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Dean Hoyle

THE COLLEGE VOICE

Connecticut College's Weekly Newspaper

Student Evaluations Denied Tenure

Struggle for power results in loss of faculty and college-wide questionnaire

By SARA BARRETT

At the faculty meeting last December, a vote was taken for the purpose of eliminating all forms of college-wide evaluation. That vote passed by a slim margin. This move on the part of the faculty has brought to light tensions between the faculty and the administration, and in turn has affected the role students will play in the evaluation of their professors. The reasons surrounding the termination of the college-wide questionnaire are complex and varied. They involve dissatisfactions with the credibility, accountability, and emphasis of the evaluations as they are used in making promotion and tenure decisions. What has developed is a "very touchy political issue" between the faculty and administration.

In the center of the controversy is the Faculty Advisory committee, whose tenure and promotion decisions last spring were one of the reasons which led the faculty to ask the Steering and Conference Committee to come up with a new evaluation process. The problem, from one faculty members' point of view, was "the extent to which student evaluations played a part in the tenure decisions." The Steering and Conference Committee's proposal involved doing away with the numerical form of the evaluations, while keeping the written section of the questionnaires. The written evaluations were to be used in the same manner as the numerical ones had been with copies going to the Faculty Advisory Committee, the dean, the department, and the professor himself. These would then be used in making decisions concerning tenure and promotion. However, it was still a college-wide form, of which many faculty members were opposed. Subsequently, Lester Reiss proposed an amendment to replace the Steering and Conference Committee's original proposal. He proposed to do away with college-wide evaluations all together. The amendment was accepted, and in the next vote the faculty abolished the evaluations. The close outcome of the vote surprised more than a majority of the faculty there, and according to one, "there was a tangled parliamentary debate. I don't think either side was clear as to what was going on." Other discrepancies involved the time the vote was taken and

the lack of indepth disucssion. Professors that could not be there, had to leave when the meeting was officially over but before the final vote, and those that did not get the opportunity to express their opinions whould have been enough to make a difference in the results. As it stands now, the only way students can voice their opinions is through the Student Advisory Committees. Doing away with evaluations is not only putting more pressure on these committees, but affecting the role of the Faculty Advisory Committee. There are negative aspects involved in both cases.

"If the president or advisory committee is going to make anything out of student comments, we need to have access to them"

The Student Advisory Committees in each department are responsible for distributing their own questionnaires, tabulating the results, and giving comments to the department. Not, all advisory committees are responsible in their duties. Plus, their recommendations are sometimes "manipulated to serve the purpose of the department," according to one faculty member. The students as a whole no longer have an official voice above the department level. This not only takes away the power of students who need the college-wide evaluations if their advisory committees are unreliable, but also changes the decision making process for tenure and promotion on the part of the Faculty Advisory Committee. When the Faculty Advisory Committee makes recommendations on promotion and tenure, they take into consideration teaching ability, scholarship, and service to the school and community. Without access to student evaluations, the emphasis will shift from one of making a decision in terms of excellence in teaching ability to

one of emphasis on scholarship and service. All the information that the Faculty Advisory Committee receives that has to do with teaching ability will now be filtered through the departments. "If the president or advisory committee is going to make anything out of student comments, we need to have access to them," according to Dean Francis Johnson. He said that the system as it stands now "may make it harder to distinguish the really superior teacher." Other faculty members agreed, saying "the departments tend to support their own," not taking into consideration the students' opinions at all. However, one faculty member said that "it's important that the administration understand that the responsibility for evaluations belongs to the colleagues of the candidate." And, as Dean Johnson said, "part of the whole picture about the evaluation of teaching is that a very large share of the responsibility of doing evaluations rests on other teachers." But, "when it becomes difficult to do that because of a competitive job market, closeness of teachers, and emotional ties," a heavier burden is put on the students' role in doing evaluations. Thus it boils

down to the accuracy of the student evaluations and department recommendations, and the extent to which each of these are used by the Faculty Advisory Committee in making their recommendation to the president. The administration and faculty disagree to the way these decisions have been made in the past. The recommendations on tenure decisions are given on three levels: by the department, the Faculty Advisory Committee, and the President. The President then makes a final recommendation to the trustees, whose tendency is to follow his decision. The problems begin when the same recommendation is not given on all three levels.

Last spring, the departments supported their candidates while the Faculty Advisory Committee did not. According to one faculty member, it was "widely known that the evaluations were a significant factor in those decisions. There is wide-spread belief that the advisory committee was mindlessly basing its decisions solely on the numerical questionnaire results." Not all faculty members feel that this was the case. "I don't believe that's the way it works at all.

People were angry at the Advisory Committee and were upset about the people that were denied tenure and the decisions that affected their departments... essentially in the science departments." In speaking on the use of student evaluations by the Faculty Advisory Committee, Dean Johnson said that "the advisory committee must deal with ten to twelve faculty status decisions a year. It's got to have some basis for evaluating in order to be fair to individual faculty members." One faculty member offered examples, however, of how the evaluations were used unjustly in the determination of whether or not to grant tenure. "If the results of a tenure candidates' questionnaire were uneven, or there were any appearance of weakness, the advisory committee vetoed the recommendation of the department. One department recommending tenure for one of its members was vetoed because the letter from the chairman did not seem 'enthusiastic.'" Bob Straight, an art professor, was one of the persons denied tenure last spring. He thought the Faculty Advisory Committee "pretty much took the

continued on page 2

TFAA Seeks Responsible Drinking

By JOHN P. HOERR

Alcohol has an important position in the Connecticut College social life and many problems are related to its consumption. On campus, the most serious of these problems is alcohol related vandalism.

Alcohol related vandalism caused \$35,000 of damage between September 1979 and mid-April 1980. The Task Force on Alcohol Awareness was formed during the 1978-1979 academic year to curb drunken vandalism and to make students aware of the affects of alcohol on the human body, on the college, and on American society. The committee is made up of students and administrators among whom three of the most active are Paul Kiesel, Tony Morrakis, and Dean of Student Affairs Margaret Watson.

"Alcohol is a drug," is the message the TFAA wants to get across to Conn. students, said Kiesel. Students tend to mistake the TFAA for a

temperance league whose goal is to abolish alcohol on campus. "We're not saying people should not drink, we're not saying to have a good time, we just want people to know alcohol has its affects."

Some of these affects are seen in examples of alcohol related vandalism. Last year, nine vending machines were put in the plex. All of them were destroyed by May, most in conjunction with drinking.

According to Kiesel, the person most likely to destroy property is not the hardcore alcoholic, but is the person who "goes all week long and has no alcohol at all, then says, 'I'm gonna go out and get f---- up.'" If this person is brought in front of the Judiciary Board for drunken vandalism, he will find that intoxication is no excuse for his actions.

One suggestion the TFAA has made to assure more responsible drinkers is that the potentially inexperienced Freshman Class be eased rather than plunged into the kegs, bottles of alcohol that

flood the first week of school each year at Conn.

During the first year is when most students are likely to abuse alcohol. College is usually a person's first access to large quantities of alcohol, and not all freshmen have the experience to know their limit. Responsible drinking is "something parents should have taught them how to do," said a senior whose only bad drinking experience occurred during his first year at Conn.

The TFAA would also like to see more parties that do not revolve around alcohol. It has suggested that party advertisements make no reference to alcohol and that faculty members invite students to "meetings" instead of "wine and cheese parties." Further, the committee recommends that every party have a nonalcoholic beverage.

Finally, to assure students that the TFAA is not an anti-alcohol society, it plans to sponsor a wine tasting party this semester.

CAMPUS NEWS

Judiciary Board Report

By PAIGE COTTINGHAM

In the past the Judiciary Board has published a monthly JB LOG in the Voice. Until the end of the semester in May, 1981, this practice will be continued. With respect to confidentiality, which is one of the most important factors of the Honor Code, only the charge, verdict and recommendation may be disclosed. When reading the JB LOG one must realize that what is printed here is the product of a lot of hard thinking discussing and decision making which may sometimes last for hours. The Board has no standard way of treating cases except for the technical procedures outlined in the JB packet. Each case is treated individually and open-mindedly. Each recommendation is made always with the best interest of the party or parties involved and the college community in mind.

The Board is pleased to report that since the end of last year and through first of the 1980-81 year the Board has heard 13 cases; three of which were Academic and ten of which were Social. This is a great decline in the number of cases heard last year and hopefully this trend will continue for the remainder of the year. The JB LOG will report cases in the following manner:

a) lists the breach of the Academic or Social Honor Code.
b) indicates guilt or non-guilt (for-against-abstain)
c) recommendation (an explanation of all recommendations may be found in the JB packet p.6)

Listed are the eight cases the Judiciary Board has heard since last Spring

a) Breach of the Social Honor Code in the form of Non-malicious vandalism
b) Guilty (7-0)
c) Censure

a) Breach of the Social Honor Code in the form of
1. violation of confidentiality
2. defamation of character
b) 1. Guilty (6-0) 2. Guilty (6-0)
c) Censure

a) Breach of the Social Honor Code in the form of
1. destruction of school property
2. breaking and entering
3. invasion of privacy
b) Guilty (7-0)
c) Social Probation for two semesters

a) Breach of Social Honor Code in the form of Non-

malicious vandalism
b) Guilty (6-0)
c) Censure and replacement cost

a) Breach of Social Honor Code in the form of Destruction of school property
b) Guilty (8-0)
c) Social Probation for two semesters and replacement cost.

a) Breach of Social Honor Code in the form of excessive noise
b) Not Guilty

a) Breach of Academic Honor Code in the form of cheating on an exam
b) Guilty (6-0-1)
c) "F" in course, suspension for a semester and academic probation for two semesters

a) Breach of Social Honor Code in the form of theft
b) Guilty (5-2)
c) Censure

a) Breach of Academic Honor Code in the form of Plagiarism
b) Not Guilty

a) Breach of the Social Honor Code in the form of destruction of school property
b) Guilty (7-0)
c) Social Probation for one semester and replacement cost

a) Breach of Social Honor Code in the form of Non-Malicious vandalism
b) Guilty (6-0)
c) Censure

a) Breach of Social Honor Code in the form of anti-social behavior
b) Guilty (7-0)
c) Censure

a) Breach of the Social Honor Code in the form of
1. providing false identification to a security officer
b) Guilty (8-0)

a) Breach of the Academic Honor Code in the form of cheating on an exam
b) Not Guilty(9-0)

a) Breach of the Social Honor Code in the form of Malicious vandalism
b) Guilty (8-0)
c) Social Probation for one semester and replacement cost

Should anyone have any questions, comments, or suggestions, please feel free to contact any members of the Judiciary Board. If anyone would like a Judiciary Board packet they may be obtained from any Judiciary Board member.

