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### The Spark, Volume 2 Issue 5

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# THE SPARK

Dec 8, 1978

## End of the "baby boom"

Don Goldberg

Between 1980 and 1990 the population of college eligible eighteen-year olds will decrease by twenty percent; by 1985 alone, the number will decrease by over fourteen percent. Although the students at Connecticut College will mostly be long graduated by 1985, the implications of these figures on this school will be severe. Due to the impending decline in the number of college students, this school will have to institute major changes both structurally and in its admissions programs if it is to be able to cope with the situation. And even though it may seem like a long time from now, the senior staff of the administration feels that this problem must be faced now so that major decisions can be made intelligently concerning the decrease of students.

The primary result of this problem will be the obvious decline of qualified high-school applications which this school will receive. But there are major steps which the school can take to lessen the impact of this decline; the most important is to attract more, qualified eighteen-year olds who will apply. Perhaps the key to attracting more students is by publicizing Connecticut College's strengths. This does not mean general advertising of the school, but rather instigating greater contact with key people such as guidance counselors and admissions staffs of high-schools, and by enlisting the help of alumni and parents of present students. Unfortunately, the admissions office to effectively do this would need more staff which it can not afford, unless something else is sacrificed. Another move which would increase the number of interested applicants would be to expand the financial aid programs.

This is being attempted to some degree in the form of the new development program; increased annual giving and endowment gifts would help.

The school should also attempt to strengthen already existing programs where quality does exist, or where the College has particular special opportunities. For instance, the redirecting of funds towards a new dance floor would greatly enhance this already strong department. Increased faculty in the fine arts programs would also attract interested students. The creation of new programs which could be formed by the combining of existing programs could help

**"If the admissions office is to maintain the quality of students who are admitted, ... fewer students will be admitted without lowering standard."**

update the curriculum towards newly desired courses. The Human Ecology program, combining many departments, and the interdisciplinary Human Movement program are already instituted examples of this type of course synthesis, and in which no new faculty need be hired. At present, few foreign students apply; perhaps increasing overseas publicity of Connecticut College could add students of a diversified nature to the school.

Finally, extra-curricular life at Connecticut College could easily be enhanced to entice potential candidates. The Student Union is an obvious example of a college facility which needs improvement if it is to be attractive. Even athletics could be used if need be to obtain high-school graduates.

Even if these programs

are instituted and successful, the school will still have to make a major choice. If the admissions office is to maintain the quality of the students who are admitted, then due to the decrease of applicants, fewer students will have to be admitted without lowering standards. In other words, if the same amount of students are maintained, the quality of the students will decrease. Certainly most people would prefer less students at higher quality; however financial implications will result from a decreased student body due to the loss of tuition.

If it is assumed that in ten years the student body will be ten percent smaller, then there will be 160 fewer students here at that time (administration figures used for contingency planning). The decreased revenues from tuition would amount to over \$750,000; this equals the income, at six percent interest, from \$12.5 of endowment. Thus, this cost can be offset by doubling the endowment in ten years. The projected development campaign will help somewhat if successful; however, though offsetting revenues lost from decreased enrollment, little money would be left for the improvement of programs. It should be realized also that with 160 fewer students, at least two dormitories will be vacant and suitable for other purposes.

Thus, it is clear that Connecticut College will have to make some major efforts in fundraising if it is to continue to improve its often inadequate facilities without decreasing the quality of the students. Development gains should be used to offset lost revenue and inflation, and reductions in some areas should be planned in order to free funds for im-

Continued on page 7



# Fall semester

As the fall semester of 1978 draws to a close, perhaps we should look in retrospect to the actions and events which have effected the Connecticut College community these past three and a half months. All in all, the semester has been fairly dull. No sit-ins have been scheduled for the Trustees, the furore over the skating rink has virtually disappeared, and the "decline of the arts" at Connecticut College has been all but forgotten. But is not the complacent attitude of the people here a true sign of the contentment of most of the students here? Maybe we should feel secure in that nothing worthy of major protest, such as was present here last semester, has taken place. And after all, the SGA, under the leadership of Janice Mayer, did quickly and efficiently right the situation of the Crozier Williams Student Center snackshop, re-opening it for all the community.

The only real excitement unfortunately came when SGA vice-president Vuyo Ntshona allegedly assaulted another member of the community. It was reassuring to know that the Judiciary Board did effectively deal with such an important problem, as it suspended Ntshona, and demonstrated that a student court can handle major incidents. The search for a new vice-president began immediately upon Ntshona's withdrawal, which means the post will readily be filled without much delay.

