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THE COLLEGE VOICE

Connecticut College's Weekly Newspaper

Conn. Dries Up

By ARON ABRAMS

Conn. students are going to have to learn to conserve water. According to the Water Commissioner of New London, Mr. Beckwith, the New London Reservoir is currently at 37 percent capacity. At this time last year, says Beckwith, the pond was 90 percent filled. "If the water level falls below 33 percent," says Beckwith, "that's considered the emergency level. We just have to hope that people will conserve."

New London is one of many communities through the Northeast that has been hit by the drought. According to scientists at Cornell University (cited in the February 4 issue of *The Day*), "This drought has been long in coming and is likely to continue for at least seven years." Reasons cited for the drought include population increases and growing industrial demands, as well as an unusually meager rainfall.

The Director of Physical Plant at Connecticut College, Don Little, says that efforts have been and will continue to be made to encourage water conservation on campus. According to Little, the situation is not yet critical. "We won't have to ration showers or anything like that...and there's always a well which serves as an emergency source of water for the boilers so we can keep the heat on. But the situation could turn critical, and there is a general awareness that needs to be nurtured."

"The Student Government Association is being very helpful in this aspect," says Little. "The energy board in Cro (a collaboration between Physical Plant and S.G.A.) reminds us that conservation is no longer on one front; it's on all fronts."

Little feels that students can conserve water in a number of ways. "Everytime a student sees a leaky faucet, he should contact someone from Physical Plant (extension 230). Also students should do laundry in cold water and shouldn't change the showerheads (which are set at three gallons per minute) to six gallons per minute ones."

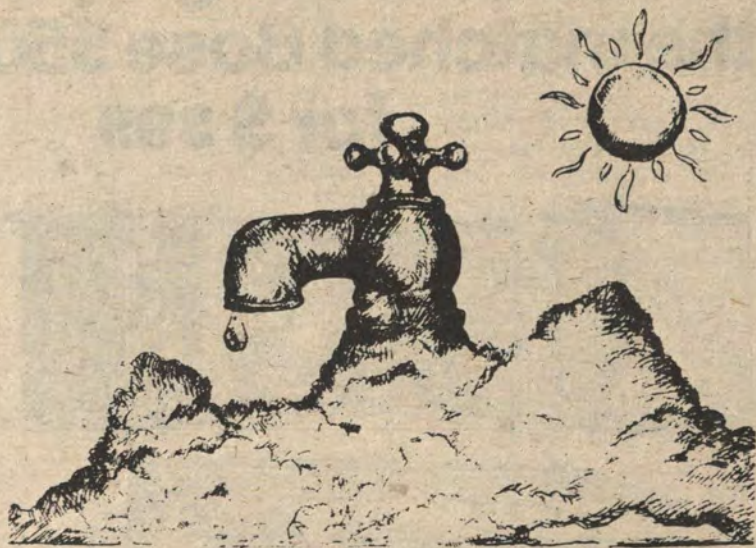
An article in the February 4 issue of *The Day* offers the

following advice for saving water: Brush your teeth using only a glassful of water; don't leave the tap running; shave over a partly filled sink, using a sink-stopper; keep a container of cold drinking water in the refrigerator so you don't waste water waiting for it to get cold; and use shower water for household plants.

Little estimates that at least 10,000 gallons of water are used each day on campus through the toilets alone. Little hopes to reduce this amount by having devices called "toilet dams" installed in the toilet tanks. His device reduces the water flow from five to three gallons.

Little acknowledges that "water is essential to the functioning of this college" and urges students to conserve as much as they can. "Hot water should especially be conserved," says Little, "for it uses energy resources as well."

According to Physical Plant figures, in the ten month period between March, 1980, and January, 1981, over 33 million gallons of water were used on Connecticut College at a cost of over 66 thousand dollars. Next water bill comes in March," says Little. "And we hope to have both those numbers down."



"...conservation is no longer on one front; it's on all fronts."

Illustration by Nat Cohen

MUSE Problems

Prompt Raitt Tour

By DAVID ELLIOTT

University of New Hampshire

In the first of a two-part feature on MUSE, UNH reporter David Elliott explains why your February 15 Bonnie Raitt tickets have MUSE stamped on them, and where your money is going.

MUSE, Musicians United for Safe Energy, is an organization for social change concerned with promoting safe energy and limiting the spread of nuclear power plants. MUSE has gained exposure from the many musicians who back the Safe Energy cause.

The appearance of Bonnie Raitt sponsored by MUSE (Musicians United for Safe Energy), will please a lot of people, none more than Anne Merck-Abeles, President and Field Director of SAPL, (the Seacoast Anti-Pollution League.)

SAPL is one of three organizations still waiting for the second cycle of a financial grant promised them by MUSE. SAPL, a grassroots organization concerned with protecting the environment, filed on June 21, 1979 for a \$25,000 MUSE grant and received approximately \$1,000 on Nov. 4, 1979, according to Merck-Abeles.

"On April 13, 1980 MUSE approved a second cycle of grant money totalling \$1,250," Merck-Abeles said. "April came and went and we still had not received any money." "We had heard rumors there were problems with the movie and with bureaucratic red tape, so we regrettably forgot about it," Anne Merck-Abeles said.

On Jan. 4, 1979 MUSE sent out a newsletter to many of the grassroots organizations that petitioned grants. And it painted a rosy financial picture: "We have negotiated one of the best record deals made in recent years and a substantial percentage of each album sold (will come) the foundation for distribution to the anti-nuclear movement." That is quoted directly, including the untimely typographical error (will come) from the Jan. 4, 1979 MUSE Newsletter. It was signed by Susan Kellam, MUSE Foundation President.

And yet SAPL and the New Hampshire Energy Coalition still, to this day, despite "the best record deal in recent

years" have not received the second cycle of their MUSE grants approved in April of 1980.

Instead MUSE appears to depend on the NO NUKES movie revenue to pay off existing grants. When asked why grants were not being fulfilled, Susan Kellam, President of the MUSE Foundation said, "We are having problems; there is not much money coming in."

Phillip Bloom, a concert producer at Pacific Alliance, an affiliate group to MUSE, said, "the movie revenues have been a little slow." When asked for approximate numbers, Mr. Bloom refused to comment.

Bloom, who is producing the Bonnie Raitt tour, said MUSE did not receive much cooperation from Warner Brothers, the movie's distributor. "We wish the film had been left in the theatres longer," he said. "In some places there has been plenty of public demand, but the length of time the movie was held in the theatres was not sufficient, Bloom said.

According to Susan Kellam SAPL was one of approximately 200 organizations to petition for a grant. "We have paid out approximately \$400,000 in grant money," Kellam said.

Obviously MUSE is in a financial bind; thus they have planned more concerts. Bonnie Raitt and John Hall will play a two week New England tour that will include stops at URI, Yale, Smith College, Connecticut and UNH.

In four weeks MUSE board member Jackson Browne will embark on a West Coast tour that will stop in Sacramento, California; Boise, Idaho; and Eugene, Oregon. Like the Raitt tour, this swing will benefit MUSE entirely. The performers will receive no pay, only expenses. Susan Kellam, Director of the MUSE Foundation in New York City said, "The Raitt tour will benefit the North Eastern area, primarily SAPL, NHEC, and the New England Clamshell Alliance."

"These people will be paid," said Phillip Bloom from Los Angeles. Good news for Safe Energy advocates like Anne Merck-Abeles.

cont. on page 2

CAMPUS NEWS

Tired of Ordinary Chemistry? Try Weather Forecasting!

SPECIAL COURSES

By **BETSY SINGER**

Many students here at Conn. go through their daily routines of attending the semi-interesting classes they chose last semester. However, what most students do not know is they can also choose from an additional list of other exciting, interesting, and different topics, otherwise unavailable to them. In the form of evening and afternoon activities, such things as CPR-First Aid are offered for credit. Also, Conn. offers non-credit courses, including Effective Speaking, Yoga, and a Weather Forecasting course. This semester, the college is proud to have Mrs. Nikki Kilpatrick teaching a special course in sign language.