Evaluations, cont.

continued from page 1

evaluation scores that were lower, and discounted the others. Also, the computer screwed up a few times, so I ended up with a low total evaluation overall, when all the individual questions were high. I know that my entire department was extraordinarily supportive; the administration seemed to discount the department." Prof. Straight is now teaching at the University of Delaware, where he was granted promotion and tenure after one semester, due to the excellence of his work.

All of this causes considerable amount of tension between the Faculty Advisory Committee and the faculty themselves, especially among those in departments who recommended tenure but did not see the recommendations carried through. One faculty member said that "the Faculty Advisory Committee has not seen that among its responsibilities is the protection of a member of the faculty from the administration. In the past, the administration has been the master and the departments the servants... and some restoration of equality is needed." Other members of the faculty feel just as strongly. "The administration of the college as presently constituted is ignorant, indifferent, and antagonistic to the best interest of the college. I view the Faculty Advisory Committee as part of the administration." When a member of the Faculty Advisory Committee was asked

whether he felt that the committee was more responsive to the needs of the administration than to the faculty who elects them, there was no comment. The faculty is split on this issue. While one member thought the "departments sweat and strain over tenure decisions" and are "scrupulous in making recommendations," another member felt that the "Faculty Advisory Committee is necessary to keep a check on the departments." However, most faculty did agree that a new system of evaluations was needed to replace the college-wide questionnaire.

The general dissatisfaction with the numerical evaluations as a whole led to its downfall. "There were enough different reasons that appealed to different people, that it was possible to get a majority of faculty" to undo the system of college-wide evaluations. Some faculty were opposed to having the evaluations go to fellow colleagues and the administration, "some for reasons of principle, others were afraid of it."

As one said, "The largest group of faculty members looking for a change in the evaluation system were those opposed to the notion of evaluations being done on a numerical scale." Some faculty felt that "having a numerical figure...enabled you to make a sharp distinction between successful and unsuccessful professors." Other dissatisfactions were over who reviewed the evaluations, and the extent to which the evaluations were used by the Faculty Advisory

Committee in making tenure decisions. All these tensions and dissatisfactions surfaced last spring when four of the five faculty members being considered for tenure were denied it.

There are three faculty members that are going to be considered for tenure this spring, but the affects of this vote will only partially be seen. According to one of the untenured persons, "The Faculty Advisory Committee will have a summary of the evaluations that have been done over the last couple of years. They will only be missing the evaluations from the current semester." Nevertheless, the controversy over the role of evaluations will remain with us at least through the next few semesters. Most faculty wanted to stress that the vote was not a vote against the students, but a vote for a change in the process. At a faculty meeting this Wednesday night the question of what to do with evaluations is going to be a major topic. The issue is not closed. The smaller departments are struggling for more power in tenure decisions, while the Faculty Advisory Committee is struggling to be objective through the use of the evaluation system. Everyone spoken to on both the faculty and the administration, both pro and con on evaluations agreed with Dean Francis Johnson's statement: "My sense is that it's an issue not really finished. The faculty will have to come back to the question of what is a fair and trustworthy way of gaining evaluation of faculty teaching."

Coming Soon...

By PUT GOODWIN

Last semester at this time, social board was beginning to organize the semesters activities. This semester they're way past the planning stages, and if you aren't on your toes, you're going to miss 3 major events sponsored by the board. After experiencing trouble getting a concert act last semester, the board resolved to start early on finding someone for this semester. The first package that was booked was Trent Arterberry, with Robin Lane to follow a week after. You may have missed Trent by now, but you can catch Robin Lane and the Chartbusters for 3 or 4 dollars. This is compared to 10 dollars, which was the going price for Robin in New York this weekend.

Robin has two albums out on the Warner Brothers label. She and the boys perform straight ahead rock 'n roll. Their live E.P. is a good example of the excitement they generate in live performance. "Don't Cry" received quite a bit of airplay, especially in Boston, her hometown. She is rapidly breaking out into the national scene. A summer long tour helped her on the way.

Then, an opportunity came up that could not be passed up. A group of MUSE musicians (Musicians United for Safe Energy), headlined

by Bonnie Raitt are doing a quick eastern swing and they were looking for colleges in the area interested in putting on the concert. Before we knew it we had booked Bonnie Raitt, John Hall, and Tom Rush for a performance Feb. 15 at 8:00 P.M. Tickets go on sale Feb. 2, Monday, and the board advises that you buy your tickets as soon as possible. Bonnie Raitt is the only act sponsored by social board to have sold out. (She appeared here several years ago.) She has always been known for her concerts, particularly her college concerts over her long career. She started as a blues-folksinger in Cambridge, recording her first L.P. in 1970. She has slowly evolved into a performer of blues, folk, mainstream, and hard Rock n' Roll.

John Hall has played with Bonnie and produced a couple of her records. Formerly the leader of Orleans, with whom he wrote and performed "Dance With Me," "Still the One," and many others, Hall launched his solo career around 4 years ago. He has two solo albums, and he appears on the "No Nukes" album. His tune "Power" is considered by many to be the anti-nuke anthem for MUSE. Tom Rush is an experienced folk artist with several albums to his credit. Like Bonnie he has established himself as a great live performer.

Light, cont.

Continued from page 11

Int: Oh, so you mean you only run a mile instead of ten, and just punch the bag instead of sparring?

Hart: That's about it.

Int: What about your diet? You must eat a lot of beef and protein to stay strong, no?

Hart: No way. Meat is bad for you. Eggs have too much cholesterol. Orange juice is too acidic.

Int: Well then, what does your diet consist of?

Hart: Every morning I have a fresh glass of Pepsi Light and I smoke half a pack of Golden Lights. For lunch I have a Betty Crocker Light Cake Mix because it has a third less calories, a six pack of Michelob Light, and three packs of Salem Lights. Lunch is the big meal of the day for me so I usually only have a light dinner. That consists of two Winston Lights, and a shot of Lite beer.

Int: But doesn't this diet leave you feeling a bit lightheaded?

Hart: No. That's how I leave my opponents.

Int: Mr. Hart, you're a real lightweight, but wouldn't this diet be destructive to heavier boxers?

Hart: Hey, you saw what happened to Duran; he ate too much.

Voice Policy

The College Voice will no longer accept anonymous letters sent to the editor. Names on letters printed in the paper will be withheld, however, at the reasonable request of the author.

-Letter-

To the Editor,

The recent decision made by the faculty regarding the abolishment of college course evaluation sheets is simply appalling. It protects the professors with tenure and hinders the new and usually young, less powerful faculty. This type of phenomenon happened in my past public high school whereas the same people held the same jobs for what seemed to be eternity,

causing its teachers to become drier and less enthusiastic with each graduating class. Though the departments administering their won questionnaires is a positive step because it narrows the questions, I believe all the information should, in the form that the students wrote it, be conveyed to the administrators of the college. This will give the administrators of the school all the information, and not force the directors of the departments to hold the burden of gathering the data, deciphering it, and then do whatever he-she believes is

necessary. With an outstanding admissions department we will continue to bring in more enthusiastic and eager students with every year; doesn't the faculty believe that they have to better themselves too?

Anonymous

The author's name has been omitted because he believes that it would be detrimental to his further dealings with tenured faculty if his name were to be revealed.

THE COLLEGE VOICE

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VOICE EDITORIAL

As Walter Cronkite watched the hostages' plane leave Iran, the coincidentally spectacular media event of freedom and inauguration seemed to overcome him. Through gritted teeth he spoke of the relief this country felt, and of the 'barbaric militants,' cheated out of our part of the release agreement. In one way Mr. Cronkite was releasing the 444-day hostility which America suffered, and which had shown itself only cautiously in the American press while the 52 remained prisoner. (In fact, Cronkite's pronunciation evolved from Tehran to "Terroran"). The journalist merely reflected the national mood that day two weeks ago. The pervasive feeling is that, behind Reagan's new administration, and backed by Carter's righteous adherence to international morality, America again has the right to talk tough at Iran. The atmosphere is perfect for the kind of thinly veiled threats coming from hot-heads and moderates alike: rumors of renegeing or fouling the release agreement, eye for eye trade embargoes, and a total diplomatic vacuum. These sentiments are understandable for average citizens, and inasmuch as public officials are humans too, a little hostility is well-

deserved. But the country has gone temporarily insane. Professionals and opinion-makers are forsaking the obvious fact that we need a healthy, stabilized Islamic Republic in Iran, and that the US must accept the new role it has just successfully parlayed into 52 lives: peaceful negotiator with a big stick.

The agreement and the peace are intact today in spite of the breast-beaters. William Safire suggests, for instance, that America can now exact its vendetta: "No world courts or international arbiters will bring justice in this case; only American power can do that." Safire maintains that Shah number two is our answer: "Our reasoned self-interest," he says "is to actively encourage the emergence of right-wingers to keep the oil flowing west." The Times was little more realistic, lamenting that, "it is not respect for Iran, but a maddening need for it, that has kept us from bombing Tehran flat." Even Jimmy Carter lost his cool, and in Weisbaden bragged to the freed Americans that "the hoodlums" will not get more than a quarter of their frozen assets.