Although the Board of Trustees' open forum never materialized for this semester (it will instead be held in February), President Ames did hold one himself. However, attendance was low, and it seemed that those present who asked the truly relevant questions were only those who felt no aspirations being jeopardized. Of course President Ames was as evasive as ever, and further diminished hopes of his ability to effectively communicate with the student body.

The room entering policy again became a heated, if short-lived, issue on campus. At a meeting discussing the issue with the SGA and Dean Alice Johnson and Treasurer Leroy Knight, Knight promised to have the College lawyers check into the legality of the wording of such a clause, and over two months later, still no answer has been returned to the students.

The College Voice did an in-depth exposure of the inadequacies of Physical Plant, but for all their efforts, all that they received was criticism from various staff, faculty, and students. We hope that the policy of hiring students for the summer is not discontinued due to this, but these allegations should be looked into.

To the surprise of the students, the exam period was cut by several days, with no explanation given for this change. President Ames stated that a student committee was involved in this decision, but SGA says that no such committee exists. Is our President really that misinformed about such information, or is he trying to placate the students by telling them that they were involved? What is perhaps more disappointing is that no student protest to change this policy came about. Three years ago when this same thing happened, petitions were formed within weeks, and the school was forced to rectify the situation. It seems as if the students now cannot be bothered with such tasks, and would rather try to squeeze in their exams than complain.

THE SPARK hopes that in the coming semester, those students who care about certain issues, such as the shortening of the exam period, who are not the same ones who usually are involved in the school, do get involved. It seems that it is always the same people at all the events, and this was especially clear at the President's forum. Involvement, even if futile, at least shows that people care about their lives at Connecticut College.

## THE SPARK

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THE SPARK welcomes and encourages letters from its readers. Letters should be sent to:

THE SPARK  
Box 544  
Connecticut College  
New London, Ct. 06320

All editorials are written by THE SPARK's editorial staff.



# Gay students group

Mark Spina  
on behalf of the  
Gay Student's Group

The gay liberation movement began in 1969, during a "routine" police raid of a gay bar in New York City, the Stonewall. The routine was disrupted because the people in the bar that night were no longer willing to be treated as criminals because they loved people of their own sex. They rioted. Homosexuals may not yet have full equality under the law, but gays don't get raided anymore.

Ten years later (New London is a long way from New York, it takes a while for these things to get here) a similar statement is being made at Connecticut College. Homosexual and bisexual men and women who are in the process of finding out what it means to be gay and proud, are forming a gay students' group. To do what? We don't know yet. We're still too happy about having found each other on a college campus where no one wants to admit to not being a 100% pure middle-class straight wasp. We may evolve into a weekly encounter session, a political activist party, a consciousness raising group, a social club, a band of revolutionary terrorists or some combination of the above, but right now we're sharing the excitement of being with people who are happy about their own and other people's gayness, rather than threatened by it, people who are happy that human beings are different, rather than demanding that everyone be cranked out on ditto paper.

We've come a long way. Gay people are raised by straight people, who pass along to their children their own homophobic attitudes. Gay children are taught, before they even know who they are, to fear themselves. By the time homosexual or bisexual people begin to explore their identity, the societal prejudices they must overcome

are often deeply internalized. Sorting out who we are from what we have been told we are is a long, difficult process.

Gay people need to meet other gay people and enjoy their diversity before we can laugh off the stereotypes we've been handed. When gay people get together, we are defining our identity in relation to one another, based on what we know about ourselves, rather than on what we have been told about ourselves by people who have no idea what it's like to be gay.

But the process of sorting out individual identity from role-assignment is not a strictly gay happening. It's a process that hopefully all people experience eventually, although some, who do not have the advantage of being part of some put-down minority group with the added dimension that lends perspective, do miss the boat. It has been said that the most repressed group of people with the least understanding of self is that made up of straight white American males. It's so easy for them to fit into all the stereotypes that put down anyone who is not a straight white American male that they end up buying the ones about themselves.

The same thing can happen to women or blacks or gays who settle for the ready-made role, but because these are more obviously oppressive, we have more impetus to examine them. The gay struggle is sometimes shrugged off, with the thought that since gay people can hide their sexuality, their oppression is not that severe. That logic demonstrates how insidious the role laid out for us is; Can't you lie? Can't you pretend to be straight to make the rest of us comfortable? Can't you be on your guard against being honest with people, twenty-four hours a day?