According to Dr. Robert Rhyne, the Registrar, these courses are not the so-called "mini-schools" offered at other schools. Many of the selections exist due to the "expressed interest of the public and are geared to the outside community." The supply of courses meets the demands of the community. Never having participated in a special course himself, he nevertheless, approves of them and thinks that many are of a "professional-vocational genre."

Dr. Rhyne went on to explain that if students of faculty express an interest in starting a new course, they can suggest their idea to the appropriate department. The suggestion then goes to a reviewing committee and, finally, the staff discusses the possibility of having a new semester course. If the staff approves of the idea, another course must be dropped to make room for the new course.

The CPR-First Aid course, offered by Marilyn Gelish, is one useful possibility. Not only does it provide academic credits, but it also fulfills a certification requirement for becoming a lifeguard. A lifeguard herself, Ms. Gelish encourages taking the nine hour course, even if only for the knowledge of how to save a life.

What is CPR? It is cardiopulmonary resuscitation. After cardiac arrest, the main goal is to get the heart pumping to get oxygenated blood circulating to the brain. Learning this method of saving someone is FREE except for a 25-cent booklet. If

one is not involved in the First Aid course here at Conn., he may contact the American Red Cross to find out where he can learn CPR.

According to the physical education instructor, CPR's popularity is increasing. Approximately sixty students and even Conn.'s security guards have been or presently are enrolled in the full semester course. Some need the requirement to be certified; others simply want to be capable of resuscitation.

In reaction to the growing enthusiasm, Ms. Gelish commented, "Some people are still afraid of CPR. They panic when they realize they might attempt to save a life." Although she has never used or seen the technique administered in a real life situation, she does know of several cases which CPR has proven successful. He also pointed out that the Heimlich Maneuver is not quite as perfect as its reputation. The pressure exerted on the upper abdomen has been proven dangerous for pregnant women and the maneuver may possibly rupture the spleen. She also said that the ARC is going back to the four back slaps as a means of aiding a choking victim. Interestingly, she said that "it's a fallacy that food can get lodged by this method."

She also recommends constant review of the CPR procedure. In fact, she would welcome anyone with CPR background to contact her. This would provide an opportunity for review and to assist her in teaching the course.

For a different pace, one might be interested in Mrs. Kilpatrick's non-credit course in learning sign language. She teaches the ten week course in Fanning 423 Tuesday and Thursday, 3:45-5:45, and Wednesday, 7:00-9:00 p.m. She would welcome anyone who wants to sit in on one session, but stresses that "repetitive participation is imperative for successfully learning sign language."

Because both of her parents are deaf, "sign language is Mrs. Kilpatrick's first language." She used sign language all the time and learned the "vocal language" from friends and relatives in her Bronx hometown. She knows both the alphabets —

"hand shapes which represent letters," and sign language — "various configurations which represent ideas, concepts and phrases."

Her pupils at Conn. mainly consist of students interested in Special Education. However, the course is open to anyone outside of Conn. Students ranging from age seven to sixty-five fill the classroom. Mrs. Kilpatrick has noted, "Age does not make a difference in ability; it is up to a person's motivation and visual and language orientation."

As with CPR, sign language is rapidly increasing in popularity. Many sources of media have adapted to accommodate the non-hearing. Mrs. Kilpatrick, who is affiliated with the National Theater for the Deaf, fully appreciates efforts for modification such as captioned television, and hopes that these things will continue to flourish.

As one can see, Connecticut College is willing to comply with present interests of the students and the community. There are many other special courses that are available. If interested in the wide selection of unusual opportunities, simply contact the Office of Continuing Education on the first floor of Fanning. They will be happy to help.

Student Government Report

By **NORA PRENTICE**

The major topic of discussion at the Wednesday S.G.A. meeting was the issue of the recent addition of a two semester language requirement for the class of 1986. It seems that, without much consideration or consent of the S.G.A., the faculty has voted on and passed a two-term language requirement as part of the general education program at Connecticut College.

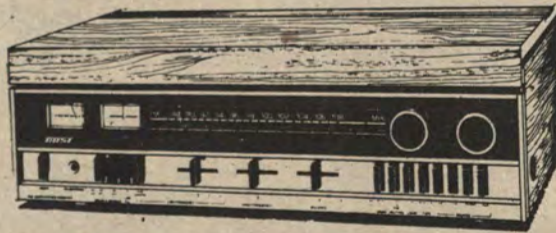
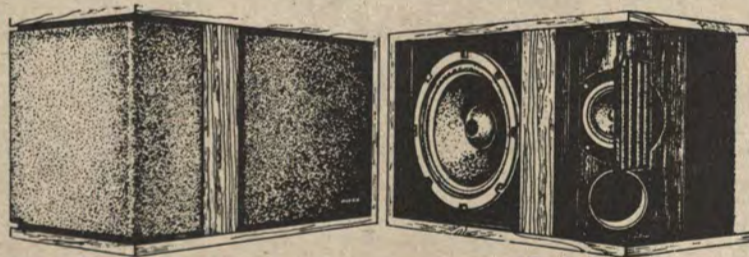
The S.G.A. is concerned that, among other things, more time should be spent improving both the entire general education plan and the language department's teaching quality before a language requirement like this is passed. The reaction to this issue was a tabled motion

to send a "strongly worded" letter home to parents explaining the situation.

In addition to this discussion, two important announcements were made. The first, an especially important one to the survival of Connecticut College parties, was the sensitive issue of Connecticut's drinking age; the new governor, unlike the former, supports raising the legal drinking age. Petitions against the raise of the Connecticut drinking age are being circulated by Conn-PIRG through the dorm presidents. S.G.A. also announced that it is enthusiastic about the energy conservation contest now in effect. It hopes all students will participate.

The Staff of *The College Voice* honors the memory of Ella Grasso. She was a fine woman, and a leader dedicated to her people. Her death is regrettable for the pain it caused her and the loss to the state of Connecticut.

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cont. from page 1

Bonnie Raitt, John Hall, Jackson Browne, and Graham Nash all serve on the MUSE Board.

MUSE generates income through the benefit concerts these many stars volunteer to perform. In Sept. of 1979 MUSE sponsored a weeklong concert series at Madison Square Garden that featured, the board members, Bruce Springsteen, Tom Petty, and numerous others. With the money from the concert series MUSE put out a triple album MUSE entirely of music from the concerts. The album was a smash and went

gold in a few weeks. MUSE followed the album up with a movie that didn't go over as big as the album.

The income generated through these three undertakings has not been enough to fulfill MUSE grants promised to various organizations working for Safe Energy. Thus more concerts. In the New England area the Seacoast Anti-Pollution League, the New Hampshire Energy Coalition, and the New England Clamshell Alliance all have all received grants from MUSE and are expecting more money at some future date.

Student Evaluations: A Proposal to Fill the Void

After a vigorous and controversial debate, Connecticut College professors last December voted to abolish student evaluations of faculty, a move which many hoped would facilitate more equitable tenure decisions, and clear the air for a fresh dialogue on the proper role of student opinion in determining the quality of teaching at the College.

The above interpretation is unfortunately the most optimistic one appropriate. At this writing, the faculty have not revived the issue, and do not plan to until March. In

fact, last Wednesday's meeting was taken up entirely with the approval of a mandatory language requirement for future students, and though evaluations were on the menu, no one cared to taste what has evidently become a bitter dish. On reserve for the cryptic Committee on Student Evaluation of Instruction, a detailed anthology of learned fact and opinion on student evaluations from across the country sits untouched.