These statements indicate that we have lost sight of more important goals in the

middle-east, and are sliding back into a womb of hip-shooter machismo that is suicidal. To obtain the hostages' release and then renege on the deal is more than dishonorable; the moderate Iranians who agreed to the final terms (and they are completely watered down from Iran's 'final offer') will lose any power they now hold, further isolating us from Iran. To take revenge into our hands and choke Iran with a 444-day embargo would collapse their already thread-bare economy, and probably seal Iraq's victory. Economic and civil chaos in Tehran might please many Americans right now, but if the Mullahs collapse too, no friendlies would emerge; oil deliveries could completely stop, with no Shah in sight. Even doves agree that Russia will fill the aid vacuum we leave in Iran. Russia certainly has the potential to take a disabled Iran hostage. Any renege or revenge would alienate Algeria, which seems to have looked proudly to American restraints and cooperation.

As Andrew Young persuades, the one situation Russia cannot deal with is a strong religious government. Resistance in Poland and Afghanistan bears this out. And even if it is not within America's tradition of

religious freedom to assist Iran in attaining stability and legitimacy, it certainly is in our economic and strategic interest to do so. Only if America sees that all Iranians are not 'savages' (and that their friendship is just as important now as when our Shah was in power) can we keep from losing a toehold in the middle-east, and our claim to world morality. A show of national unity is one thing; violent bravado is regressive and unrealistic, and in our present straights is plain foolhardiness.

A political officer, one of the former hostages, was asked if he would go back to Iran, and he said "Yeah, in a B-52." Even considering the hardship this man endured, it is remarkable and symbolic that he can ignore his diplomatic philosophy, all his education and experience, to declare war on Iran. The voices of consequence in this country are only rhetorically different from this hostage and, if they will not re-evaluate our need for a strong Iran, are merely prisoners of an arthritic American posture. The shine will wear off the revenge craze eventually, but if the Reagan administration doesn't shake it off entirely, the backlash will be devastating.

Ski Mahoosuc.



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Winter Wilderness Program

CAMPUS NEWS

ConnPIRG QUESTIONS S.A.T.'S

By MEREDITH DRAKE

—An above-average high school student is not admitted to the college of his choice because his SAT scores are substandard.

—An elderly citizen buys a directory of apartments for rent. The residences listed, however, have already been leased.

—The market value of Connecticut farmland is going up and so are the farmers — up and away from their farms because there is more money in selling than in milking a cow.

—Only a minority of households can afford to not use energy. Even fewer know where to find government aid that will help them to install alternative energy systems in their homes.

The state chapter of the Connecticut Public Interest Research Group (ConnPIRG) heads for the 1981 General Assembly with the above issues in hand. Student funded and directed, the organization gives the college an opportunity to become involved with the legislative proceedings in Connecticut.

ConnPIRG consolidates the public voice and directs it toward the legislative ear. "We want to mobilize people," says Jack Hale, the ConnPIRG state leader. "Everyone thinks they have the truth, and the legislators vote by the information they receive and by how they think the people feel. ConnPIRG tells people there is a legislative issue that affects them — such as the testing

policy and college students. We spread the information and tell people what to do to let the legislators know how they feel."

The group has influence through the quality of information they collect and the number of people involved. Communication by way of reports, Public Service Announcements, debates, and group speeches enables ConnPIRG to organize citizens with a common interest into a coalition.

On January 25, Jack Hale and Edmund Mierzwinski, ConnPIRG state directors, came to Connecticut College to stimulate discussion on the 1981 issues. Richard Allen, chairperson for the campus chapter, explained, "we want to expose the opportunities

for students to work on these policies."

The primary issues this year are admissions testing, higher education funding, apartment listing services, food policies, and energy policies.

The hottest item for this session is Truth-In-Testing. Accounts of racial and cultural biases, errors in scoring and reporting, and the use of scores for predicting a student's success in college have lead several PIRG's to question the validity of the tests. The Connecticut chapter hopes to repeat the success of New York state's Truth-In-Testing bill, but the ConnPIRG leaders emphasize the need for research and communication.

Funding for education is also under fire these days. Education is seen as a weak force in the state; its funding is the easiest to cut back. ConnPIRG wants to coordinate a solid funding program to preserve the quality of higher education in the state.

The consumer legislation for this year will be in response to complaints about apartment listing services. Certain companies have taken advantage of people who are students, elderly, or lower-income by giving them fraudulent apartment lists and refusing to return the fee. ConnPIRG supports regulations over these companies and looks for people who will speak to the legislators.

As roads and sewers are

built next to farming fields, the value of the land rises. In addition to their efforts to preserve farm lands in the state, the research group works for a better understanding of how the state affects the growing, processing, and shipping of food. "We want people to realize that we need a food policy," says Jack Hale.

The mixed bag of energy proposals essentially includes the following: increased funding for energy grants, legislation to supervise the disposal of hazardous wastes, bills to reform electric rates, and the Connecticut Citizen Labor Energy Coalition (which covers oil tax, emergency energy grants, weatherization grants, and energy subsidy programs for renters).

ConnPIRG has a reputation for doing its homework. The information gathered by the organization has supported successful legislation such as nursing home reform, the bottle bill, and car repair reforms.

But Mierzwinski again asserts the need for manpower. "Whoever comes forth to work will determine what ConnPIRG puts through. We need to do a number of things: to hear from students, to wake up the people who can be influential, and to convey information."

He concludes: "Our power is growing because we're getting out into the community, but we want to involve more students. It's the students who have the time and resources."

The Darkroom's A Negative

By ARON ABRAMS

The development of the Connecticut College Photography Department is stagnant. Though interest in the subject is considerable, a large number of students who tried to take Art 200 were turned away, owing to the limited facilities of the Winthrop Basement lab.

"Most high schools have better darkrooms than we have," said one senior who wished to remain anonymous. "Only four people can use the darkroom at a time. The enlargers are all old, and it's stuck in the bottom of a damp, smelly basement."

This dissatisfaction is shared by Ted Hendrickson, photography instructor. "The enlargers have been around since the late 60's and they are in constant use...They're still usable, but they're showing signs of wear."

Although Hendrickson says that a case could be made for replacing the enlargers, the main problem facing the photography department is lack of space.

Hendrickson teaches twenty one daytime students, seventeen evening students, and twelve independent studies. The instructor says that, ideally, the daytime and evening classes should have fifteen each.

"We simply need a larger darkroom," says Hendrickson. "Since the room can only accommodate three people comfortably and four at the most, we have to limit the number of people who can take the class. Whenever I want to demonstrate something in the darkroom, I have to break the class into sections."

"Over fifty students tried to take the class," said Hendrickson. "But it was impossible for them all to enroll...The facilities just aren't capable of helping a large number of students."

Complaints about what students consider poor photographic facilities are not new. In the Spring of 1978, Hendrickson recalled, students who couldn't enroll in Photography 200 brought a petition to President Ames in protest of the darkroom inadequacies. Hendrickson noted that the petition did not change the situation.

The basement lab has other disadvantages. The dirt and dust of the lab have ruined several pictures. The ventilation is also poor and, though the fumes from the chemicals used are not harmful, they do make working unpleasant and difficult.

The problem of poor ventilation is shared by other factions of the Art Department. Faculty members have been complaining about the problems of working in the bottom floor of Cummings. According to Hendrickson the teachers involved feel that "the chemicals and fumes that come out when working with pottery are bad enough for the students who just take an occasional course there. But, since the ventilation is so poor, it could have marked effects on faculty members who work there year after year."

According to Hendrickson, the Administration feels it would be cheaper to build an Annex building to Cummings rather than renovating the building's ventilation. If this annex is built and the pottery department moves, a darkroom could be built in the vacated area.

"The whole operation would require a very modest output. Four or five enlargers, a few sinks...It would cost somewhere between five and eight thousand dollars...Ideally, there would be two blackrooms: A large one for the 200 level students and a small darkroom, with two enlargers for the more advanced students."

Hendrickson says that, though the Art Department has offered photography since 1976, "it has never had the impetus it has now. A lot of people are interested." The course has a pre-requisite of Art 101-102 but this is often waived if the student demonstrates a grasp of the needed principles.

Despite the problems of working in a damp basement, Hendrickson feels that the people involved are doing very good work. Among the students Hendrickson cites as "doing wonderful things" are Ted Hansen, Leta Davis, Karen Cortell, Stewart Gamble, David McKillop, and David Cohen.

To many students, says Hendrickson, photography is more than a hobby. "One student has gone on to graduate work at the Rhode Island School of Design. More than a few have gone on to using photography as a career, such as in graphics and art design."

Until new accommodations are provided, the Conn. College photographers will have to make due in Winthrop Basement. Hendrickson hopes that the Annex will become a reality but, he noted, "They've been discussing it for the last four years."

Interested
in writing
sports articles?

.....
Contact
Matt Martin,
Sports Ed.

G.H. UPDATE

By L. DECOSTER
and T. GARLAND

This year G.H. started the fun
When Heather left the Webber's concealing a gun

As Heather left Jeff, Annie did too
And she loudly proclaimed, "Our relationship is through!"

Now it seemed Jeff was left just quite alone
Until to Diana Taylor's he did roam.

Jeff asked Diana if he could spend the night
And Diana Taylor put up no fight

So they hopped into bed and made quite a scene
And when Heather snuck in she had to muffle a scream.

It was Diana Taylor, Heather wanted to kill
Before she'd lose P.J. when Diana changed her will

Jeff's not the only one with sexual frustrations
There's Allen with whom Monica will have no relations

Will Susan's bed Allen now seek?
To find out, join us again next week.

GRATEFUL

By **ROBIN BROWN**

The new year has come and we can all look back on 1980 with both happy memories and others not as so happy. I put Christmas 1980 on the list of happy memories as do the hundreds of people that received help from the B.P. Learned House. This assistance came in the form of Christmas presents, clothing, and food. In fact, 1980 was one of the biggest years for the distribution of canned goods for Learned House.

Certainly not the least appreciative were the children who attended the Christmas parties at the mission and the college volunteers: Rob Miceli, Dilly Cleavly, Robin Brown, Buffi Weisenberg and Tricia Giovannone, who were able to see the smiling faces and hear the peals of laughter. The Friends of Learned House, a club of Conn College volunteers, has traditionally supplied presents for the children at the party, and this Christmas was no exception. Jump ropes, matchbox cars, card trick kits, and punching balls were accepted with beaming smiles and shrieks of joy. The highpoint of the afternoon however was the appearance of none other than Kris Kringle. All too familiar with the college person donning a cotton beard, one fuspicious boy demanded to pull Kris's

beard. "It's real," he exclaimed, "it's really him, it's Kris Kringle!"

