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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.
By Lawrence Kronick

"Draft boards are being appointed all over the country, and some have already met," stated Howard Smith of the Lawyers Guild Task Force on Registration and the Draft. Mr. Smith, an attorney practicing in Boston and a graduate of Connecticut College recently spoke to a gathering of approximately one hundred members of the College community on the particulars involved in military conscription. According to Mr. Smith, a military draft is likely to be reinstated within a year. In addition, there are several Selective Service bills that have already been introduced in Congress.

The following is a synopsis of Mr. Smith's remarks with respect to what is involved in the Selective Service (55) process and some of the options available to registrants. More detailed information is available in the February 1, 1982 Federal Register, beginning on page 4640, or contact the Lawyers Guild Board upon request.

The draft can be reinstated if and when any national emergency arises. With the current situation in El Salvador and the militant tendencies of the present administration, a "national emergency" could be declared at any time. To initiate the draft, the President, after declaring a "national emergency," requests from Congress authorization to reinstate selective service. Mobilization Day (M-day) is the day when Congress approves the President's request. After the draft is set in motion there follows a quick series of events that results in inductions just ten days later. A lot of changes have been made in the system since the Vietnam War and all work to the disadvantage of the registrant. On the day following M-day all work to the disadvantage of the registrant. On the day following M-day all work to the disadvantage of the registrant. On the day following M-day all work to the disadvantage of the registrant.

Congressional Approval (M-day + 1) Selective Service sends out notices to those registered with the lowest Random Selective Service Number (RSSN). On M-day + 10 (just ten days later) those who received notices are required to report to an induction center for processing. Processing includes filling out various forms and a medical examination (to determine whether you are fit to serve). If you pass the examination you are then immediately induced into the Army.

All men who are 18 - 34 years of age are technically eligible for the draft but the "primary year of eligibility" is 20 years of age.

Those who are 20 when the draft is reinstated must consider what type of claim they will file in the first ten days after they receive notice to report to an induction center. According to Mr. Smith, if you "don't file a timely claim your rights to file are waived." This means that if you do not file a claim before M-day + 1 and M-day + 10 you will have no alternative but to go through induction and pray you don't pass the physical. Filling any and all types of claims will stay induction or entry. All claims must be filed before M-day + 10 and you may file as many claims as you are able. Any claim will delay your time of induction and will.

The Arboretum Pond

By Bart Hawkins

The Arboretum pond was drained last fall in an attempt to keep it from becoming filled with silt. Pond lilies were thriving throughout the pond in the silt which was built up from other plants which died and fell to the bottom. Thus a cycle of debris buildup and more plant growth was in the process of turning the pond into a swamp.

The immediate purpose of draining the pond was to expose the roots, or rhizomes of the pond lilies to the cold and dry air of winter; this would have the effect of killing many of the plants and slowing the cycle of silt accumulation. Also the Arboretum staff wanted to look at the bottom of the pond and assess the possibility of dredging parts of it. It was decided that the equipment needed to move the many rocks on the bottom of the pond would be too large to take into the Arboretum.

At this time the dam is being repaired and the pond is being refilled. A pipe is being installed in case it should once again be necessary to drain the pond. The pond is fed by many small underground streams, and it is essentially a low spot where the water from these streams runs out. One source of such ground water is, strangely enough, the library roof. Rain collects on the roof and runs into drain pipes which then pour water into the ground in the Arboretum.

According to Mrs. Sally Taylor, the acting Director of the Arboretum, draining the pond was a conservative approach to the problem of silt accumulation. In the past two or three years about twenty inches of silt has built up on the bottom of the pond. It is hoped that draining the pond will at least provide a reprieve for the scenic body of water.

SGA: A New Image

By Rachel Youree

Student Government and Judiciary Board at Connecticut College are coming out of the closet. SGA president Herb Holtz '83 and Judiciary Board chairman Joe Cooper '83, who will be officially inaugurated on May 5th, both say they want to increase open contact with the college community and get rid of their organizations' mysterious image.

An SGA newsletter that will start next year is the major step towards their goal of uniting the government, the student body and the administration. The newsletter will be published twice a month with a column for Herb, Joe, and Social Board chairman Trip Seed '84.

Managing the paper will be Gretchen Anderson, '83, Public Relations director of SGA, in a new position that will become official next year.

Joe Cooper has plans for re-working the vandalism policy. The SGA already voted the current policy out because "it's not structured enough to provide JB with a set of rules that we can go by to hear cases...and effectively implement policy," he said.

When vandalism occurs a form is filled out to assess the damage. Judiciary Board often has to void these forms because they aren't specific enough to • vote on. The expenses are then absorbed into general college expenditures. This gives the impression, Joe said, that JB really is doing its job. The SGA newsletter will convey this to the college community. Joe said he would also like to see open meetings and forums to get feedback from students and administration.

SGA's secretary is Jan McKeever '84 and David Kaster '83 is parliamentarian.
Les Beaux-Arts Ball

By Tom Proulx

On Saturday, April 17, a transformation took place. What was originally the lobby of Cummings: Art, Housing and Music was transformed into a dance floor. What has always been a gallery became a room to mingle in, get refreshments and marvel at hundreds of helium balloons. What was this extravaganza? It was the Beaux-Arts Ball, a costume party thrown by the Art and Art History and Music. Only students currently enrolled in courses in those three departments housed in Cummings: Art, Art History and Music. Students currently enrolled in courses in those departments were invited, resulting in many students regretfully having not been invited even though they had taken courses in Cummings: Art, Art History and Music. Only students currently enrolled in courses in those departments were invited, resulting in many students regretfully having not been invited even though they had taken courses in Cummings: Art, Art History and Music.