The presence of a gay student group on campus will remind people that we are not

a statistic, not only found in New York or San Francisco, and not "that weirdo on Soap". A gay person is one in ten Americans, the kid next door, a roommate, a best friend, a close relative, a respected college professor. Phenomena like the Gay Students Group do just as much for the community in which they exist as they do for their members. They remind those who might otherwise get too comfortable that there are people lurking around who will not accept pre-defined roles and who are questioning the system. They may even, once in a while, spur those people to examine their own roles and the ones they expect others to play. The questioning process is painful and some conflict is inevitable. But life is like a dance class: if the stretching doesn't make you a little bit sore, it probably isn't doing you an awful lot of good.

Maybe if the students at Connecticut College stop trying to play it so "super-cool", stop trying to pretend that we already have all the answers, stop trying to repress the questions, we might find that we have something more fundamental in common than the roles we try to impose on each other.

Take heart, straight people. There's hope, even for Connecticut College. Remember, gay bars don't get raided anymore. The Gay Students Group meets in Unity House on Tuesday evenings; the times will be announced in the College Communicator.

## Recycle

### this

### paper



# summer blues

L.C.S.

On the whole, it had been a lousy summer vacation for Tim. It had been dragging, and things hadn't been going well. It began smoothly, but then Mary, now his ex-girlfriend, dumped him and his job grew dull. After a long day at work, he sat on the back porch of his grandmother's house, looking out at the beautiful garden, sipping a bottle of beer. His grandmother always bugged him about that. "Why can't you get a glass out of the cabinet, dear," she would say. "There are plenty of them in the kitchen." And Tim, politely, would say that he'd forgotten, that he wouldn't let it happen again, that he would remember next time, next time, always next time. ... Tonight, though, was different. He had the place to himself. He was king, and he could drink as many beers out of the bottle as he wanted.

His mother, wrapped up in her mid-life crises, had gone off to self-awareness camp in California. It was one of those places where people sat around trying hard to be hip as they smoked pot for the first time. He

chuckled at the thought of his middle-aged mother, the P.T.A. women, den mother, and dinner party giver, lighting up a joint. I bet she coughs a lot, he thought. His father, now remarried and living in Chicago, jogged five miles a day, Tim didn't exercise much these days. He was going downhill. His father always nagged at him to start running. "Son," he would say, "you used to be a good runner in high school. I don't want to see you getting a spare tire. I'm twice your age and look at the shape I'm in." Tim always said that he'd start jogging next week, next month, next year, but he never did. He never got around to it, though he never had anything better to do. He didn't quite know how he managed to fritter his time away, but he always found a way.

His grandmother had gone back to celebrate her brother's seventy-fifth birthday. She grew up there; that's where her roots were. He missed her, even though she pestered him about petty things. She had a lot of class. Still a handsome woman at seventy, with her short white hair and pierc-

ing blue eyes, she woke up every morning at six to tend her rose garden. Whenever he thought about her, the rose garden came to mind. He would see her in the garden, always doing something to make it more beautiful--watering the flowers, removing the weeds, trimming the rose bushes, and making everything greener, it seemed. She had strength, and when she touched the garden, it responded. The house was beautiful too. He loved the Connecticut countryside-- the stone walls, the surrounding woods, the white fences, the old red barn at the edge of the property, and the gentle hills. The house itself was an old one, probably built in the early 1800's. And that tickled him, the sense that Connecticut Yankees had once lived there, in that very house. He had spent a lot of time there ever since he was a boy. When he was little, his parents had often taken him there. But he had never lived there for more than a few weeks at a time. This summer was different, though. He had three months to spend in his favorite corner of the earth. ■

## Southern cells

Jennifer Johnston

Four stone buildings formed a square on the dust clearing. Trees were not far off to one side and a path leading to a beautiful brick building. One century before on Barbuda, a Caribbean island, the scene was identical but with hundreds of people, mostly black. The small stone buildings were way stations in the slave trade business. The coast, half a mile away, was a wide stripe of gold and yellow sand where shadows ran from hot morning sun. Vegetation was thick and alive.

