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College Voice Vol. 4 No. 16

Connecticut College

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Collaborations: One of a Kind

By TERRY GRAVES

Collaborations One is an art exhibit that exudes vitality and perfectly illustrates the collaborative concept of creating a fusion between traditionally segregated art forms. In many cases the exhibit prompts a fusion between the art and the audience, through the creation of an environment. Many of the collaborators have used high forms of technology to express themselves.

In the main lobby one dodges the billowing blue tendrils of Otto Piene's **Blue Star Linz**, an inflated sculpture that reaches for every corner of the room. Piene's themes are "organic"; flowing, dreamy, free. **Blue Star Linz** has been exhibited outside, suspended 65 feet in the air from helium skyhooks, a setting that would surely enhance these themes.

Blue Star Linz, 5 year-old Abe Conn of New London picked up a pair of 3-D glasses and crowded with glee as he regarded the mathematical sculptures of David Brisson and Dana Tremblay.

"Hey Mom; you gotta see this," he yelled.

There are alot of children at the exhibit; they are having a field day with "A Sound Collaboration" by Jon Jeibmann and Sadie La Rue. It consists of a forest of approximately 12 weights suspended from the ceiling over small sound generators. If the weights are swung interesting rates and rhythms are produced. Thus one becomes interactive with the installation rather than passively absorbing its aesthetic beauty.

Joan Brigham's **Steamers** represent a collaboration between art and technology through the creative use of the steam generator. They

are blown-glass sculptures with distilled water in them and mounted on wire over burners. As steam is created and begins to escape the sculptures revolve. One cannot help thinking of a mad scientist's laboratory as steam hisses out of a bubble with tentacles, three spinning birthday candles and j small windmill gathers momentum.

Maureen McCabe (33) and Vanessa Gezari (6) collaborated by each starting a piece and then letting the other finish it. The result is vibrant and cheery with a strong note of fantasy. The two pieces were created with many different mediums: pastels, collage, pen and ink.

One environmental art medium that was well represented in the exhibit is light. Light is used to alter architectural spaces as in Sally Weber's pink fluorescent light installation on the second floor and

Gregory Garvery's "Circles of Cofusion," which is like watching a giant kaliedescope as the stained glass projection slowly glides in and out of focus.

Another fascinating light medium is laser light. Paul Earl's **Laser Birds** is a collaboration between lasers and music. One steps into a world of pitch darkness: on the walls are shimmering red outlines of birds diving, soaring, hovering, suddenly being reduced to one line and disappearing. The sound track is reminiscent of the noises made by Star Wars' R-2, D-2. **Laser Birds** is probably the most intense environment in the exhibit: upon entering one is a bit overwhelmed by the sound, the sudden darkness and the unknown location of other lurking viewers. But after the first minute the environment becomes a reality and one is completely absorbed. Philip Frank's **Computer Environment** also uses lasers as part of a multi-sensory collaborative environment controlled by a computer but again bringing the viewer into a highly technological environment through art.

The exhibit is generally full of people. On the other side of Also collaborating on this work were Delia Klingveil, Chinary Ung and Andrew Sanders.

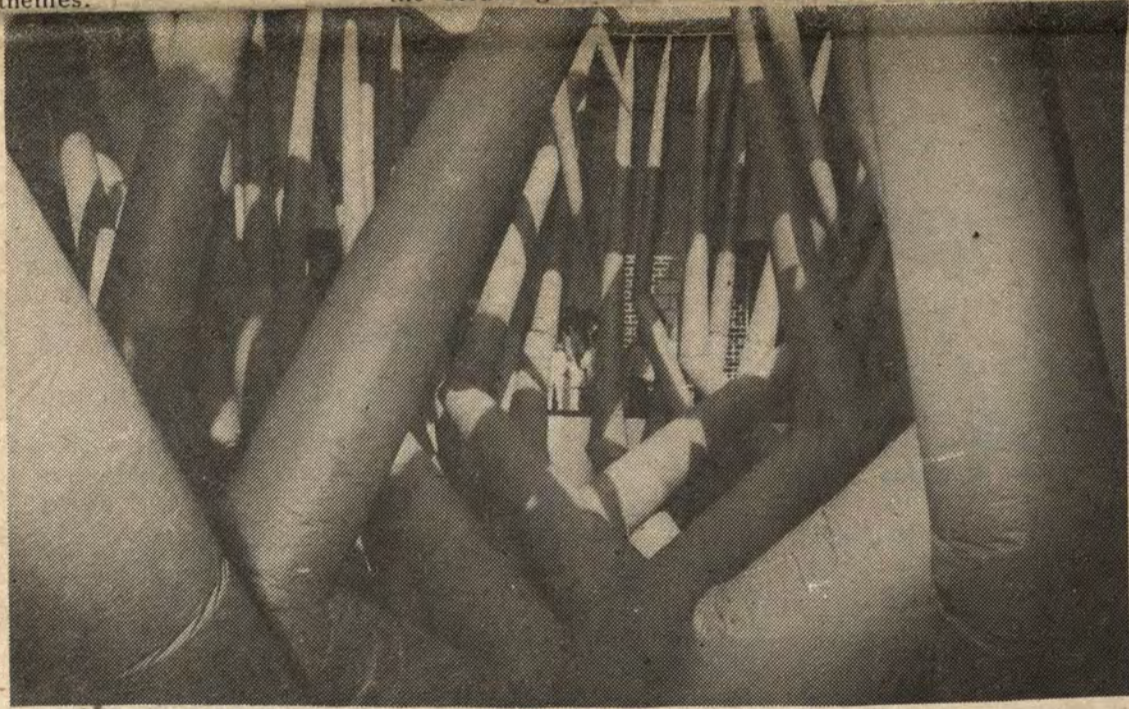
Video art is yet another product of a collaboration between art and technology. At Collaborations One there are scheduled viewings in the "Media Room" and several installations. Video artists are concerned with the process of communication rather than trying to produce a polished product.

"These works not only subvert our habitual use of T.V.-- or its use of us-- but also propose models of a more interactive, humanized electronic communications system," said Barbara Zabel in an essay on the exhibit.

Another approach to video is the video installation, where the video monitor becomes part of a larger complex. In "All the Animals in the Forest Rub Noses," one walks into a shelter that resembles a cross between an igloo and the house of the The Three Bears. A large plastic tarp has been stretched over a frame of sticks and boughs and tied with raffia string. The floor is a soft carpet of dead leaves, confetti, burlap, straw and lint. The installation is the only outdoor one and during the rainy weekend it provided a fabulous indoor-outdoor retreat. The collaborating artists were Vicky Tomayko, Jim Peters, Diana Brownell and Hugh Birdsall. Their video tapes focussed on the subject of relationships and friendships and they wanted an environment to watch them in. In their statement they said, "The difficulties in collaborating were overcoming private visions and individual preconceptions. The rewards were creating a work we like and doing something none of us would have made individually."

There were also examples of collaboration between literature and art. John Peck, poet and Robert Hooper, artist created a beautiful series of printed poems and accompanying etchings. The tone of the poems and the striking reverse etchings provide a total effect or statement of a rather harsh nature.

Collaborations One is an art exhibit unlike any other this year. The various forms, concepts and mediums integrated would make a tediously long list. The spirit is optimistic, uniting basic and primitive human emotions and awarenesses with highly sophisticated technology. Hopefully it will grow into a tradition that becomes one of the high points of each year.



All in a Weekends Work

By PUT GOODWIN

Those expecting to see two basket cases crawling out from the radio station at 12:00 on Monday, were in for a surprise. Oh sure there were moments when the going was a little hairy, but all in all Kenny and I did more than survive the radio marathon. The overall results were very good. Despite a late, unorganized start, 'CNI's rapidly improving smooth sound was suspended for eccentric radio for a weekend. From the very beginning the adrenalin was pumping, and although there wasn't a lot of action as far as pledges on that first night (I believe there were about 8 pledges) Kenny and I entered the -thon with energy. Both of us were up until 4:00 at which time I went for some sleep while Kenny prepared to take

it until 8:00. He always seemed to be peaking at around two. My energy gave out at about that time. Throughout the marathon our energy levels were perfectly staggered. I would wake up at either 7:00 or 8:00 ready to go and he would hit the hay for a while in the morning.

Friday- The campus begins to realize that there's a marathon on the radio, visitors begin to trickle in, we got the word that **THE VOICE** printed our press release, and the calls increased. Visitors were essential to our states of mind. Without what eventually became a steady flow of supporters coming in, there might have been some brain damage. Most visitors were impressed with the way we had moved in. Studio B, the small room used for

production now had a mattress in it taking up most of the room. My "comfy" chair was in the corner of the studio, and just as you came into the door you were greeted by a refrigerator and toaster oven. Many of our visitors came with food and drink. A local package store had given us a case of soda, later on we provided with grinders, a chinese meal, and fried shrimp. We may not have slept much, but we ate well.

We both felt surprisingly good at the 24 hour mark, and were ready for what was going to be the first really busy night. The campus was wise to the marathon, and the deal was that for a dollar, you could get four tunes played for you. It seems there are a lot of potential D.J.'s out

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Student's viewing sculptures through 3-D glasses.

Assassination Attempt Triggers Gun Control Controversy

By ARON ABRAMS

The aftermath of the attempt on President Reagan's life was predictable. People once again wondered why some loser would crawl out of the woodwork to shoot a celebrity. Television stations cancelled daily programming to repeat the videotape of the assassination attempt. Newspapers editorialized once again about the sickness that is corrupting America. And, when the shock faded away, some people made jokes about it: "I hear Reagan's going to make another movie: 'Bullets for Bonzo.'"

The most predictable, almost cliché, factor was the renewal of the gun control debate. The same debate that sprung up after the Kennedys were shot, after King was shot, after Wallace was shot, and after Lennon was shot, was played out again after Reagan was shot. The arguments have not changed much since 1963, but the statistics have gotten worse. Once again, people must decide what is the truth about gun control.

The Gun Control Incorporated statistics obtained from the FBI for the year 1979 are grim: Someone is murdered with a handgun every 50 minutes; During the next 12 months, there will be over 250,000 people victimized

with handguns — as if the entire population of Sacramento, California was being held at gunpoint; in 1979, 10,728 Americans were murdered with handguns; 72 percent of law enforcement officers killed in 1979 were slain with handguns; Handguns were used in 50 percent of the murders in 1979 — 2½ times as frequently as any other weapon; one in five Americans has access to a handgun; one in four Americans has had themselves, a member of their family, or a close friend threatened or attacked by someone with a handgun; and there were as of 1979, an estimated 55 million handguns in civilian hands.