The ball was by invitation only to those students taking courses in the three departments housed in Cummings: Art, Art History and Music. The advisory boards for these departments coordinated the whole party and nearly everyone of the two departments' faculties were there to join in the fun. The party was sponsored by the Art and Art History Student Advisory Boards. Copy of the program was provided as directed by the George Marston Big Band. The dancing went up 2:00 a.m. with couples taking the dance floor, juggling to all the favorites of the Swing and Big Band eras. A rotating mirrored glass ball hung above the dance floor. Gallery into a make-believe ballroom with the guests wearing anything from furs to outrageous costumes, adding even more gaiety to the elegance of the affair. Four hundred formally attired or costumed guests made the humor of the party to be the garb as well as the balloons and cut-out cardboard figures of Ronald and Nancy Reagan found on the first floor of the party. Those who intended to take this route have established themselves as having the power of the government and the military in some other capacity. The information on how this can be achieved was not widely published but judged according to the military in the past it doesn't seem logical to put much stock in their guarantee. The second classification, is the IO classification. Only those who object to both combat and non-combat service can obtain this status. The process to receive such status is both complicated and cumbersome. There is no way to receive such status except by filing a claim after receiving an induction notice. Anything that you have written on a draft registration form or put on file with any organization thus far, may help you obtain a IO classification but it is not decisive or determining. Those who decide that CO is the route they are going to follow will be required to make an appearance in person at the local draft board and fill out several forms. One of these forms is designed to test how sincere you are and to screen out the so-called 'selective resisters.' A "selective resister"—a name like Better in Az, or Abrahams or even Baldewi—just keep us out of things and let us live unhindered (as we try to keep up with the Joneses). Thank you for your cooperation.

Kathryn D. Smith
Corresponding Secretary NSPSNHP

"National Society for the Prevention of the Use of the Name "Smith" for Purposes of Hypothetical Illustration.

To the Editor:

I suppose they consider it art, or at the very least a good practical joke. I hope it’s not abusive.

I am referring, of course, to the spray painting of the cube sculpture, which occupies a small niche on the first floor of the Art History building--the most oft-touched object on campus. I don’t feel the same anger and disappointment that I feel when I see a broken Pils door or a trashed living room on one of our Sunday or Saturday mornings. This incident is different: it represents a lack of serious decency.

I am stunned and outraged at this deliberate and obviously premeditated departure of a piece of art familiar to us all. Such an act is not only a direct and serious breach of the Social Honor Code, but also shows a pathetic lack of respect and appreciation for a thing of beauty.

I cannot see how those involved could possibly feel anything but utter shame for what they have done. Not only have they stooped to the very lowest levels of ignorance and immaturity, but they have also managed to permanently disfigure a valuable piece of art. There is no excuse for such an act and the individuals responsible are not worthy of attending an institution which is dedicated to certain basic intellectual and moral standards.

Joe Cooper

To the Editor:

While reading a recent Voice article (16 April 1982), I was faced with yet another instance of someone using the name "Smith" for convenience sake. Everyone does it—writers, speakers, even lecturing professors! It seems that when people don’t know who to put in a situation—they use a Smith. Mary Smith in the store, John Smith in the office. . . John Smith on the phone. . . Jane Smith from the bridge club. . . (How many can you think of? It’s not that "our" people totally object to others using our name, but give us a break. We seem to get pegged for everything—makes us sound like an epidemic or something. Why don’t people use their own names—a name like Better in Az, or Abrahams or even Baldewi. . . )
Several opions coding for amionic acid synthetic pathway enzymes are statisically significant and ativity of that particular amionic acid in the environment. The control of opion expression by the amionic acid occurs at two levels, one transcriptional and the other translational. Reading this stuff, at 3:30 in the morning, I feel like I've died and gone to hell. Fifty-five pages to go; the odds are against me.

Transcription is initiated at the promoter (P) and is under the control of a repressor protein and trypotphan.

Uh huh. It's sad, because even if I was able to ace this course, it still wouldn't get me into grad school. Even if I was to get a signed letter of recommendation from God, I couldn't get into grad school because I need credits.

The second level of control over the amount of RNA coding for the enzymes of the trypotphan pathway was discovered when mutations appeared to be astringent.

MIND YOUR MANNERS. TEXTBOOK. It's not polite to call someone "enemies." even if they are trypotphan enzymes. Soa a great mutation move last night, though. The-Craving-Eye. It starred Forrest Tucker, from the 3-Trouble, and he played a mountain climber who comes across this village which is terrorized by these six-feet tall crawling eyeballs. Tucker, and a professor, and the professor's cure, a little daughter, go up the mountain to kill the eyeballs. but... perhaps I digress. What was the last paragraph?

"A number of homoeotic mutations are known..."

Oh, yeah.

"Antennapedia causes legs to develop in place of antennae; ophthalmoptera causes wing to replace eye tissue; proboscipedia causes probiscus to develop.