Student reaction to the December vote was swift, but without constructive direction. WCNI aired a distressed and apocalyptic message to students that they no longer had any power. Student Government representatives boast plans for a "rally" to show student opposition. Unfortunately, the air has become thick with suspicion: faculty of administration and students; students of both; and administration of all three! The result is three entities, all devoted to the growth and endurance of this institution, chasing their own tails, and leaving a communication void around an issue which significantly affects the present and future quality of the College.

It should not be taken for granted that faculty are paranoid of student opinion, or that they welcome it. Each faculty member's job security is dynamic and often shaky; numerical evaluation died of its own symptoms. But neither should it be expected that students will forget about their necessary role in evaluation. What can be taken for granted, however, is that the longer the evaluations issue remains in a void, the more diluted it will become, until neither faculty or students care to attend to it, and administration finds that situation 'just as well.' Students must not leave faculty to reinstate evaluations alone, and faculty must not confuse student interest with a lust for career-shaping power. It is, therefore, in the interest of filling the void that I offer for scrutiny a new student evaluation system, tailored to satisfy some concerns of all three entities, so that they may join again on this issue. There will certainly be flaws in this model, and while I hope for its general popularity, I hope even more that it will be refined and criticized, not just ignored or tabled. Anyone with suggestions or comments may address them to the College Voice. Letters to the editor on this topic are appreciated as well.

M.S.

I. Proposal: For a new Student-Faculty committee on student evaluation, objective and independent of existing committees or strictures.

II. Membership: Between 6 and 8 students, preferably from a variety of departments. Two or three faculty members, also from different departments. Members will be appointed to 2-year terms; self-nominated students will be elected with other student-faculty nominees in the Fall.

Faculty will be nominated and elected by faculty.

III. Function: To construct, administer, collect, compile and distribute student evaluations for each of 27 departments and 8 interdisciplinary departments, with the cooperation of the department head and/or their Student Advisory Boards.

IV. Specifics: Each member will be responsible for tailoring evaluations to his assigned departments, based on meetings with those departments. Evaluations will be custom-written to each dept.'s specific peculiarities.

At the end of each semester, the committee will distribute the evaluations to respective depts. The faculty will distribute the forms to their classes, and will allow 15 minutes for their completion. Envelopes will be sealed by a student volunteer, and given to dept. secretaries. The committee will then collect these envelopes.

The committee will collectively tabulate students' written comments, and prepare a detailed synthesis on each professor and course.

The committee will send copies of its findings to:

- Department heads
- Faculty Advisory Committee
- Dean of Faculty
- Specific comments for instructors will be returned only after grades are turned in.

V. Other Factors:

a. Suggestions or criteria for written evaluations may be submitted to this committee by all responsible parties for review. Tenure openings need not be taken into consideration by the committee from term to term.

b. The committee should prepare statements of explanation, qualifying its procedures and findings.

c. Findings should be public record; there would have to be qualifying statements along with this public data. (Particularly useful during pre-registration and add-drop periods).

d. Student committee members may petition for academic credit, due to the heavy work-load implicit in this model.

LETTERS

To the editor:

With the recent institution of a language requirement beginning with the class of 1986, the Faculty have taken another step towards decreasing the students' responsibility for making their own choices. Over the past year both the Faculty and the Trustees appear to be consolidating power by taking away or ignoring the voice of the students. Perhaps this is in part the fault of a largely apathetic student body, but those students and the Student Government, who do care, no longer seem to have much say with the Faculty and Trustees.

The Faculty recently voted out the Faculty Evaluations which were a major input for students into the manner a class is taught. In addition to the changes in evaluations and the language requirement, the Faculty and Administration have been talking for some time of doing away with student Housefellows. The Trustees have been no better in their efforts to suppress ConnPIRG which has overwhelming support from the student body.

Each of these actions by the Faculty, Administration, and Trustees detract from the influence of the student body upon their college careers, as well as its own sense of responsibility. It is a sad state of affairs when we, as young adults, are slowly being treated more and more like children. The actions of these authoritative bodies at Connecticut College are certainly not in the direction of furthering individual responsibility in the student body.

The restrictions the Faculty, Administration, or Trustees put upon the

students, or the more mandatory classes or taking away positions of responsibility such as the Housefellow, will have an impact upon the students in several ways. The most evident impact is the loss of choice and influence upon one's own college career, and if we accept this then we are in effect acknowledging that we are not worthy of the title "young adults". Another impact of the restrictions and our acceptance of them is that we must believe that it is acceptable to make students less and less responsible for their own lives and education. We may then in turn see it as acceptable to detract from the voice of future classes. Our actions now are not only for our own interests but also the interests of future college students. This movement toward a total rule of those who are older, and not always wiser, is not a direction the student body should accept complaisantly.

As students we must make our voices heard now before they mean nothing to those in power. If we mindlessly accept the loss of responsibility for our own curriculum, if we accept the loss of influence the Student Government has upon the Administration then we begin to lose our status as "citizens" in the college community. No individual can consider himself a citizen in a society which is governed by an authoritative government in which neither the individual nor the majority have an influence on that government. We are obligated to strive for self-reliance, and if we, as students, do not then we deserve the consequences, whatever they might be.

Alex Tighe

studying languages.

As one professor suggested to me, examination will reveal a deficiency throughout the student body in any single area in the curriculum. Why propose a language requirement and not a computer science requirement? The answer is simple — tradition. The proposal is to reinstate a former requirement, not to recognize languages as being innately more appropriate for study than any other subject.

Liberal arts colleges have found a common solution to the problem of supplying students with a variety of experiences, in the form of general education requirements. These prevent me from entering our technology-oriented world a scientific ignoramus, but they also allow that if I ever need to waltz, I may step on my partner's feet. C'est la vie (and if I never even took French!) In addition, faculty advisors are provided so that we may be introduced to courses for which the brief catalog description sparked no interest. If these same advisors would concentrate on the careers of their particular advisees instead of what they consider to be the welfare of the student body, it is my guess that they would see more well-rounded students graduating cum laude.

Aline Bernstein '82

THE COLLEGE VOICE

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Rich Vancil

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SENIOR WRITER

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ENTERTAINMENT

A Trip Down Robin Lane

The College Voice, February 13, 1981

By RICHARD ALLEN ROOT

— 7:40.
 — Townies arrive first.
 (Letter jackets and sunglasses. High school girls with too much makeup. Foreign long hair and headbands.)
 — 7:55.
 — College students arrive.
 — 8:01.
 — Glass lobby doors open; — a rush and squeeze.
 — 8:11.
 — Palmer auditorium swings open.
 Waiting. More waiting. Lateness. This lateness is obnoxious.
 — 8:55.
 Finally. The Trademarks appear stage front. Surprise! Who ever told us there was a warm up group?...Black jackets, black ties, white shirts. Hey, they look like the "Knack." Hey, they must think the "Knack's" groovy. Listen to them. Aren't their songs so sixty-ish. Aren't they so trite. Really, who did they steal those riffs from? Wasn't that the same song they did a few songs ago? "Oh, girl, I'm lonely." No? Sounds like the same words to me. Let's go hang out in the lobby. Sorry, folks, this "wave" isn't new. Okay, okay. They did have some redeeming points: songs that weren't theirs; a tight, rocking rendition of "G-L-O-R-I-A" (spurred on by three high spirited Co-Co's dancing in the aisles). Oh, no, an encore. Connecticut College is always psyched for anything. Oh, well, it's a party. They are polished performers, but still one needs something to perform.
 — Waiting. Talking. Anticipation.
 — "Robin Lane will be good."
 — More waiting.
 — "What time is it?"
 — 10:03 and 32 seconds."
 — Lights go down.
 — Robin Lane and the Chartbusters!
 — Cheers and havoc. The stage is rushed.
 — "Already?" What the hell.
 — "Oh, she's cute."
 (Blonde wispy bangs; a jagged new-wave cut. OOO, tight fatigues and a thick black-leather belt, with zippers all over - down the front and to her crotch.) Guitars red, brown, and creme; Stratocasters, Lez Pauls and Gibson S-G's tune up. There is no pianist. We have straight ahead rock 'n roll.
 Song 1:
 — "Don't Cry;"
 — a hit from their first album.
 — "She's got a nice voice."
 "Sounds like Pat Benetar or Chrissie Hynde of the "Pretenders?" "Chrissie definately. Robin Lane's got that low, guttural, sometimes airy voice. It sounds fine tonight. Much better than when she warmed up for 'Hall and Oats.' The sound system was so bad that she screamed her voice out by the first song."
 Song 3:
 Singing, "I like the color red - My guy's name is Fred."
 — Red lights all over.
 Sharp, blunt words; "red Fred," matched by sharp, blunt guitar licks and a driving base undertone.
 — Energy! Energy! Energy!
 — Nice job, Robin.

