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THE


# COLLEGE VOICE

Connecticut College's Weekly Newspaper

November 23, 1981

Vol. V, No. 8

## Is the Nuclear Arms Freeze in the National Interest?

by Michael Schoenwald

"War is a very dumb way to settle international differences and nuclear war is insane" are the words of retired Rear Admiral Gene La Rocque, speaking in the Palmer Auditorium of Connecticut College on November 9. La Rocque is the Director of the Center for Defense Information in Washington, D.C. Previous to assuming this position La Rocque served in the navy for 31 years and was cited for participation in thirteen major naval engagements. The group's present goal is to prevent nuclear war.

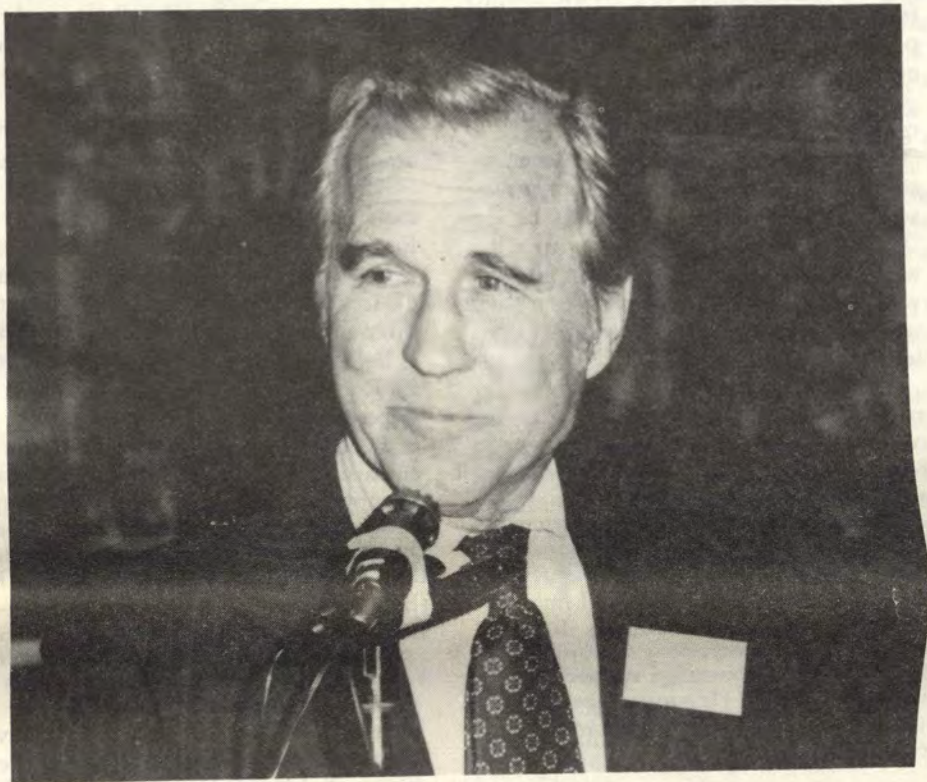
La Rocque believes that if the United States wants to slow the arms race and combat the threat of nuclear war, it should take the initiative. An agreement should be made stopping the testing and production of nuclear weapons, because "If you freeze the testing, production, and deployment of nuclear weapons you freeze the possibility of war."

According to La Rocque, the United States has 30,000 nuclear weapons compared to 20,000 in the Soviet Union.

La Rocque maintains the high number is a definite surplus. President Reagan is spending 180 billion dollar to buy nuclear weapons. The Reagan Administration wants to build 17,000 nuclear weapons in the next 10 years. "For the first time in history," asserts La Rocque, "the American public is being squeezed in health, education and housing so we can buy more nuclear arms."

Why does the United States want to buy and build these nuclear weapons? Because, says La Rocque "building nuclear weapons makes us feel more secure." President Reagan calls for huge increases in military spending "as the chief means of showing the world that the nation is number one." Another reason for the surplus of arms is to help private corporations like Electric Boat in Groton make a profit. "In the past we made military supplies only when we needed them. Now it takes so long to get these supplies because of private industry. Congressmen and senators

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## Father Berrigan

by Patricia Daddona

In the midst of a world filled not only with the old plagues of poverty and crime, but with new threats of irreversible energy shortages and nuclear war, a few individuals choose to confront these threats, instead of resigning themselves to catastrophe as if it was inevitable. The Rev. Daniel J. Berrigan, who will preach at Harkness Chapel this Sunday, November 22 at 11:00 a.m., is one such man.

Berrigan, a Jesuit priest, poet, and playwright, was convicted and sentenced to three to ten years in prison this past summer along with his brother, Philip, and six others for their roles in a protest of nuclear arms at the General Electric plant in King of Prussia, Pennsylvania. Father Berrigan and the others remain free while their trial and sentences are appealed.

On the morning of September 9, 1980, the Berrigan brothers and six others who call themselves the Plowshares 8 (after the Biblical admonition to "beat your swords into plowshares"), entered the General Electric Re-entry Plant in King of Prussia, damaged several components of the Mark 12A missiles with hammers, then poured blood on plans and other equipment in the area.

In terms of actual prevention of nuclear arms build-up, this hostile act makes little direct impact. As a symbolic dramatization of angry public reaction to armament, however, the gesture calls attention to Nuclear War as a frightening real threat. At the time of their

arrest, Plowshares 8 issued a statement explaining their action as intended to "expose the criminality of nuclear weaponry and corporate policy . . . We commit civil disobedience at G.E. because this genocidal entity is the fifth leading producer of weaponry in the United States. To maintain this position, G.E. drains \$3 million each day from the public treasury, an enormous larceny against the poor."

The group also seems determined to awaken a public who has been mesmerized by television and lulled to restless sleep by its own blind trust and apathy. Berrigan comments in that same statement: "We wish also to challenge the lethal lie spun by G.E. through its motto: 'We bring good things to life.' As manufacturer of the Mark 12A re-entry vehicle, G.E. actually prepares to bring good things to death. Through the Mark 12A the threat of a first-strike nuclear war grows more imminent. Thus, G.E. advances the possible destruction of millions of innocent lives."

Despite the persuasive arguments made by Berrigan against the nuclear arms industry, his actions and intent remain misunderstood by the public, the state, and of course, the corporations. If people do not recognize the symbolic meaning of the act made against G.E., if they do not sympathize with the underlying concern, they are apt to revert to a condemnation of the vandalism as criminal or "crazy."

Berrigan fears this short-sighted attitude, the attitude that maintains it is "best not to imagine what might be, best



to act as if the worst could not be." Motivation to take up the role of humane spokesman as he does lies in Berrigan's continual effort to "be Godlike." To do this, Berrigan said in a sermon at Conn in 1979, one "must have a knowledge that goes before the tragic, as well as a spirit apt to receive its consequence . . . It is not enough to know, one must be chosen to know. For the first is mere expertise or hunch. But the second is a bitter vocation."

Father Berrigan has taught for several years at Cornell University, where he was also Chaplain and student advisor. Of his numerous published volumes of poetry, his first, *Time Without Number* won the Lamont Prize for Poetry in 1957. Among his prose works are: *They Call Us Dead Men*, *The Trial of the*

*Catonsville Nine*, and *America is Hard to Find*.

A frequent guest at Connecticut College, Father Berrigan will be preaching at the morning worship service on Sunday, November 22, at 11:00 a.m. He will be available for informal conversation and questions and answers in the Harkness Chapel Library immediately following the service. All are welcome.

Some of the above information and quotations were taken from an article in "The Catholic Worker," Oct.-Nov., 1980, entitled, "Swords into Plowshares," by D.J. Berrigan. A copy of Father Berrigan's 1979 Harkness Chapel sermon may be found in the Chapel Library.

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# La Rocque

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must support large corporations so their constituents will have jobs."

Admiral La Rocque sees two major factors to encourage his groups' activities against a nuclear arms buildup. One is that more intelligent people in the United States, such as doctors and lawyers, are taking a sensible, rational approach to the matter and realizing that the expenditure of money on nuclear weapons is not helping the country. Religious groups, particularly hard line Christian denominations such as Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists and Lutherans, are speaking out against a potential nuclear war that they see as unethical. Another factor is that Europeans are becoming aware and angered that they are the "theater" of nuclear war; many European citizens are protesting all over the continent against the presence of tactical nuclear weapons on their soil.

What can the United States do about its exorbitant spending on nuclear arms? The answer, says La Rocque, lies in understanding the rest of the world in order to achieve a redistribution of defense responsibilities. La Rocque feels that government spending must be contained so that problems such as foreign and domestic policy can receive equal attention to military stockpiles.

"The first priority for military expenditures," affirms Admiral La Rocque, "should be insuring that the existing military establishment, including personnel and weapons, is utilized in the most appropriate and efficient manner."

Before coming to Connecticut Admiral La Rocque made several speaking appearances on the West Coast. He noticed that people there were more enthusiastic and receptive to his ideas. "People on the West Coast will accept new and fresh ideas because they realize that a nuclear war will destroy the land they cherish," in contrast to people in the east "who tend to be more traditional, to accept what the military says."

If a nuclear war is to be averted in or involving the United States, "People must speak up and show their displeasure with existing military policy," emphasized La Rocque. "If the United States and U.S.S.R. continue to make 'improvements' in their nuclear weapons, they will just end up destroying each other."

# Is the Film Clan a Flim Flam?

The College Voice, November 23, 1981

by Betsy Singer

Unlike most student groups on campus, Connecticut College Film Agency is a profit organization. "You mean there are four people who run the whole thing and they pocket all the money?" is the most common reaction to this statement. However, according to senior Paul Weiss, a board member, the CCFA is not restricted to an elite group of people who only want to squeeze money out of their peers. He assures that the structure and finances of the agency is "open to the general public."

The agency is headed by a four-member board. Each member serves for a two-year term. This January marks the end of the term for Paul, Lois Lovett, Linda Tuerk, and Jeremy Kramer. There will be a notice in the Campus Communicator saying the spots are open. Anyone can apply for the positions; application procedure may include writing an essay and/or an interview.

Each current board member has a different job and Paul notes, "there's a good diversity of personalities within the agency." In charge of publicity and personnel, Paul designs posters, and deals with movie companies and printers. He is also the boss for ten employees. "The agency pays for the employees, whose jobs may be standing at the exits, and front doors to prevent anything from being snuck in, fire warch, watching for vandalism, or cleaning up, but they work for Betsy Bringer, manager of the Box Office. Other positions on the board include treasurer and administration relations."

"Lois Lovett, our treasurer, handles money, balances books and bills, and supervises the box office. We have many expenses so the gross profit isn't just divided amongst us. The cost of the movies varies. All our movies are of the best quality. There isn't a flat rental rate. The company gets 60% of the

gross profit over a minimum. For example, the minimum fee for "Halloween" was \$700. Our books are open, so we couldn't lie to the companies about crowd size. The agency, of several years ago, did lie. Then it was more of a secretive organization which is why some people, now, look down on us, as a profit organization."

"For a regular Palmer movie, the total cost of nine employees is about \$50. They get the regular minimum wage of \$3.75 per hour, plus they see the movie for free. We also pay a union-member projectionist \$50. Publicity costs \$20; box office employees cost \$20. We pay up to \$50 just to rent Palmer. Other miscellaneous expenses such as postage, phone calls, occasional vandalism adds up to \$30."

Paul expresses pride with regard to the \$2 charge to see movies and the quality of films which are shown. "We show good, new movies, made after 1970. We try to get a variety of comedy, political, and horror movies. We thought "Dirty Duck", rated X, would attract many people. Many students came and left, but at least they DID come to see what it was all about."

"I feel very strongly about keeping the price at \$2. It's most important to keep good quality movies and I think students appreciate such things as showing "Halloween" on Halloween. It would be unfair to go up to \$2.50 as long as the film companies are keeping their rates low."

"I think the Conn College Film Society is unfair charging \$1.50 per film. It's great that everyone who works for the society does so on a volunteering basis. But, that means they don't have the expenses we have. Their films don't cost more than \$50 plus they don't have to rent Dana like we rent Palmer." Paul adds, however, that the society does show very good, classic films.