I'm addmitted to the hospital. Now who cares about ophthalmoptera and proboscipedia at 4:00 in the morning? Is there anyone out there, lying awake, worrying about deformed grasshoppers? Is it starting to get light out? I should be somewhere else now. Wonder what would happen if I was to knock on Janie's door and invite myself in. Wonder what she'd do. She'd hit me on the head with a shovel; that's what she'd do.

The most spectacular homeotic transformations are affected by mutations of the bithorax gene... Anyway, Forrest Tucker gets into this big fight with the head monster eyeball. My side hit it with a eyeball, but the monster had killed the professor. That leaves Forrest Tucker clear to marry the professor. WAY TO GO. FORREST... and when Ma asks me why I killed the genetics. I'll say "Well, Ma... there was this movie called 'The Crawling Eyeball". Oh, good. Coming to a new chapter. 'Early Embryogenesis of the Musculoskeletai system.'

Following fertilization of the mouse egg, the zygote undergoes a series of complete cleavage divisions without a distinct embryo. The so-called blastocel develops into a mini-sized embryo. "The cells of the blastocels are not only topotiptp.

That's how you get an embryo. My only hope is that the professor will be drunk when he's reading my paper.

The T-alleles have been shown to interrupt embryonic development. Neither genome involved in such a cross contains the correct nucleotide pair at the site of point mutation; therefore, restoration of a wild-type nucleotide sequence by recombination is impossible."

To the Editor:

I recently had an experience I feel is my duty to bring to the attention of the college community. Over Spring break I had a moped accident in Bermuda and incurred several injuries. The next day I was briefly checked at the emergency room. Unable to consult my personal physician in New York, I went to see Dr. McKeehan at the infirmary as soon as I returned to college. I was in considerable pain and my mobility was severely restricted, but was told that it was probably just a muscle bruise. He recommended hot baths, aspirin, and that I come back in a week if it wasn't better.

A week later, the pain just as great. I went back. My new prescription was Darvon and exercises to "loosen up" my shoulder. But the inevitable "it's not better, come back in a week." Dutilly did I exercise which caused even greater pain. About this time, I encountered students who had been misdiagnosed by Dr. McKeehan, and friends urged me to see a specialist. Finally I did go to an orthopedic surgeon who immediately x-rayed my shoulder "just in case". He informed me that my shoulder had been broken for the past week. It was healing fine, he told me, but I was very lucky. My first reaction was relief that I was all right, but upon further thought, I became very upset. Dr. McKeehan is responsible for the health and welfare of the students here, which is a very great responsibility indeed. Although there are bound to be hypochondriacs in a college community the infirmary is the College, our health director's immediate responsibility. The student has a problem which I do not feel qualified to treat. Dr. McKeehan has called me to discuss many of those students. He has taken the initiative to make that contact on many occasions so that he would be as certain as possible that appropriate treatment had been given to Connecticut College students in my office as well as in his. He is competent, concerned, and willing to make the extra effort to be sure that Connecticut College students, his patients, have the proper continuity of care they might expect through various phases of their treatment. Connecticut College is very fortunate to have Dr. McKeehan.

J.P. Zeppieri, M.D.

To the Editor:

I greatly appreciated the courtesy you extended me, of advising me about your receipt of the letter by Sara Graves, to give me the opportunity to respond to her charges. The letter from Dr. Zeppieri is, I believe, adequate defense of my handling of her injuries. In my experience the physician's effectiveness in treating his patients can be severely compromised by a lack of patient confidence. I am particularly pleased to have a chance to set the record straight.

Sara Graves, '82

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I recently had an experience I feel is my duty to bring to the attention of the college community. Over Spring break I had a moped accident in Bermuda and incurred several injuries. The next day I was briefly checked at the emergency room. Unable to consult my personal physician in New York, I went to see Dr. McKeehan at the infirmary as soon as I returned to college. I was in considerable pain and my mobility was severely restricted, but was told that it was probably just a muscle bruise. He recommended hot baths, aspirin, and that I come back in a week if it wasn't better.

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J.P. Zeppieri, M.D.

I do feel saddened however, that in my four years of existence at the 1131 College I did not succeed in establishing enough rapport with her that she would feel comfortable discussing with me any concerns she might have had regarding her injury. In the Health Service, I have never refused to arrange a consultation for any student who expressed a desire for this. I always urge a consultation when I feel that a student is diametrically opposed to which I do not feel qualified to treat.

I was disturbed also by Sara's reference to students who had been mistreated by Dr. McKeehan. This might raise a specter of hoards of students who feel that in the Health Service, I would find fault with anyone who would not have ordered an x-ray in the absence of clinical findings. I have seen a number of Connecticut College students with various injuries. Dr. McKeehan has called me to discuss many of those students. He has taken the initiative to make that contact on many occasions so that he would be as certain as possible that appropriate treatment had been given to Connecticut College students in my office as well as in his. He is competent, concerned, and willing to make the extra effort to be sure that Connecticut College students, his patients, have the proper continuity of care they might expect through various phases of their treatment. Connecticut College is very fortunate to have Dr. McKeehan.