"That's nice, the lights, music, and words all echoing the same meaning. Don't you think?"

— "Definitely."

Song 4:

— "The River;"

— a sweet ballad, tight and touching.

The song's slow exactitude enables us to hear quite distinctively that we have a well polished group on our hands. This is a song even non-wavers can enjoy. Background vocals are finely timed, taking on their own characteristics; the characteristics of raindrops falling from a slanting roof down before Robin's eyes. They sing, "Then came the rains."

Song 7:

— This is art.

— Entitled "Walking on the Hill."

— An eerie night time song. Robin speaks of walking on Beacon Hill, a suburb of Boston, looking in on all the people's homes. We hear a haunting repetitive bass run like footsteps on the dark streets. We hear steely, almost mandolin-like comments of the lead guitarists instrument. (This guitarists sound is quite unique. It cuts through the underlying rhythm, defying it but keeping with it, and keeps on running along this fine edge. Don't we always love to see someone hang over that edge and succeed in not falling. Robin Lane's guitarist achieves this success in other songs, but is definitely not heard enough of to have his impact felt. He is someone to keep an eye on for the future. Robin wails out her loneliness through the speaker's echo chambers, sounding like a lost voice reverberating against bleak Boston buildings.

Song 8:

— A beautiful follow-up.

— "The 8.3" (A song about an earthquake.)

There is a rumble, but very little movement on stage, as if the crash of looming terror came from Palmer's falling timbers rather than the Chartbuster's instruments. A shock rushes the audience. Black shadows thirty feet high whip along the right wall, silhouetted by the sporadic pink of a side-stage floodlight. The drums continue throughout with their meditative pounding. Like in "Walking on the Hill," Robin Lane has found the tone of this song. These are not just words put to music; these are words dramatized by music. Robin ends with a cry and falls to the floor behind crowding front row figures. Robin Lane and the Chartbusters have come alive. Their movements are new, not stale and rehearsed. The energy is frenzied. They, however, have reached this state too late. Still, what is done is done. While she's got the crowd riled, Robin plays a song for the late Sidney Vicious of the "Sex Pistols," which is always a good excuse for a raunchy number. Robin has finally given us the show we want only in order to assure her of an encore. The song is pulled off at full speed, catching us up and making us care very little about its artfulness. We have emotion,



and that is the essence of rock 'n roll. They say goodnight.

— "Encore?"

— "Of course."

— "She didn't play too long."

— "An hour, so far."

— The clapping drills on.

People pummeled the

proscenium with their feet.

— Robin Lane and band

reappear.

They sing "Shake It All

Over," while Robin shakes

her derriere all over.

"Why didn't she do that

before?"

"I guess she wasn't

psyched."

Two more songs follow;

— Robin unzips her zipper.

— Robin throws control to the

wind.

— "Emotion is the essence."

— "Yeah."

"The concert was good; not excellent and definitely not bad. Simply, Robin Lane and her Chartbusters have not yet familiarized themselves with the essence of performance. They haven't learned to catch their audience early and never let them go. This same

thing happened when I saw them in Boston and New York, so it isn't a reflection of the less than desired number of people present at the concert. Their opening numbers were appealing and precise, but they were too cautious of being just that. This hindered true emotion from characterizing most of the songs. The Chartbuster's electric circuits were only gradually switched, with ignition time coming too late.

Although Robin Lane is another woman rocker of similar sound, her songs such as "The River," "Walking on the Hill," and "The 8.3" (besides the catchiness of her pop hits) contain undeniable drama and an exact tone linked perfectly with their theme. The music world forever needs artists who can find these correlations, using music as a means to interpret our surroundings. Unfortunately, grabbing an audience and throwing them into a frenzy takes more than good looks and a precise

sound. It takes showmanship of quite an unique order. It is this type of showmanship which sold most people on Bruce Springsteen and other vivacious rockers such as he. It is these type of performances which will make people have to buy an album. How many of you who saw the concert are heading for the store in the next few days to buy a Robin Lane album? Does she really have enough to set her apart from the flocks of female rockers who have flooded the scene? I think I'll stick with my "Pretenders" album for now. Still, Robin Lane and the Chartbusters are just growing, which makes it inexcusable to totally dismiss them from the rock scene. They not only sparked but caught fire a few times in Palmer auditorium. But wouldn't we all have loved to survive its burning down." "You going to write all that in your review?" "...might. Let's go to Freeman. I heard they have two kegs."

Lilly Lessing in "I am His Wife"

News Office

Actress Lilly Lessing portrays Helene Schweitzer-Breslau, wife of Albert Schweitzer, in "I Am His Wife," a one-woman show Friday, February 13, at 8 p.m. in Connecticut College's Anthony Francis Nelson Theater.

The play deals with the relationship between Mrs. Schweitzer and her husband, the noted theologian, philosopher, and pacifist. Mrs. Schweitzer accompanied her husband to Babon, West Africa when he left Europe to become a missionary doctor. She assisted him in his medical work until ill health forced her to return to Europe.

The play was conceived by Ms. Lessing and written in collaboration with Harold Watts, professor of English at Purdue University. Mrs. Schweitzer is portrayed as an elderly woman facing the decision to write her

autobiography. Sifting through diaries and letters, she reminisces over the shared events that have shaped both their lives.

Mrs. Schweitzer is characterized as a woman torn between her independent identity and her role as the wife of a renowned world humanitarian. She was described by her husband as "Parisian in taste, German in spirit, and Jewish in intellect."

Ms. Lessing, a German, recently finished a tour with the National Theater of the Deaf through her homeland, including Berlin and Heidelberg. She has appeared in summer theater, educational television, and films.

"I Am His Wife" premiered at the Albert Schweitzer Center in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Tickets for this sole performance at Connecticut College are \$1.50 and are available at the door.

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Cosmopolitan Acts Coming to Conn

By LISA CHERNIN

With a one-and-a-two and a one-two-three-four! the Smithsonian Jazz Repertory Ensemble opened the second half of the 1980-81 Concert and Artist Series. The Ensemble gave a concert that explored jazz from the twenties through the forties. Palmer resounded with shouts for more! more! at the end of the two-hour concert.

The Concert and Artist Series will complete its 42nd season with three more concerts this semester, featuring the Brandenburg Ensemble, the Leiderkreis Ensemble, and Murray Perahia.

The Brandenburg Ensemble will present a program of Vivaldi, Mozart, and Bach on Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8:00 p.m. in Palmer. Directed by Alexander Schneider, famed violinist, conductor, and teacher, the concert will feature three young soloists.

On Tuesday, March 31, at 8:00 p.m. in Palmer, pianist Murray Perahia will play a program of Bach, Schumann, Bartok, and Schubert. Since winning the Leeds International Pianoforte Competition in 1972, Mr. Perahia has performed in all

the major music capitals of the United States, Europe, Israel, and Japan, and has recorded several discs for Columbia.