"I'm proud of the movies we get and

the prices. We get names people have heard, just like the ones shown in Groton. They charge \$4 and we have more expenses and charge less."

Where does all this money go? It sits in the SGA fund like all the other organizations. The only difference is the board members keep some of the profit. Paul explains, "What we make works out to about what a financial aid student makes—\$300 a semester. Payments come in small increments, instead. In a single week, I may work about nine hours: 4/movie, 3/poster making, plus a couple of trips to the printer."

"Last year, we donated our profits towards the purchase of a sound system. This year, we'd like to buy a new screen, priced in the thousand dollar range. There's the possibility of the administration making the payment and future CCFA's could make installment payments. Or maybe the administration could match funds."

The film agency is not all profit-making. Unexpected losses, such as "China Syndrome" shown last year, as a setback to the agency's plans for a new screen. Paul remarks, "We thought "China Syndrome" would be great. It was basically a brand new film and it was shown on a rainy night when there was nothing else to do. We ended up losing \$500 in one night."

Vandalism is also the agency's responsibility. After the recent showing of "Halloween," the group had to pay for damage such as stolen barrels as well as clean up Palmer Auditorium.

In sum, Paul says the Connecticut College Film Agency is not a money-hungry organization, raking in bucks, and spitting out trash. As Paul puts it, the "profit the board members do make serves as an incentive for continuing in the hours of preparation needed for showing a film." He emphasizes "a standard of excellence" over individual monetary advancement.

# Coping With Copiers

by Linda Hughes

The library copy machines are victims of "obsolescence", according to Mr. Brian Rogers, College Librarian. In particular, he cites the low level of reproduction quality, and the need for frequent repairs as evidence of their outdated status.

Students are very aware of the inconvenience and frustration caused by copier breakdowns. Mr. Rogers agrees that the problem is worse this year than last. The machines are more than six years old, and are run down through

overuse. One reason for this is simply the volume of work the copiers are subjected to—there are three library machines for a student body of over 1,600.

An obvious solution would be to lease a new and better copier. In fact, steps are now being taken to improve the situation and answer the needs of the community. Mr. Rogers is in the process of arranging a lease purchase agreement for another copier. He hopes the new machine will ease the work load, and thus increase mechanical dependability and upgrade copy quality.

# A Women's Group

by Lee Ann Christiano

A new women's group, calling itself "Equality Under Law" has been formed on the Conn College campus.

Ms. Vicki Kurtz, president, is presently enrolled in a Women's Studies course taught by Ms. Jane Torrey, Professor of Psychology; it was Ms. Torrey's idea to start a women's group. Ms. Kurtz said that the group was formed when six students met for dinner one evening to discuss the possibility of formulating a women's group. The students had experienced an introduction to consciousness raising in the classroom, and considered the possibility of extending it into their meeting.

Ms. Kurtz and Ms. Melinda Macht explained that consciousness raising is a type of small, informal discussion group, where the participants speak personally and on the same level with one another. It is a means of finding direction with the intention of helping women to pursue political and social action. The group found consciousness raising to be fun, but lacking in ample content for regular meetings. On the whole, the group voiced a stronger interest in the political, rather than just the personal aspects of women's issues, and they are mainly focusing on the political side of the ERA.

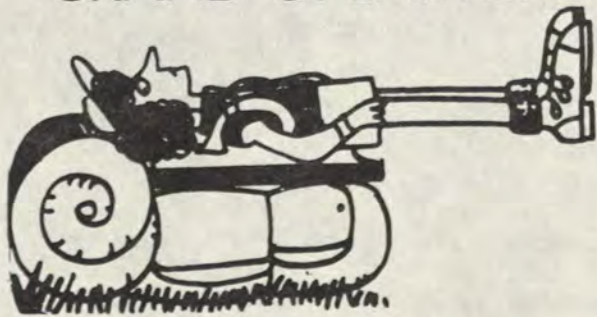
According to Ms. Kurtz, Ms. Torrey, a member of NOW (National

Organization for Women), was elated with the student's political interest and told the group that she would help them get started. Vicki Kurtz referred to herself as "President pro tem" of the group, explaining that she got the position by being the mediator between Ms. Torrey and the interested students.

Also supporting the group is Ms. Cynthia Ruben, a new instructor in the Art Department. According to Ms. Kurtz and Ms. Macht, Ms. Ruben had worked in Washington as a message brigador, which is a system designed to alert public officials in unratified states about the public sentiment towards the ERA. For a fee of \$2.00, five or six times a year, NOW will send through the mail the name of a legislator in an unratified state whom you write a letter to, voicing your support of the ERA. The Equality Under Law group hopes to have a Conn College graduate who formed NOW in New London speak in the near future.

Ms. Kurtz and Ms. Macht informed me that they are the only original group members, explaining that there has been a large turnover of members in the group. They expressed the need for letter writers, and emphasized the fact that men, as well as non-college members are encouraged to join the group. Interested people should contact Vicki Kurtz, Box. 678.

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# Multilateral Lending Institutions: A Taxpayer Ripoff

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by Patrick Kennedy

With an administration that is committed to scuttling the policies that have failed our nation in the past, it is distressing that there has been no significant policy change in the area of international development. The Reagan Administration's decision not to significantly reduce our contribution to international lending agencies or to obtain concessions relating to aid policies does a grave disservice to the American taxpayer.

In the first place, the very idea of holding foreign aid sacrosanct while making necessary cutbacks domestically is not fair to citizens of the United States. With the budgetary constraints that we have to operate under, we cannot afford to provide escalating amounts of aid with appropriations like the most recent International Development Association (IDA) replenishment, which would commit us to provide \$1.85 billion in 1984 while we are trying to balance the Federal budget. It would be one thing if our multilateral aid policies were more effective than our domestic expenditures, most of which have proven to be counterproductive. But this is not the case.

Let us look at the case of the IDA which makes "soft" loans at no interest for supposed development projects. Currently, 33% of the IDA's funding is provided by the United States, but we have only 21% of the vote in IDA decisions. Furthermore, we don't get our money's worth from the institution, receiving only 15.5% of IDA procurement contracts. On the other hand, Japan provides only 10% of the IDA's funding but gets 16% of the procurement contracts and West Germany gets 14% of the contracts while providing only 12% of the aid. For our country to acquiesce in these procurement policies (not to mention the fact that the oil-rich OPEC nations contribute very little) and still provide all the funding requested is simply not prudent.

Even more importantly, however, let us see where this money is going. India alone receives 41% of this aid and a total of 60% goes to four countries—India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, and Indonesia—in the same geographical area. The fact that so much aid goes to India dispels the notion that this money gives us influence in these countries, since India has consistently pursued policies hostile to the United States and has used these resources to develop a nuclear capability. Even more importantly, countries in Latin America, Africa, and Southeast Asia who do not have this

nuclear luxury have to content themselves with dividing 40% of the aid pie, or less than India alone receives.

The justification for the establishment of the multilateral development banks (MDB's) was the belief that less developed countries (LDC's) did not have adequate access to the capital markets. However, with the dramatic growth in private lending to LDC's over the past ten years, there are plenty of opportunities for Third World countries who can use capital productively to borrow. Therefore, the MDB's are, in reality, only performing the function of allocation of resources.

It is this function that is most damaging. First of all, it is an attempt at global economic planning, which tries to subordinate the unique characteristics and aspirations of all nations to a technocratic economic orthodoxy imposed by outsiders. It is also responsible for misallocation of resources, because the MDB's do not necessarily allocate them where they do the most economic good.

Part of this is our fault: in 1976, at U.S. instigation, the World Bank's charter was amended to make "social development" coequal with economic development. In other words, 50% of the money loaned is to be used essentially for redistributive purposes instead of development purposes. In other words, these resources are not used to develop new wealth, which could provide jobs and a better life for the people of the Third World for generations to come. Instead, it is poured down the drain.

It is time to stop pouring money down the drain of centralized economic planning and redistributive politics. It is interesting to note that the most prosperous country of the Indian Ocean region is not one of the four previously mentioned which account for so much IDA aid. It is Sri Lanka, which has the highest growth rate and lowest inflation rate in the area, without much IDA aid, because of low taxes, a sound monetary policy, and free enterprise. As for the effectiveness of the politics of redistribution, we might remember that income distribution actually improves with economic growth, not the other way around. In short, the world's poor can only be helped if world leaders and technocrats learn to have less faith in their own limited abilities to devise omnibus solutions to complex world problems and to rely more on the marketplace for the production of wealth and the elevation of standards of living.

## -LETTERS-

To the Editor:

I agree with Michael Sladden's editorial concerning SGA and the whole 1981-1982 budget issue. I myself am angered and amazed at what SGA considers to be in the best interest of the college campus. I am a member of the Board of Directors of WCNI and would like to respond to SGA's qualms about WCNI.

1. I do not understand how SGA can maintain that WCNI is poorly managed. I have never seen a member of Finance Committee in the station or at our weekly board meetings. SGA has made no effort to find out how WCNI is run or how any radio station is run for that matter. To me, calling WCNI poorly managed is just an excuse.

2. The whole issue of the party is another excuse that SGA has blown out of proportion. The marijuana was not purchased with WCNI money. The party was also not officially sponsored by WCNI. It was never approved by the Board of Directors. My dorm was one

## As CNI Seets It . . .

of the few dorms which actually discussed the budget and the majority of the dorm members felt that the party was a minor issue compared to the service that WCNI provides. I am appalled at Nat Turner's comments regarding WCNI which he uttered at his dorm meeting in Harkness. I am sorry to burst his bubble but Social Board probably spends more than WCNI's entire budget on alcohol, a substance which can also be called "dangerous to the campus community as a whole". I am sure that Social Board has broken the law many times by providing alcohol to minors. Wherever he acquired the idea that the administration was thinking of revoking our license, I don't know. That statement is completely untrue.

3. SGA has no right to punish us for what they think was WCNI's "wrong doing". SGA is not a disciplinary agency and can not withhold money to punish an organization. SGA is blatantly overstepping its rule. If punishment were warranted it should not have been

handled by Finance Committee, but by Judiciary Board.

4. The way in which the budget was passed is crystal clear evidence that SGA is poorly managed. Half the dorms never discussed the budget, which is SGA's responsibility. SGA became aware that their budget was coming under attack from all sides, and therefore held the vote a week early to have an automatic roll call vote. Finance Committee must have known something was wrong with the budget when so many house presidents voiced their opposition to it, but SGA hastily passed the budget so they would not have to draw up another one.

SGA is not working as it should and something needs to be done about it. By cutting WCNI, SGA is not only damaging the radio station, but its own reputation as a viable student government system.

Paul Wisotzky, '84  
News Director, WCNI

## Financial Board Strikes Back

To the Editor:

In all my years as Class of 1982 President, I have never been outraged as I was upon reading last week's issue of *The Voice*. The accusations leveled at the Finance Committee were so strong, the implications so deep, that it is time someone from the Committee takes a stand. This letter will attempt to explode the myths perpetuated by Mssrs. Sladden and Oliva in their effort to show the campus their side of the story. If the final shreds of my popular support are destroyed in this defense of an unpopular budget, then so be it. It is a

better alternative than failing to stand up for what I believe.

It seems wise to begin by destroying the myth of a Finance Committee which is small, secretive and unrepresentative. To do so requires only the introduction of the membership. They are: the SGA Vice President; the Dean of Student Affairs; the Director of Student Activities; the Student Organization's Head Treasurer; the Chairman of Social Board; the Senior Class President; three House Presidents, elected by a majority vote of the student assembly as repre-

Continued on Page 5

## Energetic

To the Editor:

In response to Oakes Ames' letter enclosed in last week's Communicator, I would like to describe a day in the life of an energy conscious student here at Conn College. I'll call her Prudence.

After Prudence opened her eyes in the morning, she rolled over to see what time it was. As soon as she moved that first toe, the cold sheets sent a shock through her body. Realizing that she could not stay in the same position all day, she bravely sprung from her warm bed in J.A. to begin her day.