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Sara Graves, '82
A Well-Built Fire

By Julia Stahlgren

The Firebugs' director, Linda Herr, included a quote from the playwright Max Frisch, in her program note. Frisch believed that an "artist's job is to hold the gaze. In the theatre one must never look away. Here, look at this. How good is it?" But Frisch has also created an image for the role of Willi. Herr says, "Where have you seen this before?" Frisch's script is civic, yet creepy. Gottlieb Biederman and his wife, Babette, are calmly, preemptively invaded by Sepp Schmitt and Willi Eismeyer, a couple of wandering arsonists who set buildings ablaze for "the pure joy of having to run away into the Biedermans' attic, enjoy the Biedermans' food and drink, and escape pretensions to the Biedermans' home. The firebugs move huge barrels of gasoline into the attic, and when Gottlieb sheepishly asks them what the barrels contain, they reply very simply, "Gasoline." Later, as Willi and Gottlieb chat in the attic, Willi prepares the detonator, wiring and capping and screw-driving before Gottlieb's helpless gaze. The disconnecting absurdity of the situation plays out as the characters continue until it is not possible for any majority to exist. "The best camouflage is the plain and simple truth," claim the firebugs, "because nobody believes." However, Sepp and Willi are not evil, wicked characters. They seem rather like two small children who have not yet learned that it is morally unacceptable and wrong to break someone else's toy. They are not very sophisticated, but unreachable studies outside of society's conventions. Each time Gottlieb or Babette prepare to banish Sepp and Willi from the house, the firebugs' threatening, uninviting, somewhat vulnerable, and very peculiar personalities negate the Biedermans' pretensions.

Meanwhile, Gottlieb's conscience is plagued by the sudden heart-failure death of an employer he has just fired. He tells Babette to send flowers to the widow Knechtling, but feels too guilty to face the widow. When Mrs. Knechtling comes to talk to Biederman, she is left sitting all alone in the living-room, dressed and veiled in black. Biederman avoids confronting her, telling his maid that the wife cannot be bothered with death at present. Gottlieb tries to purge his guilty feelings and convince himself that the firebugs are harmless by professing complete colorless trust in Sepp. He tells the chorus of unlooking, fearful, concerned firebugs, "I tried to warn him of the impending disaster, that people cannot go through life mistrusting and mistrusting everyone. The words should sound humanitarian, but they come out sounding desperately stubborn and scared.

In the final scene, Willi and Sepp use Gottlieb's declared trust to secure some matches from his collection. Peacefully Biederman is reminded that he does not believe Willi and Sepp are firebugs but has to be giving them matches. He presents some matches, and, of course, the firebugs.

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An Exhibition of Quality and Character

By Michael Schoenwald

The 1982 Student Art Exhibition in Cummings Arts Center is a most appealing look at the state of the arts at Connecticut College. Many students become totally oblivious to the arts after taking their required visual art course but this exhibition shows the high quality of the studio art department at this school. It is an exhibition that shows that it is for it challenges the viewer intellectually as well as aesthetically with the diversity of work on display. By no means are the different works are grouped according to the classes in which they were made and artistic hand in hand in the "Kumbelins" of artistic ability represented.

Upon entering, the viewer is struck by a number of very colorful paintings. Two works by Jackie Charette, an RTC student, show varying tones of blue and green that flow in a way most pleasing to the eye. Nat Cohen's "Troll Stream Trilogy" is a highly abstract work characterized by many splottches, dabs and textures of color. A portrait by Nancy McDonough depicts an old woman weaving away the final years of her life. One the second level of the exhibition a more panoramic grouping of works are displayed. There are three very intricately designed paper designs by Rachel Jacobson, the four seasons and greatly resemble the work of the French artist Henri Matisse. Rob Miceli has a number of beautifully finished ceramic pieces of found objects with found objects placed inside. A rather bizarre note to the exhibition is a piece by Deborah Moignard called "Tableaux for 2 Floors." On the second floor are two minkin figures, dressed in black, sitting on a large, black, substructure to their bodies. On the first floor is a figure sprawled on a wooden block, one hand of the figure is holding a red block like a face to the facade of the second level. Has this figure literally "fallen out" of contact with the figures on the upper floor, or is it unable to achieve a co-existence with them?

Faculty response is very positive to the exhibition. "It is one of the best student shows we have ever had," says Maureen McCabe. "There is a lot of energy—the works are not simply answers to problems presented in a show. They show a great deal of individual attention. "Barclay Hendricks agrees that the exhibition is very good and is one that Connecticut College should be proud of. "I think we are competing very well with other institutions in this geographical area. I think the exhibition gives a very good foundation for young artists to build on as a basis for other people to build on." David Smalley, who has taught at Connecticut College for seventeen years, believes that the exhibition is "probably the strongest we have had in the last seven years. The level of craftsmanship has improved in all the media so there is a kind of well-made quality to the show. Beautiful works of art, however, do not live on paper. That is why the beauty of the 1982 Student Art Exhibition exists only in the eye of the beholder.

Love, opportunities missed and not taken is the concept examined in Close But No Cigar. The show (in the words of director Stuart A. White, a current student) is a joyous romp with live theater. This energetic ensemble presents children's literature in an imaginative and colorful style.
Continued from Page 2

Dora Reitman of Preston, Connecticut, a graduate of Conn College and working for a doctorate in Social Literature at Brown University, talked of her mother.