The stone buildings were vacant. The government had the large beautiful one. We three stood in the square, dust blowing over our shoes. Our guide sat in his jeep arms folded and eyes barely open. A light sea wind caught a few strands

of the black hair matted against his forehead and cheeks. We walked through a doorless doorway into one of the cells where the slaves had waited for their ocean transport. They waited for months, some of them, our guide had told us. It was cool inside and dark. Only two narrow windows almost to the ceiling allowed any light. There were no clouds to break the blue monotony beyond the windows. An occasional frigate bird. The dirt under our feet was black and moist. We smelled, listened and touched, our senses acute from having travelled a long time. We were about to leave when our guide stepped through the door. He had dark skin. He carried a stick.

"Used to be a heavy iron door here," he said. "And iron bars in those windows up there not that anyone could have gotten to

them."

He was right. The stone within unlike the exterior of the building was too smooth for a foot or hand to use. My friend raised his brows.

"They left them no chances," he said.

"No. Never," said the guide. He strolled around the interior, exhaled and leaned against the cool stone. He said, "The dirt under your feet is generations of slave death. They kept one fifty to two hundred people in here. Half died. It is cool now, but their body heat made it an oven. The dead were not carried away but buried by their friends in the dirt. Bones are further down, would you like to see?" He didn't move. We said no and made for the door anxious for the dust. Our guide stuck his stick into the rich dirt and followed us out. ■



# Cro. committee

Jan Abrams

When Cro was built in 1958 Connecticut College was a strictly women's school. Originally the building was intended as a physical education and recreational center to carry out stale P.E. requirements. The title "Crozier-Williams Athletic Center" was an accurate name, as the building was administered by the P.E. department and used solely for that purpose.

Eventually the Crozier-Williams "Student Center" concept evolved with the admission of men and the increasing desire for a student center. Yet the question still exists, of what actually constitutes a true student center. Many colleges and universities have such buildings which house student lounges, bars, post offices, snack shops, student art galleries, and also sponsor clubs, activities, and other student functions. A student center is also a place to relax socially as an alternative to bars, movies, and parties. It is meant to provide an area where student activities, planned by organized groups, clubs, and dorms can alert other members of campus to different interests of which they may not be aware. Yet according to Connie Sokalsky, Director of Campus Activities and Crozier-Williams, "Cro" as we know it is not a true student center. Such departments as dance and P.E., which are academically oriented, and Career Counseling and Placement and Campus Safety, which are service oriented, as well as the alumni offices are all housed in Cro. This creates a lack of unity within the building as there are too many diversified departments in the same place at the same time. For example, WCNI can not leave its studio door open and play music beyond a minimum volume because it is situated between two offices. WCNI is a student radio station operated by Connecticut College students, and is located in the student center. Yet the location of the studio between these offices imposes many restrictions.

Students who visit Cro do so to use the recreational facilities, grab a bite in the snack shop, or stop in the bar for a beer or fast game of pool. Generally Cro is not thought of as a student union where the atmosphere is actually conducive to "hanging out" relaxing, and finding out what is going on on campus. The upstairs lounge is rarely in use except for large parties and assemblies, and the building itself does not have a generally comfortable atmosphere. One student when questioned as to why he did not spend much time at Cro replied that "there is nothing special there. I can do in my room what I can do in Cro. So why leave my room to go there?"

Connie Sokalsky and the Cro Committee are making an effort to change this attitude and to attract people to Cro through various methods. The Cro Committee is essentially an advisory board comprised of two representatives from each class to the Director of the Student Center. This year the committee has met several times in an attempt to define its goals and capabilities. Basically there is a desire among the committee members to create an atmosphere which is conducive to an enjoyable set of relationships. To do this the committee is trying to make Cro an area in which one can relax comfortably, enjoy and participate in a diverse and well organized amount of planned activities. This attitude is expressive of the changing mood towards a unified center of student life on campus. Aside from being an advisory board to Connie Sokalsky, answering questions, and allocating space and time usage of the recreational facilities, this year's committee is working with an earnest desire to attract people to Cro for reasons other than grinders, beer, and pinball. For example, scheduled for late this semester and next is the project "Cro Main Events". One night a week each organization or club on campus will be in-

vited to be more visible and to be open other students as an alternative to ordinary activities. "Cro Main Events" is seen to be an attempt to draw students to the union and create unusual interesting evenings. The committee chairman, Peter Flint, has also requested that the budget sub-committee reserve funds in next year's budget for the renovation of the snack shop. The money would be used to make the snack shop into a non-alcoholic "Pathskeller", panelled, with booths, in an attempt to make Cro a more comfortable place in which to lounge, and for occasional live entertainment.