Prudence washed and dressed very

quickly in order to arouse some body heat, and when she was done, she gathered her books for class. It was 10:00 a.m. when she started out the door. As she was fumbling for her key, Prudence heard the radiator clanking away, finally beginning to produce some heat. She rolled her eyes in disgust and closed the door.

When Prudence returned from class, she thought she'd read for a while. After half an hour or so, she was pretty stiff from the cold. But since Prudence was so prudent, she wanted to do her part in

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# CAMPUS NEWS

## Bring Back Faculty Fellows?

The College Voice, November 23, 1981

by Robin Lynn Waxenberg

Connecticut College's Faculty Fellows Program, created in the late 1960's, brings back a wealth of memories, criticisms and future suggestions from many of the faculty who participated in it. Faculty members then, were slowly being replaced by senior year students as dormitory housefellows. The program was designed to continue informal student/faculty contact in a new fashion. Although it lasted only a few years, the faculty-fellow program reinforced this contact through student/faculty meals, after dinner conversations, party celebrations and holiday festivities.

Russian Studies Professor Marijan Despalatovic remembers the program as a beneficial and profitable experience. He was a fellow in Lazrus, then a cooperative dormitory. In addition to eating some meals with the students, he "used to go and work in the library until eleven or twelve o'clock and then take a walk down to Lazrus. Word would just spread around that I was there. I'd have a cup of coffee with the students," he recalls, "and whoever would want to talk would come around for fifteen minutes, half an hour, and then we'd go about our business again."

Professor Despalatovic feels the Faculty Fellow program was of great value. "Students are my source of learning," he comments. "I like to find out what hurts, what students like, what they consider good and honorable, what it is they consider wicked or poor. I need to learn that in order to be able to teach." He also feels that the informal student contact made "life and learning an integral process and allowed for intelligent conversation." Mr. Despalatovic believes the program ended due to an administrative decision that faculty dining in dormitories was too costly and waning student interest.

Will it ever work again? "I don't know," he replies. "I think if a call goes out, there will be an immediate response."

Dean Alice Johnson says the idea of the program was for "faculty to be seen as friends, not just individuals interested in a teaching profession, but human beings interested in student concerns." She was a member of the small faculty-administration committee which established the Faculty Fellow Program. She notes all faculty were invited to participate, to select a dormitory and establish informal relationships with the members of that residence.

The role of the fellow, according to Professor of Government Marion Doro, was something each member could design for him or herself. Professor Doro, like Dean Johnson, described the relationship of student to faculty member as an "informal process, very much in the category of friends." She too served in Lazrus. "I pretty much followed the practice of going over to dinner once a week. Out of that kind of relationship I got to know the students in a non-academic environment and it was rather fun."

Professor Doro also feels this kind of weekly "structure" hindered the program. She notes a general complaint that faculty would arrive to have meals with students, and often, students never appeared. "I think one of the reasons the program petered out is students began to lose interest. If a program like this is to be successful, it will have to be initiated by students."

Since the program was developed by faculty and administrative personnel, perhaps students themselves were not fully aware of the program's design and function. Miss Doro also notes there were other growing forms of social contact available on campus—clubs, public events, and eventually coeducation—which may have distracted student attention away from the Faculty

Fellow Program.

How would Professor Doro redesign the program? She suggests "floating the idea around the dorms, let the students decide if they wanted it and if dorm members would attend it. Keep the program as unstructured as possible and let each dorm determine the frequency of what they would do." Too much structure would limit student interest, she notes. But "if the framework were there, if the program was open and left to spontaneous levels, with a degree of flexibility, it might be more successful."

Miss Doro summarized her experience as worthwhile and service a purpose. "I enjoyed being able to talk with students. I think they had a sense of me and I had a sense of them which would not have been achieved otherwise, because I saw them in a less formal atmosphere. It was quite nice."

Professor of Mathematics, Ernest Schlesinger was also a fellow. But he found his experience quite different from Miss Doro's. "I hoped it would be a good experience but I found it somewhat frustrating. The idea of a Faculty Fellow Program is a great one, but it would have to be organized in a different manner." Mr. Schlesinger had a dormitory in the complex and felt perhaps the large size of the dorm and Harris made it difficult to find his students for meals and to get to know them on an informal basis. Like Miss Doro, he noted a change in student interest. "The eagerness" for such a program must really stem from the students," he notes. "I didn't sense enough student involvement in the organization of it, and never got any sense that people in my dormitory were very interested."

Anthropology Professor June Macklin felt students didn't fully understand the program, which led to a certain "awkwardness and miscommunication." She also believes perhaps that more

structure in the organization of the program was necessary. "I didn't want to impose on students for meals, but simply to know they had a little time and did want to talk to me." She was also troubled by the general problem of walking into a dormitory and finding very few students there.

"A program like Faculty Fellows is one we'd (students and faculty) both have to work on," says Ms. Macklin. "I wouldn't want to put energy into something I felt students didn't want. I'd like to make sure students know what it is, want it and are willing to invest enough of their own time to make it work." "I believe," she continues, "that there are enough students who'd like to have more informal contact with faculty and enough faculty who'd be willing to do it if they felt the students did."

Miss Macklin feels a "close student teacher relationship is a major thing Conn College has to offer and I think it's genuine." The idea of a Faculty Fellow Program was "great", she concludes. "I think we'd just have to work harder on it to make it effective."

Since the 1960's Faculty Fellow Program, Connecticut College has instituted faculty dining in dormitories, afternoon and evening faculty/student symposiums ranging in topic and focus. All of the professors questioned summarized that such programs require student initiative and faculty response. The committees which develop these programs today are composed of both faculty and students, such that the "initiative" is already built into the system.

As Mr. Schlesinger states, "It is still the case that this is a relatively small residential college with the ideal that students ought to get to know faculty. This is something which is approved of as a theory and I think such a program as Faculty Fellows, would get a response."

What do you think?

# Fred Benjamin: Born to Dance

by Carrie Crosson

Fred Benjamin began dancing at the age of four when his mother enrolled him in his older sister's dance class. It was "basically to keep me out of trouble" said Fred, who is lean and has the well-defined muscles of a dancer. This early exposure to dance began in his hometown of Boston, Massachusetts, at the Alma Louis School of Fine Arts. In keeping with the classic story, Benjamin's sister stopped dancing long ago, but he "was bitten by the bug" and has been dancing ever since. He isn't even out of breath.

Benjamin, at 37, moves like a 20-year-old athlete. He comes to Connecticut College from New York City on Thursdays and Fridays to teach jazz technique and a Performance and Repertory class, both for advanced level students. His style is predominantly jazz, but incorporates ballet, modern, and afro to form a unique style full of difficult weight shifts, jumps, fast turns, and contractions. It is an exciting style to watch, and Benjamin is a master at it.

At 17, Benjamin won a scholarship to The American Ballet Theatre School in New York City. While taking classes at ABT, he also danced in The Talley Beatty Dance Company, but wasn't earning enough to "pay the rent" and began auditioning for Broadway shows. After five years of auditioning he made

it into Broadway's "Hello Dolly" in 1968. In the interim he did everything from office work to appearing as a dancer behind "The Supremes" on The Ed Sullivan Show. "Sometimes I would beg people to let me dance with them," he says smiling. Today he gets calls from companies all over the world asking him to come and teach or choreograph for them.

Benjamin talks unpretentiously about his success as a Broadway performer. "It was a job," he said, and went on to explain that after one and a half years of eight shows a week, "punching the clock, putting on a smile, and dancing it," ceased to be a form of artistic expression for him.

Prompted to use his talent in other ways, Benjamin explored different mediums. He started The Fred Benjamin Dance Company in 1969 and opened his own school for three years between 1975-78. "Teaching and choreographing go hand in hand," believes Benjamin. It is obvious his students at Connecticut College love him, and his classes. "He's the best! His dance is dynamic, athletic, and dramatic," says one of his students.

Watching Benjamin teach is like watching a precision drill team operate under the direction of a happy coach. At the start of each class, Benjamin beams, and yells, "Five, six, seven, eight, now push, push, push, push, ovveerr and sttrrettch." The fast paced class continues while Benjamin cracks



jokes and pretends to be marking grades in an imaginary grade book if a dancer goofs up. Through the humor, a strong sense of professionalism shines. Benjamin is respected because he demands a lot of hard work from his students. And for the short time they have him on Thursdays and Fridays, they give him all they've got.

Benjamin practices what he preaches. "I don't like to stop," he says when explaining why he dances year-round without a break. His only "vacation" is when he goes to Europe to teach and choreograph. Some of his travels are paid for. The International Dance Festival in Bonn, Germany, for instance, pays his air fare and hotel fees while he teaches there for the two week festival.

Benjamin notices the difference between government subsidized dance in Europe and the often bleak state of dance for struggling dancers in the United States. "It's about time dance became important in the U.S.," he says.

In the future Benjamin would like to continue choreographing, ideally for a Broadway show in which dance is one of, if not the most, important element—something like "West Side Story." Whatever Benjamin does choose to do in the coming years, you can bet he'll do it with the same enthusiasm and dedication to dance that he has now. "For too long, dance has been the best kept secret in America," says Benjamin.

# Financial Board Strikes Back

Continued from Page 3

representatives to the committee; two Class Presidents, also chosen by an SGA majority; two members of the student body at large, voted in by the entire assembly. One of these students is a representative to Judiciary Board; a Finance Committee Secretary. 14 members, most of whom were elected by campus wide election, the rest of whom are interested volunteers or administrators who are making a career out of making this college a better place to be. May the myth of smoke filled back rooms be forever buried.

Myth #2: That Finance Committee, in apportionment of \$36,000 to Social Board and \$10,000 to the Class of 1982, supports alcoholism over other campus activities. Are you kidding, Mr. Sladden? Does it look to you like the members of the committee could, by majority, support this? A review of the list of members above should make my point, but a specific review of the proposed expenditures is in order.

The Social Board increase is a reflection of Dave Gleason's effort to make all campus parties a better place to be. It costs a fortune to decorate and provide a theme beyond orange and black streamers for Halloween. Hasn't anybody noticed the tremendous decorating efforts that have been going on? How about the increase in the number of live bands? Renaissance weekend is coming, a tremendous cultural extravaganza. Our social scene is bleak, we all are complaining of a lack of pizzazz. Finance Committee put our money where our mouths are. Bravo.

The Senior Class only got a little more this year than the Class of '81 spent. They were allotted \$8,500 but ran a deficit because they had to have more. Neither the administration nor I are planning on a drunken senior week like last year—it costs bucks to move the emphasis off of booze. Also, their class gift of wooden signs benefitted almost no one? To match our SGA funds, we'll even raise more dollars than any class ever has before for a meaningful gift. Watch.

You see, Mr. Sladden, we were aware of alcoholism running rampant, scared of it, and prepared a budget to do everything in our power to stop it. How are these priorities twisted? Didn't you

notice a doubling in Theatre One's budget as well? A brand new political magazine was even invested in!

Myth #3: Finance Committee is after WCNI, is anti-marijuana, and makes a habit of enforcing conservative morality at the student body's expense. Contrary to the comments of Nat Turner and his sentiments concerning marijuana, the Finance Committee could not care less about pot. The problem lies elsewhere. Each year, student groups receive funding to be used for a specific purpose. *The Voice* is expected to use their money producing a paper. WCNI is expected to use it in pursuit of a professional caliber station, a goal they have made great strides towards. What are they doing throwing an expensive party? If they had charged admission, it could be justified as a fundraiser. If WCNI's tunes were the entertainment and WCNI bumper stickers were on sale, it could be justified as publicity. As it was, it was simply an outright abuse of SGA money. No such abuses can be tolerated, but even so the abusers escaped disciplinary action. What they didn't escape was an unbelieving set of eyes when they requested a fortune from Finance Committee. How could we support the ambitious plans of WCNI after the same people had abused *your* money just a week before? To this day, their abuses have not been defended, and thus the Finance Committee took an unanimous stand against their action and in favor of those groups with a clean record. You have elected them to do *exactly* that. Once again, bravo.