"I have searched my soul to be able to tell my story in the most simple and kind way," Ms. Reitman, who was thirteen in 1939 when Germany invaded Poland, said.

She gave her recollections of the piecemeal destruction of her home town, Voloszyn, Poland. It was culturally unique and was always struggling for a living. She witnessed the gradual erosion of freedom as Polish government limitations hindered the arts and curtailed education, especially for women and Jewish children. The Yeshiva (a type of Jewish university) was turned into a positive force.

Jewish community leaders rallied to create a semblance of normality and work to maintain the family. There were "appeals to resist and not be led like sheep to slaughter," Ms. Reitman said.

On May 10th, 1943, tables, chairs and a crowd, including Professor Rick Zieff, were moved into the attic roof slowly collapsed in the movement, but their performance was cluttering the stage. The space was both stark and elegant in black and white with a backdrop fired with red lighting. In the fire finale, white angular boards of the attic roof collapsed in the smoke and noise, evoking a mood of disaster and waste. The production of The Firebirds was well-crafted. It was exciting to see a large constructed set on Palmer stage. The style of theater was unusual and fashioned tightly by the director and actors. Frisch's play is important and insightful. The life production was a well-built fire which was productive rather than destructive.

Holocaust Symposium

Continued from Page 5

The chorous of nine firemen, lead by Chris Clifford and Susan Kemp were well zigged. A comic takeoff of a Greek chorus, they were swamped in black firecoats, huge rubber boots, and big, hard fire hats. Still, their movement remained comfortable where it might have become sloppy. They deliver their simultaneous lines without tension or awkwardness or self-consciousness and added both funny and sharply accurate commentary to the action. I think more could have been done to change the dynamics of their voices and movement, but their performance was clean and effective.

The Firebirds set partnered these performances with a dignity that I have not seen in a stage set for a long time. Designed by Jim Lee, it was suggestive rather than realistic, and established a sense of grandeur and wealth without clustering the stage. The space was both stark and elegant in black and white with a backdrop fired with red lighting. In the fire finale, white angular boards of the attic roof collapsed in the smoke and noise, evoking a mood of disaster and waste.

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Warning:

Deadline for this year's final issue of The College Voice is Sunday, May 9, at noon in The College Voice Office. BE THERE!

Greetings from THE GONDOLIER

A Well Built Fire

His mother was deported to Auschwitz in 1943 and survived, unlike his father, who was trained to make ammunition. He had to work and tend their household.

Professor Juli believes many things could be attributed to the Holocaust ordeal: speech defects, tics, and nervous disorders. It is also possible that male survivors are dying first, of heart attacks and strokes, because of emotional stress. The child must have realized that he was overfed and over protected because of his parents' fears.

In some of his performances and their fellow survivors, he noticed a clientele. They appear American Jewish who had not been in the East. The set was imposing and subtle rather than pushy. Osborn carefully watched the firebirds, really

Holocaust from the perspective of the religious understanding of radix evil.

Professor Farr presented a question of faith—"Where was God at Auschwitz?" He related the presence of God as told in the Bible and the question of God's absence in the war. The burning bush was not consumed because God was present, but in the Holocaust "there was a consuming fire and the people were consumed," he said.

The loss and weakening of religious belief and practice—this root, he said, must "keep the beast at bay." Evil has a "final truth. I found that a haunting presence of God as told in the Bible and the question of God's absence in the war. The burning bush was not consumed because God was present, but in the Holocaust "there was a consuming fire and the people were consumed," he said.

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Conn Crews
Pull Second in E. Championships

By Amy Blackburn and Liz Greene

On April 18th, the Conn women's crew team took on an eager Brown crew team. The Brown women came to Conn hungry for revenge after losing to Conn in three extremely close races last spring. It was a warm day and the Conn women were just as determined to continue their record as the Brown women were to avenge.

Conn's J.V. started off the day with a close race and a chance to win. At the start, Conn immediately pulled ahead by about a boat length but Brown held on and gave Conn no more. Their sprint in the last 200 meters was strong as they closed the gap to only half a boat length, but the Conn oarswomen weren't about to lose this one. Both teams Hammered through the choppy Thames with Conn crossing the line two seconds ahead of Brown. "A win is a win. The two seconds might as well have been two years." said Co-captain, Clauss Wolter after the race.

The rest of the Conn women didn't fare quite so well; both novice boats on the varsity boat were topped by Brown in close races. In any sport, winning feels great but if you can come back after a loss and smile about it, you had a good game. And that's what the Conn oarsmen will be doing for the next year.

On May 1st the Conn crews headed to Worcester at the crack of dawn to race in the New England open at Lake Quinsigamond. The women's varsity eight had their qualifying heat first and had to come in the top two to qualify for the grand finals in the afternoon. The Camel oarswomen easily won the heat with WPI coming in second; therefore they would join Conn in proceeding to the finals. The women's varsity eight this year consisted of: directors; Gigi Lane, Carolyn Leavenson; juniors: Anne Bahamov, Freshman from Trinity and Catherine; and sophomores: Amy Blackburn, Anita Erin and coxswain Robin Patch. At 3:30 the grand final of the women's varsity eight proved to be a little disappointing for Conn. The champions of last year had to hand the silver cup over to Smith as they pulled a second behind Smith, UMass, WPI, and ULowell.