The Friends of Learned House would like to express their deepest thanks to the entire college community for responding to the needs of the club. Your generous contributions allowed us to brighten the Christmases of many New London families. This interest in what the club does has inspired me to invite anyone who is interested in spending time with children to get in touch with either Robin Brown 159, or Rob Miceli Box 895. Your involvement at the mission can range anywhere from one afternoon (3-5 pm) a week to several afternoons. Kids age 5-9 are at the mission in the afternoons, and the older crowd 10-15 are there until 9 o'clock closing; it is also open on Saturdays. Activities vary from supervision of play in the painting, or dollhouse rooms, leading a group in any of your specialities; dance, paper mache, collage making, or anything you decide. Outdoor activities, weather permitting, include short hikes in the arboretum and Mamacoke Island, "touch" football, kickball and more. By your mere presence and interest you can help and learn from these most appreciative children. Again, Conn College we thank you and look forward to hearing from some of you.



The Children at Learned House.

NEWS BRIEF

Connecticut College will be featured on the February edition of Magazine, a monthly daytime documentary program produced by CBS news. The hourlong broadcast will be shown Thursday, February 5, from 10-11 a.m. The program includes a large portion of the commencement address Alda delivered at Connecticut College last May. WFSB, channel 3 in Hartford, and WLNE, channel 6 in Providence, will carry the broadcast.



Photos by Carolyn Blackmar

FEBRUARY SPORTS SCHEDULE

MEN'S BASKETBALL

THU 2-5	YESHIVA	8:00
SAT 2-7	At TRINITY	3:00
MON 2-9	At CURRY	7:30
WED 2-11	At NICHOLS	8:00
SAT 2-14	NJIT	7:30
WED 2-18	At WESLEYAN	8:00
SAT 2-21	M.I.T.	2:00
TUE 2-24	At COAST GUARD	8:00
SAT 2-28	At BABSON	7:30

ICE HOCKEY

WED 2-4	QUINNIPIAC	7:30
SAT 2-7	At WESLEYAN	2:00
TUE 2-10	At W.P.I.	7:30
FRI 2-13	At ST. JOHN'S	
TUE 2-17	At ROGER WILLIAMS	
SAT 2-21	At MIT	
MON 2-23	WESLEYAN	2:00
FRI 2-27	At CLARK	7:30

GYMNASTICS

TUE 2-3	at BRIDEWATER	7:00
SAT 2-7	WESTFIELD w-BOSTON STATE	2:00
THU 2-12	RIC w-BROWN	7:00
SAT 2-14	KEENE STATE	1:00
TUE 2-17	at MT. HOLYOKE w-BRIDEPORT	
SAT 2-21	MIT	7:00
TUE 2-24	at SMITH	7:00
SAT 2-28	at DARTMOUTH	2:00

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

TUE 2-3	AMHERST	7:30
THU 2-5	WESLEYAN	6:00
SAT 2-7	At TRINITY	1:00
MON 2-9	At BARRINGTON	7:00
WED 2-11	At NICHOLS	6:00
SAT 2-14	HARTFORD	5:30
WED 2-18	At WESLEYAN	6:00
FRI 2-20	BRIDGEPORT	7:30
MON 2-23	COAST GUARD	7:30
WED 2-25	CLARK	7:30

ENTERTAINMENT

A Mime of his Own

By RICHARD ALLEN ROOT

Blackness. Anticipating murmurs in a comfortably packed Palmer Auditorium fizzled to a hush, as did the cheerful twang of country music filtrating the air. A silhouette of the figure, Trent Arterberry, who many of us know as the mime pictured on the cover of Pousette-Dart albums, slipped out of the curtains to stand transfixed at center stage. Under the influence of Debussy's "Snowflakes Dancing", a sharply characterized moog-synthesizer piece recorded by Isao Tomita, Mr. Arterberry was unveiled by the lights. Enwrapping his gliding muscular body was a sleek full black outfit, sharply contrasted by his white gloves and face, flourescent-like in the beaming spotlights.

Mr. Arterberry introduced our eyes to the mime's work of perception with a few basic, precise exercises. He created a rope for us and we followed this image as it slid through his glowing gloves, in one ear and out the other. Next, Mr. Arterberry displayed some well-practiced feats of isolation making his legs, torso, and head seem as if they were merely separate blocks placed on top of one another his white gloves mechanically pushed his torso to the extreme right. There this middle block balanced quite precariously on top of his stationed legs. His head was next, sliding across his shoulders as if it knew nothing of being attached to a neck. There it rested, even further to the right. Mr. Arterberry saw our amazement and smiled with a red painted grin. We all clapped in awe and delight, amazed at seeing a human body so uncannily mechanized and contorted. Besides the fact that a structure balanced such as his body was should normally topple to the ground. Following this initial introduction, Mr. Arterberry directed us through a series of short skits, all very light and extremely amusing. He upheld this comedic statement of mood by discarding his black jacket to reveal a bright red T-shirt. As I looked about the audience, all were completely taken in by this mime's antics. We all gladly followed this cheerful performer's portrayal of a typical haughty cowboy dismounting his horse, saddling up to the bar, cheating at cards, and dueling it out with a fellow card player. We followed his still present flourescent white gloves as they transformed before us from a hand of many cards to a pair of flashing Colt 45's. As in all of Mr. Arterberry's portrayals, these illusions of the mime were not displayed as "tricks," but served the sole purpose of tools to convey a story. The success of his next three short stories was determined by his ability to touch our sense of familiarity. How many times

have we observed a fun-loving, ignorant mutt choke himself on his leash while trying to approach a female dog passing in the opposite direction? In his skit entitled "Toys", Mr. Arterberry focuses on childhood familiarities. A piece of imaginary bubble gum is

this cello to explore its every curve and cranny, Mr. Arterberry also took advantage of this instruments true function. When he seductively moved his fingers down the cello's neck, the strings rose in pitch as to denote danger. At the end of the piece our unfortunate friend is forced to

audiences enjoyment of a slow motion dance routine, this piece could have been quite intriguing with such lines as "Looking like a woman-Feeling like a man," but he gave no active portrayal of these words, or, to that matter, most of what else the songs speaks about. Thus, for an audience more familiar with modern dance pieces than the average New England audience, this enactment was not as effective as Mr. Arterberry had desired it to be.

More difficulty arose when the sigus at the front of the stage become confused. This mishap was most damaging in Mr. Arterberry's short impression of a teapot coming to boil. At its end Many murmurs of "Did you get that?" could be heard amongst the tightly packed rows of Connecticut College spectators.

As was most appropriate, Mr. Arterberry entered the audience with his impression of a joint being rolled and toked; a situation which is quite appropriate and relatable to any college community. Turning a smoke ring into a miniature car, Mr. Arterberry proceeded to putter through the aisles attaching likely subjects to his vehicle as he went along. He disbanded the group by transforming himself into a cop and pulling our duped friends over for speeding. They were each singularly dismissed with tickets, a kiss, or a playfull frisking. That is, all but David Geller who was pulled up onto the stage. This was most likely David's punishment for returning to his seat at a disoriented point in the car scene. The most amusing aspect about this part of the show was how the world which we viewed on stage belonged solely to our guest performer. When David refused to swing at a sizzling fast ball, Mr. Arterberry reeked revenge by coming behind the plate. Portraying both catcher and umpire, he

retrieved the ball and called a decisive strike to our roars of laughter.

Mr. Arterberry concluded his show with a quite serious portrayal of the mythological story of Icarus. Icarus was a boy, who with wings made of feathers and wax, flew too close to the sun, which melted his winged construction and sent Icarus plummeting to his death. The action took place on a four foot high cubicle, where our mime precariously balanced one leg as he kept other leg in a back attitude. This successfully bestowed upon us the fear and exhilaration of watching a human being defy gravity. A standing ovation seemed unquestionable to the Connecticut College audience, who always shows generous appreciation of a show well executed.

The auditorium cleared out quickly and cheerfully, leaving social board's hospitality council on stage to assist Mr. Arterberry in anything he needed. While waiting for our guest artist to reappear on stage from his dressing room, our congenial director of the social board, Kenny Abrahams, spoke cheerfully about the healthy turn out of 600-700 people at hand that night to enjoy the show. Mr. Arterberry is a performer who Kenny had been attempting to book for quite a while. His appearance had been initially planned for the first semester, but became replaced by an equally successful Pat Methany concert. On speaking to Steve Rust, the man responsible for operating the shows light board, I discovered that Mr. Arterberry is accompanied tour only with his light man and stage manager, all three who do not find it below themselves to help out in setting up and breaking down the show. In between his heating lights and wrapping cords, I briefly spoke with

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stretched, waded, stuck to his forehead and wiped off on furniture. It is interesting to notice that since this mime's performance does not revolve around "tricks" but the drama he is portraying, he can be forgiven for not following every image to a tee. For example, when pretending to sit in a chair Mr. Arterberry strikes a pose similar to that of a dancer plieing in fifth position. From the first instance he does this, the audience registers in their minds that this means "sitting" and accepts this pose as that interpretation for the rest of the show.

In his next skit called "Horse and Man" this mime showed us how we can quite easily see two separate characters while viewing one performer on stage. When the 'man's' horse breaks its leg, we observe the upper part of Mr. Arterberry's body leading the horse while his legs portrayed the legs of the horse limping with a broken limb. Lighting technique was also nicely handled in this piece. A cold, stark white light was used on the portrayals of the chiseled horse, while a soft golden glow was used for the portrayals of the man.