All this talk about myths, has detracted attention from the central issue, however. I am forced to condemn *The Voice* for its narrowness of vision and complete shortsightedness. Published editorials have suggested numerous criticisms yet lack solutions and a course for the future. Without such a course for improvement, it seems their reporting ignores the responsibilities of the media which we have given them. Allow me to propose a course.

I believe in the system which created the Finance Committee. The work they have done has had some fault, but their task has been enormous and their motives are pure. At a recent SGA meeting, I motioned that we throw the

system out.

It's not working, you see. This year's budget is fine, but every year we get more bad publicity than Nixon in his prime. Our motives are questioned, our priorities attacked. Under my motion, an investigative committee has been formed and is working away. I have declined any participation to increase the chances that their work is well thought of. Surely, Mr. Sladden, Mr. Oliva and *The Voice* have constructive ideas . . . let's see them within these pages. It is *The Voice's* responsibility to draw attention to the process. Don't ignore it.

There's more to it, though. It is important to ask why we are all fighting over funding to begin with. Each CC student has \$65 of their tuition go towards the Student Activities Fund—total, \$100,000. It is not close to enough, causing so many worthwhile causes to fight for survival, to devote enormous man hours to fundraising. This detracts from the jobs they are all trying to perform.

The student activities fee should be 50% higher. Such a change will require the biggest mobilization of campus manpower ever, for our Board of Trustees will need to be persuaded. I have lobbied at length to whomever would listen. I *can* say that President Ames is sympathetic to the cause. I call on *The Voice* to prepare a comparative financial study for publication, reviewing funding at other schools. I call on SGA to lead the struggle towards our ends. And mostly, I call on our campus leaders to join me, rather than oppose—you, Msrs. Sladden and Oliva, could go so far in leading us to where we want to be.

Allow me to close on a personal note. May the implication that I pursue ends contrary to the campus' best interest be forever buried as well. I continue to pursue the best senior year possible as my constituency elected me to. I will continue to do so until they don't want me any longer, at which time their request for a resignation would be met. Until then, I will assume that their support remains intact . . . I am working hard in hopes that it always will.

Paul B. Weiss  
Senior Class President

## Energetic

Continued from Page 3

the energy battle. She put on another sweater, but when the dampness penetrated her frail bones she headed for the library.

After sitting in the library for a while, she noticed her eye lids getting very heavy. In fact everyone around her seemed to be napping. "The heat in here is putting me to sleep," she thought. But she forged on. When she finished a very minute portion of her work, Prudence decided to visit her friend Kathy in Wright.

As she approached the dorm, she thought it was funny that the door was left ajar. But when she walked in the dorm and felt the sauna-like temperature, she understood. Once in Kathy's room, she noticed the window wide open while the heat was blasting. Prudence really thought that was a waste, and so did Kathy, but they couldn't shut the heat off. Their surgery on the heat valve was futile.

Prudence likes to sing, so after she had dinner with Kathy, she went to K.B. for rehearsal. All the girls in her singing group were energy conscious too. That's why it bothered them so much when at every rehearsal, they found themselves opening the living room windows wide to avoid choking from the heat. They all commented on how awful it was, but they went on singing.

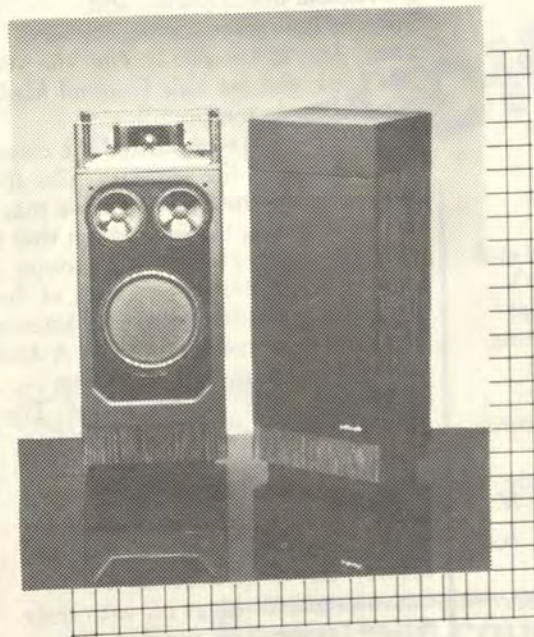
After rehearsal, Prudence went to visit her friend Tracy in Larrabee. When she walked in Tracy's room, and saw her huddled in the corner, she realized that the hallway was warmer, so she decided to talk to her from the doorway. Tracy tried to talk, but her lips were frozen together. Prudence headed back home to J.A.

As she walked, she thought how silly these extremes of heat were, especially at a school which has "established a record of leadership in energy conservation". Prudence couldn't help but snicker as she strolled by the library and saw the windmill on the roof. She wondered how many people knew exactly how much power WCNI actually received from this innovation. "Not many, and not much" she thought. The situation really bothered her. She had heard that the boilers in the dorms were old and hard to regulate. "But surely," she thought, "they can do a better job than that."

When Prudence got to her room, it was rather cool, but tolerable. She put on her thermal underwear, her sweat-shirt, and a sweater, and went to bed. Before she went to sleep she tried to blow smoke rings with her breath that she could see in the air . . .

While some of the events in a day in the life of Prudence are extreme, they are nevertheless true. They all happened to me. The inconsistencies in the temperatures of various buildings undermine any attempt to save energy. This frustration does not do much for the morale of an energy conscious mind. I sincerely hope "the steps for equipment and operating efficiencies" have indeed "been taken." Just as it takes two to tango, it takes two, the "Energy Conservation Officers," and the "College Community" to make an effective and successful attempt to conserve our dwindling supply of energy.

Cara Esparro, '82



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# Mind Games

by Put Goodwin

John Kolisch is billed as an "internationally acclaimed hypnotist and mentalist. He is known as the fastest hypnotist in the world. I have no doubt about these claims. His speed at hypnotizing was incredible. His press release slip shows praise from the four corners of the United States. Columnist Earl Wilson claimed that Kolisch was "one of the most exciting entertainers I have ever seen." This judgment I question; either Wilson has not seen a lot of exciting entertainment, or he gets off on people being publicly embarrassed.

Maybe I feel this way because I've seen a hypnotist who I thought was a far better showman than Kolisch. Ken Weber, who came to Conn two years ago was no more talented as far as ESP or hypnotic capabilities go, but he was a much smoother performer; Weber established a comfortable rapport with his audience immediately. My overall picture of Kolisch is of a sneering grump whose show was static, and at times cruel and unsafe. With less bitching and a little planning, he could have cut an hour off of his 3½-hour show.

Although many of his tricks and mental feats were amazing, Kolisch undermined his own work with either snide comments or useless summaries of his tricks. An example of his poor craftsmanship occurred when, after seemingly transcribing a phrase written in Chinese while blindfolded, Kolisch claimed, "This is an important message for everybody isn't it?" The person who wrote the phrase said: "Well no, the message says China is a country." Instead of making a joke about being mistaken, Kolisch again claimed that this was an important message. He then guessed that the woman who wrote the message was involved in advanced studies; the student said she studied Chinese. Kolisch acted as if discovering this fact was amazing. This was one of many times when the audience was laughing at, and not with Kolisch. On occasion, the hypnotist was the only person laughing.

I don't think it is fair to those who were embarrassed by Kolisch to rehash what was a painful experience. I will, however, mention the fact that he put two people under hypnosis who subse-



quently fell out of their chairs. This may seem funny, but in fact it is unsafe. Other hypnotists make sure that the subject is well grounded before he is put under; Kolisch either forgot to do this or didn't feel it was important. Another dangerous part of the show was an age regression experiment, where Kolisch had his subject regress to six years old. The experiment was very entertaining. The subject spoke in the childish language and tone of a six-year-old. She did an infantile drawing of a house, spelled geometry with a "j", and wrote out her name in an uncontrolled scrawl. When awakened from the experiment, she showed the audience her 19-year-old handwriting. If Kolisch hadn't shown the audience that he didn't know how old she was, this would have been a completely entertaining piece.

After the show Kolisch himself said that hypnotists shouldn't do age regression with a patient until they know something about his or her background in case the hypnotist might uncover a traumatic experience; Kolisch didn't even know her age. When he was questioned about this, Kolisch said that he *knew* that she was a stable person. Unless you have great faith in the ESP that Kolisch supposedly demonstrated at the beginning of the show, and I don't, this seems like a dangerous chance for a hypnotist to take. I don't want to talk about the validity of Kolisch's ESP because I don't know how he did the tricks he did, but I don't believe that anyone has such accurate ESP. I think it was more artifice than power, for Ken Weber was able to perform the exact same ESP tricks.

I do believe in ESP, and I am not down on hypnotism. I am down on the stock show biz ego, particularly when it is blown out of proportion. Maybe it was because it was a little College in Connecticut, the show didn't sell out, and there were some minor technical difficulties, but the man reminded me of an obnoxious overbearing father. I think it's disappointing to see a man who is really very talented at his craft screw himself up the way Kolisch did. For those who have seen a real showman do this type of show, this might not make much sense. Believe me, it's been done much better.

John Kolisch: don't call us buddy . . .

## Preppy Jamboree

by Eric F. Jacobson

Four close harmony singing groups converged on the chapel last Friday night for a Fall Jamboree of song. These groups, hosted by the Schwiffs, included the Co-Co Beaux, Radcliff Pitches, and the Yale Alleycats. These singing groups are quite popular and give many concerts throughout the year. A large crowd of enthusiastic students was on hand to cheer.

A large group of tall, attractive young ladies comprised the polished Radcliff Pitches. They showed a wide variety of repertoire in their performance, aided by many fine arrangements. The finer moments included *In the Mood*, *Scotch and Soda*, and a rousing rendition of *Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy*. Because Connecticut College only admits cultured young men and women, the Pitches performed a couple of 16th Century madrigals. These included a nicely adulterated version of *Fire, Fire*. A medley of 1960's hits added variety to their performance.

The Co-Co Beaux, a group of locally famous young men who sing in barber-shop harmony took over the stage next. The Beaux, who are well known to Conn College audiences, are best known for their comic endeavors. Spectators were thrilled by Co-Co Beaux favorites including *Where Did You Prep?* and *The Wonderful Love*. This last little beauty speaks of the deep love between the young Co-Co Beaux men and barber-shop harmony. Not thinking that could be topped, I was stunned by a new arrangement. The serious gentlemen appeared dressed as the characters from Gilligan's Island and sang a heart-warming rendition of the title song. What they can't do vocally they make up in tricks.

After a belabored intermission the Yale Alleycats appeared and gave a highly polished show. They exhibited a wide variety of songs combining comic touches with good singing. A fine blend, expressive dynamics and good soloists made this group successful. *Let's Do It*, *In Trinidad and Tobago*, and *Shennandoah* were among the best tunes. An old favorite *Is That the Way You Look* and the *Yale Football Medley* added spice to the program.

The Schwiffs, who hosted the concert, appeared last in the program. Like the Co-Co Beaux, the Schwiffs have many new faces giving the impression that this is a rebuilding year for both groups. Their program was short, most of the songs being familiar to former listeners. Their finest moment was *I Get A Kick Out of You*, a fine solo by Dory Redding was the deciding factor. The only new song was *Happy Just To Dance With You*. Not to be outdone by the Alleycats, *Is That the Way You Look* was repeated (I am personally tired of this little gem, this has happened before). But despite any flaws, the Schwiffs pulled things off with their typical finesse. This concluded an entertaining evening of song by four very different ensembles.

becomes intensely personal with his *Dad* and *Christmas*, the best of his show.

Ted is clearly working to improve his control of the feelings which will synthesize with his craft. His viewers already sense something of these feelings, but need to be able to share them as universals. *Dad* certainly shows his imminent success in this project; it's a wonderful photograph.

## Ted Hansen, Joe Sternlieb On Display

by Michael Sladden

If you didn't stop in the library to see Ted and Joe's photographs, you missed a very good show. Brian Rogers and the library staff continue their commitment to student photography, and our photographers continue to hang excellent work.

