecticut's games in the last couple of years, as well as this season, she said that this year's team was the best Connecticut College team she had ever seen, and that their skill and discipline had improved tremendously.

After the tournament, players

Conn. Takes Down its Sails

By MICHAEL SLADDEN

Connecticut sailing finished its Fall season November 1 and 2, with impressive showings in the New England Championships and the Priddy Trophy. Both events were two day regattas on the Charles in Boston. Team spokesmen expressed great enthusiasm about the season, the first Connecticut has raced as a full member of the New England Intercollegiate Sailing Association.

The N.E. Champs, the Schell Trophy, was raced by Michael Sladden and Heather Cusak, John Harvey and Ginny Pasternak, Peter Shope and Sarah Nightengale, and Rob Hitcock and Nancy Richardson. Rotating in two divisions through the two-day event, the squad managed a tenth place finish out of sixteen of the fastest college squads in North America. Celebrities at the regatta included Ted Hood Jr one of the sailing Hood dynasty, Stuart Neff, the All-American from Tufts,

and Peter Melvin, Olympic trials winner in 470's.

"It was a great opportunity to learn," said Harvey, "and a big step forward for our school, to be chosen one of the fifteen best in this tough New England league."

The Freshmen championships at Harvard saw heavy winds the entire weekend, Skipper Gail Miller and crew Cameron Hall found it hard-going in the Priddy: capsizes in freezing water and gusts over thirty knots notwithstanding, Gail remarked, "We had fun."

Connecticut Sailing now looks toward varsity status as a reward for its steady climb in prestige and organization amongst the North Eastern super-powers. Its members cite team depth and good relations with host-club Coast Guard as further impetus; besides that, one member says, "A nationally ranked sailing team is going to attract a lot of attention from perspective students, and giving alumni as well."



The 1980 Connecticut College Women's Volleyball Team.

Meagan Vosbough and Beth Schelling both agreed that their team had played better in this tournament than they had played all year, and they were both very pleased with the performance of the team as a whole. They praised the amount of support they were given by the spectators, as well as their own team spirit. Both added that the team spirit added to all of the ability to produce a tournament "full of tough volleyball and great playing."

Coach Marilyn Gellish also had much praise for the team as well as the tournament as a whole. Coach Gellish said that the tournament always produces the best playing by the team because more

"psych and endurance" is needed. The skill of the team as a whole carried them through the tournament. Beth Offenhartz played very well offensively, and had many good hits due to Margot Mozer's sets. Kim Carlson also added much to the playing with her good defensive work. Coach Gellish added that the most important part of the tournament was the "fantastic overall team spirit and support."

The combination of good playing, team spirit, and cooperation of all the teams involved produced a very good tournament, and one that certainly proved the talent and skill of the Varsity Volleyball Team.

Photo by Carolyn Blackmar



Beth Schelling spikes the ball during exciting tournament action.

OFF THE TRACK

The Night Before Grandmother's Departure

By WILLIAM C. MAGUIRE

The sunset's fiery red and orange in the sky. Cool smoke rises through the cool air, touching the clouds. Leaves burn and fall from the trees in droves. They smell like autumn. The ground is hard. The grass which had covered it in green was white and thin now like the hair on grandpa's head when he was alive. He rests asleep in town about five miles from the house. He had creaked before he died and been hunched when he walked. Grandma is still alive. She cried when grandpa died and fits in her rocking chair and reads or knits. Her sweaters feel good. They're rough and scratch tough. One might say you have to wear a t-shirt underneath. That's if you don't want to be itching all day.

The breeze hurts. It isn't a summer breeze. It is what dad calls a Northerner. The fishing is still good usually around this time of year, except the bobber doesn't move. The worms were hard to find too. You have to go look in old leaf viles that were still warm because you couldn't dig them anymore. The water feels cold not like summer when you can put your feet in and wait for a nibble. Nope, you got to sit behind the old elm in the backyard. The one that goes along by the stream with the big old Knotty roots that stick out of the ground. The roots aren't comfortable to sit on. Hours can pass when your fishing and it seems like minutes especially when you've got homework.