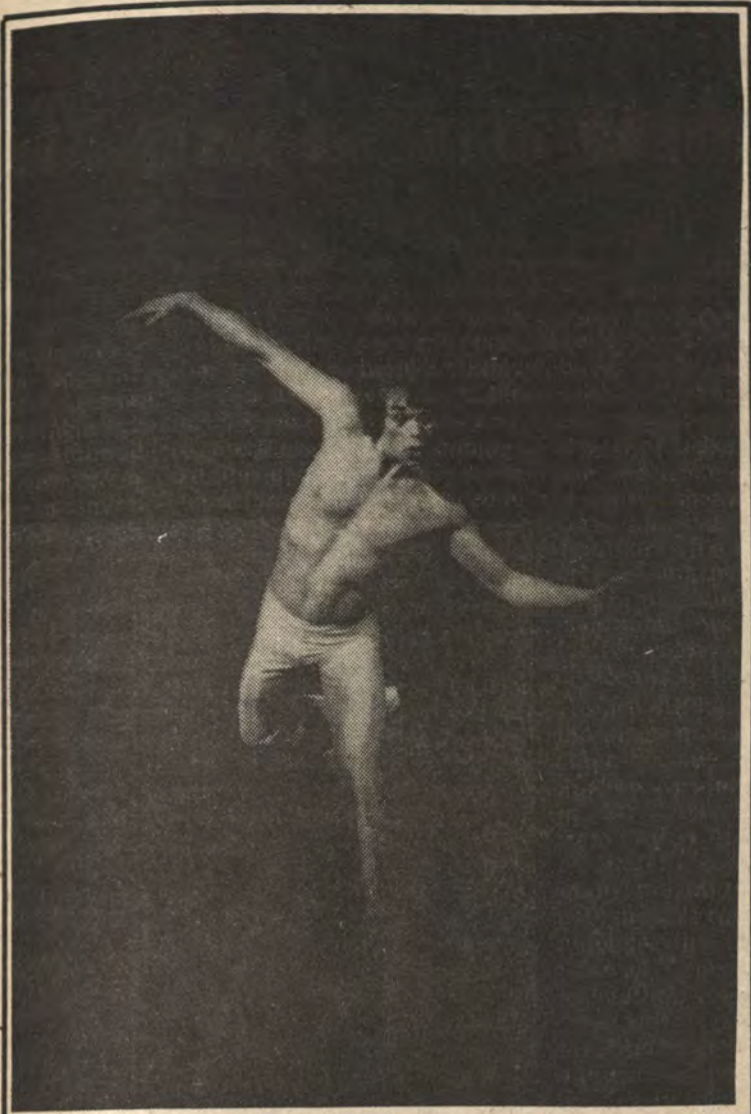
After Mr. Arterberry's performance of "Toys," in which he portrayed his quite lovable characterization of a child, this wordless performer's child-like humor began to be geared more to an adult audience. Portrayed in his next piece was a romance between a man and a cello. Besides using the shape of

marry his cello mate. He clearly puts this point across by playing the wedding march upon his future wife's neck.

The next invention that Mr. Arterberry disclosed in his two hour performance was a theatrical dance piece performed to "Walking in the Rain," by flash in the pan. This was the only piece in which our guest performer failed to portray a clear cut story line. Instead, he relied almost completely on his



Mime Trent Arterberry in performance.



continued from page 6

Mr. Arterberry who seemed cheerful, but quite physically and mentally spent from his energetic performance. His show comes out of Boston, which is also the city where he trained in theater, dance, gymnastics, and mime, along with studying in California and Maine. As anyone who was present at last night's social board presentation will contend to, the performance is extremely heartening to know that our social board can book such a polished performer as Trent Ar-

terberry, and still only charge two dollars. Another social board event coming up on Feb. 5, Robin Lane and the Chartbusters, a group which plays Pretenders and Blondie-like rock 'n roll, should be another excellent performance. Robin Lane is a group which is steadily growing and becoming aware of their sound. I've noticed this progression in just a few short months between their summer performance at the Orpheum in Boston to their appearance at New York University this fall. It is a show well worth the 3 or 4 dollars, which cuts in half the price both the Orpheum and the University charged.

A New Season of Theater at Conn College

By JANICE PARKER

The Theater Department is buzzing these days with preparations for a wide variety of exciting productions, promising many evenings of great entertainment this season.

Coming soon, Lilly Lessing stars in a one-woman show called *I Am His Wife*, written by Harold Watts and Lilly Lessing, and directed by Alice Spivak. The play is a portrait of Helen Schweitzer-Breslau who has been described as "a woman torn between her independent identity and her role as the wife of the indefatigable world humanitarian." Albert Schweitzer. The performance will be held in the Anthony Francis Nelson Laboratory, on February 13, at 8 p.m.

Also in February, Laura Miller, who directed both *The Stronger* and *Vanities*, will be back to direct *Black Comedy*, a play by Peter Shaffer, who is well-known as the author of *Equus*. Linda Herr describes *Black Comedy* as "a

romantic-comedy bordering on farce." Sam Rush, who has just returned from a semester at the O'Neill Theater Center, plays the hero who struggles with "the trials and tribulations of lighting problems in his apartment." Opposite him, Johanna Markson plays his girlfriend. The play will be performed at the Williams School on February 20, 21, 22, at 8 p.m.

The first week in April promises something for everyone as "Collaborations" is presented. The production is being called "a week-long exploration and celebration of the creative energies that are generated by the interplay between the arts and the humanities, the sciences, and social sciences." The schedule of events includes "public performances, exhibitions, lectures, workshops, and panel discussions that will be shared by artists and creative innovators in fields outside the arts, but whose scholarly interests involve movement." Participants in the "Collaborations" program

will include "composers, choreographers, directors, designers, performers, architects, painters, urban planners, writers, and sculptors." The Theater Department is working hard now to bring all these people together assuring a successful week in the Spring.

The popular Broadway musical *Pippin* will be presented in Palmer Auditorium at 8 p.m. on April 23, 24, 25. Nancy Kerr, who has directed *Penny Ante* plays for three years, is directing this production. *Pippin*, originally starring Ben Vereen and directed by Bob Fosse, is the story of Charlemagne's eldest son who struggles to find meaning in his life and ultimately finds love. There are many opportunities for student involvement in both *Pippin* and "Collaborations." Those who wish to participate may contact Linda Herr.

In May, the advanced Shakespeare class, directed by Morris Carnovsky, will present Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* in the Connecticut College Chapel.

Pinocchio: Too Many Strings Attached

By ALAN COHEN

If I said that I enjoyed this production of "The Adventures of Pinocchio" my nose would probably grow. The overall production lacked originality while the performers were devoid of all energy. On Saturday, Jan. 24, The Gingerbread Players and Jack performed two matinee showings to full-house crowds. Sponsored by the American Association of University Women to benefit the AAUW National Education Foundation Programs and Local Scholarships, the production provoked little else than restlessness from the hundreds of youngsters and the scattering of adults in the audience.

The fault lay predominantly in the book and lyrics by Richard Mazza. There was nothing done with Carlo Collodi's classic story that has not been done before. The lyrics to the songs were as repetitious and tedious as Alan Hirschberg's music. We are all familiar with the tale of the wooden boy who comes to life and must learn to distinguish right from wrong and pursue an education. Unfortunately, Mazza does little more than regurgitate the classic storyline without the slightest bit of embellishment. It's too bad; the audience seemed prepared to be entertained but became disenchanted within the first few minutes. Even the watery music played by the two-piece orchestra could not capture their attention.

The set consisted of nothing more than one back flat and several slide projections. The costumes were adequate but not spectacular. Pinocchio's costume in the last scene

made him look more like a busboy at the Savoy than a puppet come-to-life. There was an occasional use of interesting lighting.

The acting and direction were generally weak. The actor portraying Pinocchio seemed uneasy in the role and was unable to convincingly perform the movements of a puppet. His singing voice was inaudible as were the voices of all the cast members.

The director seemed to have given too much leeway to the ensemble in allowing them to shape their own characterizations. Many poor performance choices were made. I especially objected to the constant use of violence (a la Punch and Judy) and

slapstick that seemed unfit for an audience consisting primarily of preschoolers.

The cast members, especially those portraying the Cat and Fox had voices that pierced this critic's eardrums and it was virtually impossible to make out a single word they were saying. The fault may lie with Palmer's acoustics, but I tend to doubt it.

The Gingerbread Players and Jack may be commended for their commitment to conveying lessons of morality to their viewers. However, they failed to execute this desire effectively. Unfortunately, this "Pinocchio" came with too many strings attached.



Illustration by Karen Bachelder

FEBRUARY MOVIE SCHEDULE

Wednesday, February 4	The Ox Box Incident in Dana
Saturday, February 7	Monty Python's Holy Grail in Palmer
Sunday, February 8	A Tale of Two Cities in Dana
Wednesday, February 11	Love in Dana
Sunday, February 15	Band Wagon in Dana
Wednesday, February 18	Gaslight in Dana
Wednesday, February 20	My Bodyguard in Palmer
Sunday, February 22	Frenzy in Dana
Wednesday, February 25	The Green Wall in Dana

— Sponsored by the CCFS and CCFA —

SPORTS

The Conn-Quering Camels

By SETH STONE

One problem with attending Conn College is that it is often mistaken for the University of Connecticut ("Conn College — don't you mean UConn in Storrs?"). While the two basketball teams cannot be mistaken for one another, in one respect, at least, they are perplexingly identical.

Undeniably, both teams are strong, capable of beating any team on their schedule. However, upon assuming large leads, both clubs lapse into lethargic play, relinquishing these leads and letting the opponents back into the game. The Camels managed to do this twice within a week, sandwiched around a game in which the opponent allowed Conn back into the game. The ups have transcended the downs for the

victory. For the first time this season Conn shot well from the free-throw line, hitting 19 of 21.

Conn deserved its 15 point victory, but perhaps not in the manner chosen. The floor leadership of senior tri-captain Wayne Malinowski down the stretch sealed the victory. Looking like the Mal of old, he led Conn with 18 points.

Before they fouled out, Tom Fleming (17 points, 8 rebounds) and Peter Dorfman (14 points, 7 rebounds), two freshman starters gave key contributions. Also starring for Conn were Tom Barry (14 points). Chris Bergan (8 key points off the bench), Bill Malinowski (senior tri-captain who gave a strong inside game when both Bergan and Dorfman were in foul trouble) and

Over the last 7 minutes Wesleyan went into a stall, using as much of the floor and clock as possible. Conn rose to the occasion. The cheers of the partisan Camel fans inspired a tight, swarming defense and quick ball-hawking by Santaniello. Conn was able to intimidate Wesleyan into a series of turnovers. The last 7 minutes belonged to the Connecticut Camels.