I have heard some mild criticism of a shared show, but for me the contrasts in visual criteria and technical concentration complement the artists. The number of prints was manageable for the viewer—26 for Joe and 19 for Ted; he could easily see the progress of both men from recorders to interpreters, to artists.

To wit: the best of Joe's work is laced through lesser efforts. On his recent tour of the continent, he has struggled with his love for Bressonian sensibility and an inevitably innocent infatuation with "Europe". *Richmond Castle* is a perfectly executed non-human perspective and textural juxtaposition; I could look at it all day. But his Salzourg photographs betray too much Bressonian self-consciousness. He senses the potential for decisive moments beside the pond or in the squares, but cannot catch them. The viewer is left cold by the chess scene, and wonders why Joe doesn't

include all of the chairs' shadows by the pond.

His *Bruges* print and one from the Venice batch show the potential for this problem to quickly disappear. Joe can use high-contrast paper as well as Portriga, and clearly the haunting girl-behind-bars of *Bruges* and tongue in cheek Romeo and Juliet balance of *Venice* show he can articulate his visual sensitivity. The viewer unfortunately is soon frustrated by another *Venice*—alley leading to canal—which is almost meaningless without its name card-stigma. I suppose foreign scenes are titillating, but Joe needs to be his own best editor of these 'oh wow' glances. They dilute much better work.

The Ocean Beach panoramas and normal boardwalk scenes reinforce this problem of 'almost' photographs. The panoramas are great technical work, and best of all are very compelling to look at, again because they offer a refreshing perspective. But two boys running does not a decisive moment make; the boardwalk is a stage, so much so that it craves better action. Even so, this criticism is moot because Joe's good work simply excites the viewer enough to demand a high-pitched precision

perhaps no young photographer can sustain.

For all the differences in technical and thematic concentration, Ted Hansen's *Midnight/Manlight* seems as much a travelogue as Joe's work. With his long-exposure control and, again, special perspectives, we feel that eerie night-sensitivity and the paradox of unnatural illumination. A view from the New London Hall fire escape is particularly attractive. There is the occasional overworked shot—moving carlights, for instance—but more prints than not reveal a fresh and painstaking attitude toward conceptualization and realization. His rewards are beautiful night prints, a difficult and oddly contradictory idea that makes viewing them so pleasing.

But clearly Ted wants to take his developed expertise farther, to use manlight to express a raw emotion, as he does with the transparent qualities of *Andrew* and *Tomaso*. Another interesting contradiction: between high-tech method, artificial light and the almost primal emotions the portraits evoke. his interest in Duane Michals serves him well; there is no sense of the copycat danger. In fact, Ted's style

# Victorian London: Smog and Splendor

by Mark Stevens

Victorian London was a city of contrasts. The later part of the 19th century in London for most of its citizenry was a period marked by appalling living conditions and consequential malaise. The city was dirtied by industrial smog and made unsanitary by lack of sewers. The average person lived to the age of thirty, many deaths resulting from cholera. Yet within the midst (and smog) of this was an architecture reflecting an era seemingly grandiose and taintless.

It was this architecture which was the primary subject of a lecture delivered by Roger Dixon, and which attracted a healthy sized audience to the Lyman Allyn auditorium, Wednesday evening November 11. A visiting professor currently at the University of Charlottesville, Roger Dixon is from the Polytechnic of the South Bank in London and came to Connecticut College on bequest of the Art History department.

His presentation included slides of a number of well-known buildings as well as discussion of the architects and ideas behind them. One famous building, just to give a taste of the talk, was the Crystal Palace, built for the World Exposition of 1851. This enormous building, designed and constructed within an incredibly short period of nine months, was conceived not by an architect but by Sir Joseph Paxton, a gardener. Built of the new materials, iron and glass, this building was so remarkable and unusual that after it was taken down following the exposition, it

was reassembled at Sydenham.

Another building discussed was Pugin and Barry's Houses of Parliament of 1840-65 which Dixon described as "sumptuous" and of particular interest, among other reasons, because of their classical plan, picturesque composition but gothic detail. Dixon also talked about the residences of the royalty and elite in London which were often right beside the slums. Life in these elegant residences was not unlike that known to us through the T.V. series "Upstairs, Downstairs".

These houses varied in style because fashion changed rapidly in London. Many of the earlier buildings were of masonry and classical in inspiration, later ones were of red brick and in the High Victorian Gothic mode. The latter style was favored by the Camden Society—a society which believed that part of the solution to the plight of the poor was to build them elaborate churches and immerse them in ritual.

London eventually became much more liveable for everyone once the railroad made possible the "suburb", and the new sewage system, the installation of waterclosets. Thus, while the undesirable aspects of Victorian London can now be all but forgotten, Dixon concluded, much of its brighter side is retained through the character of its architecture which is still much a part of the city today.

Professor Dixon and his appreciative audience were provided the pleasant opportunity to talk in a reception with wine, cider and cheese directly after the lecture.

# The Music of Art

by Carley C. Rand

The most distinct quality of Eugene Witmer's paintings is his unfettered expression through various color arrangements to create a mood. The paintings are either composed of cold, dark blues or vivacious yellows and oranges. They are painted in strokes that seem to dance rhythmically across the canvas. Witmer is from Mystic. He graduated from Penn. State with a B.A. in English and an M.S. in Psychology, and went on to continue his art studies at the Art Student League and the Cooper Union Art School. In addition to his painting, Witmer has played the drums and the piano in various jazz groups, and was an art editor on the Norwich Bulletin for five years. He presently has an exhibition of oil paintings (mostly on rectangular canvas about 30' by 40') at the Lyman Allyn Museum until November 29.

One of his earliest paintings, reflecting his musical talents, is the "Vaudeville Drummer" (1976). Possibly a self-portrait, the painted figure is playing the drums. The head is cut off at the top exposing only the mouth which expresses a concentrating smile. This painting, like many of his others, is painted at an angle that allows the subject in the painting to look down upon the viewer. The painted splashes of bright yellows and oranges, generate drum-like vibrations. Standing away from the painting facilitates the identification of various strokes. Take a few steps back and a leg of the drummer emanates from the complicated array of brush strokes.

A more recent painting, "The Crib", is composed of purples, blues, and blacks with occasional splashes of orange to indicate dim patches of light. The colors suggest an early morning setting. There is no crib in the painting, only two nude figures with a condescending appear-

ance. One is a female who is positioned so that the viewer feels like the baby in the crib. She is leaning over as if about to lift the baby out from the crib (or is she lifting the viewer into the painting?). Outlined in black, painted in dark blue and without distinct facial features, she appears hard and cold.

The rest of the painting is also of dark blues emphasizing the cool mood of the painting. The male figure, painted in the same style as the female who he is standing behind, is leaning against a wall, arms folded and one knee raised. He is also without facial features and he too has a cold nature. This painting successfully draws the viewer into its world, however I'm not sure that as the viewer I would want to be picked up by such a mother.

His painting, "Now Long Blues" (1981) reveals a change from Witmer's complicated, energetic style to a more quiet, simple style. A black man in a beige suit is seated at a light blue piano (playing the blues no doubt). The background is white with vague tints of orange and yellow. In the upper corner a blue square, probably a window, breaks the monotony of the white background. The simple, rhythmic construction of the painting brings blues music to the ear. The pianist's face is blurred, with no distinguishable expression, that distinctly illustrates a mind that is intimately buried in his musical notes.

Most of the paintings on exhibit have a style very similar to the "Vaudeville Drummer". Witmer's interest in music is often incorporated into his paintings through his subjects as well as through his dancing brush strokes. Too often, however Witmer tends to overload his paintings with various colors and abstract shapes, creating a sensory overload. Yet he uses this technique to express the mood of his paintings and I suppose the temper of his imagination.

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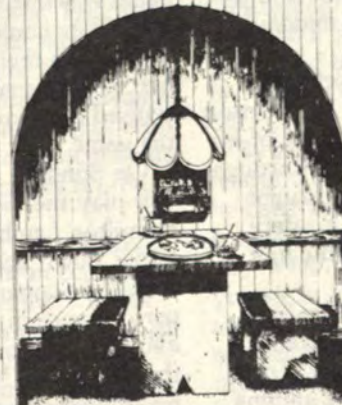
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## SPORTS

# Larrabee Beats Morrison

by Steve Lau

This was the long awaited rematch between Morrison and Larrabee. Earlier in the regular season, both teams met on the playing field in the midst of much talk and expectation. This was to be one of the toughest games each was to play in the season and it was. Larrabee came out on top 35-21, in a physical game, in which Larrabee took command of the last quarter and soundly defeated Morrison. Now, in the playoffs, they had to prove that their victory was no fluke and that they are a worthy team.

They proved it on Monday afternoon. There was a slight drizzle and the field was slippery. However, the inclement weather did not daunt Larrabee's awesome air attack with the exciting combination of quarterback Atilio Regolo and wide receiver Andrei Lloyd Morrison's secondary could not close down the air attack and suffered tremendously, as Larrabee's offense scored all of their 21 points in the air.

hand, couldn't generate an effective offensive drive. They relied totally on the run of which they were unsuccessful and they were devoid of a passing strategy. Still their defense held firm in the clutch and the game wasn't nearly over with still a half to go and the score 9-0.

In the third quarter, Morrison had the first possession but again they could not muster an offensive drive and had to punt. On the punt return, Paul Kiesel had a fine return and brought the ball to Morrison's 20 yard line. But the Morrison defense held firm and like their previous goal line stand, prevented Larrabee from scoring. On Morrison's next possession, they realized they could not run the ball against Larrabee so they attempted to pass. But on third down, Levinson throwing under heavy pressure, was intercepted by Lloyd who ran it back for a TD. The touchdown brought the score to 16-0 and Morrison's chances of a comeback were



Virginia Pasternak

The first quarter was close, as both defenses were tough, not giving up much yardage on the ground. However, late in the first quarter, Larrabee drove down to Morrison's two yard line. They scored on a flitty Regolo pass to Bob Hitchcock, in the end zone. At the end of the quarter it was Larrabee 7, Morrison 0.

In the second quarter, the Larrabee air corps threatened again with a pass to Lloyd after which a ten yard penalty was called giving Larrabee a first down. Lloyd took off again and Regolo hit him on a deep fly pattern. Lloyd caught the ball with a spectacular fingertip catch on the Morrison five yard line. But Morrison was determined to deny them another touchdown. Their defensive line, led by Francis (Bam Bam) McGurk dug in and held firm. Guy (Gwido) Donatelli, defensive middle linebacker, played a fine defensive set of downs which helped shut down Larrabee's goal line drive. He swatted down two of Regolo's passes and the Morrison defensive line refused to give up any yardage on the rush. On fourth down, Larrabee couldn't score and gave the ball to Morrison. This left Morrison deep in their territory on the five yard line and in a precarious position. Morrison Q.B., Ernie Levinson, attempted to run the ball out in an attempt to gain better field position. However, Larrabee's stacked defensive front line closed the gaps at the line of scrimmage and allowed zero gain of yards. Levinson attempted time and time again to take the ball up the middle or sweep but each time he was overwhelmed by Larrabee's defense. Then on third down and 10, as Levinson set to run the ball (once again out of his end zone), Guy Parsons blasted through Morrison's offensive line and caught Levinson in the end zone for a safety. Thus, the score at the end of the half was made 9-0.

Larrabee dominated the whole first half, preventing the run and keeping Morrison in poor field position. Their passing attack was successfully gaining yardage against a weak Morrison secondary. Morrison, on the other

fading fast.

After the Lloyd interception, Morrison's offense sparked in their next possession. On the kick return, Levinson returned the ball deep in Larrabee territory. In addition, there was a tackling penalty against Larrabee which brought the ball to Larrabee's 14 yard line. On a power sweep right, Gwido carried the ball to Larrabee's 4 yard line. Then on second down, Morrison's new QB scrambled and passed to Ben (?) in the end zone for a TD making the score 16-7.