The National Rifle Association counters these statistics with slogans which seem to have come off of bumper stickers. According to the NRA, "The Government should control criminals, not guns"; "When guns are outlawed, only outlaws will have guns"; "Gun Control will leave citizens defenseless"; "Gun laws don't work"; "Handguns control is the first step towards the confiscation of all guns"; and "Guns don't kill — People do."

The NRA argues that despite the statistics, guns are of great value to have around the house. An

editorial in the NRA's monthly magazine, *American Rifleman*, says that "the mere presence of a firearm, without a shot being fired, prevents crime in many instances. Shooting usually can be justified only where crime constitutes an immediate, imminent threat to life, limb or, in some circumstances, property." To illustrate the importance of accessibility to guns, *American Rifleman* publishes a regular feature, "The Armed Citizen", in which tales of crimes that were thwarted by guns are recounted. "One of the episodes in the March, 1981 issue is: "George Rayburn and his son were listening to a police scanner radio in their Michigan home when they heard that officers were chasing a trio of muggers toward their address. Rayburn grabbed a .357 Magnum revolver and leveled it at one of the lawbreakers who was attempting to scale a wall into the Rayburn backyard. Only after police arrived and arrested the mugger did Rayburn, a Marine Combat veteran, reveal that he is almost blind." The moral of the story? Even basically blind people should be allowed to bear arms.

An article in *America Magazine* (January 17, 1981) also tells stories about people

and guns. "At the beginning of 1979, a 16 year old San Diego girl, using a .22 caliber rifle given to her by her father at Christmas opened fire on a crowded schoolyard across the street from her home. The principle and custodian were killed and nine children were wounded."

Another story from the article about the "armed citizen": "A young Bronx woman was walking with her friend along 184th street when she saw a teenager with whom she quarrelled. She drew a pistol from her purse. In the scuffle that ensued as bystanders tried to intervene, she fired and killed her friend instead of the intended victim." Like the NRA says, "Guns don't kill people do."

The National Rifle Association argues that the existing gun laws don't work and new ones will only make matters worse. The statistics verify this claim. One of the stipulations of the 1968 Gun Control Act is that dealers cannot sell handguns to drug addicts, ex-mental patients, and fugitives from justice. And how does the dealer learn if the customer is a drug addict, an ex-mental patient, or a criminal? They ask him.

As might be expected, this method of gun regulation has its drawbacks. "It's a silly

system," says Ronald Gainer of the Justice Department, "That permits a buyer who is a felon simply to say that he is not a felon and that leaves the dealer no recourse but to take his word. This is not the most effective sort of screening technique."

Currently, there is a bill before Congress that aims at improving the control of handguns. The Edward Kennedy-Peter Rodino bill would enforce a 21 day waiting period between the purchase and delivery of handguns in order for the buyer to be checked out by local, state, and Federal authorities. The bill would also ban the manufacturing of Saturday Night Specials, make gun dealers more accountable for keeping records of sales, and require mandatory prison sentences for people who carry firearms without permits.

According to Charles Orasin, Vice President of Handgun Control Inc., "The whole point of this bill is to make it harder for criminals to get hold of pistols and revolvers. Gun control laws are essentially anti-crime laws, not regulations intended to keep all fore arms out of the hands of citizens who want to use them for legitimate purposes like hunting and target shooting and who have the proper licensing."

The National Rifle Association feels any gun control legislation is bad legislation. "The simple fact of the matter is that gun laws do not reduce crime," says an article in *American Rifleman* "They simply breed more gun laws. The anti-gun forces seem only concerned with 'gun crimes'. They have forgotten, or ignored, the fact that crimes are committed without guns, with and without weapons such as knives, clubs, and electric wires."

Filtering through the rhetoric and statistics in search of a "bottom line" is difficult, for gun control is a life and death issue padded with emotion. An advertisement in *American Rifleman* goes so far to imply that gun control is unpatriotic. The product, a poster of Uncle Sam with a rifle on his lap, states "Justice — Not Gun Control." The accompanying copy reads: "Show your colors, America. It's your right as an American to bear arms. The anti-gun people have had the press long enough. Be proud. Display this patriotic colored poster. Let Uncle Sam say it for you."

The unquestionable bottom line is this: If John Hinckley Jr. did not have a gun, Ronald Reagan would not have been shot. Hinckley got the gun because current gun laws make it as easy to buy a revolver as it is to buy beer — all that is needed is money and a drivers license. In a nation where, according to Handgun Control Incorporated, there are more gun dealers than gas stations legislation must continue to be made until murders and attempted assassinations are no longer so commonplace that they blend in with the nightly news. Giving everybody a gun will not make the problem go away.

WCNI Marathon...

Continued from page 1

because we became swamped with calls. There were points when we would get as many as ten songs behind. The best thing about the callers though was that noone was annoyed when we made mistakes, or were unable to play one or two of their tunes. We received a few calls to correct our mistakes, and we did our best to get the right type of substitute to the original tune. By and large the taste of the requesters was good. Kenny and I both agreed that we heard "The End" by the Doors a few times too many, (This is ten minutes and thirty two seconds of the Doors at their spaciest.) The Grateful Dead, the Who, Lou Reed, David Bowie, and Stevie Wonder's new album were perhaps the most requested items, but here really was a variety. The were sections of the marathon where Kenny and I were not responsible for any of the music. The late afternoons, and the evenings from 10:00 to 2:00 belonged solely to requests.

Saturday - Kenny took the 4:00 to 8:00 shift again. I dragged myself away from sleep, which was beginning to feel very nice. Kenny went off to do his job delivering papers. It turned out that he didn't have to do this, and he went off to shower. I started at eight, and at one o'clock I began to wonder where Kenny was. At this time Holly Hubbard (who deserves a medal for all the help she gave us) came in. I asked her about Kenny, assuming he fell asleep while in the shower or something. Within a half hour a good deal of the campus was alerted to keep their eyes out for Kenny. It wasn't until an hour later that

Photo by Carolyn Blackmar



Put Goodwin and All Moore carry mattress to Studio B, in preparation for the marathon.

I walked into Studio C, which is the room just outside the station to find Kenny asleep on the mattress.

We were allowed 2 hours every 24 to go away from the station. I took mine on Saturday at about 2:30. This was not the optimum time it turns out. Immediately Kenny was swamped with calls. It was our busiest time yet in the marathon although there were busier times to come. Saturday night following a wonderful Chinese dinner we really got busy. Kenny, in his usual way started getting rowdy at about 2:00 and took the show from four to eight. He got calls until 5:00. At one point, while Kenny was taking his 2 hours off, I was so busy that I put on a long tune, and that put a freeze on the calls in an attempt to get organized. On Monday morning we were greeted by the reverend Hill who would do his regular hour and a half gospel show while I prepared a swing show that would simulate Mike Tucker's "make-believe ballroom" which is what is normally heard on Sunday mornings. While in the next room catching a few episodes

of Mr. Magoo, the Rev. told me that channel three was on the phone. About an hour later a camera was filming the swing show. The original film was longer than what was viewed on the news later in the day. It included shots of Kenny, asleep in the next room. He slept through the entire thing.

So, the situation was really positive going into Sunday evening. The pledges were piling up, we were more than halfway through, and we had made the news. The story was that on campus, we had people who listened to practically the entire marathon. Sunday night we had another deluge of calls, and the fatigue began to show. We were singing over the air, making technical errors, and beginning to lose our minds. I planted myself at the turntables, and spun discs, while Kenny and Holt ran around digging out the requests, and refiling records. I made the mistake of drinking a beer at this time. Confusion struck, and I had an uncontrollable desire to wear my hat, which was temporarily misplaced. All of us had almost reached the

breaking point. I have to admit that if it wasn't for someone requesting "Born to Run" at this time, it might have been all over. We played the tune at high volume and sang along with Bruce in loud obnoxious tones, driving most of our visitors out the door. It vented a lot of tension. Then the 11:00 news came on. I have a play-by-play description of the action, which was the point that most people thought I was going to lose it altogether. Well things calmed down. Sunday night late, a few stalwart visitors stayed with us.

Monday morning the New London Day came, and we cruised into the final hours of the marathon. The last sets of requests were great, at the last minute, two 25 dollar pledges came in. Kenny and I, a little giddy at this point had a little joust between ourselves of insulting dedications. Kenny won the battle with a tube called "Who Needs You!" It was then suggested that "Can We Still Be Friends" would be an appropriate song at the time. We closed with a set that thanked everybody musically, and swigs of champagne.

It is now Monday and the affects of the marathon are lingering on. I have to stabilize my sleep patterns, work seems to have piled up, and the money still has to be collected. But, when I'm 50 years old, I'll have something to tell the kids. If you want to be very helpful to WCNI, pay as quickly as you can; if you didn't pledge, do it now, after the fact. The more the merrier. You might just return next semester to listen to a stereo WCNI, with a signal that everyone on campus can receive.

El Salvador: Haig Plays Dominoes

As we all know, El Salvador is a textbook case of Communist aggression. Last month Secretary Haig went so far as to tell the House Foreign Affairs Committee that El Salvador was part of a comprehensive plan to take over Central America. Who is behind this insidious conspiracy? Why Moscow, of course. It's a classic case of us versus them, and this time it's conveniently close to home. The question is: can Alex Haig actually be stupid enough to believe that anyone in the Soviet Union has any real influence over an indigenous communist-socialist movement in El Salvador, or anywhere else in Central America?

El Salvador is a poor country, filled with poor people, who until recently have lived under an autocratic military regime which was established in the early '30's. That's a long time to live under a dictatorship. What often happens under such circumstances is that opposition movements spring up out of the population. Currently in El Salvador a coalition of several such movements is waging an insurgency war (a civil war) against the ruling power. At the moment, slightly more progressive leadership, technically non-military, is attempting to suppress the guerillas by offering certain reforms to the population at large.

Our State Department is maintaining that the opposition forces are being armed and directed via a chain of command which runs from the hills of El Salvador, through Cuba or Nicaragua, through the Kremlin. The Soviets

are encroaching in this manner on our turf, and we, especially Ronald Reagan and his buddy Alex Haig, are not going to stand by and let this evil scenario reach fruition. So we have begun to pump guns and personnel into what is basically a military dictatorship. (If 'dictatorship' is too strong, we are certainly not supporting a democracy.) So the battle is becoming bloodier, and US involvement greater. What does it all mean?

It's another case of bipolarism developing from phobia to mania. Once again American foreign policy is going to make a bad situation worse, further taxing and humiliating the U.S., without seriously addressing the real situation.