The men's varsity eight blew away every other crew with their qualifying heat and were anticipating more competition coming in the final. Their final was the last race of the day and the men's varsity crew was the way most of the course, fighting off the tough Coast Guard crew. The finish was extremely close with CGA beating Conn by a mere .2 seconds. Sophomore Cox Christopher Grifiths said it was a good hard race; he coved the varsity crew comprised of seniors: Dan Juden, Sam Bradford, and Paul Vettering; junior: Adam Jeter; and sophomores: Paul Garcia, Bob Hannon, John Rice and Smith. The men look forward to competing in the Dad Vail the next weekend and will undoubtedly come back with medals.

The men's varsity lightweight four also pulled second, but their competition proved to be the University of New Hampshire. Occupying the five seats of the heat boat are seniors: Andy Porter and Neil Doigget; and sophomores: John Schubert and John Crandall with cox Lisa Jackson.

The Junior Varsity eight pulled the same results that the varsity had last year, a strong clean second. Beating them to the finish line was a Smith crew once again. The JV's left ULowell and UMass behind and on the whole they felt that they had a good race. The race was won by the crew consisting of seniors: Alison Rogers, Debbie Salomon; junior: Gretchen Anderson; and sophomores: Heather Hewson, Kathy Herzog, Karen Landy, Kathy Lynnes; and even a few freshmen from Tufts and Meredith Kamm. The women's team looks forward to racing in the Eastern Championships two weeks from now at Lake Waramaug. Best of luck all crews!

By Peter Foley

Athletic director Charles Luce recently held two open meetings designed to inform everyone about the proposed athletic fieldhouse and to gather student input. The two meetings were well attended and those present tended to be college athletes. This is unfortunate since these meetings were initiated by Mr. Luce to gather feedback about a proposed fieldhouse which is being designed for recreation and multi-purpose use, not just for intercollegiate athletics. Luce hopes that students will offer him suggestions and comments about the fieldhouse plans which should soon be posted somewhere on campus.

The history of the proposal for a new sports complex dates back to May 1979, when the physical education department studied their future and what it should include. Their conclusion was that more athletic space was desperately needed. Over the seven years that Luce has been athletic director at Conn, tremendous growth has occurred in all areas of the phys. ed. program, intercollegiate teams, clubs, community programs, course enrollments, intramurals, and recreational needs. One result is that the present plans, with ground-breaking, are inadequate.

Luce continued to study the state of Conn's athletics while on sabbatical in the spring of 1981. He compared Connecticut College to 40 other Conn-type schools, and found one overwhelming statistic; while Conn has 26.8 square feet of athletic space per student these other schools range from 54 to 116 square feet per student. Obviously Conn wasn't keeping up with its Jones in athletic space.

Knowing that the College was about to announce the 5-year development campaign, Luce and his staff hustled to get the idea for a new fieldhouse included. The campaign announcement was held up while the trustees and others involved in the decision decided to include the fieldhouse in the campaign. Meanwhile Conn's athletic staff and some students presented their ideas of what the fieldhouse should include to architects, and the preliminary plans were drawn.

The architect was the same one who designed the Dayton Arena, and was chosen because "We have a good rapport with him." His plans for the fieldhouse look much like the arena. When the arena was done, they decided about fieldhouse, as first proposed, would have five. The fieldhouse will be 130 feet by 300 feet and would include a tenth of a mile track, four multi-purpose courts, a gymnastics area, two squash courts, and an exhibition court for basketball and volleyball. This area would have seating for 1,200 across two of the multi-purpose courts. Hanging nets would separate the courts from each other and the track. The fieldhouse would be placed to the south of Day­ton Arena and would be connected to it by a building known as the link. The entrance to both the arena and the fieldhouse would be through the two-story link. The link would also house all the phys. ed. offices, locker-rooms, a training room, equipment room, weight room, and a sauna. This would enable the phys. ed. department to move out of Cro which is after all, supposed to be our student center.

However, as Luce has received staff and student feedback on the plans, his ideas have evolved. Now it appears that squash courts are more popular than originally thought, and at least six will be needed. Luce is now looking at plans from other architects including those who designed Harvard's new athletic facilities, domes such as Syracuse's Carrier Dome, and the Butler-type, metal fieldhouses.

Luces aim is to get the best, most multi-purpose recreationally oriented fieldhouse available—for the money. A more standard-sized eighth of a mile track, a new gymnastics floor, and more squash courts are needed but Luce adds: "It all comes down to the Yankee dollar." About $4.3 million would complete the present plans, with ground-breaking a possibility after $2 million is received. Luce said, "I dreamed of breaking ground this spring, but now I'm dreaming of next September, if it's not broken then, I'll be thinking about January." He feels the building would be ready for use one year after signing the contract, but for now he would be happy with more student input.

The Women's sector of the Connecticut College Sailing Team participated in the Women's New England Championships on the Charles in Boston. They finished 7th of 16 schools.

Fieldhouse: Luce Speaks

The College Voice, May 7, 1982

Page 6
The overwhelming weakness, however, according to Jeanette Hersey, Dean of Admissions is the sports program. This conclusion is the result of consistent data received from surveying the student body and those who have been accepted to Connecticut but decided to attend other schools.