In the last quarter, it was 16-7 with plenty of time for Morrison to score. But the Larrabee tide kept on rolling and on first possession in the quarter, they scored again on a guard sizzle pass to Shaw Smith in the end zone. Once again Larrabee's air attack brought them into fine field position and scored. They scored once more, late in the quarter, on a tipped pass into the hands of Lloyd. The game ended with the score Larrabee 30, Morrison 7.

It was an exciting game with Larrabee coming up with the big plays. Morrison could not generate a consistent offense and were stymied on the ground attack. They suffered an unbalanced offense with the absence of passing. However, their defense held firm throughout most of the game but they suffered in the secondary and could not ground Regolo's aerial attack. The game was largely in Larrabee's control. Their ability to stifle Morrison's running game was due to their stacked defensive line. They could afford the risk of moving up their linebackers close to the line of scrimmage, since Morrison refused to throw through out most of the game.

On Sunday, November 22, Larrabee will play the victor of the Smith vs. Hamilton Lambda playoff game in the Super Bowl. Larrabee's offensive line should be congratulated for their fine performance in protecting their QB and allowing him enough time to throw. If their offensive line holds up, they should be an awesome passing team and a threat to any defensive secondary in the Super Bowl.



## Camels Lose to Roger Williams

by Fran Shields

The 1981-82 Camel hockey season got off to a rough start last Thursday night as 400 witnessed a frustrating 3-0 loss to a vastly improved Roger Williams squad. The Camels' futility was really brought out when Roger Williams was assessed two minor penalties six seconds apart giving Conn a two-man advantage. The Camels only got two shots at the Roger Williams net, both handled easily by opposing goalie Jim Tomastello (47 saves). Then the visitors added insult to injury by scoring the game's first goal three minutes later. Conn actually dominated the first period, outshooting Roger Williams 22-10, but never really testing Tomastello.

It was a sloppy second period, the Camels again squandering a power play. Calem goalie Bill Charbonneau was peppered in the middle stanza but was equal to the task, turning away 14 Roger Williams' shots. Some of the Camels' inexperience showed through as the game wore on with some errant passes and not enough movement of the puck.

Frosh Joe Lawler had the Camels' best scoring chance of the period as he broke in alone but his shot of the rolling puck went high on the chest of Tomastello. Defensively, the Camels played well with Steve Heaney and Andy White dealing out some vicious hits at the blue line.

The third period didn't get any better for Coach Robert's charges. Trailing only 1-0, the team was never really out of it. However, the icemen had real problems setting up in the Roger Williams' zone. The unit of Nigel

Bentley, Chip Orcutt and Paul Marks made some noise early in the period, but couldn't convert.

Just 44 seconds into the period, Marks took the first of four Camel trips to the "sin-bin", but Charbonneau turned back the Roger Williams power play with some fine penalty-killing from Lee McLaren and Bentley. When Heaney went off at 11:08 for tripping, again the Camels killed the penalty well, but just as Heaney stepped out of the box Roger Williams' Tom Curtin knocked in a rebound over the prostrate Charbonneau, to make it 2-0.

One minute later, another defensive lapse allowed Bill Angell of the visitors to walk in alone on Charbonneau. He scored on a quick wrist shot, low to Bill's stick side. Down 3-0, with only 5:30 left, the Camels' humps were busted.

### ICE CHIPS

The Camels outshot Roger Williams 47-37, but learned alot along the lines of "quality, not quantity". . . Bentley won 85% of his draws, as usual . . . Roberts felt that the game was lost by not converting eight power plays and while trying to play "catch-up" hockey, "we needed the puck, but we can't go fishing for it". . . He also noted that there was a little too much individual play and not enough crisp passing . . . The Camels face a busy week traveling to Quinnipiac and Assumption before facing Lehigh University, Pa., today at 4 p.m. and tomorrow at 7:30 p.m. . . Charbonneau played well in his first start as a Camel, stopping 34 shots . . . A good crowd of 400 . . . could be better . . .

## A Basketball Preview

by Seth Stone

"Last year I said that I'd be happy with a .500 season. This year I am not making predictions. The main thing that I'm looking for is improvement as a team." Rookie basketball coach Dennis Wolff promised no miracles at Connecticut College last season. Inheriting a 4-19 team, he started three freshmen. All Wolff did was turn that squad into a 16-8 winner, barely missing post-season playoff bids. This year with more freshmen and fewer upperclassmen, Wolff says he does not know what to expect.

"Our present team has only one senior and two juniors. The rest of the guys are all sophomores and freshmen. In addition, our schedule has been upgraded and we play some pretty tough schools. So, while I can't guarantee another 16-8 record, I will look for some good, exciting team basketball."

Spurring on this year's "Camel" contingent are the memories of last season. For the first time, Connecticut won its own Whaling City Tournament, and defeated nationally ranked Trinity

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on the road. The 23 game turnaround, one of the biggest in NCAA history, received deserved attention, as the Camels were honored as the "Most Improved in Division III" by the New England Basketball Coaches Association.

Wolff may field the same starting team that reaped all this attention. Peter Dorfman (6'8"-Farmington, Ct.) will start at center while Chris Bergan (6'7"-Middletown, Ct.) and Tom Fleming (6'2"-Hastings, N.Y.) will share the forward positions. Backcourt honors may go to Doug Kirk (5'10"-New York, N.Y.) and Jim Santaniello (5'9"-Groton, Ct.).

All five played key roles last year with Dorfman and Fleming the major factors in the successful season. As freshmen, they shared the team's MVP award. Dorfman dominated most contests, averaging 14.2 points and 8.6 rebounds per game. Finishing the season with 341 points and 207 rebounds, he is the school's first player to break the 300/200 barrier in one season.

Tom Fleming was the heart of the Camels last year. An energetic, physical hustler, Fleming was the team's most effective offensive rebounder. He overcame lack of speed and height through sheer determination. The MVP of the Whaling City Tournament, his value to the team was made evident by his absence. He separated his shoulder playing Trinity and missed the season's last seven games.

Chris Bergan gave the team superior height on the front line. A team player, involved in every game, Wolff looks for increased scoring and rebounding from the team's sole senior. Doug Kirk played his way into the starting line-up last season. Both a point and shooting guard, the sophomore can hit from anywhere on the floor. Jim Santaniello was last man off the bench two years ago. Starting as a reserve last year, his ball handling speed, passing ball-hawking and defense made him into a regular by mid season.

Also returning from last season will be Hap Waters (6'3"-Chatham, MA), a powerful forward and guard Rich Wolff (6'0"-Bayside, N.Y.) the coach's younger brother and a hustling scrapper. A new face on the Camel squad is transfer

## Congratulations

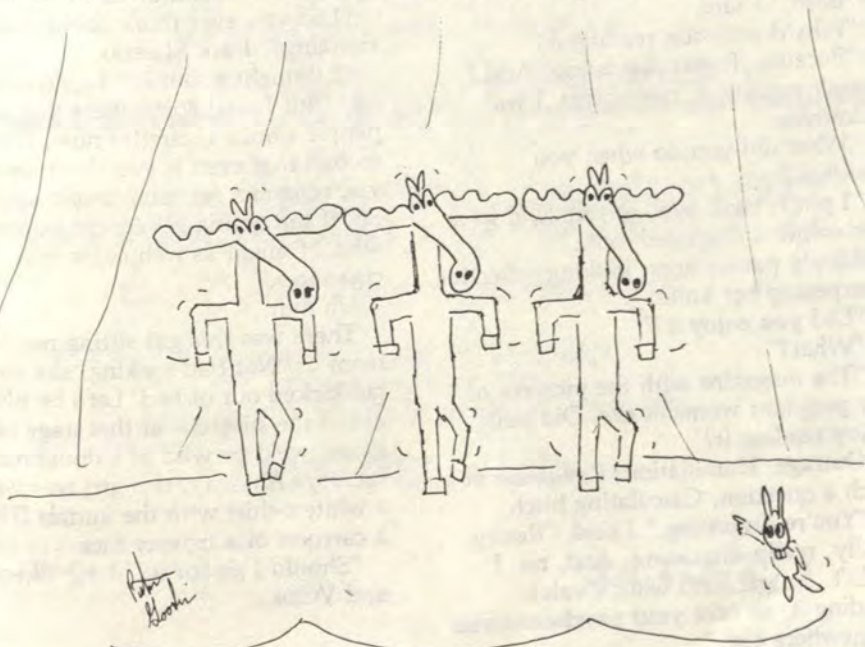
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## Field Hockey Players:

Tammy Brown  
Jane McKee  
Page Preston  
Charlene Toal  
and Sue Quigley

For Making All-League

# That's Entertainment



In their last regatta of the season, the North Atlantic Coasts, the sailing team finished a strong 9th after the first day of sailing. The second day was called off because of heavy winds.

Steve Srebnick, a 6'2" guard formerly of Clark University.

Many talented freshmen will be battling returning upperclassmen for spots on the roster. Zach Harris, a 6'2" guard (Simsbury High School, Simsbury, Ct.) will give Kirk and Santaniello a run for their money. Also in the search for a backcourt spot is 6'0" John Fields, (All Hallows High School, Bronx, N.Y.) Other names to watch are 6'4" forward Jeff Weiner (Holy Cross, Waterbury, Ct.) and 6'2" swingman John Bartolomei (Shepard Hill Regional, Worcester, MA).

The college will field a junior varsity team for the first time coached by Ron Jirsa, a 1981 graduate of Gettysburg. Like the varsity there will be a lot of competition, but Jirsa points out that this makes for better teams. Candidates for the JV team are 6'4" Brennan Glasgow (Canton High School, Canton, Ct.), 6'3" John Jowaisziz and 6'3" Dave Bowers (Hand High School, Madison, Ct.), 6'3" Jeff Hager (Shoreham-Wading River, Long Island, N.Y.), 6'6" Paul Rogers (Fitch High School, Groton, Ct.), 5'8" Sam Gonzolez (Xavier High School, New York, N.Y.), 6'3" Leon Kinlock (Collegiate School, New York, N.Y.), and 5'11" Andre Lloyd (Fieldston School, New York, N.Y.).

As much as Wolff looks to his rookie recruits to build a winning team, so does he look to his two new rookie coaches. Jirsa, the JV coach is one, and the other is Joh Amols, a former assistant coach at Bates College. Both Jirsa and Amols will assist Wolff, and the head coach is pleased about this.

"Ron and John will be a pleasure for me to work with. They have a lot of basketball expertise and can express this to players. With all these elements working together, I'm looking forward to this year."



## Bananas + Inside-out Socks = Kenosha

by Peter "Gimp" Foley

No, the headline isn't a new organic chemistry redox reaction (although they will be mentioned later). For David C. Litoff, Conn's cross country "boy wonder", the headline represents the changes in his behavior pattern that he had to make in order to reach his goal of qualifying for the Division III Cross Country Nationals to be held in Kenosha, Wisconsin on November 14. (See accompanying article about race).

The change began sometime in the past year. Maybe it began at last year's N.E. Division III meet where Dave—or Lit, as he is known—did not run the race of his life. He finished in 37th place, more than 2 minutes slower than he had expected to run. Putting it mildly, Lit doesn't like to finish that far back. In fact Lit likes to, and usually does, have everyone finish in back of him. Fortunately for his opponents, Lit has a really cute backside. But Lit knew that looks alone wouldn't win him that trip to Kenosha, so he intensified his training. Last winter and spring, Lit ran about 70 miles a week, sometimes doing three or four workouts a day. He cut back on his social life, even though most thought that there was none left to cut. No more trips to the bar once a semester or wild nights in New London Hall with fruit flies. (However, Lit did not give up his Friday and Saturday nights on the third floor of the library).

To fully understand Lit's sacrifices, one must realize that he is an eccentric. A double zoology/biochemistry major with 3.8 GPA has to be an eccentric. In fact, he even proved it by taking Organic Chemistry at Conn this summer and aceing it. Of course this set back his

running slightly—it meant that Lit couldn't jump his weekly mileage up to 90 until August. When September rolled around and the cross country season began, Lit was forced to make more sacrifices. This time, it was his studies that suffered. Although Lit probably doesn't have much of a future in physics, he will survive these sacrifices. But sacrifices alone weren't enough to win Lit the trip to Kenosha. In order to get an all expense paid trip to Wisconsin, in late November, one must also have a few tricks up his sleeve.