There is no more a centrally directed world communist movement than there is a centrally directed world democratic movement. The guerillas in El Salvador care about one thing: El Salvador. They are fighting to better their lives, and the lives of their children. Those insurgents have more in common with George Washington than with Leonid Brezhnev. In arming the armies against them we do more to retard the course of freedom than to discredit the Soviet Union. Our goal in El Salvador should not be to destroy the communists, but to build a free, democratic state which can solve the problems of the Salvadorians. The way to this end is not through providing guns and ammunition; the way to win in El Salvador is to disarm the only real weapon the guerillas have -- the strife of the people. The Soviet aid is

worthless without a broadly based popular support for the revolutionaries. A guerrilla must be hidden, fed and encouraged by the people. Without this support, guerrillas become no more than terrorists; no terrorist ever challenged the de facto control of any government. To attack at the roots of the peoples' discontent, which stems from economic conditions, is to attack at the guerillas' weakest point.

It may not be an easy task to improve the lives of the Salvadorians but that is the only way to win a permanent victory in El Salvador. As it stands, our foreign policy is 180 degrees off target. We must reorient our policy so as to aim at the economic issues at play; we must turn our attentions away from the military issues, which are merely manifestations of the economic situation. Only then can American foreign policy be effective in the El Salvador around the globe.

The benefits of such a reoriented foreign policy would be manifold. We would begin to reshape our image in the world from that of a clumsy brute, blindly arming fascists, to a prudent and clever partisan of democratic self rule. We would make gains in the Third World, and reestablish our credibility with our allies, which we have been vitiating since the end of World War Two. We could woo developing nations off the road to socialism and toward a democratic model like our own. This would do more to retard communism and the Soviet Union than cold-bloodedly exterminating the Salvadorian guerillas.

Samuel Averett '82

LETTER:

Where is the security on South Lot?

To the Editor:

After recently hearing that a girl was attacked on her way back from leaving her car in South Lot, and even more recently that someone's BMW was stolen from South Lot and found vandalized on Williams Street, I find myself seriously concerned about adequate security on campus. In the two years that I've been at Conn College, I have heard many stories of vandalism going on in South Lot, and have personally seen some of the damage that has been done. My question is what measures, if any, the administration intends to take to offer better protection of persons and possessions in the South Lot area. I've often heard talk of placing a booth in South Lot, but at present there are only intermittent patrols, usually by students. Lighting in South Lot is poor, and any type of real security is conspicuously absent. Cars are periodically vandalized, and more serious, violent crimes such as the theft and assault mentioned should certainly alert people to the inadequacy of the present patrol system in South Lot. I personally find myself afraid to leave my car there, or to

take my car down there at night. Incidents of vandalism are often explained away with comments about a sudden rash of occurrences, with relatively quiet periods in between. This kind of response, I think, shows a failure to live up to the responsibility entrusted to the school to safeguard us against such incidents.

A "sudden rash" of violence should not be taken with any less serious consideration than if it happened all the time, especially as there is no way to prepare for such sudden outbursts any more than a continual threat. Also, from personal knowledge of vandalism at this school, it does happen fairly frequently. Better lighting and a permanent security booth in South Lot would go a long way in helping to prevent such incidents. Although it will take money, it is certainly worth the cost in order to offer the students of this campus adequate protection for themselves and their possessions. A small charge for the privilege of keeping a car on campus would help to reimburse the school for the cost.

Nancy Lerner '83

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represents the opinion of the author unless stated otherwise. The College Voice is a student-run, non-profit organization. Editorial offices are located in Room 212, Crozier Williams Student Center. Mailing address: Box 132, Connecticut College, New London, CT 06320. Phone: (203) 441-1911. Ext. 236 or 237.

5 Questions

As we gear up into another marathon bout of student introversion (exams, papers and spring fever), an effort to spark concern for the College seems an appropriately heroic and doomed enterprise. But, as Plato found useful when pressed by his audiences, the rhetorical question serves the unique function of forcing response -- or at least participation -- from those to whom the question is posed.

- To Fanning Hall: Will the success of Collaborations, by all measures, induce the decision-making body to revive our commitment to academic and artistic excellence and cooperation; or will the senior class gift -- a plaque for the not yet announced sports complex by the river -- be the more prophetic event of this Spring?
- To Student Government: What is the point of spending more money, promoting

energy conservation through mule and carrot incentives, than is saved through the conservation itself? Are you responding to a genuine student need, or simply being kept busy?



- To Campus Safety: How, in the course of its ruthless ticket and tow program, did campus safety allow a student's car to be tipped upside down by vandals, and another to be stolen? (Campus police chased and forced the crash

of the car, then let the thieves get away). Can campus safety outline its priorities so as to explain these events?

- To students: To what extent does the constant presence of litter in and around the dormitories cripple any righteous student stand on administration behavior.
- To this month's SGA candidates:

Will you repeat all previous performances -- "SGA has no power, and here are three things I'm going to do about it" -- or admit to the electorate that while indeed, SGA has no power, the task of next year's President and Association can only be to identify the imbedded reasons for this sterility; to admit that any rearrangement of power at Connecticut College will be the result of a concerted effort by all student groups, to gain worthy and responsible access to that power.

M. S.

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Illustration by Chris Harford

— COLLABORATIONS ONE —

Monk Reaches a New Plateau



Schuyler Chapin and Oakes Ames at opening reception.

Opening Night at Collaborations One

By NICOLE GORDEN

Cummings Art Center, not to mention Connecticut College, had never seen this kind of excitement before last Thursday night.

Inside Dana Hall, Schuyler Chapin was reminiscing about his old days at the Met to an attentive crowd.

In the lobby, the galleries, and the studios, exhibits were whirling, puffing, humming, and blinking before captivated onlookers.

The opening of Collaborations one was, to everyone involved, a sizzling success.

Setting an elegant tone for the five-day arts festival, former General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera Schuyler Chapin opened the show with his persuasive thoughts on the necessity of art. "The arts are the area, we are as human beings, at our best," he said to an enthusiastic round of applause, "Art really and truly is the signature of man."

The current Dean of the

School of Art at Columbia University also told the audience about many of his own personal collaborations during his varied career in the arts. Chapin worked as tour manager during the 50's for famed violinist Jascha Heifitz. In one particular trying moment in a storm-ridden, paralyzed Chicago airport, Chapin recalled Heifitz huddled in a corner surrounded by his baggage. Chapin explained his feeling of helplessness as the maestro folded his hands on his violin case and commanded the young tour manager to "do something."

As head of the classical division of CBS records, Chapin was responsible for recording all of Igor Stravinsky's works, in the manner in which the composer intended them to be heard.

Also at CBS, Chapin signed up concert pianist Vladimir Horowitz in 1962, after Horowitz had been absent from the music world for ten years. "The record made history," said Chapin. "A whole generation had never heard him."

In 1972, Chapin took on the responsibility of managing "the whirl and thrust of the world's greatest opera company." Among his problems in the position: top opera stars who call in sick. "I've had a lot of problems with tenors," Chapin said.

Chapin also spoke about the dissimilarities of music and the other arts. "Music is the only art that requires a middleman," he explained. "A performing artist must interpret the composers intentions."

Of his life so far in the arts, Chapin, who says his avocation is his occupation, commented happily that he "wouldn't change a thing." He recommended that those involved in the arts be "a little bit crazy." Said Chapin: "If your passions aren't strong, the disappointments can be supreme." Summing up the whole event, he added, "The entire art world is that of collaborations."

The Chapin name is not new to Connecticut College. Ted Chapin graduated from Conn. and returned in 1978 to direct Brendan Behan's *The Hostage*.

Approaches to Music: Cage and Lucier

By LISA CHERNIN

Collaborations One brought two unusual and very different composers to Connecticut College this past week. John Cage was present for a concert of his music and the music of Erik Satie (1866-1925), given Thursday evening by pianists Aki Takahashi and Yvar Mikhasoff. Lucier presented two of his own works in concert Saturday afternoon.

Five of the first six works by Cage on the program were prepared piano, a Cage invention in which screws, rubber, and felt were attached to the strings of the piano to produce percussive sounds which ranged from bell-like to the sound of an upside-down pie-pan being hit. The music itself was

Photos by Michael Sladden

highly rhythmic, and very dissonant, and was ably performed (as were the other Cage pieces and all the Satie works) by Takahashi and Mikhasoff.

"Forty-nine Waltzes for the Five Boroughs" is an example of aleatoric, or chance music, one of Cage's most important innovations. The piece is based on 157 names drawn at random from the phone books of the five boroughs of New York City. The performer is free to interpret the names in any way. Mikhasoff's "interpretation" was three fragmentary pieces, which involved runs, lower arm hits on the keyboard, clusters or notes, and complex rhythmic figures.

The final work, "Furniture

Music Etcetera" (1980), is a random mix of three works of Cage and three by Satie, written especially for Takahashi and Mikhasoff. The result of the mixture is a long, rather boring piece of music.

Cage's music no longer shocks most listeners the way it used to; it has become an established part of Western music's outer fringe. The concept of random music is the logical result of the breakdown of traditional means of organizing sound. Schoenberg and other composers altered the organization of sound; it was only a small step from 'different' organization to 'no' organization.

Continued on page 5

By RICHARD ALLEN ROOT

Collaborator: Meredith Monk;
Collaboration: *The Plateau Series*. Music-Theater-Dance. This is Ms. Monk's order. There is a reason for it.

Show begins.

Plateau No. 2.
"Woman in the desert."
Ms. Monk performs it-alone.
A black stage floor, a deep blue backing; a twilight land.
Her silhouette treks, stark on the horizon, and halts.

She speaks.
But not in words.
Her voice is an instrument. Its tone speaks meaning; serene and fluttering.
The morning's first bird. Life begins in the desert. Her voice climbs.
Light rises on her face, on her body.
She tremors with sound. Dressed in pastels:
A breezy skirt--white and ruffled.
Sandals--dusty brown.
A pale blue top, too thin to conceal her breasts beneath.
She has no need to hide. Life is of sole importance. Life is obscure enough.

The desert woman proceeds in her existence. Her nature has many sides. We see this in her movements, on her face. We hear this in her callings. She begins to evolve. Turns proud, but unsure: Her movements are defined and strong, but still confined. Her voice sounds in combinations of deep O's and A's. Next she is a young girl, flighty and flirtative: Her gestures flow, but are erratic and concealing. Her voice is high and airy, "Minnee-willaminnee." She chants, "Lola-Lola," ending lifts up her skirt and dances. She chants. Transition. Now as a woman, lifts up her skirt and dances. She chants, "Lola-lola," ending her breath with a provocative, "Hmmm." She knows what she is. She knows what she wants. The desert woman has nothing to hide.