The Leiderkreis Ensemble, a group of distinguished soloists, perform ensemble and solo songs of Haydn, Brahms, Schubert, Rossini, Foster, and others. The Ensemble, which recently won the prestigious Naumburg Chamber Music Award, will present a concert on Friday, April 10, in Dana Hall as part of the Dana Series.

The Concert and Artists Series performances are only a small part of the musical events this semester. An informal student recital on Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 3:30 p.m. in Dana, will open the concerts and recitals sponsored by the Department of Music. Other student recitals will take place on Friday, Feb. 27, at 4:00 p.m. in Freeman; Tuesday March 31, at 3:30 p.m. in Dana; Tuesday, April 21, and Tuesday, April 28 at 8:00 p.m. in Dana.

Four senior recitals are also planned for this semester: Sunday, Feb. 22, 3:00 p.m. in Dana, Monica Dale, piano; Sunday, April 12, 8:00 p.m. in Dana, Jennifer Jordan, soprano; Sunday,

April 26, 3:00 p.m. in Dana, Anne Pomeroy, flute; and Thursday, April 30, 8:00 p.m. in Harkness Chapel, Lyons Bradley, organ.

Faculty members, not to be outdone, will present three recitals: Saturday, Feb. 21, 8:00 p.m. in Dana, Frank Church, violoncello; Tuesday, March 3, 8:00 p.m. in Dana, Faculty Chamber Music Recital; and Sunday, March 29, 3:00 p.m. in Dana, William Dale, piano.

Several guest concerts will complete the Music Department's offerings for this semester. On Wednesday, Feb. 18, the Zephyr Woodwind Quintet will present a program of Beethoven, Barber, Nielsen, and Arnold. The Quintet includes faculty member Anne Megan, oboe. The Baroque Consort of the Connecticut Chamber Ensemble will perform works of Buxtehude and Bach on Friday, Feb. 20.

The American Piano Trio, which includes faculty member Peter Sacco, violin, will perform on Friday, Feb. 27. The last guest recital will feature the American Reed Trio, in a concert in memory of Charles Shackford on Friday, April 17.

And All That Jazz

By PUT GOODWIN

The Smithsonian Jazz Ensemble is a mini big bands two reed players, trumpet, trombone, piano, guitar and banjo, acoustic bass, and drums. Their repertoire consists of jazz from the twenties, through the forties. They provided the nearly full Palmer Auditorium with an excellent, educational jazz clinic on jazz of an earlier era. The band itself was excellent. Their execution was particularly impressive as an ensemble. The sounds of jazz rely heavily on an opening statement in which the winds play in unison. There is nothing worse than a slipshod horn section muddling through these opening statements. The horns of the Smithsonian breezed through these statements as one instrument.

Not only did the group shine as a whole, there were several individual stand-outs as well. Although all the performers played admirably as individuals when they took their solos, a few of the members of the band really came through as exceptional musicians. The director of the band, Bob Wilber, at high reeds, is the real class of the act. More experienced than some of the other members he is definitely in charge of the group. His control and fluidity on the clarinet, alto, and soprano sax were very impressive. Wilber was also in charge of the informal introductions to the musical time-periods. He outlined changes in style, and gave brief histories of the original artists before the band played the tunes. Mark Shane, the pianist, showed remarkable control and touch on the piano. His runs were absolutely smooth, and his sensitivity as to when to stand out and when not to was uncanny. Glenn Zotolla, the trumpeter shined particularly in his solo in the Gershwin number *I Can't Get Started*. This is a slow, tuneful number that showcased the trumpeters

tone, and his sensitivity to the original tune.

This form of concert is very difficult to successfully perform for many reasons. It is very hard to copy old masters, for this invites comparison. It also rings through as an unoriginal thing to do. Performing another artist's work in his own style.

Another difficulty that the ensemble must encounter is an audience that is unaccustomed to jazz. They must be used to this because it would seem that part of function as performers is to educate people about jazz forms. The educational aspect of their performance is also a rationale for their performance of other people's material. It is not an attempt to steal another's glory, but a reverential treatment of the jazz of the past in order to enlighten others.

The audience that the group encountered in Palmer was the Concert and Artist Series crowd. The Concert and Artist Series is a collection of mainly classical concerts. It's a wonderful series that is mainly ignored by the students of Connecticut College. The subscription holders of this series are the New London County elite. At the risk of making sweeping generalizations, this crowd is considerably older than the normal Conn. College crowd, and considerably more staid. This is not to say they are less enthusiastic. It is very seldom that an act escapes from the hall without at least one encore, (something that is harder to get from classical performers than from most popular acts). The feeling in the hall was not one that is normally felt in a jazz or popular concert.

The ensemble also reflected a more subdued posture. They were dressed in tuxedos, and from their appearance they could just as easily have been performing classical music. When the music started, however, there was no question that this would be a treat for everyone in the hall. Both halves of the concert ended with exuberant jam sessions that brought the two sections of the show to appropriate climaxes. After the final jam based on "Honeysuckle Rose," the audience demanded more. Bob Wilder came out and said, "Well, folks, we've run outta tunes." The audience had several suggestions: finally Wilder chose *Take the A Train*. It was flawlessly executed.

The final summation of the concert can be gauged from the sentiments of a father and son in the lobby at intermission, "This is a lot better than that Rock 'n' Roll stuff, isn't it?" asked the father. "Oh for sure," was the reply. Well, I'd venture to say that "that Rock 'n' Roll stuff" is different, not inferior, but one can appreciate the sentiment.