Given this problem, two important questions arise: First, what is the plan for the future of sports at Connecticut College? Secondly, how is this plan determined?

In the past several years it has become more and more apparent that the sports program at Connecticut desperately needs improvement. In the past, President Oakes Ames' plan of offering more sports opportunities for the future, the Committee on Connecticut's Future (CCF) has recommended that the College concentrate its efforts on building up sports.

"The real problem is that we need more space for those who are not inclined to compete at the intercollegiate level," said Wayne Swanson, professor of government and a member of CCF.

According to Mr. Swanson the implication of the CCF's report is to build an indoor athletic center, though the committee did not make a specific reference to the proposed field house. "We need to develop more playing fields and an athletic center to improve the recreational facilities," advised Mr. Swanson.

An indoor athletic center, namely "the field house" will provide a great boost to the entire sports program. In particular, the field house will enable all students to pursue individual interests at the recreational, intramural, and intercollegiate levels.

Although Connecticut's sports program is not the College's strongest asset, it has grown rapidly since the advent of co-education in 1969. "We've come so far, so fast that it scares me," said Mr. Luce who became director of athletics and the men's basketball coach in 1974.

The sports program as a whole, however, cannot be judged by the relative success or failure or its athletic teams. Implicit in the philosophy of a liberal arts institution, and particularly Connecticut College, is the belief that every student should be well-rounded. "We need opportunities for every student, not just the talented athlete," explained Mr. Ames, who carefully stressed the importance of intramural and recreational sports.

In discussing the sports program at Connecticut, Mr. Luce points out that the College's goal is to have a broad-based program. "There are four basic arms of the program which are operating simultaneously," said Mr. Luce, adding "these are the athletic program, intramurals, physical education, and club sports."

Of these, Mr. Luce claims, have been relatively successful over the years. A little further in the program, the College has received little attention is recreational sports. "We have zero," reports Mr. Luce, who recently compiled a detailed study comparing sports at Connecticut College with 40 other small colleges in New England. Building a field house will help solve this problem.

The number of participants will decrease 40 percent in the next ten years for colleges nationwide, therefore competition for fine quality students will increase greatly. "This is a time to shore up anything that is weak at the College," told Mrs. Hersey, who emphasized that "it is important that people perceive our programs to be strong."

Athletic facilities are a visible and influential part of a college's ability to attract admissions applicants. When compared to other New England colleges of our type, Connecticut's athletic facilities put us at a distinct disadvantage," wrote Charles Luce in his report on the future of sports at the College.

Connecticut College is competing with many other schools in the Northeast. In order to appear stronger than colleges of its type, "Connecticut must continue to build our facilities academically as well as academically," according to President Ames.

"Compared to the competition," said Mr. Ames, "we're closer in academics than extracurricular activities. We are operating simultaneously," said Mr. Luce, adding "these are the athletic program, intramurals and recreational sports."

In fact, he appears to be concerned with the attitude on campus that intercollegiate sports are "pushing out" intramurals and making recreational activity impossible. Responding to the possibility that Connecticut is becoming "a sports college," Luce says that "we don't let our sports get carried away."
The Last Epidemic

By Lee Ann Christiano

"The Last Epidemic", a film examining the medical consequences of nuclear war was shown in Bill Hall as part of the Arms Race film series. The April 22 film, sponsored by Earth Day Committee, Botany Department, Program in Human Ecology, Chapel Board, and Conn. Prg, depicted what a nuclear war would actually be like.

The film was made using excerpts from highlights of the 1960 conferences of Physicians for Social Responsibility, and was shown to the U.S. House of Representatives as part of their nuclear war teach-in. The destruction of the ozone layer, probably ecological consequences, and the improbable of a civil defense were aspects of nuclear war examined in the film.

A large segment of the film was Dr. Jack Geiger's depiction of the likely consequences of the explosion of the one megaton nuclear bomb on San Francisco, and the effects the attack would have at different radii from where the bomb dropped.

Quantity and quality of response to an attack were questions discussed in the film. Since most hospitals are located in central urban areas, many doctors and nurses would be killed, and medical supplies would be lost. Other post-impact attacks were discussed, such as means of transportation, depletion of uncontaminated supplies, loss of electricity, the lack of an organized system of outside help, and epidemic disease caused by hundreds of thousands of decomposing corpses. The doctor concluded by saying that with such a nuclear attack, "the survivors will envy the dead," and he expressed his belief that any physician partaking in medical emergency planning for nuclear attack "would be committing an unethical act."

There are a little over 30,000 nuclear weapons in the world today, resulting in the nuclearization of conventional arms forces. One physician at the conference stated that "it would be ridiculous to increase nuclear arms", citing that the U.S. alone has thirty-one posed submarines, and it would take only two of these nuclear subs to destroy the entire Soviet Union.

"We cannot afford to repeat our past," declared one physician, in reference to the bombing of Hiroshima in 1945. Shots of severely maimed Hiroshima victims were shown, victims of nuclear war's blast, thermal, and radiation effects. The film ended with an interview with a survivor of the Hiroshima bombing.

Following the film, Dr. David McMahon, a psychiatrist from Norwich Hospital answered questions concerning the film. He said that the 12 kiloton bomb dropped on Hiroshima was "a firecracker" in comparison to the hypothetical mega-ton nuclear bomb which is about 400 times as powerful.