Plateau No. 3
"Women on the mountain."
Ms. Monk's company, The House, performs.

3 women begin it:
One with a washtub.
One with an ax.
One with a clay pot.
To join them later:
Two women who sing.
Death.

The ax swings down.
Hacks a log.
Chips fly.
The washing woman washes.
Rings her wash.
The water drips.
Washes a baby's pajamas.
The clay pot is rattled.
There are stones inside.

Someone is singing in the audience.
The "women who sing" mount the stage from opposite aisles.
They are Time.
The music of Life.
The three come front.
Leave their tasks.
Still, they are separate.
Each performs a mime.
One puts a small child to sleep.
She loves it dearly.

One woman returns to her clay pot. Dumps out the rocks. They scatter. She counts them. The other two stay. One is strong and self-assured. One is an ignorant, energetic child. They could be sisters. The other counts the rocks. She could be mother. Time sings in its varied tones, flanking the family of man on both sides.

The stage glows orange.
The sisters stalk.
For them, it is pitch dark.
Younger sister cannot see.
Frantic, she fights the air.
Older sister knows her mark.
They collide and fight.
Scratch and kick
Thud on the floor.
Against the floor,
elbows and knees crack.
Breath, moan, cry,
and collapse.

Three sheets are brought out.
The three women tuck themselves in. One huddles beneath her covers, sheet over head. One rests flat on her back, sheet neatly folded under her arms. The last curls, uncommitted to any general form. Sounds in the night: A train passes. Death scurries across backstage, cloaked in black. As the women sleep.

Continued on page 5



Meredith Monk in Plateau Series.

Cage cont...



Musician John Cage.

Continued from page 4

Therefore Cage's music can be seen as the final philosophical step in traditional Western music. The non-organization of sound means that the value of sound is vastly reduced — reduced so far, in fact, that the sounds become unimportant except in that they are sounds. Indifference to sound is a major part of Cage's philosophy about music; he insists that his music has no purpose at all, and indeed, how can purpose exist if sound is treated only as sound?

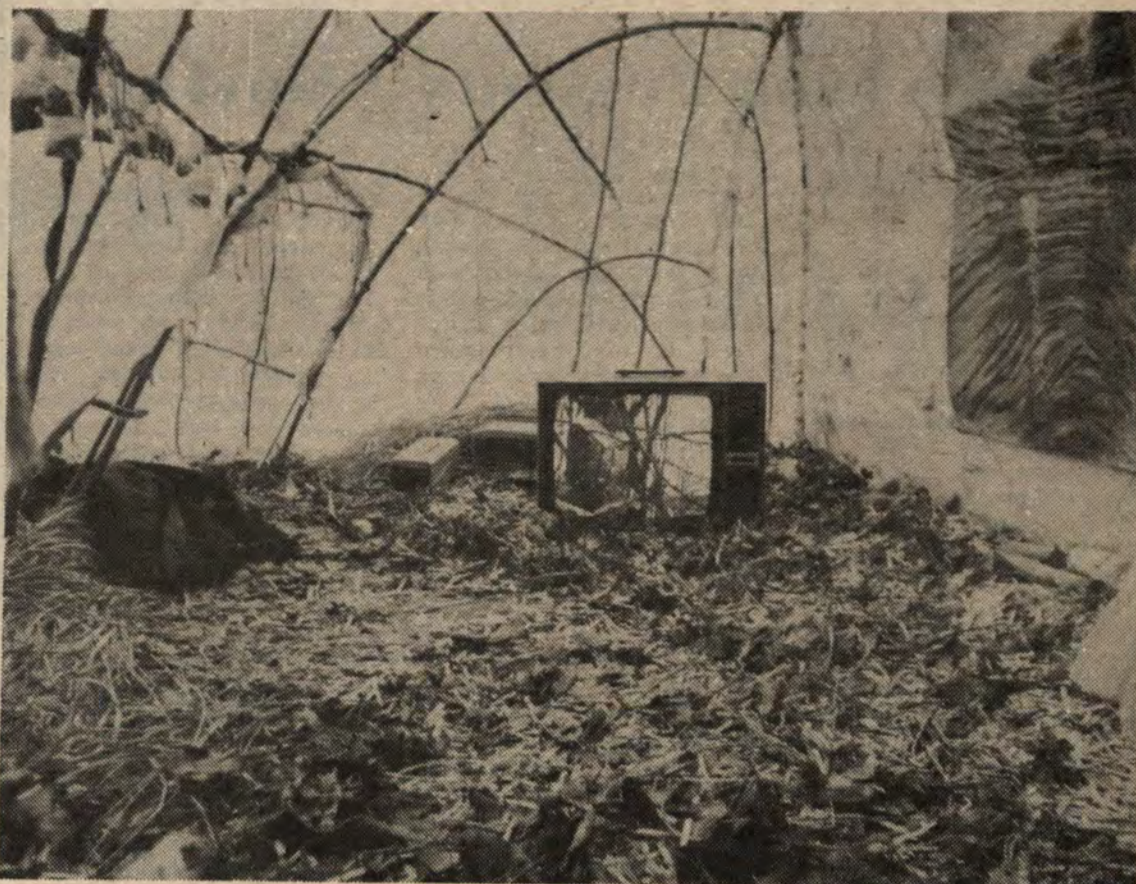
If Cage's music represents the final step in one philosophical stage, Alvin Lucier's music represents one of the first steps in a new stage. First, Lucier's music has clear purpose, perhaps clearer than most music written before it.

For instance, in the program notes for the first

work on his concert, *Music for Pure Waves, Bass Drums, and Acoustic Pendulums*, Lucier explains that the work is the "latest in a series of works since 1972 which have to do with 'seeing' sound." Loudspeakers are set up behind four drums, and a ping-pong ball is suspended in front of each drum. Pure sine waves are put through an amplifier and the loudspeakers, causing the drum heads to vibrate and the balls to bounce against the drum heads.

I am sitting in a room, composed in 1970, is one of a series which explores the acoustic characteristics of natural and architectural spaces. In this piece, says Lucier, "several paragraphs of recorded speech are simultaneously played back into a room and re-recorded there many times." The result is that the original speech gradually dissolves and becomes pure sound, as the resonance frequencies of the room reinforce themselves. The entire piece consists of thirty-two repetitions of the statement on tape, the last sixteen of which are pure sound.

The important point about these works and many other works by Lucier is that he is working with aspects of sound which go beyond the sound itself: the visualizing of sound, and the effect of a space upon sound. It is these explorations which are in the avant garde of music today, and which fundamentally distinguish Lucier from Cage.



A Collaborative effort of video and nature.

The Blue Star Linz that Otto Built

By LIDDY RICH

Everybody's probably told you that something is happening way down south in Cummings Art Center. If you've entered that building, either by mistake or in order to be a part of Collaborations, the first thing you most likely noticed was a huge mass of blueness.

It looks like a big blue octopus, or rather twelve big blue octapi; there are 96 of those arms, or legs, or "points", as the sculptor calls them. The *Blue Star Linz* also contains over ten miles of seams. Otto Piene has been making these "shaped inflatables" for about 14 years.

This sculpture is confined by the room it is in. That's what makes it interesting and different all the time. With all the artist floating around in Cummings last week setting up their exhibits, one man I talked to saw the *Blue Star* when it was first exhibited last fall in Linz, Austria. It was set up then as it was

originally intended, outside and filled with helium. He told me that if I thought it looked big filling the whole lobby here, I should see it when it is freely suspended in an open field. And, although it doesn't look that way now, it's perfectly symmetrical, he added.

Otto Piene had themes in mind when he created this star. He wanted something "organic". He said "Slow movement reminds me of fast motion films of growth of flowers, fruits, trees; underwater motion, of swimming, "weightlessness", flying people, of parachuting and bird movement." The blower that keeps this piece filled with air is on a timer and it adds a little motion to it. It "appears dreamy, nontechnical, smooth; especially with large pieces."

People get a fun feeling when they see the sculpture. They want to jump in and be enveloped in the soft blue jungle, to be a part of this new

Monk cont...

Continued from page 4

One of the most fascinating achievements of *The Plateau Series* was Ms. Monk's ability to escape the confines of time. At designated points the women broke from their tasks. They walked upstage and transformed into ancient copies of themselves. After a few seconds of this musing, they returned to life just as they were before. They had forgotten, but their transformation still lingered in our minds. Yes, all of us will grow old. We are just playing out stages in our lives. We must remember the whole. There were other equally successful transitions. A child's cartwheels turned onto a woman's dance. We weren't allowed to linger or become sentimental over her playfulness. The abrupt juxtaposition again forced us to remember the whole of life, keeping us from being caught up in the separate stages of existence.

Though effective in retrospect, at times those sharp juxtapositions made the piece a bit confusing. To the more confused people the concert was going on a bit too long.

Ms. Monk's characterization of Death also caused dissension in the minds of her audience. It is always difficult to deal with a figure like "Death" without risking the

chance of becoming too cliché. The first appearance of Death did receive a few laughs, which I'm sure M. Monk hadn't looked forward to. Death ran blindly across the back of the stage. It looked as if its head was stuffed into the bottom of a big black sleeping bag. I couldn't help my laughter, as was the case for many others. Ms. Monk later saved herself from condemnation for this characterization of Death. Towards the end of *Plateau No. 3*, the washwoman falls ill. Death comes for her. The light on stage is made by candles lighting its sides. In this light, the rotating figure of Death is projected onto the back screen. The figure is transformed by the light of the candles. It is now a thirty foot, spinning black rectangle. It moves in on the tiny silhouette of the awe-stricken washwoman. It envelopes her. She vanishes in its immensity and is taken.

Ms. Monk's demanded the utmost attention. For those who didn't feel like giving in to that requirement, the entire work lacked coherence. It was not something that one could just sit back and enjoy. This means of approach could only be applied to separate pieces in the whole. The most enjoyable part of the whole was Ms. Monk's voice. Her sounds often took on a quality of being quite inhuman.

Sometimes her voice would click away at a high pitch, then slow and lower like a record being stopped by someone's hand. Her control and precision were uncanny. No wonder Warner Brothers wants her to make a third album.