Blake Roderick down the road says he caught a two-pound rainbow the other day. They only get to be a pound says Eggy Liebowitz. Blake says that he isn't lying and his face turns red. Then the teacher yells that recess is over. Math always follows recess. It's hard but Dad knows it pretty well except it's too easy for him and he doesn't like to help because he has to read the paper at night and smoke his pipe. Mom says that Dad works hard and not to bother him. Homework can't be that important anyway.

It's almost dark and Mom footsteps echo from behind. Thunk, thunk, thunk on the cold ground, coming to get me for dinner.

"Johnny...Dinner", her voice sounds from behind. She's been expecting that she wouldn't of had to come and yell. Fishing is more important than eating at 5:30 on the dot anyway. Dad says that women don't understand these things. Girls don't either and they're sillier than mothers anyway. The worm is white and dead. He must have been in the water for at least an hour. He feels cold and rubbery and wet.

The kitchen's warm. The wood on the floor feels better than the ground. The walk through the yard hurts your feet when it's frosty. Your skin gets hard and sticks and stones dig into it, so it's like you're walking on gravel in summer. Mom's pot roast smells from out of the stove. It melts in your mouth when you put in butter and her

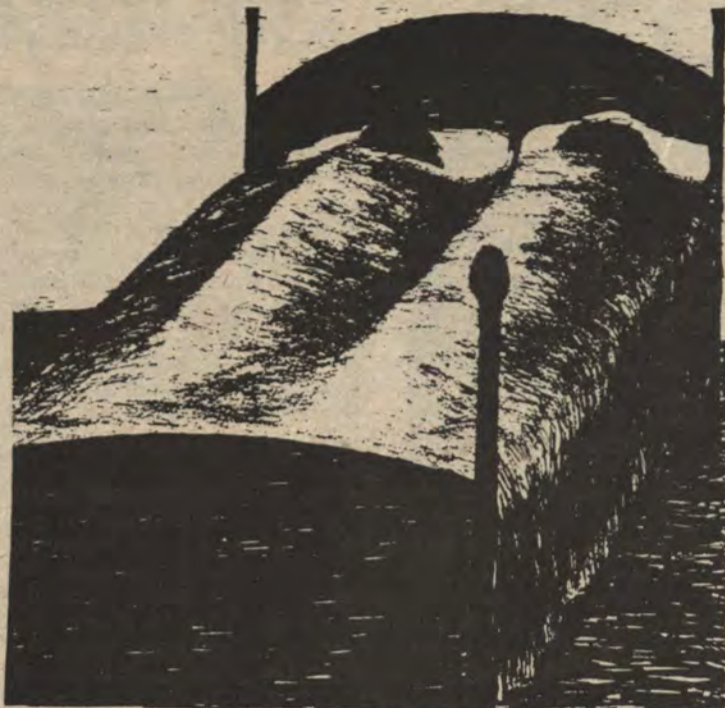


Illustration by Allen Moore

gravy, lots of gravy and mash potatoes, the gravy's got little onions and mushrooms in it. It all feels like warm pudding when you swallow it. That's for dessert though. She pulls the pan out of the oven all steamy and bubbly and puts it on the counter. Rags watches Mom pull the pan out. He drools on the floor and Mom spanks him and sends him out of the kitchen until after dinner. Dad always says the dogs aren't aloud in the rooms where people eat or sleep. He's got to sneak up to bed every night past Mom and Dad.

The silverware clinks on the plates and the steam rises up and hits the light in the middle of the table. Mom always dishes out the beans, else they sit in the middle of the table. Dad spoons out the pot roast. He says that Mom's pot roast is the reason why he married Mom. He always gives you a lot of pot roast probably to off-set the beans. Everything tastes so good that you forget and eat too much. Dad doesn't. He says that you can eat more when you're older though. It's almost impossible to finish one of Mom's pot roast dinners and still be able to move. Not after eating her vanilla pudding anyway. Even the spoon tastes good with vanilla pudding on it. Rags barks at the door because he knows it's his turn. Mom lets him in and gives him the gristle. He wags his tail and gulps, chomping down the fat and gristle without even chewing it. In a minute it's gone. He looks up through his sad eyes and wonders why he doesn't get more. He'd eat all day if you let him. Mom says it's bad though because he'll get fat.