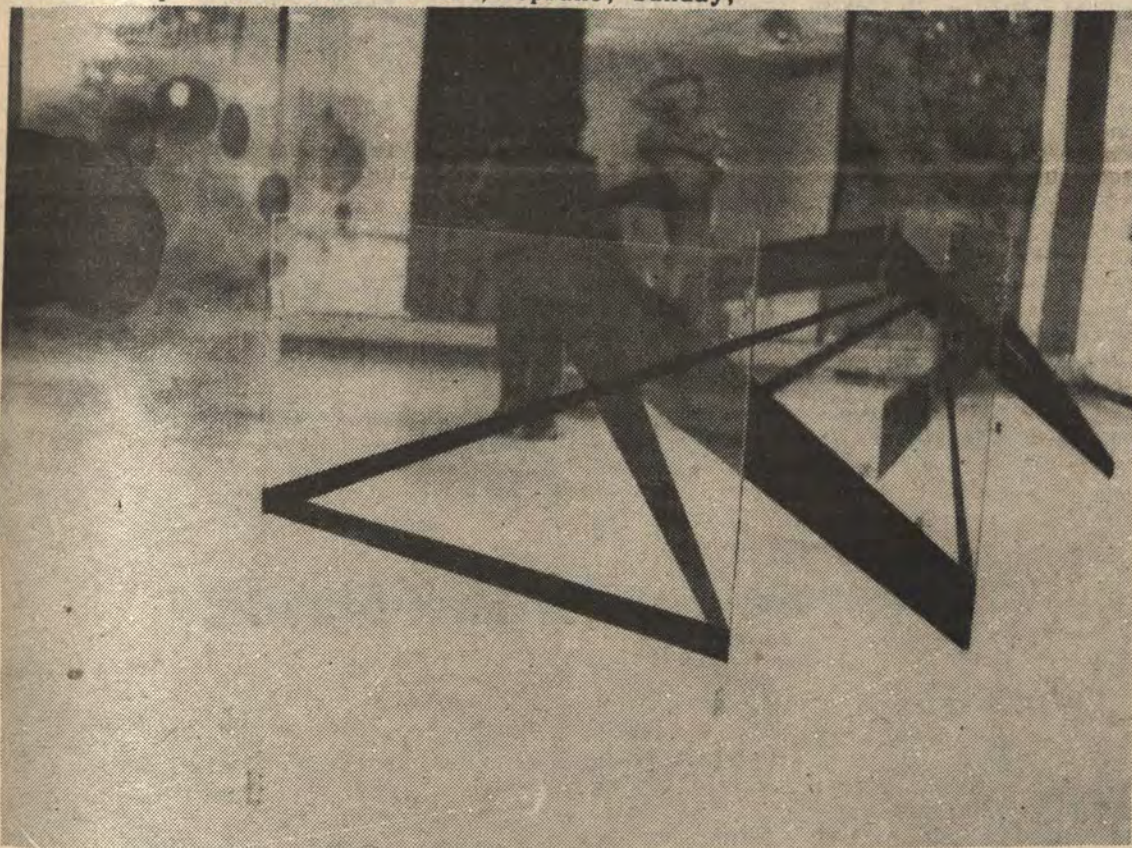


Photo by Carolyn Blackmar

Controversial Nudes Displayed in Cummings

By TERRY GRAVES

William E. Parker's photographic series of male nudes on exhibit in Gallery 66 in Cummings is controversial, to say the least. The photos are from his "Tattoo-Stigmata" series which he began working on in 1977. They are Oil-Emulsion Polychromed Plates: the effect is of a photo that has been painted on.

Parker says that the highly erotic positions and the color are, "to connote a materiality and an eros traditionally and corruptively associated only with representations of the female body."

He says that he began the series in response to some critical essays on the issue of women being presented exclusively in this manner.

Parker is a professor of art and the history of photography at the University of Connecticut at Storrs.

The college community's response to the exhibit has been mixed. Many people feel uncomfortable with the highly erotic nature of the exhibit.

"Well, I don't know because I'm not going to stay in there long enough to examine them closely," said a junior girl.

When asked if she would be more comfortable with female versions of the photos she said that she didn't read Playboy, did she?

Many people wonder why what seems to be a response to and an imitation of pornography should be on exhibit in the arts center. However,

one must take into account the fact that Parker, as an artist, is expressing himself about a phenomenon in our society.

"It doesn't do anything for me as far as my conception of art goes. I understand his point, I think. But as far as I'm concerned the stuff itself is trash," said a sophomore girl.

"I think it's offensive," huffed Makoto Tajima, '82.

"I think that it's high time that it's men not just women all the time," said a freshman girl.

"I think he's a fool," said Priscilla Tolland, '82.

Parker's attitude is one of giving the world something that they have long been denied but the question is does the world want it?

SPORTS

Overtime Spells Trouble for the Camels

By KIP HASHAGEN

Overtime periods proved to be the undoing of the Connecticut College hockey team in its recent 2-1 loss to Fairfield and 5-4 loss to Quinnipiac. Throughout both games, the Camels displayed considerable hustle and puck handling skill, but they were unable to make those victorious tie-breaking goals, and the team's record dropped to 7-7.

The loss to Fairfield was especially frustrating because the Camels became stronger as the game progressed and by the third period, victory was within easy reach. In the first period, however, the Conn. offensive line seemed unsteady while freshman goaltender Andy Pinkes fended off a barrage of Fairfield shots. One of these shots was slipped in by forward Kevin Leys, giving the visiting team a 1-0 lead. But by the end of the second period, the Camels were battling for control of the ice and dominating much of the time. Pinkes made some sensational flying saves and there was plenty of exciting plays by forwards Chip Orcutt and Byron White, among others. Orcutt scored with just 21 seconds left in the period, assisted by two other talented freshmen, Craig Bower and Lee McLaren.

After a scoreless third stanza, Conn. and Fairfield entered a ten minute sudden

death period in a 1-1 tie. With two periods of fine playing behind them, the Camels seemed primed for victory. They had already proven their ability to handle the pressures of an overtime in an exciting 9-8 win against Keene College. But despite the best efforts of the White, Bower, and Brian Kelly forward line, the winning goal never materialized. Instead, Fairfield's Steve Festa tallied the winning point only 1:02 minutes into the extra period.

Conn. faced the Quinnipiac Braves two days later, and the situation was basically the same. The Camels edged out the Braves in ability and aggressiveness but wound up short changed during the fateful overtime. The first period began promisingly, with Dave Elliott and Lee McLaren setting up winger Bob Parson for a swift backhanded score. Meanwhile, senior goalie Duncan Dayton and his first rate defensemen prevented Quinnipiac from capitalizing on any scoring opportunities. The Braves scored twice in the second period, however, but so did the Camels. Nigel Bentley's goal came from the slot on a pass from Kevin Sullivan. The flashy plays of the Bentley-Sullivan-Chip Orcutt forward line were one of the highlights of the game. Brian Kelly helped Craig Bower tip in Conn's second goal of the period, giving the Camels a 3-2 edge.



The Camels dropped two overtime heartbreakers last week losing 2-1 against Fairview and 5-4 against Quinnipiac.

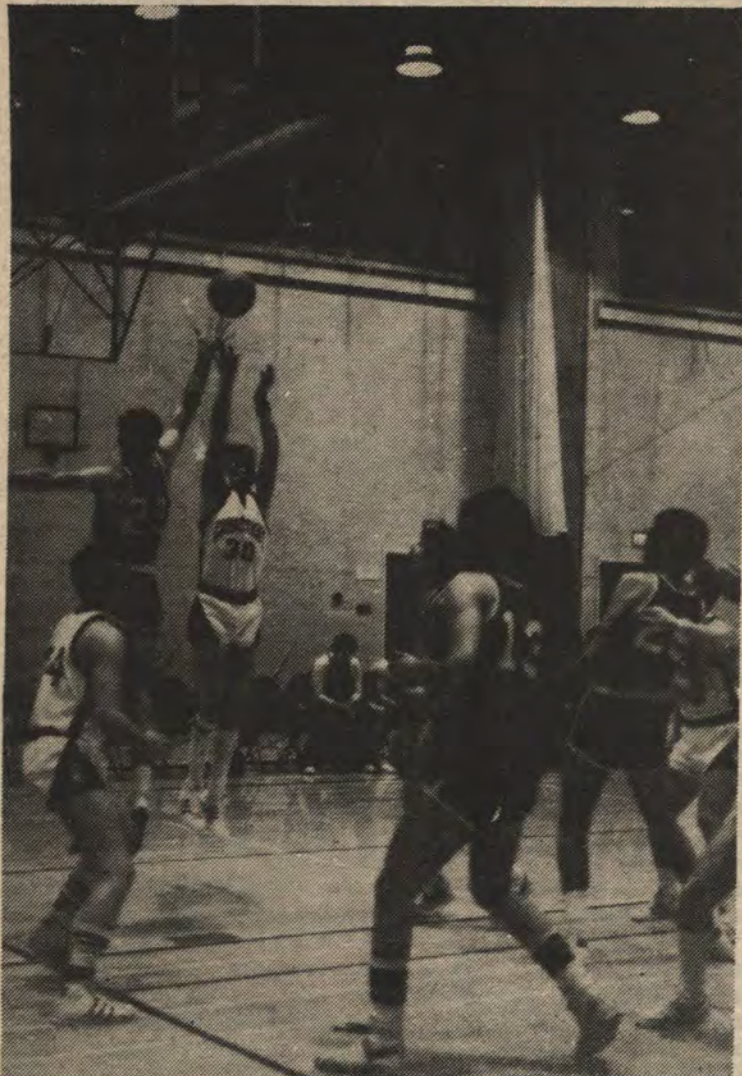
Photo by Carolyn Blackmar

The third period brought Kelly's fourth goal of the season, but it also brought two points for Quinnipiac, and the Camels were then faced with another sudden death play-off to break the 4-4 tie. Unlike the previous overtime against Fairfield, this extra period was a long, tough battle which ended with a knocked-in puck and victory for Quinnipiac. It also resulted in a minor injury for defenseman Andy White. Like any other hockey team, injuries have been a problem for the Camels and the situation could get worse as the season rounds out its last weeks. Steve Heaney may return soon after nursing a twisted ankle, but Dave Fitzgerald still has a dislocated shoulder from a bruising Trinity game, and

there are several other injured players on the squad.