When the lights had gone up; when the seats had begun to empty; people had little to say. They liked it, they thought. Many couldn't tell exactly why. "Bizarre" was a common word that rang through the outer lobby. It was something that needed to be thought about before a definite judgement could be made. Hours later - a day later - some people had come up with their decision. Those interested in concrete storytelling thought it "too bizarre." Those who like to understand everything felt the same. Then there were some people - mostly artist, dancers, and actors - who even thought it was "too literal." Not obscure enough. Both ends of the spectrum had been scanned. Still, no matter what the judgement was, *The Plateau Series* had made people stop and think. That is all that art asks for or should expect. It has justly earned that ever sought generalization: A success. Last season, she was awarded the Villager Outstanding Production of the Year for *Recent Ruins*. Could she do it again this year? We have only to wait and see.



The Blue Star Linz in Cummings.

Photos by Michael Sladden

Dance Club Presents "Moving"

By JACOB HANDELMAN

Already this Spring the Conn College campus has been overwhelmed with Collaborations. If you haven't been saturated with the Arts, Dance, and Music yet, you have more coming this week. Although not a part of Collaborations, the Dance Club will present in the spirit of the season their Spring concert "Moving." A unique feature of all past Dance Club performances is the wide range of styles demonstrated by the student choreographers. The concert this Spring is no exception. There are nine pieces which take the audience from Jazz to Ballet to Tap and back to Jazz again. In doing so a blend of styles occurs that makes the Dance Club show a truly uplifting experience.

The concert begins with a

Jazzy piece by Nan Gaines and Shana Kaplow. The concert quickly takes a turn to a very light mood with three beautiful pieces. A solo highlighting Japanese Dance style, a meaningful dance choreographed, lighted, and performed by Jo Siff. Amy Condren and Jan Henkelman perform a duet to a poem by E.E. Cummings. The final one of the three is a ballet solo danced by Mary Whitney. Each piece that follows builds on the overall energy of the concert.

Leona Mazzamurro returns to the stage with three pieces choreographed by herself. She will be performing in all three of her pieces. The first a duet with the warm touch only Amy Condren can grace the dance floor with. Miss Mazzamurro then pairs herself off with Rick Rose for a tap piece to "Sweet Georgia Brown." Rick Rose is a

Master of Fine Arts graduate student who in his teaching and performing has touched the stage and hearts of the Connecticut College Dance community. Her final piece is an exciting Jazz piece that completely fills the stage. It is also the last piece in the concert and is guaranteed to leave the audience completely satisfied. In addition to Rick Rose, two other faculty members of the Dance department will perform with Miss Mazzamurro; Carolyn Coles and David Dorfman.

The Dance Club concert has always been the strong point of the Connecticut College Dance performances. So shall it prove itself once again. There will be three performances Thursday, Friday and Saturday, April 9, 10, 11 at 8 o'clock in the East Studio of the Crozier-Williams Student Center.



Children at Collaborations Sound Exhibit.

ECLIPSE IV

Eclipse VI, the annual black culture weekend, sponsored by Connecticut College and the U.S. Coast Guard Academy, will be celebrated April 9-12.

Janet Foster, director of Unity, Connecticut College's minority cultural center and coordinator for the weekend, said that the program is intended not only for Connecticut College's 78 minority students. "This is a consciousness-raising program, to increase awareness and understanding of blacks at this time," Mrs. Foster said, referring to Eclipse VI as a "community-wide program."

Sponsored in conjunction with the Coast Guard Academy's black cadets, Eclipse VI will begin Thursday evening (April 9) at 7:30 p.m. in Connecticut College's Dana Hall with speeches by Ben J. Andrews, Jr., executive director of the Connecticut NAACP, and Harold E. Cheatman, professor of psychology at the Coast Guard Academy.

Friday's activities include a Soul Food dinner in Burdick dining hall at 5 p.m. and the film "Richard Pryor Live in Concert" at 8 p.m. in Palmer Auditorium. Admission to the film is \$2.00.

A variety show begins Saturday's events at 1 p.m. in Dana Hall as members of Unity and Genesis, the minority cadet organization, perform song and dance acts and comedy routines.

Claude Brown, author of *Manchild in the Promised Land* and *Children of Ham*, will be guest speaker that evening at 7:30 p.m. in Palmer Auditorium. Admission is \$2.00.

An 11 a.m. worship service in Harkness Chapel on Sunday (April 12) will feature Rev. James Washington, professor of history at Union Theological Seminary in New York City. Music for the service will be provided by the Shiloh Baptist Church and choir of New London.

The Coast Guard Academy and Connecticut College will square off for the annual Genesis vs. Unity Basketball game at 3 p.m. in Crozier-Williams gymnasium at Connecticut College.

The weekend will conclude at 4:30 p.m. when the Black Voices of Pride host a Gospel Extravaganza in Harkness Chapel. Guest choirs from New England colleges, universities and area churches have been invited to participate.



Photos by Jim Blakeslee

If you won't read these 7 signals of cancer... You probably have the 8th.

1. Change in bowel or bladder habits.
2. A sore that does not heal.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Thickening or lump in breast or elsewhere.
5. Indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Obvious change in wart or mole.
7. Nagging cough or hoarseness.
8. A fear of cancer that can prevent you from detecting cancer at an early stage. A stage when it is highly curable. Everyone's afraid of cancer, but don't let it scare you to death.

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OPINION

Abortion:

STOP THE SLAUGHTER

DON'T OUTLAW IT

By PATRICK KENNEDY

Thousands and thousands of innocent lives taken as the government stands idly by or even subsidizes the murders. I wish that this was an historical statement, written about some Hitler, Stalin, Pol Pot, or Idi Amin whose presence and regimes no longer besmirch the face of the earth. Unfortunately, this is a statement regarding the United States today. Since the Supreme Court enacted the Roe-Wade Bill, a piece of legislation which prohibits state governments from outlawing abortion during the first three months of pregnancy, a gruesome toll has been taken in human beings who will never see the light of day.

It is saddening to see how far our country has strayed from its original principles. We seem to have forgotten that government is an institution erected by society to protect the natural rights of its citizens and that foremost among these is the right to life.

Those who favor abortion argue that the government should define life narrowly and let the question of the status of the unborn child be settled by the individual. On the surface this may sound libertarian, but in reality it is the direct opposite of libertarianism. By abdicating its most important function, the government is, in effect, giving one individual absolute, arbitrary power over the life of another, a condition which John Locke rightly defines as slavery. To illustrate the point, consider the following argument which some of our ancestors made in the early 19th century: there is disagreement over whether slaves are really people or not, so it should be left to the individual slaveowner to decide whether to free his slaves. This is libertarianism?

There are those that will argue that life begins at birth, or after three months of pregnancy, or six months. Their logic is hard to grasp. Supposedly, it is because a fetus is at an early stage of development and cannot survive on its own that it is not "alive." A six-year-old is certainly less developed mentally, physically, and emotionally than an eighteen-year-old; does this imply that

he or she is less alive than his or her older counterpart?

Certainly, the fetus is dependent upon its mother for survival, but isn't a newborn baby dependent upon its mother also? Besides, it is difficult to determine the exact date of conception: one baby was born prematurely when a doctor mistakenly attempted to terminate an eighth-month pregnancy. Perhaps the Supreme Court is infallible but medical science is not.

The only logical beginning point of life is the moment of conception. Since a human being is created as a result of the union of mother and father, it simply does not make sense to say that life begins at some point subsequent to this union. There is also a great deal of medical, legal, and theological opinion to support this position. Moreover, even if we are not sure when life begins, is it not better to err on the side of life than to err on the side of death?

Much of the rhetoric of pro-abortionists centers on the hardships of carrying a child to full term. I will make no attempt to gloss these hardships over; they are very real and very difficult. However, one must stop to think about why such rhetoric is so effective. It is simply that, as people of mature age, can identify with the hardships of a pregnant woman much more easily than with those of a fetus. When we acknowledge the fact that our perceptions are deceiving ones, it becomes clear that the horrors of abortion, the commercialized termination of human life, the carting away of dead fetuses in plastic bags, are far worse than any of the difficulties associated with child-bearing.

To those who cry "a woman must be able to do whatever she wants with her own body," it must be pointed out that abortion also involves someone else's body — that of the unborn child. Besides, in all but a small percentage of cases, pregnancy is a result of a choice freely made on the part of the woman. No matter how much we may sympathize with someone in this position, we cannot insulate people from the consequences of their mistakes.

Finally, much has been made of anti-abortion laws as

an act of callousness toward poor people. However, statistics show that abortion is a favorite policy of people in higher socioeconomic circles. For instance, a poll taken in 1974 showed that 38 percent of the people making \$3000-\$4999 annually favored legalized abortion during the first trimester while 64 percent of those in the \$15,000-\$19,000 bracket supported the position. The same study found that 30 percent of grade-school educated people supported this policy while 71 percent of college-educated people responded affirmatively. Additionally, in the April 1978 issue of the Gallup Opinion Index, legalized abortion under all circumstances was favored by 17 percent of manual workers and 31 percent of businessmen and professional people.

For the elites in our society, who have more responsibility and more to do than those in lower-income brackets, children are seen as somewhat of inconveniences and an intrusion into their busy schedules. For those who are in lower brackets the family is more important, so abortion is less favorably looked at. Thus, if we are to put convenience higher on our list of values than innocent human life, let us admit it but let us not hear any more hypocritical oratory supporting abortion on behalf of "the poor;" the poor don't seem to have given permission for their name to be used.

Perhaps one day a few of the justices of the Supreme Court will come across a copy of the Constitution. If they decide to read it, they may be surprised to discover that the document gives the Court no power whatsoever to formulate abortion policy. However, since it is obviously ridiculous to assume that the Supreme Court will act in accordance with the Constitution, and since abortion should be prohibited nationwide in any case, a Constitutional amendment must be passed to ban abortion in all cases except to save the life of the mother. After all, a government that does not protect the fundamental rights of its citizens is a government that has no business existing.

By WILLIAM FIELD

Abortion, as it now stands, is a legal operation performed more than 1.5 million times per year in the United States. According to reports, Abortion is ten times safer, in terms of risk to the mother, than carrying the pregnancy to its conclusion. The operation is now a recognized, effective last-ditch method for birth control.

And yet there are considerable individual and group efforts now underway to prohibit abortions by a constitutional amendment. These efforts seek to impose their will on the many women who don't believe that having an abortion is a crime and a murder. These anti-abortion groups are trying to take away a woman's right to choice in determining whether or not to have a baby. If this constitutional amendment were to pass, there would be grave consequences.

A constitutional amendment to ban abortions is the first step toward taking away a couple's right to family planning. In planning a family, the parents must take into consideration many factors. The introduction of an unexpected and unwanted child could totally upset the plans of the family and could cause such disruption to it that the other family members would be very adversely affected.