Lit's sleeve of tricks is skinny and unusual. For example, every Friday, before every Saturday's race, Lit dons his backpack and merrily trots to the grocery store to buy bananas, while most of us cruise around on a "packie run". But Litoff eats bananas—three to four, or if he had a really hard week of training, five of them, during the 24 hours before the race. "They give me potassium, which speeds up my recovery," explains Lit. "And besides . . ." his voice trails off as he hesitates to explain that he considers it good luck as well as nutritious. Luck also explains Lit's unkept footdress. Most pedestrians wear both socks right side out, but Lit is convinced that to average sub-4:50 miles for 5 miles one must wear his left inside out.

By now, you probably think this fellow, David C. Litoff, is a real loser; he can't dress right, eats bananas constantly, and either runs or studies all day. Well, the last laugh is on you. As you sit in Harris, probably eating chicken for the fifth time this week, reading this article, Litoff is getting dressed as best as he can for a free banana dinner in Kenosha, Wisconsin.

# Small Losses

The College Voice, November 23, 1981

by Aron Abrams

So, anyway, me, Skeeex, and Volos were riding around and we found this new Burger King that Skeeex had heard about.

"It opened last week," said Skeeex. "It's the third biggest Burger King in New Jersey. At the opening they had a Hollywood floodlight and local celebrities."

"One hell of a Burger King," I said, admiring its size and bricks.

"Burger King fucked the Dairy Queen in the White Castle," said Volos. Ah, Volos. He was gifted with a dainty imagination.

We entered the Burger King. No customers were in front of the counter, but there was room for at least two hundred people to form orderly lines while waiting for their fish fillets and Whoppers.

"You know," I said to the Burger King girl taking our order, "I know why there's so much room in front."

"Why?" she asked. The cashier seemed to be a quiet girl; the type you'd ask to sign your yearbook but wouldn't read what she wrote.

"Because, this way, if one of you counter girls falls in love with one of the Burger Kingers in the back, and you engage yourselves to each other, you can have the marriage right here in Burger King. Right in front of the cashier and the counter. There's room enough for you, your families, all the Burger Kingers, plus a band of five. All the guests can have champagne and french fries and the groom can wear a Burger King crown. That's why it's so big."

"Has anyone gotten married yet?" Skeeex asked her.

"Not to my knowledge," said the cashier with the enthusiasm of a kid stretching gum between her fingers. Her skin would clear up sooner or later, but she'd always have those left-over marks.

"No one's ever gotten married in Burger King," she said while brushing sesame seeds off the counter. "It's another one of those small losses."

Small losses and, ripppp, the little paper just whirls away . . .

"It all started with this picture I saw of Carson McCullers, the woman who wrote *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter*.

"What's that about?"

"It's about this deaf-mute who has only one other friend, another deaf-mute, a Greek. They say the Greek deaf-mute is insane, so they put him in a home far away. The first deaf-mute, Singer, quits his job and goes to the town where the hospital is, just so he can be near his friend."

"So?"

"So, Singer gets a job in this town. At first, nobody likes him. They just think he's a freak who can't contribute anything. But, after a while, all these different people—a lonely girl, a black doctor, a trouble maker—they come to talk to Singer and they realize that he's the only one who, in the whole world, understands at least half of who they are."

"So?"

"So, Singer goes through the book helping these people just by listening to their lives. Then, one day, he goes to the hospital and finds out that the Greek is dead. Singer is now minus the one guy who listened to his life. He goes home, shoots himself, and everyone's a lot lonelier."

"Carson McCullers wrote it. What about her?"

"Well, it seems to me that you can't write a book like that without being an introvert. Carson was probably a real lonely type. But she wouldn't worry about getting picked up or having small breasts—she was, I imagine, always thinking about the things that true introverts think about."

"So?"

"So this picture I saw showed Carson McCullers smoking. And her hair was bobbed and fashionably short. And her nails were red. And she was laughing with a glass in her hand the way any cheerleader would after some sleeze-ball made a joke, as if by laughing she could bribe them into liking her. She quit on me."

"It looked like, now, she needed those neanderthals to like her. She was giving

to believe in the best instincts of man. No, Frank. You weren't a Pollyanna. Your vision was just that of a man who tried to convince Americans they could act like Gods when the evidence clearly pointed the other way."

Mindy and I, ah, sweet, sadistic Mindy, are discussing human rejects and why people become assassins. Cheerful stuff.

"That line from *Death of A Salesman* sums it up," says Mindy. "Attention must be paid."

I read *Death of A Salesman* but I didn't memorize it.

"Yeah?" I said, waiting for the point.

"Attention must be paid to everyone. All humans deserve consideration and compassion, no matter what. If we all

insulted and outraged, but decent for all to see.

But, ah kid. The shame of it all. I wasn't nearly as repulsed by those pregnant knockers as I wished I'd been. Clairvoyant, all knowing feline. Do psychologists make house calls?

How do you like it so far, eh? It'll add up, I swear. Just keep reading it. Thanks.

Furthermore. Henceforth. Let's get to the meat and potatoes:

Some kid at M.I.T. talking about the Soundstair.

"The Soundstair was something. What it was was . . . on each step of a stairway, there was an electric eye and, everytime you'd walk past the electric eye, it would generate a different musical note. So you could compose a tune just by walking up the stairs. They had it going from the fifth to the sixth floors in a side building. Only architecture students knew about it. I found it one time by accident and, whenever I could, I'd bring up my friends and we'd write little tunes on the steps. It didn't cost anything, didn't waste electricity, and it made people in this hell-hole happy."

"Why'd they take it down?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe people were trashing it."

"No," he says defensively. "Nobody trashed it. Everybody loved it. Why'd they have to take it down?"

He's drifting away now.

"It didn't cost anything and people used to go out of their way just to walk up those steps . . ."

In a dream I saw blue waters. Floating far away from me. Nothing said and nothing settled. I saw you staring strong at me.

You said you had been there always. And I said I'd never known. Then the waves came with the thunder. And I saw me standing there alone.

Blue waters keep me guessing. Blue waters never stay. Tell me, are you really caring? Or am I just a boy at play?

Meanwhile, back at Burger King. I swear, it's a story so neat it has to be told.

Volos is back at the counter, ordering his fourth hamburger. Exciting guy, that Volos. Skeeex is sticking his eighth cigarette in his mouth; the smoke's covering us like a drop cloth. And it's been years since anyone has seen the insides of our underwear.

"Did you ever think about quitting smoking?" I ask Skeeex.

"I thought about it," he says, lighting up. "But I read somewhere that so many people smoke cigarettes now, the air is so bad that even if you don't smoke, you're gonna get lung cancer anyway. So, if I'm gonna get cancer no matter what, I might as well enjoy my cigarettes."

Uh huh.

There was this girl sitting not too far from us. Not bad looking; she wouldn't get kicked out of bed. Let's be blunt about the subject—at this stage of the game, we'd go wild in a doughnut factory. Anyway, this girl was wearing a white t-shirt with the initials IHM and a cartoon of a frowny face.

"Should I go for it?" I ask Skeeex and Volos.



up, or trying to give up, being an introvert. As if she said it's time to stop thinking and analyzing everything. Carson was always conscious of the bad—not obsessed by it but, when everyone around her was doing La Dolce Vita, flirting around, pretending that all was flawless and there was no bad, Carson knew the bad still existed; she could never smile fully. And here, in this picture, she's saying I'm quitting the deep thinking. I'm going to give up looking at the bad and, instead, live for the momentary pleasures like the rest of you cigarette-smoking, grinning, red-nailed, red-lipped liars. Carson McCullers seemed to figure that since they looked happier than she was, they were the ones who knew better.

"If I guessed falsely, Ms. McCullers, please forgive me. But, if not . . ."

"Ah, Carson. You were so wrong."

Frank Capra, the director of optimistic, patriotic movies like *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, *It Happened One Night*, and *It's A Wonderful Life*, always tried to show America in a good light.

An article about Capra in *Esquire Magazine* said Capra did this because "When I was growing up in Italy, I thought Americans were Gods. I used to imagine that I could live where I wanted and do what I wanted, like an American."

Capra's movies make you feel that even total losers are okay and, despite itself, America will always be the best imaginable place. But, after World War II, Capra basically stopped making happy movies or any movies.

"The war burned me out," he said. But the interviewer knew the real reason.

"Capra stopped because he thought he was being a Pollyanna, foolishly trying

received it, there wouldn't be any rejects. There wouldn't be any murders."

"Yeah, perhaps . . . But, no. Not everyone deserves compassion."

"Give me an example of someone who doesn't," she says.

"Okay. An example. In one of my sojourns through the seamier parts of life, I went into a porno store and riffled through the old issues. I saw one that caught my attention. It was called *Pregnant Knockers* and it was about—you guessed it. They got pregnant mothers to pose in front of a crud with a camera who took pictures of their breasts. Now, I consider that guy behind the camera skum of the earth and, well, the whole thing is as low as you can get."

"What?" Mindy asks. "Publishing it . . . or reading it?"

A pause. I feel the subject starting to change.

"Both," I said.

"Why'd you stop reading it?"

"Because. It was disgusting. And I wasn't reading it, sweetheart. I was skimming."

"What did you do when you finished?"

"I put it back, walked out, and gave the owner a disgusted look."

Mindy pauses now, looking reflective, sharpening her knife.

"Did you enjoy it?"

"What?"

"The magazine with the pictures of the pregnant women's tits. Did you enjoy reading it?"

Outrage. Humiliation. Revulsion at such a question. Calculating bitch.

"You're disgusting," I said. "Really, really, really disgusting. And, no. I didn't . . . get hard (shock value) reading it, so take your psychoanalysis somewhere else."

I made goodbye small talk and left.

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# Small Losses . . . continued

Continued from Page 10

"She could use a few more showers," said Volos. "But go for it."

I go for it.  
"Excuse me," I said while going for it. She looked like one of those girls who stand on street corners, trying to get you to sign petitions against capitalism. Her eyes said "Yeah?"

"Did you go to the Institute of Manhattan?" I ask. I'm cleverly basing that on her IHM shirt, leaving out the H.

"No," she said while reading her book, *The Existential Imagination*. "I'm asking because my sister went to IHM and she had a shirt like that."  
"This shirt," she said while turning a page in slow motion, "is for a club I belong to."

"Not the Institute?"  
She lifts up her head and shoots out her eyes.

"It stands for I HATE ME."  
At this point, a real, real long pause. What did those Vietnamese say after that priest lit himself on fire?

"Sounds like a good club," I dribbled out, keeping the happy talk flowing.

"Are a lot of your friends in it?"  
"If I had friends, I wouldn't hate myself."

True. And time dripped on. She went back to her book and I went back to Skeeaz and Volos.

"Eh?" they asked.  
"Nah," I said.  
"She was cute though," they said.  
"From a distance, yeah."

"Don't you want somebody to love?" asked Grace Slick.

"Is she really going out with him?" asked Joe Jackson.

"Oh, Magoo. You've done it again," said Mr. Magoo.

Ah, kid. Women. The things they say, the shirts they wear. Once, Mindy and I were walking around and we passed a punk. Her shirt said "Bite me. Beat me. Whip me. Fuck me." Uh huh; maybe later.

Two traffic lights down the block, I said, "You know, Mindy, old gal, times change. In the olden days, pregnant wives used to stay inside so nobody

would know what they'd been up to."

That was all I said. But Mindy gave me a look as if I'd just raped a thousand feminists.

"That may be the way you want women to act. I know the way you talk to your moron comrades. But not anymore. We refuse to act like paper centerfolds, bending to your hands."

Oooooooooo.  
Ah, kid. The bawdy wench missed my point totally. She still doesn't know it's fun to talk like a moron. AND THE MORAL OF THAT ONE IS: We're not just men and women—we're people. We've all got needs and gifts and we should share them without labels or prejudice. Then, everyone sings "Why Can't We Be Friends?" And Henrietta Hippo, Charlie the Owl, Freddie the Frog, and the cast from The New Zoo Review come out, hold hands, and we all start again.