Parties, beer, pinball, and self-made good times are all tension reducers for students. As for providing a place to drink, the bar, with all of its problems of space is still there for the drinkers. However, certain groups exist which enjoy alternatives to this type of entertainment. "Cro Main Events" will hopefully attract those to its events. A project created to unify and introduce students to each other, with such clubs as the Jazz Ensemble, the Women's Group, and academic clubs, will be invited. The committee hopes to get this step off the ground in leading to a true student center.

## \* GOOD TIMES

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# monday morning

Dave Rosenberg

Look at this! Would you look at this mess. These kids- Christ. Every Monday morning, broken bottles, garbage all over the place, now this time, soap powder all over the floor. That is where there ain't spilled beer. Floors so sticky you'd think it was glue factory. I'm afraid to go into the bathroom. When there's this kind of mess in the hall there's sure to be a worse one in the bathroom.

Shit. At least they must a enjoyed themselves. Wonder what they do to leave the place in such a state. Guess it must a been a party. Sure, they deserve to have parties, they're kids. Hell, when I was a kid, did we ever have parties. Bet I used to leave a hell of a mess too.

Well I better get going on this, it could take all morning. Where's the broom? I'll be damned, they busted it. Why would they go and bust my broom. What do they expect me to do, get on my hands and knees and lick it off. The hell with that, I'll get the broom from up-stairs.

Oh my God! This floor's worse. If it keeps going like this as I go up, I ain't going to walk down. I'm going to jump. This floor usually ain't this bad. Must a been one hellified weekend. There's more busted glass on the floor than in the re-cycling bin. Least they didn't bust this broom.

Some times I wish I didn't have such good eyesight. Facing this once is bad enough. Shit, I'll just sweep it up and won't think on it no more. I wonder what they do do at them parties? Drink for sure, but what else? They seem like such nice kids when they come back from their classes. Must be alot a pressure on them, alot a work. Sure, they deserve a party. Don't blame them none. But how come its got to be every Monday morning.■

# narcissism, defined

Patricia Daddona

You move,  
and it can be felt:

you let your shadow  
press against you,  
and we fear your momentarily-slowed  
breath  
like we fear knowing ourselves  
too well.

It is black,

this self that appears in the light,  
corners you against a wall of air,  
and threatens with a thump  
that you pray is your heart,  
and not this vicious parasite,  
working it for you.

In the night,

it does not disappear, evaporate;  
it moves in.  
It coats your throat like milk,  
emolliates your tender skin,  
and pulls at your eyelashes.  
You fell it breathing through  
your pores.  
You feel it twitch  
in the muscle of your leg...

You move, today,

in a way that you have never moved before.  
The air ripples and parts for you.  
The opaque cut-out moves with you,  
but keeps its distance,  
stays in line.  
You slept with your silhouette,  
last night,  
and found he satisfied.■

# lines for-

Jennifer Johnston

Home soon  
I wonder if dust snickers  
in your house, on your grave.  
Haunted people slip through halls,  
nature calls tempests at no expense  
so dust, maybe, is delayed

Home now, they garnish your grave,  
carnations, roses, passion wilts  
fast in a new winter. Who is they?  
Florists, certainly, must have been  
called but no, they're the ones  
and the mower and the laundress.

A reverend pokes your grave  
with his cane, he is blind. A pious  
man closer to death than to god.  
He may be smiling, poking, certain  
the ground is secure. I don't tell  
him I stole your ashes selling  
them to winds from the sea.

Your felicity, unmistakable,  
your courage in summoning it,  
insiduously guarded, quiet.  
Your bane, you weren't happy- I  
crush this day and that and that  
till memory squeaks and drops, frozen.■



## Baby Boom cont'd

provements in others. Questions as to what type of student will most easily be attracted by this school should also be asked. If Connecticut College is to survive this end to the "baby boom" with the same high standards, effective planning will have to take place now. It is

too easy to ignore this problem of which the students will feel little effect, but the administration is taking this seriously. The senior staff, along with several committees is closely studying the situation in order that this school might minimize any adverse affects which could result. ■

## one possibility of wind

E.D. Etherington Jr.

A thing of hours  
flourishing someplace within  
sun rise and sun rising.  
Coming invisibly  
like a sigh from a crowd,  
watery milk poured and captured,  
fog in a sterner mood.

Soft white  
in the sun  
on the field,  
snow at a glance  
though nothing fell.  
The surface broken  
when cows graze-  
tongues making lines  
hoofs making patches  
warmed into water.

Fragile like silk thread  
the weight of a leaf will crush it  
wasting hours  
of weaving in the night. ■

## of frost

E.D. Etherington Jr.