Wayne Mal's hoop and foul shot lowered the count to 5 (48-43) at 6:58. A steal was followed by a Tom Barry bucket at 3:41, and the score stood 48-45. Another turnover and another basket by Mal brought the Camels to within one at 48-47 with 34 seconds left on the clock. The Camel Palace was rocking when Wesleyan called a timeout. Both coaches used the time to set up their strategy for the climatic half-minute.

Wesleyan brought the ball upcourt and was content to run out the clock, (or let Conn foul them) without taking a shot. The clock did in fact run to 10 seconds, but then the Camels came up with another steller play. Their defense trapped the ball right on the sideline, and a forced pass resulted in another turnover. With 9 seconds remaining the Camels elatedly called a timeout. They possessed the ball, the momentum, the crowd, and a chance to stage an amazing comeback victory.

Coach Wolff wanted Wayne Malinowski to take the last shot. Taking the ball in from near the Camel bench, Mal turned one defender around and quickly brought the ball upcourt. The veteran of many tight situations, Mal coolly worked for a good shot. He stopped dribbling when he got to within 5 feet of the basket; this would be his shot.

A nice jump, a clean shot, accurate aim, and a good arc all had the ball heading straight for the basket. The ball hit the rim and twisted in...and then out. The horn sounded and the game was over. Wesleyan managed, by

Camels Crush Salve Regina 53-28 To Remain Undefeated



Rita MacInnis passes the ball downcourt to Beth Leushten. The Camels won 53-28.

By LISA TROPP

The Women's Basketball team continued their winning streak on Monday night by beating Salve Regina College 53-28. This win brought the Camel's undefeated record to 4-0 with hopes of continuing their season without a loss.

The women pulled out in front early in the first half with a twelve point lead. They showed from the beginning that they were the stronger team, but by halftime, the Camel's lead was cut to five points with the score 22-17. Connecticut proved themselves in the second half by holding Salve Regina to only eleven points and scoring thirty-one.

The Camels used a lot of fast break and full court press forcing Salve Regina to

turnover the ball many times. They also used their speed to take advantage of a tall but slow Salve Regina team. According to Captain Rita MacInnis, who tallied 9 points in the game, "the team has improved a lot from last year but we are still working on polishing up our weaknesses so we can play up to our potential." Double digit scorers were Becky Carver with fourteen points and Beth Leuchten with eleven points. Every member of the Camel's 9-player squad scored in the game making it a fine team effort.

The Camels would like to thank all their fans for the support they have been given so far and hope that everyone continues to support the team for the remainder of the 1981 season.

its fingernails, to come away with a 48-47 victory. This despite the fact that Conn outscored them 16-3 over the last 11 minutes, held them scoreless over the last 7 minutes.

Time may have been out, but the Camels were not. They played valiantly during the second half, and with a twist of the ball, would have emerged victorious.

In the end, there was the frustrating feeling of what "should have been." But,

without the leadership of the veterans on the squad, the talent of the freshmen, and the coaching of Dennis Wolff, what should have been would not even have been close to "could have been."

As for what the future holds, that resumes tonight when the Camels travel to Barrington College. Thursday, the Camels return home for an 8P.M. game against Yeshiva. The week closes out at Trinity with a 3 p.m. tip-off Saturday.



Tom Barry lays one up against Barrington.

most part, as indicated by the impressive 9-4 record.

Conn was rolling to an easy victory over the Barrington Warriors one week ago tonight. Outplaying their opponent Conn eased to a 42-32 halftime lead, and led 47-34 with 18 minutes left. Barrington was playing without its high scorer (Elmer Stanley) so victory seemed assured. Then the roof almost fell in, as Conn played 12 minutes of poor basketball. Outscored 27-14 over this stretch, Conn let Barrington tie the score at 61 with 4:47 remaining.

This surge was led by Ernie Madden (who scored 17 of his game-high 21 points in the second half) and a torrid 13 for 18 from the floor. After a couple of timeouts, Dennis Wolff's charges forged a counter charge. Center Chris Bergan put home 2 free throws at 4:14 to put the score 63-61. Buckets by Wayne Malinowski, Tom Barry, and 2 more charity tosses by Bergan gave Conn 8 straight unanswered points, and a 69-61 lead with 2:59 remaining. Conn then coasted to an 81-66

Groton's Jim Santaniello, who performed well as the point guard down the stretch.

After relinquishing the lead, it was team character which allowed the Camels to regroup and pull out the victory. It was this character which almost led to an inspiring victory last Saturday, the game before Barrington. Wesleyan came into the game sporting a deceiving 1-8 record. Wesleyan is always tough, talented, and well coached. The rivalry is intense, magnified by the fact that the Camels have never defeated the Cardinals.

Conn played an acceptable first half, though they did have trouble becoming untracked. At halftime they trailed 29-20 to the visitors, and the prospects got dimmer as Wesleyan advanced to a commanding 45-31 lead with 11:31 left to play. Conn did fight back, trailing at 45-40 with 7:15 remaining. But then, a nice inside move by the Cardinal's Darrick Harris and a finishing free throw put the lead at 48-40. In fact, the free throw turned out to be the winning point.



The Hockey Team won 2 out of 3 last week beating Keene State 9-8 in overtime and St. John's 7-5.

Steve McWilliams Takes Over as Men's Tennis Coach

When Tom Perrault resigned his position as coach of the Connecticut College Men's Tennis team last November, the athletic department immediately began to search for his replacement. After interviewing several applicants, athletic director Charles Luce found the perfect man for the job right under his nose. That man is Steve McWilliams, a student at Connecticut. Steve is a 29 year old Junior who has been a member of the men's tennis team for the past year and a half. Steve is a knowledgeable, experienced tennis player who knows the team well and understands what must be done to turn them into winners.

Before entering college Steve spent six years in the Navy serving on board a nuclear submarine. While in the Navy Steve competed in the Ninth Naval District



Men's Tennis Coach Steve McWilliams

Tennis Tournament where he reached the finals in both Singles and Doubles. For the past two years Steve has been a teaching pro at the Waterford Raquet Club during the summer.

When Steve was first hired it was believed that he would be a player-coach. However Steve has decided that it would be impossible for him to act as both player and coach. He feels that playing would create conflicts within the team as well as preventing him from properly carrying out his role as coach during matches. "I have to be able to see over the matches and help deal with any problems that might arise. I can't do that while I'm playing." When asked how his absence as a player would affect the team's performance Steve stated, "I think I can improve the team enough as a coach so that my absence as a player won't hurt." Steve was the No. 5 singles player this past fall and he teamed with Charlie Plante as the No. 1 doubles team.

Steve believes that the key to improving the team's

performance is the elimination of unforced errors. By charting matches, Steve plans to find out which strokes are producing the most unforced errors in each player's game, and work on improving those strokes through specific drills.

Steve intends to devote a good deal of practice time improving the team's doubles play, which is weak. Often a match hinges on the three doubles matches. Steve is considering the possibility of establishing doubles specialists as opposed to using all six singles players for doubles. This would require a well balanced team which Steve believes he has in spite of the absences of Phil Craft, Tom Myers and Brad Egan who are in England for the year. "There's a lot of potential throughout the whole team."

It will be interesting to see how Steve adjusts to the transition from player to coach. With his leadership and guidance Connecticut College could surprise a lot of top New England tennis teams. We wish them luck.

The NFL's Shopping List

By GEOFFREY JOYCE

At the conclusion of every season, only one NFL team can be completely satisfied with how the season turned out. This year the surprising Oakland Raiders can look back and laugh at all those who doubted them. Although Oakland was not a great team, they excelled at the right times and consequently they have less rebuilding to do than most teams in the league. The remainder of the NFL's teams must now assess their weaknesses and attempt to strengthen those faults during the off-season. Here are a few pointers as to some of the clubs weaknesses and perhaps what should be done.

To San Diego: It is amazing how a team with so much talent can beat themselves so often. One improvement would be a game plan that does not permit throwing long on 3rd down and one.

To Cleveland: Retire placekicker Don Cockroft immediately and give him housing in a nursing home.

To New England: Another talented team that always manages to watch the Super Bowl on T.V. They desperately need a good pass rusher and perhaps someone besides Steve Grogan at quarterback.

To The N.Y. Giants: Needed most is a completely new roster and 16 games with New Orleans.

To Chicago: Always battling with mediocrity, the Bears need a consistent passing game to compliment Walter Payton.

To Washington: The Redskins have not recovered from the years when virtually every starter was over 30 years old. Needed is some young talent and a coach who will not be fired.

To Buffalo: A new team physician who will prescribe enough drugs to allow Joe Ferguson to play well with any possible ailment.

To Miami: Give Don Shula a little more talent and then watch out.

To Kansas City: An improving, underrated ball club that is perhaps two solid drafts away from being very good.

To Tampa Bay: Watching The Buccaneers play ball is as exciting as math course at Conn. College. They need some offensive sparks to compliment a fine defense.

To Seattle: A schedule with 16 road games. Who would want to play in the Kingdome anyway?

To Baltimore: A completely healthy Bert Jones, one standout offensive lineman, and a solid secondary.

To Detroit: A few more rookies with the ability of Billy Sims and a rise in GM sales so their fans can afford to watch them play.

To Houston: First of all, rehire Bum Phillips. Then try to trade for Archie Manning and pay Earl Campbell all the Skoal he wants.

To Minnesota: A running game to prevent Tommy Kramer from throwing 45-50 passes per game.

To Atlanta: The NFC's most improved team could start by forgetting the last two minutes of their playoff game with Dallas.

To New Orleans: Bum Phillips is a good start, but they shouldn't stop there. There is a definite need for more talent, and a few more games with the Jets.

To The N.Y. Jets: Question: What does a team that blows a 28-0 4th quarter lead need? Answer: A lot.