Dad always reads the paper after dinner and thick smoke curls up from his pipe. It doesn't smell like burning leaves, kind of like burning rope though except a little smoother. It hangs in the air near the ceiling. Mom always opens a window and fans the air and sometime shouts at Dad but not usually. Tonight she doesn't. She just reads in the kitchen. Her eyes move and twinkle as she stares at the pages. Dad's in the living room. She looks over and says something about school work and points upstairs. School work is so boring but excuses

don't seem to make any difference. She points upstairs again. The clock on the wall reads nine o'clock. The math and the science book are on the counter. Mom hands them over. Rags comes through the kitchen door but Dad yells from the living room not to let the dog go up in the bedrooms. The stairs feel colder than the kitchen floor. The second floor is much cooler too.

You can hear grandma in her room with her nurse asking her if she needs anything else. She can't walk downstairs anymore. She still tells good stories though about when she was younger. The nurse is black and tired. Grandma doesn't want her there but she stays anyway. She washes her and gives her baby food which she spits up and complains about. The nurse yells at her and tells her to eat it anyway that she'll starve if she doesn't. Grandma doesn't listen to the nurse. She wishes that grandpa was here with her. The nurse never met grandpa and thinks grandma is a foolish woman who complains too much.

Long division is impossible. Dad probably won't want to do any either. The teacher says that the science project has to be in a week. She wants a cardboard box with a model solar system in it. She gave the class different size styrofoam balls for planets and the sun. There is also some string to tie the balls up with and some paint. She put a Life magazine on the display table and said to paint the planets like the pictures in there. Jupiter was blue and yellow and red with a big dark spot in the middle of it. It's hard to paint the planets like the pictures. The big red spot isn't too hard to get right. The styrofoam balls crunch when you turn them in your hand. The paint sinks into the little holes and disappears. The colors don't come out the same as they did in the jar. Painting them can wait until later. The balls rest on the paper and the paint drips out of the holes where it disappeared before.

The clock on the dresser reads 10:30. Bedtime in a half an hour. "Her Majesty's Secret Service" lies next to the clock. James Bond is much better than long

division anyway. Besides Mom would see the styrofoam balls dripping paint and not get mad. She knows about the science project. The branch outside the window creaks kp against it. The wind blows and whistles through the trees. The old elm creaks and groans. Dad says it's dying and he's going to cut it down. The stream gurgles and the leaves crackle as they sweep along the ground. Rags barks at the leaves. He thinks they're alive and are attacking the house. He's a good watchdog.

The words begin to blur on the page. It's almost time for bed. Mom will be coming up soon. Grandma's in bed. Her nurse left about an hour ago. Her white heels had clicked on the stairs, clip clop, clip clop. She sounded like Mr. Saunder's horse Benjy when he walked up and down the field and ate grass. Mr. Saunders has a farm on the far side of town, near where grandpa is. Grandma rolls and tumbles when she sleeps and sometimes groans. Her room is next door and you can hear everything she does. Sometimes she snores and grunts at night and wakes you up but not usually. Mom's got to get up in the night and give grandmother medicine. Dad wants Grandma to leave and go to a home but Mom refuses to let her go. She says she'll die. Mom and Dad fight about her all the time. They yell and scream and Dad turns red and Mom cries. Grandma knows this but pretends that she doesn't. Mom and Dad try to keep it a secret about grandma.