Wind at night  
the voice of something  
muted in the clouds.  
Cold breath  
exhaled unevenly with  
spit, sometimes,  
or tears-  
For us to decide  
and I think spit.  
Leaves,  
deadened by nature into colors  
are caught in a sigh,  
flipping haphazard in the air  
like wounded flies  
dashed to dust  
birds against frameless windows.  
Could you have meant so much?  
For us to decide  
and I think yes. ■

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# MAN

Michael Adamowicz

He lives in America but his problem would be much the same anywhere. This man feels the weight of American society's demand that disruptions not occur. Capitalism, abhorring delays in its schedules, represses his violence, passion, laziness.. In fact most emotions must be placed in a secondary position to logical behavior. He believes that it is essential to his culture that persons act in a predictable, meek, largely harmless manner. As a substitute for the outbursts of his emotions he is given the goals of monetary and material accumulation and society's pat on the back.

However, these do not satisfy him for long. There seems to be little one can do with money except to purchase more goods. The cycle appears endless. Eventually, he gathers all the plasticized goods and services he can stomach. He begins to realize that it is an endless struggle to gain false achievements. To him, each reward tastes less sweet, more bitter than the last. But he sees no alternatives to this game other than jail or the insane asylum. Consequently, he forces the knowledge of the cheapness of the prizes out of his consciousness.

This state of affairs does not last. Soon he feels frustrated and a sour resentment sets in. The passions within him begin to boil and a little white froth appears in the corner of his mouth. The rage within cries out for vindication, an outlet at the least! Yet no legitimized paths exist for something of this nature. All but one that is. The frustrated individual looks for someone he can push beneath him. Objects won't do as they don't bleed. Nor do they show their hurt and contempt. So someone must be found to stand on to keep him from smothering in the dung heap.

Many times the target of the search is a female, preferably his woman. (This is largely because he thinks society has sanctioned it for so long that it is almost inbred into his psyche.) This female then is his, or

made to be his to suit his needs. He now has what he views as a real possession; one that can be toyed with, ignored, scorned- whatever his mood dictates. The abuse does not even have to be obvious. It can be as discreet as a quick look of disgust or ridicule- or so blatant as a slap in the face. The satisfaction to him is the same. He has cast off his hurt pride, frustrations with society, or the problems of the day.

Now that American culture has been blamed for caging man in and channelling his aggression toward women, a look at this hypothetical man's view of the nature of man is helpful. This male sees man as a pitiful animal. A beast with all the rage, violence and heartlessness of all animals is before him. Yet man also has an insuperable, unique problem- a logical, reasoning mind.

Logic is seen in mortal combat with his emotions. His reason beats down the lurking passion into a stunned, temporary submission. He believes that society reinforces him in every step of this endeavor. In fact, society has mandated to him that he do this. So it is done. Yet his battle is won while the war continues at an ever more furious pace. As long as he lives he must preside over this internal fratricide. His passions tear and lunge at the enemy: the logical mind. He denies the fulfillment of his inner lusts and thereby makes his interior rage all the more intense.

Eventually his passion finds a weak spot a lull in the defenses, and an excuse for action. Initially reason is overwhelmed and is momentarily conquered. His passion is free at last to vent its spleen without regard to the consequences. After all, it is the bleating man of society that will have to pay the price for this deviance.

Sometimes, though not always, his rage will find it easiest to surface against a woman. Other alternatives are yelling at co-workers, theft, assault, etc. But when he chooses a woman it may be that in the dark corners of his logic that he suspects that she is weak and will accept his abuses-

perhaps even gladly. Thus his reason waivers a split-second. The moment is ripe. The woman becomes his; subject of his pleasure. Passion has reared its head, bared its fangs and struck.

In the dark and lonely hours of a moonless night this man contemplates his being. He realizes that his passions cannot be allowed to reign, not even periodically. They are too ugly for the naked eye. Also apparent to him is the vast dilemma of his state. He shrieks in his anguish, searching for a resolution and finding none. Despair descends upon him. It blocks all light from his sight. He senses a trap. His mind blindly searches for an escape. But none exist. He is sentenced to walk a tight-rope high above the ground. If he leans too far to either side, he will fall into one of two voids: beastiality of neurotic logic. From necessity he resigns himself to the tightrope and prepares for the perilous journey fearing always the slight slip that will be fatal.

**WCNI**

**91.5**

**FM**

**LISTEN!**