While the unborn fetus does have rights, (these being a careful pregnancy, medical attention, etc.), its rights must be subordinated to the rights and duties of the family. The family's rights and duties include the right to determine family size, provide adequately for the care of living children and to live in what happiness the family, as a unit, can find. Introduction of an unwanted child would violate these rights and may make the fulfillment of these duties impossible.

Abortion is not murder. Contrary to the anti-abortionist claim, the termination of a pregnancy is not tantamount to the killing of a human being. A fetus in that stage of its development is not a human being. It is a potential human being, yes, but every time a couple makes love there is the potential for a human being to result. An abortion, which kills the fetus, is similar in its effects to the mercy killing of an animal for whatever reason. At this stage of development there is no difference.

The important thing here, though, is that the decision to terminate the pregnancy through an abortion is the choice of the woman and her doctor. If the woman believes it is a sin to have such an operation, she should continue her pregnancy and put an unwanted baby up for adoption. On the other hand, if she feels abortions are viable tools for family planning, and she does not want the future child (nor the complications of the pregnancy and the adoption) for whatever reason, she should have the abortion. No one has the right to take this choice away from her.

Any restrictions on the operation should be placed there for medical reasons, not due to value judgements. The fetus is usually incapable of surviving outside its mother's womb before the 26th week. Thus, an abortion performed after this time would involve additional action to cause the cessation of life functions in the fetus. An abortion after the 26th week, then, is out of the question.

There is no such restriction before the 26th week of pregnancy, and so the question becomes one of when (and if) an upper age limit should be imposed to restrict the timing of the operation. Logically (and medically) there need be none, except perhaps as a safety margin to insure that the fetus can not actually live independently of its mother. Thus, for instance, a medical upper age limit could be eighteen to twenty weeks. But a woman who does not want the child would not wait as long as this — it is not reasonable for her to endure the complications of pregnancy only to terminate it after five or six months. It is logical to assume she would wish to terminate it within two or three months of conception. Thus a twelve to thirteen-week upper age limit would not be terribly unreasonable. Beyond this period the fetus specializes more and more and it becomes a question of when it is no longer ethical to perform the operation.

The United States Supreme Court has declared laws that prohibit abortions unconstitutional. Overturning this decision would require a constitutional amendment. Such an amendment would be neither in the spirit of the Constitution, nor in the spirit of American freedom in general. This amendment must not pass; it violates the rights of every woman in the country. Their right of choice should not be taken away.



Illustration by Put Goodwin

Men's Lacrosse: Seeking Consistency

By SETH STONE

Fran Shields was frustrated. The men's lacrosse coach had just seen his team lose 12-11 to WPI and he did not know why.

"Offensively, I have no complaints. We were constantly putting pressure on, but we hit a couple of pipes and a couple of sticks. Groundballs hurt us, and Stuart (Glover, goaltender) had a tough day. And of course," he concluded, "WPI is a good team."

Conn, which saw its record lowered to 5-2, dug itself into an early hole. Down 4-2 after the first quarter, the deficit would have been larger, except for the inspired play of attackman Tom Burke. With WPI leading 2-1, Burke assisted on a perfectly executed give-and-go with Dave Krakow to tie the score. Though the attack was aggressive, the midfielders were getting caught a step behind, allowing WPI to ease to its two goal lead.

Andy Obstler parked

with a nifty assist from Tom Burke at the side of the goal, put the ball in Krakow's stick, until he emptied it into the WPI net. The beautiful play inspired both the team and the fans, as both grew noisy.

Middi Robin Brown played an aggressive game, and his goal right before half gave Conn its first lead 6-5. Conn had overcome a spotty first quarter to play a hustling second quarter, transcending a 4-2 deficit, to lead at half-time.

Though Krakow and Burke supplied the main offensive thrust in the second half, the squad as a whole looked a little lethargic. It was not any one player or any one problem, just a seemingly uninspired half.

The attack put a lot of shots on net, but most were from tough angles, with very few high percentage shots. The midfielders had trouble picking up groundballs, and got called for a number of penalties and offsides. The defense did a good job of

the remainder of the game, the Camels would get a goal back to trail by 1, but WPI always answered with their own point.

Conn ran a nice power play, capped by a Hal Sizer goal, to close the game to 9-8. When WPI answered this, co-captain Burke scored again and it was 10-9. Conn closed to 12-11 with a late goal, but ran out of time.

What was disappointing about the loss, was that the laxmen had looked sharp during their first home game, an 11-3 decimation of Providence College. All facets of the game clicked during this contest, as Conn raced to a 5-0 lead and never looked back.

A perfect "fast break" by Tom Seclow and Chris Harford made the score 3-0 early in the first quarter, and it was no contest. Both Burke and Krakow played well on attack, while the middies paced the tempo of the game, led by Scott Bauer and co-captain Seclow.

Glover looked much better physically, and it showed in his play. When healthy, Glover can dominate a game defensively, much the way former goalie Peter Capalbo did. Last year's team finished at a fine 7-3 record. Under Shields, in his first year at the helm, that standard will be surpassed.

Conn entered their first home games with a 4-2 record, accumulated during their jaunt through Florida. The Camels finished second in the Suncoast Lacrosse Tournament defeating Assumption 18-3, but losing to an inspired Lynchburg 10-5. Before returning north, the laxmen went on a three game winning streak, outmanning Purdue 11-2, Suncoast Stix, 16-9 and Colby 11-7.

While happy with the 11-3 home opening victory over PC Shields was less than satisfied with the follow-up defeat. During the Florida trip, the Camels acquired consistency which was lacking in the WPI game. For Conn to win, a consistent game must be played, for as a true team, they must rely on every team member. When one cog is missing, they fall to defeat. Against WPI one got the sense that all the cogs were not in place. Fran Shields promised more in the future.



himself in front of the WPI net, and put in an early second quarter goal, closing the gap to 4-3. It was at this point in the first half that Burke and fellow attack Dave Krakow took over. Burke followed up Obstler's goal, and the score was again knotted at four.

WPI re-took the lead 5-4, but again Conn came back. A picture perfect passing play,

taking the man out on the side of the net, and behind it, but let too many attackmen run free in front of it. And Stuart Glover, usually a nimble goalie, seemed to be having troubles with his knees.

After WPI tied the game at 6, Burke gave Krakow another nice assist to give Conn its last lead, 7-6. WPI then ran off three straight goals, taking a 9-7 lead. For



Camel Netters Win Opener 5-4 vs. Central

The Connecticut College Men's Tennis Team has a record of 1-2 after playing three matches in four days last week. The Camels won their opening match on April 1 against Central Connecticut with a thrilling 5-4 victory. Keith Sampson, Charlie Plante, and Steve Wilkins were all singles winners. Plante and Wilkins were both stretched to three sets while Sampson's aggressive style carried him to a straight set win.

Charlie Plante had to dig himself out of a deep hole when he found himself down 2-5 in the third set. He was the last player out on the court. Central had three matches under their belt. Conn. had two. A win by Plante was essential. With his steady, consistent underspin ground strokes, Plante fought back to tie the set at six games

apiece. In a nailbiting tie-breaker, Plante came out ahead 5-3 to win the match 6-0, 4-6, 7-6.

Meanwhile, Neil Helman and Eric Carlson were being defeated in the first double lost 6-4, 6-4. With the sun, the New London fog and the temperature all going down at a steady rate it was decided that the last two doubles matches would be eight game pro sets. Charlie Plante and Keith Sampson teamed up at the third doubles slot and won 8-3, evening the match at 4-4. Jim Dezell, who had just finished a heartbreaking match losing 6-3 in the third set, teamed up with Matthew Martin in the second doubles slot. After dropping the first game, Dezell and Martin took eight straight games to win the match 8-1 and give Conn. Continued on page 9

The Crew's News

By ELIZABETH GREENE

After many months of hard training, Connecticut's crew team finally had a chance to prove themselves on the water. On March 28th, Connecticut and the Coast Guard, graciously greeted the University of Rhode Island to a race on the Thames River. The first race of the afternoon was four-oared racing with Conn., breaking down one of their women's eight, putting together two powerful fours against the Coast Guard and finished with times of 9:35.2 and 9:38.4, leaving the people across the street to behind with a time ten minutes flat.

Conn. College has a number of novice oarswomen this year, made up of predominately freshman, and Conn. has been able to field two novice boats this year, a novice "A" and a novice "B".

The novice "B" boat made the first impressive eight showing by rowing right through a U.R.I. crew with a time of 9:09.3 to their 9:59. The next race to follow was Conn's novice "A" who clocked in at a speedy 8:47.3 with the Coast Guard a fair distance behind with a 9:17.6 and U.R.I. brought up the rear with a time of 9:29.

The freshman men followed the women's trend by beating one of U.R.I.'s novice boats with a time of 7:41.2 to their 8:14. Unfortunately, one of U.R.I.'s novice boats did slip ahead of the camels with a time of 7:22. The varsity men provided the most exciting competition of the day in their four race against two U.R.I. crews. Conn and U.R.I.'s leading boat battled down the river neck and neck with Conn finally winning it with a Continued on page 9



Photos by Carolyn Blackmar

Dream Theatre I

By JIM FRANCESE

Sleep. A strange place where time passes by like an eagle on the wind, and yet seems never to pass at all. Perhaps this is why it can hold such terror, because it is the only place we humans go that exists without consideration for time. It is our first taste of the nether void to come, a brief glance of Eternity. Sleep. The bones of the weary one lie heavy, and he is conscious of nothing, not even of his own existence.

Slowly, light comes to his eyes and now—he is. It is like a new birth, yet he feels mature, though he has not the memories of maturity. Consciousness grows in him, slowly, and as it does he becomes aware of different things in his environment. First and most profound, he realizes that he in fact does exist, yet he doesn't even know what that means, since he doesn't know what it is. He begins to explore, not his surroundings, but himself. He touches his form and frame, marvels at the flexibility he has been endowed with. Slowly, cautiously, not trusting his own body, he begins to rise. First on his hands and knees, then gradually raising himself, he stands. It is a dramatic moment, and he rejoices in his own strength and firmness.

With his ability to stand comes a self-assurance which precludes firmer curiosity about himself, so that he now directs his attention from himself outward. As he examines his surroundings, he discovers that he is near the seashore on a sandy beach. Waves crash, booming, and above him creaks an old pier.

Though he could not identify even himself, somehow he instinctively recognizes his environment. There is something about this place which calls to him from some other place and time.