The door outside swings open and Rags squeals as Dad brings him out to his house. He'd rather be up here. He'll probably howl now and wake the whole house up. Mom will probably be up pretty soon. The door slams shut. The spring on it's too tight. Dad always says he's going to fix it but he never gets around to it. The door opens as Dad comes back in. Rags whimpers lightly in the background. Click, click, click, Mom's heels tap quietly on the stairs. She makes less noise than the nurse. The door opens. Her eyes are warm and moist. She smiles like something is wrong. Her hand feels like a soft wet pillow. She takes out pajamas from the closet. The covers part on the bed. They're cold and stiff and smell like the dryer. Mom washes all the time. Her lips part and feel red like her lipstick which always comes off on your cheek. The lights flick off and Mom leaves the room. The dark walls get closer. Rags wouldn't like it up here. The branch begins to beat harder against the window like it was trying to get in. Rags isn't making any more noise. The bed begins to get warmer and a little damp up on the wall the models begin to move around and jump back and forth. Jefferson Carter says that only sissys are scared of the dark. He said he stayed up all night in the old Lucas barn which is deserted. He said he heard ghosts too outside whistling along in the wind. It didn't scare him though. He did it because Tommy Katz dared him. A pounding noise is

coming out of the walls. Boom, boom, boom. It sounds like the heartbeat noise is the Frankenstein movie last Friday. You can't close your eyes when it's dark because if you close them and the ghost sees that they're not open he can attack you, and choke you. You'll turn blue like the lady in the movie and all your veins will stick out but no one can hear you. Then he'll steal your body. The beating noise coming out of the walls keeps getting louder, boom, boom, boom. The walls seem like they're shaking.

Grandma coughs and rolls over in the other room. Her bed creaks and her bed-springs make a noise that sounds like a gate on a hinge. The sheets are now wet and hot. You can't take them off though if you want to be safe. The clock starts ticking louder, tick, tick, tick it goes. It has a lighted dial that stares at you and makes your eyes tired.

The door makes too much noise when you open it. It finally scrapes open. If Mom and Dad got up they'd yell. It must be very late in the morning probably. Grandma's door is easier to open. She sleeps like an old bear sucking air and heaving it out again. Her bed is big and soft and very deep. The quilts are old and frayed and her blankets have holes in them but she won't let Mom get her new ones. Her stomach is like a big giant pot. It's smooth though and very round. The covers feel coarse and very heavy. It's almost as if they hold you down to the bed. Grandma's room smelled like ointment and powder. Her nighty is soft as silk. Her body suddenly lurched.

"Who's there," her voice sounded worried and troubled. She looked down. "Oh...It's you Johnny...You scared Grandma."

Her hands are softer than Mom's, wrinkled like Dad's old pair of leather gloves. She closes her eyes again and her large belly again moves up and down. A breeze blows in the window. It's cool and smells like leaves. The frost makes little diamonds on the glass. A star shines through and dances, twinkling, swirling, reflecting patterns on the old rug on the floor. Rags wouldn't let her go, nope he loved grandma and she couldn't make it down the stairs, they couldn't, Dad didn't really want her, he loved, Mom wouldn't, the nurse, gotta fish for, Grandma knitted, the two and a half pounder, great sweaters, scratchy, need some, Rags wouldn't, find worms, visit Grandma.

A retraction from the author:

I apologize for my last story in the Voice wrongly titled "Portrait of a Neurotic" (it should have been "Psychotic") if it offended anyone. I was not a personal experience, I was describing but rather a creative study of what a hallucinatory psychopathic mind perceives. Fear not. I am not myself psychotic and hope that this story is a more palatable alternative for those of you who didn't enjoy the last one.

Conn PIRG

Detour

cont. from p. 1

itemized on the tuition bill and checked-off if the person paying didn't want to contribute.

Citing the use of statewide staff members who work with all ConnPIRGs, President Ames said that the trustees were not in favor of "using the tuition billing process to bring money into the school to pay part of the salary of an individual who is not appointed by the college. This applies not only to ConnPIRG but to any other group."

The issue of funding mechanisms for ConnPIRG was brought before the trustees three times, says Ames. "An unusual amount of time was devoted to the issue... There was a long discussion held among the trustees about PIRG and, while there was general approval for the group, there was unanimity among all those involved that the funding mechanism was faulty."

President Ames mentioned that he thinks ConnPIRG "sounds like a very good opportunity to involve students in meaningful research and, if it really gives

the students the chance to participate, it's a good thing."

But the President did have reservations on two issues.