To San Francisco: No more trades like the one that sent Jim Plunkett to Oakland.

To Pittsburgh: Someone to replace the retired Terry Bradshaw, the retired Dwight White, the retired Mike Wagner...In addition, the Steelers could use their own separate wing in a hospital.

And last but not least, To Jimmy the Greek: A little less enthusiasm for the hapless Jets, and a weekend alone with Brent Musburger.



The Camels face off against Fairfield Monday night. Wednesday night Quinnipiac comes to town to battle the Camels. Catch all the action 7:30 both nights at the Connecticut College Field House.

Photos by Carolyn Blackmar

OFF THE TRACK

Mahafee's Vision

By CHIP MAGUIRE

Reverend Mahafee surveyed the dull eyes, the wide open yawns and the apathetic expressions of the congregation. The good book was open in front of him and past the pulpit, thirty-seven rows of pews symmetrically lined in order. The organ sat like a huge polished silver monster with its gaping pipes looking as though they might engulf the entire parish. The words that the reverend had recited many times in private did not seem to flow with the usual continuity. Instead, he felt as though he was halting broken promises forth to an empty church. The large stained glass windows cast a dull light even though the sun was shining brightly outside. The air hung in the giant nave with unrelenting stillness. It was not a peaceful quiet but one that chilled Mahafee. In mid-sentence, he stopped his sermon, as though the stagnant, thick air was choking him. He stared down at his Bible but saw nothing but a sea of words. The reverend lifted his hand in the air as if he was about to proclaim yet another exultation but all that came from his small pent mouth was a slight whine. His heart began to pound, and his face turned red. For a moment, it looked as though he was going to plummet from his pulpit head first into the middle of the altar.

The turbulence of nervous sweat and agitation rose like a cloud above the frustrated heads. Mahafee could not respond. He began babbling in Latin for a moment and then half-screamed to his now captive audience to turn to psalm one-o-three which he read aloud. No one listened. A dull murmur began reverberating through the pre-fab gothic arches. There wasn't a specific voice or even general area from which the increasing noise came. It sounded like the collective rising of a thunderstorm.

Mahafee looked upward and three hundred and fifty pairs of eyes looked upward with him. The reverend thought for an instant that he saw the devil pulling the strings of everyone in the church like a giant puppeteer presiding in the rafters. He was the devil smile at him but no one else did. Mahafee's eyes became huge orbs and little silvery beads of sweat popped up upon his brow. He grabbed the good book and held it close to his heart as his legs seemingly melted from underneath him. The demonic voices became louder now encircling him and chastising him like a pack of dogs carefully nipping at unguarded and tender muscles and tendons.

"No, damn it. I will not submit..." He didn't complete his sentence. He was on his knees bowed in what seemed to be some ritualistic heathen prayer. He gradually, with slow rigid increments, looked back out into the congregation. The faces he saw were scared, virtually horrified. Mahafee ascended to his feet much the same way a rocket is put upon a launching pad. It was as though at any minute, he might take off and fly around the transcript. Instead, he surveyed the wild-eyed looks that

he was now receiving with unusual intensity. For a moment, he felt a surge of power and the adrenaline in his system charged him with renewed vigor. He wanted to say something, to curse the blasphemous eyes that now hinged upon his every move. He knew that nothing he could say could exorcise the evil in the bleary-eyed innocents of his congregation.

Guarded only with his Bible, and in processional form, reverend Mahafee descended the pulpit into their midst. He walked down the aisle between the myriad rows of pews. He stared down the sheepish looks of incredulity as he hastened toward the rear exit.

The congregation was spellbound with passion. Some felt fear, others were confused and surprised, a few were angry, but not a word was uttered as the reverend slowly and methodically marched down the red carpet that split the middle of the pews. The birds outside chirped carelessly. The sun still shined through the colored figures of stained glass with a certain animation. Mahafee exited underneath the monstrous organ pipes. And then he was gone like an apparition that vanishes in the middle of a pitch dark evening.

Reverend Mahafee after leaving the church crossed over to the local park where he sat watching some ducks cruise back and forth in a small pond. The flock swam from one side to the other quacking and submerging for food every once in a while. The simplicity of their motion fascinated Mahafee. They didn't care, he thought, about whether or not they were going to hell or heaven or whether such entities even existed. He began to feel confused and even taunted by the ducks' apparent happiness.

A cool breeze caressed his shoulders. Pine trees swayed behind the bench, beating their branches together and sending a shower of little slivers onto the reverend's head. The thin dry needles landed, gently matting the ground. The soft coat resembling a cashmere sweater. Mahafee got up and carefully walked around the pond feeling reassured. Small ripples of water gently lapped the rocks. Each ringlet reminded Mahafee of a type of infinity in its perpetual motion. The reverend then felt very old as if his age had suddenly stricken him all at one time. He feared death, he thought, more than any other single affliction that man has faced with. He looked up in the sky to try and see a sign from God. He had often thought that God communicated with him through signs that weren't necessarily obvious.

The clouds floated overhead dreamily, resembling huge piles of cotton shot out of a cannon. The sign was there but he couldn't see it. Some seagulls flew by and Mahafee followed their flight path. He remembered a poem that he had once read by Shelly about a skylark. The line "hail to thee blithe spirit" kept running through his mind. Such freedom in the air thought the reverend, who felt like a child, wishing, as

he had often done in his younger days, that he could fly up into the lofty clouds away from the cares and worries of Earth. He thought about the adventurous exploits of Icarus and Daedalus, but then realized the foolishness of it. Myths, he knew, were just man's dream fulfillment and nothing more than a fantastic vision of what the Greeks perceived to be the control of life by gods. It perplexed him that an entire people could believe such nonsense, but then they couldn't have known any better for (as he often rationalized) Christ had not yet come to Earth.

The people from his congregation began filtering out of the church across the street. Mahafee felt a chill run down his spine. Above all he didn't want to deal with any questions. Quickly he walked behind a clump of trees and made his way down a back road that led him to a series of other roads, eventually going back to his home which was very close to the church itself.

The next day Mahafee left for the mountains on what he called a sabbatical. This wasn't new. He often felt as though he had to be alone and so would take off for weekends on little camping expeditions by himself. His old faithful Dodge chugged along at a steady fifty-five while Mahafee sipped on a small bottle of black-berry brandy. He arrived at his destination (a small clearing) where he parked. The path was muddy from the light spring rain. Tree frogs jumped in and out of pockets in the mud on the trail and the reverend almost crushed a few. He reached the river by the afternoon (his appointed time of arrival) and sat down on a stone to eat lunch. He munched slowly on a cheese sandwich and nipped lightly again on the bottle of brandy. After his lunch, he resumed his journey. He wanted to reach the foot of the mountain. His pack seemed to get heavier as he went along and his woolen pants began scratching his legs. The trip had used to be quite easy for him but was becoming more and more of a struggle.

Out of breath, with muscles aching, Mahafee finally arrived at his intended campsite. It was after dark. He used to arrive on previous trips an hour before dark but his arthritis was slowing him down. He decided to not set up his tent but rather just use his sleeping bag. He crawled underneath some small trees and quickly faded off.

In the morning, Mahafee awoke soaking wet. It was raining slightly. He worked his way out of the drenched bag and flung it against a tree. He had left his tent lying sideways, so that water had gotten on the inside. He picked it up with his pack and threw it also against a tree. All his provisions fell out and were scattered in the dirt. He was so frustrated that tears came to his eyes. He sat down on a large boulder with his face buried in his hands, wondering why, of all people, he was afflicted with such terrible luck. He felt as if God was punishing him but he had done nothing wrong.

He stared downward in despair and fell into a self-indulgent contemplation of his troubles.



Illustration by All Moore

The ground seemed a blur except for two indiscriminate shapes underneath his gaze. The shapes took the form of a couple of bugs embroiled in battle. He raised his foot to crush the combatants but then decided to watch them struggle. The fight seasawed back and forth as though two equally matched gladiators were competing for their lives. He watched for about fifteen minutes, curiously noting the futility of their efforts. He reached down and pulled the grapplers apart. Out of fear, they both ran in opposite directions. One hurried down a hole while the other one went scurrying about the broken terrain of leaves, mud and pebbles. It came across a crumb of food that had fallen out of Mahafee's provisions. The little creature became intrigued and immediately tried to transport the relatively huge piece of food off to its nest. The reverend intently watched the little creature struggle with the crumb for about twenty minutes and then abandoning the effort, it ran off.

Mahafee sat for a while longer. The sun came through the grayness and produced a splattering of light that filtered down through the trees. The reverend looked up and blinked. He surveyed the mess he had created all around and began to chuckle lightly. Then he burst out laughing. He thought of himself as a man sitting on a junk pile viewing the discarded treasures of a kingdom. He remembered that when he was a boy that he used to play a game called king of the hill. He was smaller than the other boys and so inevitably wound up being pushed down the hill and crying because he couldn't be on top. But now he curiously felt on top, as if there wasn't anyone who could push him down.

The spirit of the moment captured him and like a boy, he shed his raiments and began running through the woods. He climbed up a large boulder and like a bird, jumped with arms outstretched. When he hit the water, it was freezing but he swam briskly against the icy current. It made him feel good. He revelled in the fight upstream as though it was a final attempt in a swimming meet. Each stroke

pulled at his tiring limbs and made his arthritis flair. He was undeterred even though his strokes became fewer and more rigid. He could picture the hundreds of competitors racing along with him, trying to edge him out. Many were being caught in the grip of the raging current and being pulled downstream. Others were neck and neck with him. In a last effort, Mahafee finally reached his goal which was a log across the water. He pulled himself up on the old dead piece of wood and looked around. The sun was fully out now and the gentle rays shined off the green leaves of the surrounding trees. Spray from the turgid river bounced up from the stern rocks and formed green-blue rings in the air. The scent of vine and newly turned soil combined to produce an earthy smell. Mahafee looked down the river and considered the endless flow of water. He threw a stick in and watched it become engulfed in the rapid, pounding swirls, and float away out of sight in the abysmal white froth. He pulled his foot out of the sucking, grinding wetness and smiled.