Some people collect beer cans. Some people collect gum wrappers. My friend Julius collects obituaries and tapes them on his walls.  
"This one is really funny," he said. Julius had hung black tapestries all over his room and the place was as enchanting as the inside of a gas pump. The obituary I read was for a Utah truck driver. Julius watched me read it. This truck driver was moving Wonder Bread from one part of Utah to another for the 7,000th time. He'd been on the road for 36 hours and found himself in the middle of a snowstorm. He fell asleep and his truck went over the side of the road.

A passerby rushed down and asked him what happened. The truck driver, whose head was basically split from his neck, told the passerby that he had been dreaming he saw a Bavarian milk maid with little milk cans and long blonde hair standing in the snow on the side of the Utah road and he wanted to talk to her. After saying that, the truck driver died.

"Now that I know that, what do I do?" I asked Julius after reading the obituary.  
"But isn't it bizarre?" giggled Julius, a fat, smelly genius with few friends.  
"Totally 'Twilight Zone' Bizarre?"

It will all add up.

And finally, in conclusion, me, Skeeaz, and Volos are in the car, driving home from the new Burger King.

"Soon everything's going to be Burger King," says Skeeaz. "No more dairies. No more delis. No more Kentucky Fried Chicken. Just one big, humongous, cross-country Burger King."

"A frightening thought," I said from the corner of my mouth.

"Burger King fucked the Dairy Queen in the White Castle," said Volos. It was a point worth emphasizing. Then he fell into stupid slumber.

We ride along. Skeeaz is still planning on going to business school. Both of his brothers graduated from business schools and now they run the projectors at porno houses in the Boston combat zone. Who knows where they'd be without their degrees?

"I'm not going to worry about it," says Skeeaz, puffing while driving.

"Maybe it's not the best thing, but I think going to business school is going to help me a lot. Probably."

Thinking about it all, I remember a subway summary: To be good isn't enough when you dream of being great.

"Yeah," says Skeeaz.

It starts snowing, conveniently.

"Fuck the snow," I say, looking for milkmaids.

"Your mind," says Skeeaz, "is like Monarch notes for a missing book."

I don't say anything after that. I just keep by the window, scanning.

I can't help it. That's the way I think. That's the way you get by—by remembering things. You hope that by witnessing things, you give them significance; add them all up and you can make them easier to understand. And, as some people say, if we are inhabitants in a malignant universe, then we need all the understanding we can get.

And, for a while, I believe that and it satisfies me. But . . . Ah, kid.

Thinking just isn't enough. Besides, what talent does it take to have a memory?

"Doo Doo Dee Doo Doo. That's all folks," said Porky Pig.

## Harpsichord Harpsichord Harpsichord

by Jennifer Price

Junior Rich Auber began building his harpsichord in his dorm room last January. "I wanted to have a harpsichord because I'm a flute player and a lot of flute music is written with harpsichord accompaniment," he said.

The harpsichord, which was made from a kit, took only two weeks to build. Auber is still working on decorations and improvements.

It is designed to look like the harpsichords played in the Baroque period by his favorite composer, J.S. Bach. The handpainted birds, flowers, and scroll work are "both beautiful and historic," Auber said. He is presently building a decorative mahogany stand to replace the simple, less authentic one he built with the kit.

Auber asked to be granted independent study credits while he built his harpsichord, but said the administration "didn't want to give out credit for non-academic things." Instead he received four credits and a great deal of personal satisfaction.

Auber, who has played the flute since junior high school, is majoring in music composition and hopes to go on to graduate school, he said.

He has thought of making another harpsichord, possibly without the help of a kit.

He is playing his harpsichord publicly for the first time on December 9 at Connecticut College.

## Human Ecology Film

On Monday, November 23, the Human Ecology Advisory Board will present the film *Eight Minutes to Midnight*, narrated by Dr. Helen Caldicott, President of Physicians for Social Responsibility. This nuclear scenario will be shown in Dana Hall at 8:00 p.m. Admission is free, and a discussion period will follow.

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## MONDAY

7-9:30 *Tequila Sunrise*: Light rock and folk with Mary Beth Arkway—straight up!

9:30-12 *Muzak Appreciation*: Music to shop by with Sandy Brown and Chris Bates.

12-3 p.m. *Peace, Love and The Dead*: Elvis is King. Jerry is God. With Peter Cole and Paul Mutty.

3-6 *The Dell Marr Express*: All aboard for this trip down the middle of Rock's winding road with Robert Shapiro.

6-9 *The Chillest Tunes*: Chris Harford plays fantastic dance music featuring awesome Rockabilly, stupendous Rocksteady, scintillating Ska and only the very best Wave. If you don't believe it just ask him.

9-11:30 *The Dead Air Radio Show*: New London's best, The Reducers, are back playing the same good rockin' melodies that put them at the top of the charts last year.

11:30-2 a.m. *The Blitzkrieg Bop, High School Hop, Easy Action, Solid Gold Rock and Roll Show*: Get it on, Bang a Gong. Serious music for late night people. Clash, Sly and Uz with Dana Elder.

7-9:30 a.m. *Pete McCarty's World of Rock*: The entire history of Rock 'n Roll condensed into 2½ hours of The Beach Boys and Squeeze.

9:30-12 *Expressions in Jazz*: Nancy Rosoff plays the best in Be-bop from Dizzy to Thelonious.

12-3 p.m. *Rock for All Moods and Mods*: Sixties, seventies and eighties. Music for all times.

3-6 *The K-Tel Hour*: Buddy Holly to the Boss with Cara Esparo. Mail before midnight tonight.

6-9 *Moods for Moderns*: The ex-Redskin wide receiver Charley Taylor hangs up his cleats to spin the best in Funk, Punk, New Wave and Soul.

9-11:30 *Eve in the Evening*: Fusion, Funk and Soul from Chick the Brothers Isley to slide jive and groove to, from Eve Chilton.

11:30-2 a.m. *Bad Late Night Craziiness*: Rock 'n Roll from the roots 'til 1:00, then an hour of copacetic tunes to lull even the most hyper of us into a mellowed state.

## WEDNESDAY

7-9:30 a.m. *Kool Klassiks*: Wake up to Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Bach and Monty Python.

9:30-12 *All That Jazz*: All that Be-bop with Tina Botund.

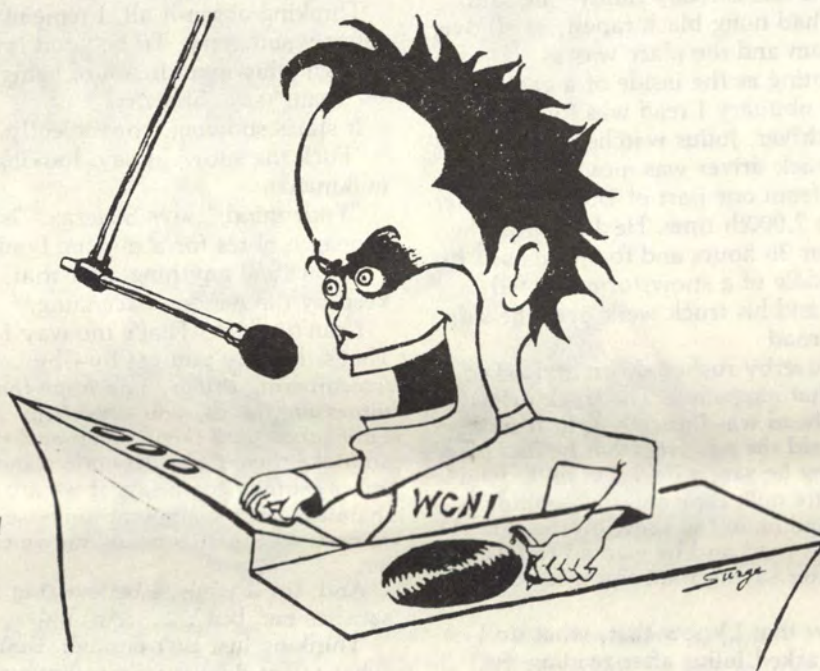
12-3 p.m. *Rock for Jocks*: Music to sweat by, with Oren "Big Whistle" Tasini.

3-6 *Tunes for Tots*: Professional D.J. Maureen Murray brings her bag of tricks to New London.

6-9 *The Mike Gill Show*: Powerpop and New Wave.

9-11:30 *Classic Plastic*: This is, in my opinion, the best example of an American radio show . . . next slide please. John Carlin at the helm.

11:30-2 a.m. *Late Night Educational Muzik*: Academic Jock and Razz with Drew Sanders.



## THURSDAY

7-9:30 *Thorian Overture*: What's up? Who's up? Who cares? Strictly for Classics like James Jones.

9:30-12 *Expanded Thoughts*: Jazz and Soft Rock with Gus Reeve and Dave Wallack.

12-3 *Fused Jello*: Neil Helman plays Jazz and Fusion.

3-6 *I'm A Rocker*: Nuff said, listen to Larry Hirsch.

6-9 *The Pleasure Principle*: Rock 'n Roll, roots to shoots, with Leslie Doppler.

9-11:30 *Phillanderous Phunk*: Thump, thump, thump with Mark Oliva.

11:30-2 a.m. *Over the Rainbow*: Rock's pot of gold, John Dire.

## FRIDAY

7-9:30 *Wired for Sound*: Kathy Alston runs seven miles, sings an operetta and plays Beethoven at 78 rpm, all in 2½ hours.

9:30-12 *Music for Young Leaders*: Brian Crawford raps from the Oval Office.

12-3 *The Ted Greenspan Show*: Jazz, Funk and Fusion from The Big Bopper.

3-6 *The Cocktail Hour*: Kenny and Holly host this weekend warm up.

6-9 *Grooves to Make You Move*: Paul Wisotzky leads a Dancercise class featuring Motown to The Sugarhill Gang.

9-11:30 *Gold Chains, Polyester and Blow Dryers*: Do a little dance, make a little love, get down tonight . . . with Kevin Der Bedrosian.

11:30-2 a.m. *The Two Guys Radio Show*: Going out of business. Everything must go. 40-60% off . . . Peter Livingston and Tom Loureiro play Discount Rock.

## SATURDAY

7-9:30 *Turn On, Tune In, Throw Up*: Maly Petti will cure your hangover. It's better than two aspirin.

9:30-12 *Poptones*: Tomorrow's alternative music today. It'll leave a hole in your head.

12-2 *The Saturday Special*: Each week brings an array of comedy, concert and album specials.

2-4 *The 60's*: They're hot, they're sexy, they're dead.

4-6 *Shake-Bop*: Little Thomas brings back early Rock n' Roll radio.

6-9 *Misanthropic Wave*: Tom Roberts and Peter Loureiro play modern music for today's cynic.

9-11:30 *Syncopation*: Maarten Terry, Leon Kinloch and Steve Wilkens hop, rap, bob and clap.

11:30-2 a.m. *It's Only Rock n' Roll*: But Mike Sheridan likes it.

## SUNDAY

7-9:30 *Gospel Jubilee*: Traditional and contemporary gospel music featuring Bible trivia and the Prayer Line, with the Reverend John Hill.

9:30-12 *The Make Believe Ballroom*: Mike Tucker plays swing from the 30's and 40's.

12-3 *Seventh Day Jazz*: Mellow Jazz, Funk and Fusion with Lisa Lowen.

3-6 *The Connecticut Oldies Authority*: From the Animals to The Zombies; Rockin' Robin to Disco Duck. David Blaney brings you the greatest hits of the last 25 years.

6-9 *A Twist of Lime*: Karen Cortell and Kate Lanigan play caustic New Wave and Rockabilly.

9-11:30 *Fear and Loathing from Jamaica*: Fritz and chums travel the globe to bring you the best in Reggae.

11:30-2 a.m. *The Rope a Dope Hour*: Rocky Eisenberg hangs up his gloves to bring you the punchiest new music on vinyl.