He cannot understand what it is that is nagging at him, however, so he ignores the way he feels, because he has discovered something new.

He has become aware of his senses, particularly his sense of touch as separate, identifiable parts of himself. He runs his hands along the sand beneath him, exploring their sensitivity and is surprised at the abrasiveness of the sand. Next, he walks to the old pier and rubs his hands along it, caressingly, almost sensually. He continues to probe the texture of the wood with his fingers until suddenly a splinter enters his finger. Pain is a new sensation, and he jumps back, startled and frightened. The pain from the splinter is mild however, and then pulls it out. It



seems all but gone. Again curiosity overcomes him and again he approaches the old wharf.

This time it is his sense of sound which predominates; he is afraid to touch the wood again. He stands gazing at the old wharf, at the barnacles and salt stains, and absorbs the different noises. Slowly he is able to differentiate between sounds and identify their sources. He realizes that the pier is creaking in the wind, and at the same time, he becomes aware of the booming tides, and the fierce crash as the sea casts itself upon the shore.

He realizes now that both the sea and wharf are talking

to him. The sea is angry; her words are harsh and guttural, her language foul. She hates him for some reason and seems to be coming closer.

The pier is speaking of long years of battle, of being battered in an endless cycle of winds and tides. His speech is that of an old man, slow and tired, and he speaks little at that, seemingly conserving strength for the next onslaught. What he does say talks of terror and of the pounding waves.

The newborn turns and faces the swelling sea. Oh the mighty and noble surf, how he longs for her strength and beauty and power. Despite her hatred and violence, he finds himself drawn to her, and he goes to her. Behind him he can hear the desperate cries of warning from the wharf, but he ignores them to ask of her "Why do you hate me so, I who have just come into this world, innocent and alone?" For answer, she latches and with a roaring, sickening cry of potent rage, she crashes around him, and surrounds him.

Then the sea retreats, but as she does so, she draws the sand from under her feet, and as she draws the sand, so she draws him.

Crying in terror, he turns to run but his feet merely slip on the receding sand, and he falls. When he has finally regained his footing, another wave has crashed around him, and he is drawn out and again he slips and falls. With a primal scream of fear rising in his throat he scrambles to his feet and looks about him only to see the white-caps, the water demons, come to fetch him to the depths. The scream breaks from his throat like a captive released and goes wailing above to the pitiless sky. It is a long and wrenching scream, and when the last echoes have died away he is again surrounded by the water-demons, laughing, shouting, swearing, the sound itself stings his ears.

With strength renewed by terror he scrambles on his feet, but already the water is up to his waist.

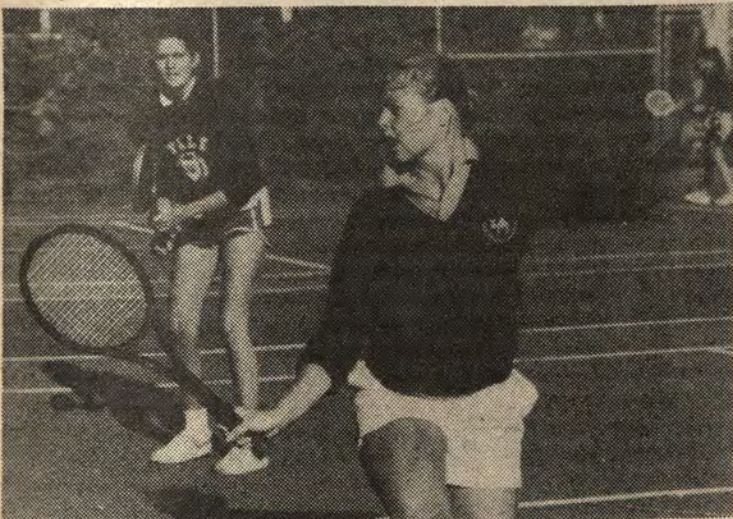
Suddenly he sees the light fading, and there is a rosy glow, and then, nothing!

Scream after maddening scream erupts from him now until blood spurts from his ruptured throat — and this is a new source of terror and pain. He runs insanely, not knowing in what direction but

seeking the shore, unable to find it because he can no longer see. He runs insanely, but cannot find the shore, blood is flowing freely from his tortured throat, his lungs are aflame with abuse and then — he feels the water demons dragging at him deeper and deeper; the water closes over his head, and he is engulfed.

He awakes in a sea of cold sweat. He turns on the light and tries to remember his nightmare but as always finds that he cannot. Wearily, he swings his legs over the edge of the bed; there will be no more sleep this night. Head in shaking hands, fingers running through coarse hair, he wonders if he will ever have peace. As always, he pulls himself together, goes to his den, to the bar and fixes himself a drink. His eyes wander about the perimeter of the room until caught by the glint of an aluminum frame. In it is a prize-winning photograph he had taken while still in school. He studies it carefully, is drawn by it and approaches nearer. Suddenly his drink slips from nerveless hands; his fingers clench and unclench without reason, and he stands transfixed by the photograph. Blood rushes in his ears like the pounding waves before him, and then he faints and knows no more.

SPORTS CONT



The Women's Tennis Team fell prey to tie-breakers and three set matches last week losing every singles match against URI in a close contest. The doubles teams picked up the slack winning all 3 matches. URI defeated Conn 6-3.

Camel Netters

Continued from page 8

necticut College a 5-4 victory. The next day the team travelled to Providence College where they took it on the chin 7-2 at the hands of a strong Providence team. Freshman Sandy Brown was the sole singles winner, beating his opponent 7-5, 7-6 in a long, hard fought struggle. Charlie Plante and Keith Sampson teamed up for Conn's other win at third doubles 6-2, 6-1.

Two days later, the opponent was Fairfield University and the results were the same. Conn came out on the short end of a 7-2 contest. Nigel Bentley with a brilliant display of offensive and defensive lobbing won his match 6-2, 7-5. Charlie Plante and Keith Sampson remained undefeated at third doubles winning 6-2, 6-4.

Coach Steve McWilliams was disappointed but very disheartened. "I get very irritated at the team because I know that they are capable of winning. But I am aware of the fact that they are a young team and they're going to make mistakes. That's only natural." McWilliams cited unforced errors due to a lack of concentration as the primary reason for the team's poor showing in the last two matches. The team's next home match is Wednesday April 15 at 3:00.

CREW NEWS

Continued from page 8
time of 8:01.9 and U.R.I. coming in just two seconds later at 8:03.8. The third four to cross the finish line also belonged to U.R.I. with a time of 8:29.

The last race to stroke down the 1,975 meter course was the women's varsity eight. They had a nice strong row against U.R.I. and were able to cross the finish line with a respectable 7:59.4. Rhode Island's crew did not cross line until over a minute later and clocked in a time of 9:11.9.

Photo by Carolyn Blackmar

All and all Conn had a victorious weekend and were psyched to meet their challenge the following weekend against Princeton and Rutgers at Princeton. The teams did not fair as well against this Division One competition by the Varsity women and freshmen men were able to beat Rutgers University in their respective races. Every one of Conn's five boats had good hard rows in the choppy waters of Lake Carnegie and left Princeton feeling they had given their all.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY BENNETT

If you've got your health, you've got it all!

I've always believed in taking care of myself. But exercise and diet are just part of keeping fit. Get regular cancer checkups.

American Cancer Society



President

My name is Paige Cottingham and I am running for the office of President of S.G.A. This past year I have held the office of Chairman of the Judicieary Board. My position as chairman has given me the experience in leadership which is essential for holding the office of President. As a member of the Executive Board I have become familiar with the procedures of running a student government. I have seen its' strengths as well as weaknesses.

I am also aware of the many time consuming responsibilities of the

president. I am confident that as president I will be able to fulfill those responsibilities to the best of my ability and always in the best interest of the student body.

This past year our S.G.A. has shown that we have the potential to be an extremely effect student run body. I would very much like to see the enthusiasm and active participation which has been sparked this year continue and grow stronger. One way to accomplish effectiveness is by making an asserted effort to strengthen dormitory offices. Dormitory officers are an important link in the

chain of students-faculty-administration which cannot be neglected.

The S.G.A. is for us students. As students of Connecticut College we should be aware of what goes on around us and how it will effect us or future students. Through communication and participation we can enjoy Connecticut College at its' best. I would very much like to serve you as President of S.G.A. and ask for your support. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Paige Cottingham

Vice-President

Many people on campus are relatively unsure of the role of SGA within the community. I think it is important for the Executive Board to involve the students in the activities going on. The Vice-President should not only support the President, but use his-her influence to bring the community into the Student Government. As chairman of the Finance Committee and the Election Board Committee, this can be done by informing the students of what goes on within the

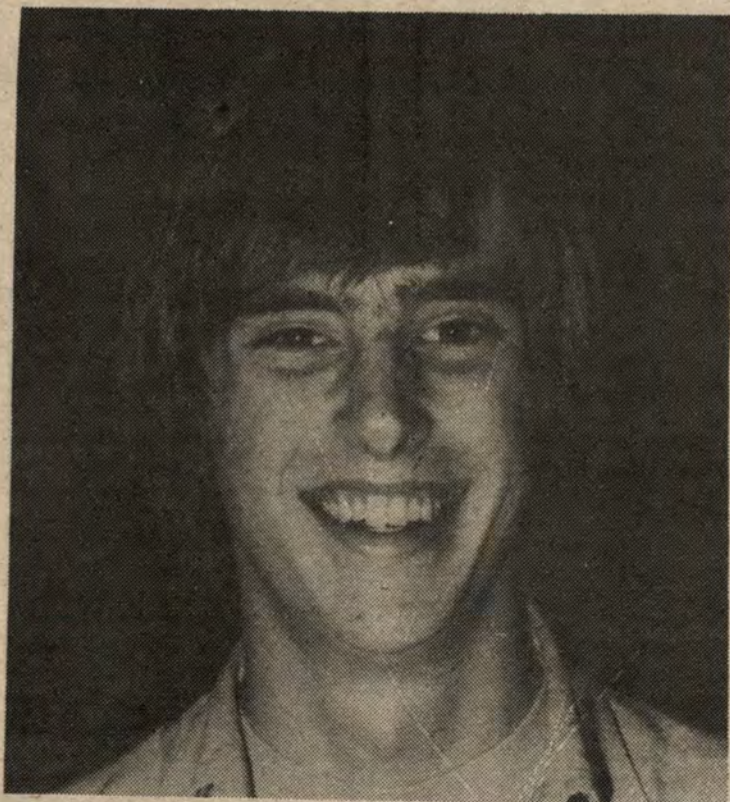
committees and encouraging their participation. Vice-president, contrary to previous opinion, is not a dormant role. To succeed in this endeavor, the Executive Board needs an energetic and competent Vice-President.