The agonizingly close defeats of the past week caused a lot of frustration for the Conn. College pucksters, who just two weeks ago boasted an outstanding 7-3 record. But following the Quinnipiac game, coach Doug Roberts had nothing but praise for his team. He admitted the difficulties in trying to fill the gaps left by injured and departing players, but added that the team was becoming more familiar with itself and its abilities. Roberts sighted a great individual improvement over the season in players Zach Karas and Kevin Sullivan, and called defenseman Lee McLaren another Rock of Gibraltar in his consistency and 110

percent effort. Karas, Sullivan, McLaren, and the others will have their work cut out for them when they play Wesleyan, their toughest opponent, as well as M.I.T. and Clark. But whatever happens, the Connecticut College hockey team has established itself as a force to be reckoned with. Coach Roberts is forming a team that can do more than stand up to squads from Iona and Quinnipiac, which wiped the floor with Conn. just last year. Roberts says he plans to build the Camels in the next few seasons on a foundation of talented freshmen and sophomores. With freshmen like Chip Orcutt and Lee McLaren, and sophomores like Nigel Bentley and Doug Tulin that foundation seems already set.



The Camels extended their record to 11-4 with a thrilling 65-64 victory on the road against Barrington. (See article).

Photo by Lisa Green

Character on the Court

By SETH STONE

Character is the word which best defines the Connecticut College men's basketball team this year. Coach Dennis Wolff spoke of it in an excited post-game patter. Bill Malinowski exemplified it with his game winning points against Barrington. The basketball team demonstrated it with a spirited second-half performance against Barrington.

If character can be defined as overcoming adversity, the Camels have been able to overcome tendencies toward sloppy play and inconsistency by "sucking it in" according to Wolff and toughing it out when matters really count. Against Barrington Conn. overcame a miserable first-half performance to come out fighting in the second half. The Camels have indeed demonstrated a team character unseen on the courts for quite some time.

Conn played a wretched first half against Barrington, only to fight back and literally have the chance of winning or losing in their own hands. Calvin Holt, who has never scored more than 8

points in a game, scored the first 6 points at Barrington, and Conn quickly trailed 6-0. Barrington capitalized on poor shooting by Conn to further the lead to 10-2, and 18-6 in less than 10 minutes. The Camels were getting the ball inside, but were missing the easy shots and got few "boards". Improvement, led by the jump shots of Tom Fleming and the quarterbacking of Jim Santaniello, closed the gap to 22-18 with 6 minutes left in the stanza.

But, with the inside prowess of Ernie Madden and a pressing Barrington defense, Conn got no closer. Barrington moved out to a 28-20 lead, and Conn trailed 37-26 when the first half mercifully ended. Madden scored at will, collecting 14 points and 6 rebounds. Conn had done nothing right, and it was sure to be a long second half.

During half time, Coach Wolff "said some things that I can't even remember. I wasn't too happy." Whatever he said had some affect, though it took about 10 minutes to become obvious. Conn played no better, and allowed the Warriors to move

out to a 13 point lead, 45-32 with 15:40 remaining. Barrington retained this lead, 49-36 with 10:54 left. At this point, the Conn character began to come to life.

The Camels came out and quickly hit another hoop to close the gap to 49-42, and Barrington answered with a free throw. Peter Dorfman hit a jumper from close range, and it was 50-44. Santaniello again stole the ball, leading to another Dorfman basket, and the score was 50-46. Then, it was Doug Kirk's turn to go to work. He hit a jump shot from the left baseline, and the score read 50-48. Another Barrington miss, and another Kirk jump shot, and Conn tied the game with 7:47 remaining. As Dennis Wolff had said in the previous timeout: "It's a whole new game guys."

Conn could not hold on to the momentum entirely, and Barrington regained a 54-50 lead, as both teams were content to slow the ball down after the hectic comeback. Conn came back again, and a Tom Fleming jumper put the

cont. on page 7

cont. from page 6

58-56, Barrington's Tony Mure hit a 10-foot line drive with 17 seconds left, knotting the score up again.

Conn was trying to set up one last shot, when they threw one pass too many. Barrington stole the ball, and with 4 seconds left called a time-out. Shades of Wesleyan danced in Conn minds, and they did not want Barrington doing what they could not. They could not, as Conn did not let them penetrate for a good shot, with a desperation shot bouncing off the backboard. Thus Conn went into its second overtime of the year.

After trailing 37-26 at half, Conn. outscored Barrington 32-21 in the second half to deadlock in regulation. In facing overtime, Conn wanted to change the results of their first extra session, losing to Nichols 55-53. Conn quickly went to work, pulling in front 62-58, including a basket from Barrington's Tom Barry, whose homecoming it was. Behind Mure and Shawn Smith, Barrington rolled off 6 of the next 7 points, as all Conn could muster was a foul shot from Wayne Malinowski. With just a few seconds on the clock, Barrington led 64-63. Conn. had time for one last shot.

Bill Malinowski had played for most of the second half, filling in for an inconsistent Chris Bergan (who found the range after Peter Dorfman fouled out), and for the absent Peter Dorfman. As the last second ticked off, Mal was in the air, trying to put in the Camels ahead 56-54 with 2:07 left. With the Camels ahead

last shot. The buzzer sounded, ending the game. The two referees conferred. One had called a foul, the other had not. As both benches shouted at the referees, their conference broke up. Time had run out. The game was over. Then they added that Billy Malinowski had been fouled going for the basket. He would have two shots. Conn trailed by one. The game was in his hands...literally.

Both benches stood, watching Mal and the outcome of his shots. The partisan Barrington crowd was yelling, trying to distract the senior tri-captain. Mal dribbled, took a deep breath, and paused. He bent at the knees and shot. The ball hit nothing but string. It was 64-64.

The crowd got noisier and both teams inched closer to the action. Mal again went through his ritual of dribbling, taking a deep breath and pausing. Mal shot and the ball was on its way...it hit nothing but string. Two perfect, pressure-packed foul shots by Billy Mal had won the game in overtime-65-64.

As the team rushed out to congratulate the clutch captain, one could not feel some sense of indication for the loss to Wesleyan. Granted, Barrington was not Wesleyan but the Camels had to fight from further back in an unfriendly gym. The victory, Conn's third in a row, was a deserved one, putting their record at 11-4, a welcome change from the dismal 4-19 of last year. The one major difference between this year and last year is relief, spelled c-h-a-r-a-c-t-e-r.

No Postcards For Mom

By BUDDY HARRIS

"Gimme a dollar bill," Dean whispered to me. "I wanna kiss from this gyrating beauty here." "C'mon dean, you know how many god-damned truck drivers have pressed their chapped lips to hers?"

"No, how many?" "That's not the point, Dean."

"C'mon, she's comin' over this way now," Dean said excitedly.

"Yeeehaaaaaaa," Marty hollered. If Marty's mom could have seen him now she would have dropped her T.V. Guide.

"Gimme the dollar," Dean whispered desperately.

I reached into my wallet and pulled out an old faded bill. This was the perfect place to get rid of it. And besides, ol' George was gonna love the view in a few minutes. Father of our country. Dean was sitting at the bar and Marty and I were standing behind him. Dean put his hand behind his back and I slipped him the single.

The jukebox was appropriately moaning the call of the wild. "Running out of passion....passion....passion..."

The girl swirved and shimmied, gyrated and groined her way towards the three of us. Never mind Marty's mom, what about mine? I put the thought out of my head. I knew that somewhere along the line in his journey between boyhood and manhood, my dad had sauntered into one of these joints in order to prove that he had "passion." I downed my beer and toasted my father.