"I think the trustees and the administration want to be reassured that the students are getting in on Square One with the researching, not just following someone else's ideas. One of the flyers I saw said that students could get involved with a certain 'Stop Nukes' movement. That didn't sound like research. Any kind of research on the issues ought to be where the students investigate the area and then make up their own minds... that's what liberal education is all about, not having their ideas shaped by others." Ames also mentioned that he was aware of one law suit against a college PIRG with regards to the funding mechanism.

Allen hopes that a ConnPIRG chapter will eventually be formed on campus, though, at the moment, the group members don't have any new ideas for funding. For the time being, the costs of the projects are being paid for by the members of the research group.

Members of the Connecticut College PIRG are involved in a number of

projects at the moment, all of which, says Allen, "are designed and ran by students." The "ride board" in the Post Office is the work of PIRG. Larry Kronick is working on a "Truth in Testing" project in Hartford. Other members are surveying produce prices in local stores. And research is also being done to determine the effect of the Millstone Nuclear Plant on the environment.

"We're trying to generate student-faculty support," says Allen. "When we meet with the trustees again in December, maybe it will help the chances of them reversing their decisions."

Residence

Cont. from p. 5

extra pay.

"How do you feel about that?" I asked.

"I don't know," was the response.

Perhaps the staff members interviewed were intimidated by the pen and paper. Maybe they even feared retaliation from the Residence Department should they air their real feelings. I can only speculate.

Ms. Geiger was as puzzled by the rumors as I was by the silence. She knew nothing about the staff's unhappiness, although she was aware that there are students who feel that the housekeepers and janitors are worthless. Some spend the whole day cleaning; others do not. "We have very good people, and people with lesser standards," Ms. Geiger said. "Their job is to keep buildings clean, not to watch 'General Hospital' or 'sneak-smoke' in the closet." Concerning the bitterness, however, she knew nothing.

That the students were outspoken is probably due to the fact that 1) they are the majority, and 2) they feel that they have the right since room and board pays the salary for the Residence Department.

With every problem, all sides must be heard in order for the matter to be solved. It is an endless battle if no one talks; the silence merely breeds resentment. It is equally as useless to have an outsider intervene and tell everyone how everyone else feels.

Well, this is the one article, and ironically enough, it presents only one point of view — my own. I believe that the housekeepers and the janitors are not happy with their positions at this time, but that is only an assumption. I am in no real position to do anything about it. If the silence continues, however, even those who do have the power cannot respond.

Dear Readers,

Since last year I have been planning to study in London during this year's spring semester. Therefore, the editorship of *The College Voice* will have to change hands. In keeping with our constitution, the new editor

David Robb

Cont. from p. 4

that "they can't risk very much." With the first rate faculty here, who are, Mr. Robb reminds, "dedicated to teaching and to relating to Students," and with the quality of minds, bodies, and talents all over this campus, people can and "should be putting themselves on the line more."

With respect to religion, Mr. Robb notes that many students are "disenchanted with organized religion. They have no idea of the incredible power of religious faith, or the way in which religion really explores the right questions, the deepest and most important questions." How can this be rectified? Only by participation and exploration. The Chapel has in years passed actively encouraged this discovery by initiating and supporting a variety of community efforts. These include founding *The Spark*, coffeehouses, a nuclear energy symposium, faculty dialogues, and other community service projects. All that's needed to continue the innovative tradition at this school are interested students and faculty who are willing to put time and effort (and yes, sometimes money) into such projects. There are many such people here, but most are not as active as they could be. Those associated with the Chapel in the past have been real catalysts in this community; hopefully, that quality will continue to strengthen and grow.

If these are a few of the hopes of David Robb, his more concrete expectations for the future consist essentially of "digging in here," "What we do here," he says, "is consistent, responsible exploration of religious faith." With the new knowledge and ideas opened up to him as a result of his sabbatical, and with his commitment to innovation as well as to an understanding of belief, tradition, and the past, there is no doubt that such exploration will flourish in the Chapel for as long as David Robb is with us.

will be elected, by the editorial board, from a pool of applicants. Any member of the present student body is eligible to apply, though I would suggest that the individual possess some prior experience, and knowledge of the workings of a regular publication.