The following Sunday, many members of Mahafee's congregation were surprised to see his bold appearance on the pulpit. A substitute minister had been hired to replace him and the two stood side by side. One looked awkward and embarrassed; the other looked oddly vibrant and somehow more youthful than anyone had seen him before. The replacement soon sat down, and after the opening hymns, Mahafee opened his Bible and scanned his audience who looked fearful and meek underneath his scouring gaze. His voice had a revitalized sharpness and a dynamic quality which no one had ever heard before. He began, "we all have a burden that we carry with us," and then paused to see that everyone in his congregation anxiously awaited to hear what he had to say. He looked upward in the same manner he had the previous week, causing an electric wave of shock through all the church members. A grin appeared on his face and a huge sigh of relief emanated throughout the church as he continued his sermon.

Baldoon's Daughter

By ARON ABRAMS

Ta-daah. This whole thing, a young man playing his harmonica on the roof started off as merely a symbolic gesture: To hell with reality. One night, not too long ago, I'd come back from this movie with a friend, my last "on speaking terms" friend from high school seven years ago, and we didn't have much to say. Then and there, I decided that the pretenses behind most things (love, friendship, future) were stupid.

"So, do you want to go to 'The Polio Pit' tomorrow night, huh?" asked my friend Skeezax when we got to my house.

And I said no. He asked me why, and I said "Because I don't think I want to be friends with you anymore. We have nothing to say to each other, except what lousy movie do you want to see tonight. Either that, or we go to 'Fat Johnny's Polio Pit' and Fat Johnny ought to have his head spiked."

"What's wrong with Fat Johnny and the Pit?" he asked. It was cold in the car, so Skeezax was tossing the cigarette lighter from one hand to the other, keeping his fingers momentarily warm.

Following the bouncing red circle at the tip of the lighter, I told him the following:

"There's something wrong when you're twenty five years old and the only thing you have to look forward to is 'Fat Johnny's' where some singularly slimy yahoo pays some poor moron girl thirty bucks to take off her shirt and shake her shoulders so that the unwashed vulgar in the front row can aim pennies at

her nipples. I'm no expert, but...that's pretty disgusting."

"It ain't that bad," Skeezax said. "I don't notice you got any girls on your arm anyway."

"So?"
"So...you, everybody...you have to see naked girls every once in a while."

I knew he was trying to explain what he considered THE basic, inherent urge in man, one deeper than the forest is primeval.

"It's like those dreams," Skeezax said. "You know, those damn dreams when you think you're falling out of a tree and then you wake up..."

"Yeah?" I said, waiting for the connection.
"It's born in you. You can't deny that kind of thing."

"I can," I said. "I can deny the urge to see naked girls shimmying for quarters."

Either my conversation was too much for him or Skeezax was merely bored. He told me to get out of the car.

"I'd shake your hand, but..."

He was still holding the car cigarette lighter, its little red circle melted into nothing much.

"If you want to go to a movie or something, let me know," Skeezax said.

"I will if I do," I said. "But you know I won't."

Skeezax's car pulled away. Thus, the kid had ridded himself of his last high school buddy.

The folks were next. Ma was in the kitchen, playing with avocados. We had a row of avocado pits in glasses on the counter of the kitchen. She'd read somewhere that, given enough time, they'd

flower, but we had had some there for at least a year and a half. Most of them were in Burger Kind "Star Wars" glasses.

"Ma," I said to her that night. "You're turning yourself into a metaphor."

"What?" she said, scraping the vegetable off a pit.

"You know...an old lady, eventually surrounded in her kitchen by rows of naked avocadopits in glasses...you're just waiting for someone to come along and draw a picture or write a poem about you."

"If you're so smart," she said while rinsing the knife. "how come you spend your days working in a stinking carboard box factory and the rest of your life by yourself?"

"I'm going to go play harmonica on the roof," I said.

I entered the T.V. room. My old man, the Basic Father, was watching Professional Wrestling on the UHF station.

Squirrelman (so named because he was walking fur) had just put a "Heimie-Hold" on the Great Baldoon, but my father knew Baldoon would win. In all the years my father had watched it, Baldoon was never booed and he always won. And he never kept anything in his boots or wore brass knuckles, like Big Chief Strongbull and the others. To my father, The Great Baldoon was the last absolute in a changing world.

Squirrelman convinced the referee to look in the audience and, when he did, Squirrelman hit Baldoon with a kidney punch. The unwashed crowd moved its head forward, like so many noodles wrapped around a fork, and sissed the bad guy but, by the time the ref knew something was wrong, Baldoon was on the floor, writhing in something resembling agony.

The old man, fearful that the Great Baldoon would bite

the big one, rolled a napkin into a ball and chucked it at the set.

"C'mon. If you're paid to ref, you ought to ref," my father yelled at the video man. The ref didn't hear him cause, once again, Squirrelman tricked him into looking into the audience while he twisted Baldoon's nose.

"Dad," I said. "There's no point in tearing your hair out. You know Baldoon's going to win, don't you?"

"He might," Dad said, still leaning forward. "But those things, I know they look fake, but Heimie-Holds and Nosers can hurt like bug-piss."

At this point in the proceedings, the camera broke away from the action to show a singularly ugly lady, the type who lived to watch sweaty men in gym shorts hit each others ears, chuck a piece of ice at the ring and nail Squirrelman in his hairy face. Squirrelman dropped Baldoon and raised his hand to the lady in a not-overly friendly gesture. She pegged him in his cavernous armpit with another ice cube. The action broke away, fading into a commercial for a ray-gun type of thing that zaps the ice off of car windshield.

"Introduction, climax, denouement, resolution," I said, referring to the proceedings.

"What did you do tonight?" asked my father.

"Went to this movie. Skeezax chose it. It was about these people who were radiated into mutants. They lived on top of this hill, they had guns and bazookas, and ohey went down to this village and killed people every Valentines Day."

"Was it good?" he asked.
"Would have made a good musical," I said.

"I like Skeezax," said my father. "He's smart, nice...Does he have a girl?"

"Yeah," I said. We both knew what he was going to say and what I was going to say once he said it but, like an Eskimo trapped on a downstream iceflow, I just kept going.

"Why don't you have a

girlfriend?" he said.

"I don't like anyone."

"No one?"

"No one."
"Well, you've got to find someone," my father said. "And get a better job too, will you? You're going to wind up wierd unless you do something."

The show was back. After showing Baldoon throw an "Airplane Hold" on Squirrelman (Baldoon was in Victory City), the camera panned the audience. Aftr a while, it focussed on a Strawberry Blonde.

In all seriousness, the only true words of a cynic, to say that she was gorgeous would be understating the issue.

"I'd die for her," I said, entranced by the image. A part of me did. "Who is she?"

"Baldoon's daughter," my father said. The camera quickly cut back to Baldoon dropping his knee on Squirrelman's neck. His daughter would never be seen again.

"Don't worry about me," I said to my father, in dead-pan voice. "I'm going to go on the roof and play harmonica. I'm going to practice till I'm discovered, then I'll make tons of friends and marry the Strawberry Blonde, Baldoon's daughter."

The Old Man drew himself from the proceedings to say the following, with which I close the narrative part of this story:

"You're screwy, all right. But it's not even close to funny."

Anyway, it's been a month now. I don't live up here on the roof or anything that symbolic. I merely go here when I return from the factory to play my harmonica dreams, not really waiting for some talent scout to drive by with his windows open and whisk me away but not really not hoping he doesn't. After a few hours of playing, watching the red-lighted cars drive by on their way to nowhere in particular, I do in the house, set my alarm for tomorrow, and dream of the unusual stuff.

Ta-daah.

Metric Conversion



1. "About this" converts to "This much"



2. "Not much" converts to "Just a little"



3. "About My Height" converts to "As Short as I am"



4. "Knee high to a grasshopper" converts to "Little Shaver"

5. "Small" converts to "Eensy-weensy"



Patricia Baldoon

A Light Workout

By BUDDY HARRIS

My father told me never to kid a fat man about being fat. But he didn't tell me not to laugh at the 250 pound gentleman at a restaurant, who after ordering sirloin steak, a potato with sour cream, bread, and an onion soup, complements his dinner with a Pepsi Light.

It is not so funny, however, when the meal is over, and because of doctors orders to cut down on tar and nicotine, this same man lights up a Camel Light. It may not be the lesser of evils that he thinks it is. In fact he probably smokes two Lights for every one regular cigarette in order to compensate for the lower levels of tar and nicotine.

And on his way home to the wife, kids, and bills, our health conscious friend stops into the local bar to order a Lite beer from Miller because it's not everything he wanted from life — but less. Having finished his pack of Camel

Lights, he is forced to bum a cigarette from the bartender. The cigarette happens to be a More, which has less tar and nicotine than most cigarettes. Less is more with beers, and More is less with cigarettes, but more or less the entire business is ridiculous.


A lightweight is supposed to be someone who stops drinking way before the rest of the boys have really begun. In boxing, however, things are quite different. As a result of Canadian lightweight champion Gaetan Hart's fists, both Ralph Racine and Cleveland Denny underwent brain surgery, and both were in comas. Denny eventually died. Hart continues to train and hopes to continue to box.

I imagined an interview with Mr. Gaetan Hart:
Interviewer: You must train very heavily to have become such a powerful fighter.
Hart: No, I usually only have a light workout.

Continued on page 2

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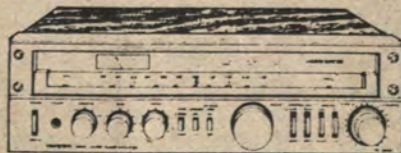
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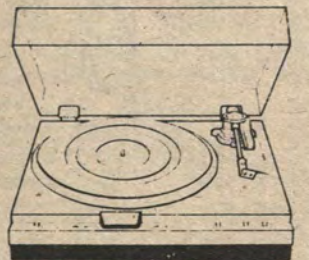
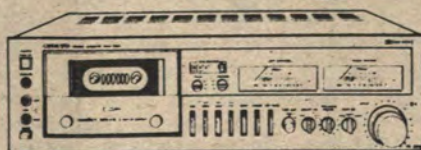
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