I am confident that I have the ability to channel my energies to produce constructive results. I am prepared to give 100 percent to the job because I strongly believe that for a task to be successful, the position requires a total effort. It also

requires responsibility and the ability to organize several commitments at the same time.

It is often easier to neglect one's commitments when obstacles prevent them from being successful. This is what separates the leaders from the followers. I believe that I have the determination and patience to fight for a closer and more involved community. Please support my efforts.

Thank You,
Callie Hoffman



Social Chairman

The social board is vital to enjoyment and relaxation at Connecticut College. The chairman is the driving force behind the board. In order to provide quality activities and entertainment he-she must know exactly what he-she is doing. A naive social board chairman is a potential disaster. The job is as difficult as it is important.

I am currently the social board treasurer. I ran and was permittee for the Valentine's party, and have started planning the last day of classes party. I was

responsible for the sound equipment at Floralia last year, and am stage manager and treasurer for it this year. I was on the homecoming committee, and am on the parent's weekend and orientation committees. Last fall I attended the National Entertainment and Campus Activities Association conference, an important booking medium, and know how to use it to the fullest potential next year.

I know how to plan, including forecasting the many things which can go wrong. I

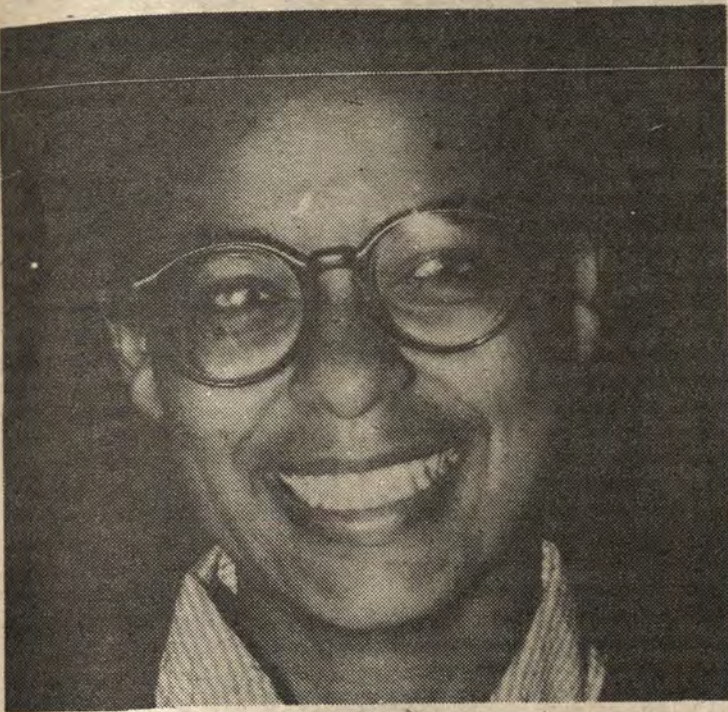
know the attributes of the social board, and its problems. I know how to look for entertainment, and negotiate contracts with bands agents. I know that ideas are worthless unless they are carried out. To carry out ideas experience, good organization, and strong leadership are required. I will be open to suggestions, available for comments, and accessible for problems.

Do Your Part To Get The Job Done.

Dave Gleason

Take a Faculty Member to Lunch

Judiciary Board



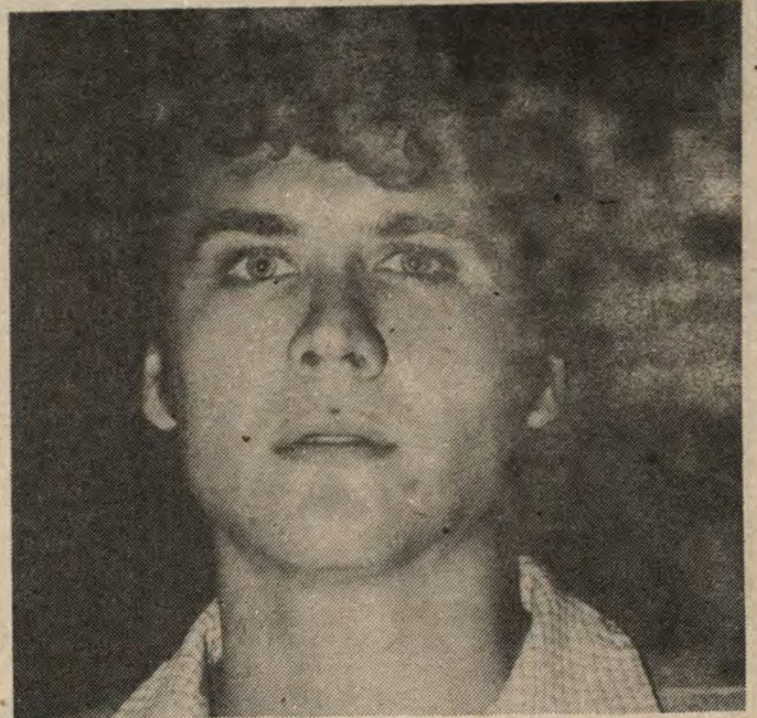
My name is Niki Threet. I'm currently a sophomore representative on Judiciary Board seeking the position of Judiciary Board Chairman. Being a member of the Board has given me the opportunity to deal with social and academic infractions and to

work on policies concerning noise and vandalism. I've gained additional experience from being a member of house council for two years. During this time I've seen how cases involving dormitory life are dealt with in House Council.

I feel the Honor System is Connecticut College's most unique characteristic. The Board and the student body must work together in upholding the Honor System for it to work effectively. I am able to work with different types of people which will prove helpful since it is necessary for the Chairman to work with students, faculty, and members of the administration. The Chairman must also be a strong and experienced leader, particularly for more serious cases.

I realize the job of Judiciary Board Chairman is demanding and time consuming. I am willing to put in all the time and effort to serve in the best interests of the student body. I believe keeping an open mind and looking at each case individually are essential responsibilities for the Chairman. Communication is also important, therefore if elected my door will always be open.

Thanks for listening!
Sincerely,
Niki Threet



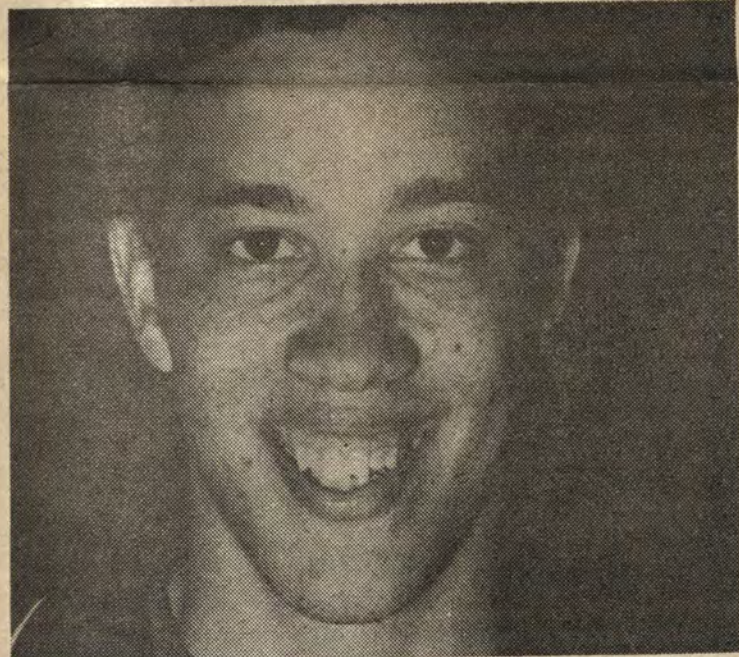
The post of Judiciary Board Chairman represents a position of extreme responsibility and leadership, qualities I feel have contributed to my success as a college student. I feel that the job would be the ideal means of utilizing my sense of justice in dealing with my fellow colleagues, and would be the best way to draw upon my supervisory skills in making a personal contribution to Connecticut College.

me with valuable and pertinent insights into the concepts of accountability and moral judgement.

I am concerned about upholding the proper code of conduct in the college atmosphere. Good times need not be incompatible with responsible and considerate behavior. Accountability for actions in relation to violence and vandalism is a basic tenet of all programs addressing the problem of alcohol and drug abuse.

If elected I pledge fair and impartial justice tempered by my years of experience, and to invest the necessary time and attention to detail to ensure the smooth and proper functioning of the Judiciary Board.

James Clark



I am running for Judiciary Board Chairman because, I feel, we are headed for turbulent times. I have not made this statement to suggest that anarchy is at foot. But my comment is meant to be sobering for those of us who fail to realize the times that

are ahead. Although, the cases and activities of the Judiciary Board have been relatively mild this past year, let us not be deceived that this is the beginning of utopian tradition. As we progress into the 80's, the drastic changes of our new administration

will have a direct affect on our lives as students.

These changes will serve to cause tension and bewilderment to many, which may be manifested into infractions of the Social or Academic honor code of Connecticut College. It is because I anticipate these complicated changes, that, I feel it is in the best interest of the college that the Judiciary Board be headed by someone with experience. I feel that among my opponents I am the only person who has experienced the entire range of possible cases. In my freshman year, the Judiciary Board heard cases that were extremely complicated, upon which I may draw to lead the board. My junior year has showed me how vastly each year may change. I can only conclude that experience is necessary for the position of Judiciary Board Chairman. And it is in me, Nathaniel Turner, that you will find that experience.

Nathaniel Turner



All candidates for J.B. chairman are well qualified; most, like myself, have the all important experience as a J.B. Representative. I will not bore you with a recitation of my qualifications, however.

There is much room for improvement in our J.B. system, so let us discuss what needs to be done.

1. The J.B. Report has been typically vague and shallow. A more detailed report will open up some of the mystery of what goes on behind the scenes... the campus needs to be informed that J.B. is making well thought out, fair decisions. This can be accomplished without breach of confidentiality, and will much improve everyone's respect for the system.

2. This year there has been a large decline in the amount of cases brought before J.B. due to the reluctance of individuals to turn others in. I will emphasize the fact that our whole honor code system depends on this element and without it the whole system will go down the drain.

3. I know the importance of my position on S.G.A. would be the one link between J.B. and the student body and use it to stress the importance of enforcing the honor code. This is a position that has been only loosely regarded and needs to be enforced.

We all deserve a fair chance in this world of inequalities and I promise to give everyone that chance.

Stephen Wilkins

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