The girl was right up to the counter now, spreading her legs and looking for another sucker to lay out a buck for a kiss. The jukebox kept moaning. "Somebody somewhere, in the heat of the night, looking pretty dangerous, running out of passion..." As she came face to face with Dean, he put his hand behind his back, opened it, and returned the bill to me.

"Running out of passion" I whispered into Dean's ear. "At least I got a front row seat," Dean mumbled back. The girl puckered up for Dean as she gyrated away.

Dean had just been accepted to business school, Marty to medical school. And me? I was trying to work a novel about these crazy friends of mine. This could be our last vacation together. A year from now we could be miles apart. We were searching desperately for something to bond us forever. Letters wouldn't do the trick. Phone calls would be too expensive.

So, all of a sudden, standing around this strip bar in Florida, with beers in our hands, I stopped feeling guilty, and stopped wondering why we were there, and realized that this seamy pit was the place for three



middle class boys to discover an eternal bond: If we all got lost together, we thought we could all find ourselves.

The jukebox and the radio seemed to tell us about the world. We spent the week together cruising through downtown Palm Beach, finding out what would happen to us in five, ten years. At thirty we found out we'd be running on empty, or running against the wind, or running out of passion. The prospects were not hopeful.

The party was over it seemed, when it hadn't even begun. For me at least. So we had to create a party real quick, because time was running out.

I saw us walking to work in pin stripe suits pretty soon. Dean and Marty at least. Having lunch. Going to bed early. So I thought until Dean killed my visions.

"I went to a place like this at lunch time in New York City. Man, there were tons of business execs in there right along with the scum of the earth, copping a feel like everybody else. There'd be somethin' wrong with you if you never went to one of these joints." I elbowed Marty and we smiled at Dean's justifications.

"Hey Dean," Marty said, "You mean just because we're gonna grow up doesn't mean we can't come back to sleazy joints like this again, huh?"

There was applause as the girl put on her clothes. Up next was another piece of flesh. It was pretty sad to me to see a young girl of sixteen or seventeen, down in a pit in front of a bar, in front of a bunch of hairy arms holding cans of beer, shaking her butt for a buck. I started getting sociological until she removed her top.

"Awwwwriiggghhhttt," I yelled, wondering who was this asshole inside me doing the yelling. Marty patted me on the back, while Dean ordered another round.

I felt like a kid in the haunted house at the Amusement Park. Only this time I wasn't a kid, and the

witches were naked. And besides this was a real live amusement park. The jukebox groaned, "I come to your emotional rescue...du...du...du...du..."

Later that night at a regular bar, I watched a drunken thirty-two year old woman come on to Dean. He played his role perfectly, but we all left together. Later on we entered the Baths to check out the prices, but we saved our noney and all left together. Later on, Dean, and Marty, and myself stopped at Dunkin' Donuts in an attempt to stop the clock. Tomorrow it'd be all over. And I was reminded that we were running out of time. At the counter we talked about how much fun we had had, and wondered where we'd be a year from now. Five. Ten. Twenty.....

"Whatta New Year's eve this has been," Dean said. We all drank our coffee. It had gone cold while we were talking. We didn't care.

That afternoon Dean flew to Michigan. Marty to Boston. And me to New York. The airport felt like the final scene in Casablanca sans women.

"Don't run out of passion," Dean told me, looking into my eyes like an older brother. "Marty," Dean said, "After last night you'll switch to gynecology, huh?" We laughed. We all embraced.

"Happy New Year," Dean said smiling, though for the first time I could really see what was going on inside him. We all shook hands. We split up.

I boarded the plane feeling like two thirds of my heart had been ripped out. There was no one to talk to, no one to laugh with, no one to hear my dirty jokes. I sat down next to a plain looking woman about 38 years old. What stories I would tell dad when I got home. He'd finally see I was a man. I began to cry. The lady touched my hand. I looked at her and she smiled.

"Thank you," I said quietly, as I looked her over and imagined her naked body gyrating up to the counter.

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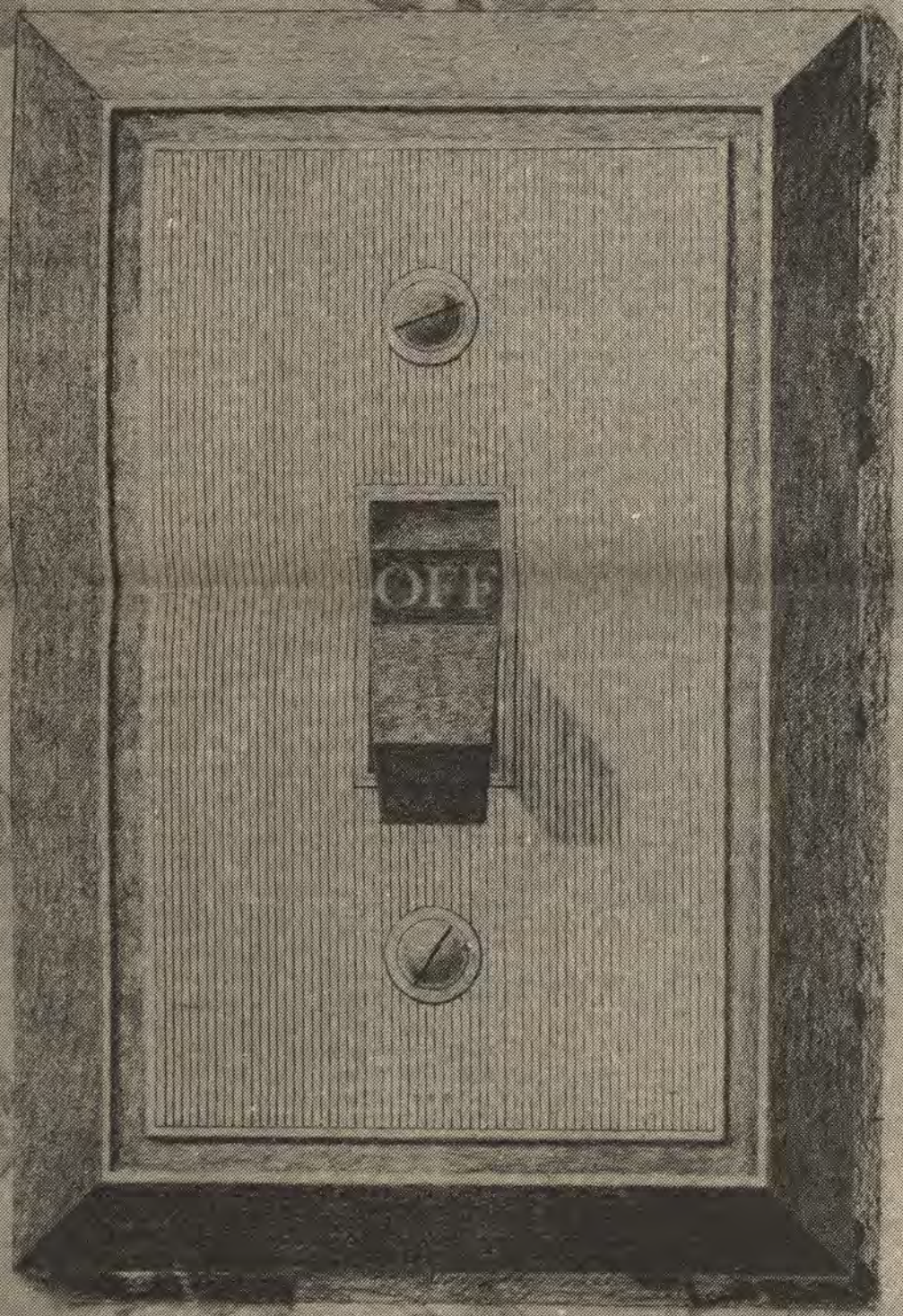
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