From now until December 2nd the board will be accepting applications in the form of a written resume of the applicant's past experience, a sample of writing, and-or copy of a publication he or she worked on. Applications should be addressed to *The College Voice*, Box 1351. As applications are received, I will also be scheduling individual interviews with each applicant. The new editor will be selected before the beginning of exams.

Should anyone have any questions before or after submitting an application, please feel free to get in touch with me: 444-9483, Box 1230.

Sincerely,
Julia Stahlgren
Editor

Marathon

Cont. from p. 5

won't need a camera for this race."

"Everytime somebody goes across the line, you press this button," he said, lifting the machine into his lap and pointing to what appeared to be triggering mechanism, attached to a cord. "The machine prints out the order and time of finish up to 1-100th of a second."

When the retired cross-country coach at Central Connecticut State College pressed the button, the tape recorder turned into an adding machine, with a spool of paper spewing out, the numbers and finishers neatly delineated. Once Steve Gaines victoriously crossed the line at 26:59.6, and thrust his fists up triumphantly, Owen was kept busy. He pressed his button 600 times. This job may not sound exciting, but Owen was as happy as the early finishers.

"I still like the field, and this is a good way to stay involved." While Owen may contemplate retirement, there are others at the opposite end of the spectrum. Many youngsters ran, some alone, and others entered with parents. When Mike Remingino, face contorted and arms flailing, lunged across the finish line 57th, he received more applause than did Gates. But, even as the spectators hearts went out to the young entrants because of age, the young entrants took on the air of experienced athletes when speaking. Witness the jargon of 12-year-old Revell Swim:

"I didn't really feel too good the last mile, though I finished strong. I don't run much," he claimed, hands on hips, looking like the racer at ease, "but this is a big race."

While Revell fought to catch his breath, his mother, Pat, stood by, calm and relaxed. She wore a big smile, along with her shirt and running shorts. She too was a runner.

"I was 101st overall, but the second woman to finish." She then asked for her time, and was reminded it was 34:31.0. Pat was evidently happy. "I feel great. I do run a lot, especially back in high school. I got back out on the road about 5 years ago. Let's see, I run about 50-60 miles a week, in 5 or 6 days."

No records were set in the race. Some racers finished 20-30 minutes behind the leaders. No matter, everyone was happy. The thrill, evidently, was not in winning but in participating. For spectators, the thrill was not in watching a sporting event, so much as rooting for friends and family.

As more and more runners finished, the crowds pushed onto Pearl Street. Janney barked into a bullhorn, pleading with people to clear the street, but it was no use. Just as before, it turned into a party. The runners, at least the 'legal' ones, grabbed bottles of beer, congratulated each other, and waited for the official results to be posted. It was not to see the top finisher, because that was not very important. Only in a race such as this could somebody say, "I finished 67th and I'm really pleased." But, T. Lyons Bradley ('81) was sincere. Ten minutes later he asked "Who won?"

Metamorphosis II

By PUTNAM GOODWIN

I had finished with my early class, and began to wend my way to the post office. Not that I expected anything to be in my box, but a day doesn't go by without checking the ol' box at least seven times. Well as I arrived, and peered in, lo and behold there was a letter. I had almost forgotten the combo, but finally I opened her up and removed the fancy envelope. I was disappointed when I discovered that it was from the dean. I opened the letter with a scowl of contempt. After reading the contents, however, my expression changed. It seems I was being let go. Fired from

college. At first I was confused. I thought it was a joke, but it was all explained so clearly. It said that I was no longer needed here, that I could come and pick up my transcript, and that I had to be out by Wednesday. What a blow! If they had just let me know, I could have handed in a resignation, but the administration had been cruel. They wanted to see me suffer. What was I going to do? Where was I going to go? I mean, no other college is going to accept you if you've been fired as a student. I may become a hermit in the arboretum and occasionally emerge to audit the film class....

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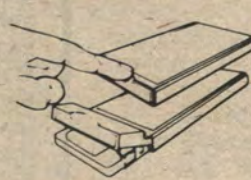
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