"Out of sight, out of mind" was Dr. McMahon's response to a question regarding the reason for the general lack of awareness of the problem in the seventies, and he explained that most nuclear weapons' testing was secret.

Dr. McMahon said that nuclear arms could be dismantled and stored, but the real problem is whether the government has the will to do so. He added that if we don't control the arms race, annihilation within the next ten to twenty years is highly probable.

In conclusion, he stated that a freeze should soon be negotiated between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. before the chance of the entire world being destroyed making a nuclear arms freeze impossible.

Editor's note: Mr. Cyr hopes that this article will be viewed in a satiric light.

Laurie Colton

Every morning at 7:30 a.m. Laurie Colton practices the organ in the Harkness Chapel sanctuary. "It is a time to come and play and forget about everything else. It is peaceful," Laurie says. Though not a music major, Laurie is a devoted musician.

Laurie, a senior Phi Beta Kappa honors student at Connecticut College, is one of six students studying the organ on campus, and is the only one receiving a full four credits for her work. She practices two hours a day, seven days a week, attends both an organ class and one lesson each week. Her teacher, Mr. John Anthony, is an Associate Professor of Music and the chapel organist at the College. She has been studying with him for the past two years and really enjoys it. "There is a lot that I've been able to learn from him about technique that I haven't been able to get from other instructors I've had," Laurie says.

Laurie, a resident of Old Saybrook, Connecticut, started her musical career in fourth grade with piano lessons. The reason she ended up studying organ is rather unusual. Her first piano teacher gave lessons to Laurie and her brother until her father brought home a small "spinet" organ and moved their piano to the basement. Their basement was too dark and "scary" for Laurie to practice in by herself: "I find it really relaxing. If it wasn't something I enjoyed, I wouldn't be doing it."

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Women As An Economic Commodity at Connecticut College

By Lisa Mintz

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To Seniors Embarking on a Contracting Economy

By Richard D. Birdsall
professor of history

"Think small." Yes, that is the right note for people entering the job market in 1982. It is a phrase that came to me partly from reading Small is Beautiful or Economics as if People Mattered by the British economist E. F. Schumacher and partly from the experience of driving a Volkswagen for the past twenty years.

"Think small" makes an interesting counterpart to graduation messages of the early 1980's when I was on the receiving end—then the theme was the Emersonian "Hitch your wagon to a star" or "Plenty of room at the top." "Bigger and better.

But "bigger and better" is only part of the American tradition; it is a blowzy, expansive tycoon "Bet-a-Million" Gates. There is another part of the American legacy that would emphasize quality and intensity in a limited area. Think of the sensibly human scale of Ben Franklin's ambition: "A little plot well tilled, a little purse well filled, a little wife well willed." Or consider Henry Thoreau's ability to think small and to wisely concentrate his powers. Living in modest quarters at Walden, he wrote, "I say let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count a half dozen and keep your account on your thumb nail."

Human concerns ranked higher than materialistic factors for Thoreau; and a similar idea of escaping from the modern materialistic economics with its disturbing emphasis on maximum production and consumption is the core of the section "Buddhist Economics" in the book Small is Beautiful. Schumacher says that for Buddhists the main purpose of living is to concentrate his powers. Living in modest quarters the purpose of work is threefold—to help a man develop his faculties, to help him overcome his egotism by cooperation with others, and only then to produce goods and services sufficient for a rational existence. An American vignette of this economic style might well be Henry Thoreau bowing in his bean field from 5:00 a.m. till noon of a summer morning. That he gained a quiet joy from his work is obvious from his words. "Meanwhile my beans were impolite to be hoed ... I hoe them early and late ... I began to level the ranks of naughty weeds ... and threw the dust upon their heads ... my hoe tinkled against the stones, that music echoed to the woods and the sky ... When I paused to lean on my hoe ... I saw part of the inexpressible entertainment which the country offers ... I was filled with inexpressible confidence, and pursued my labor cheerfully."

"We must get our living by loving." It is a sentence that bears repeating.

There is some evidence that in recent years Americans have turned away from "bigger is better" and the Paul Bunyan glorification of sheer size to an appreciation of quality over quantity. In short they have begun to think small—smaller families, smaller homes, smaller automobiles. This is not entirely the result of better judgment and taste; it is obviously related to a stabilized and perhaps contracting economy and to the rise of the ecology movement. It must be obvious to all that Nature is beginning to present some of the bills that have accrued from our considerable vandalism of our native turf during the past century.

Another force leading Americans to think in smaller, more human terms is world politics with its vast distances and cosmic weapons. Robert Oppenheimer told Carl Sandburg that the big bombs created a new world, "in which each of us knew his limitations... will have to do what is close to him, to what he knows, to what he can do, to his friends and his tradition and his love, lest he be dissolved in universal confusion and know nothing and love nothing. ... We shall have a rugged time of it, all of us, keeping these gardens in our villages, in keeping open the manifolds, intricate, casual paths, to keep these flourishing in a great, open, windy world; but this, as I see it, is the condition of man."

But to turn from large and faraway things to the close and immediate, I hope that some of you will consider a life style of economic moderation. To do

Continued on Page 10

FLORALIA

The Podium: To Seniors Embarking on a Contracting Economy

By Richard D. Birdsall
professor of history

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Continued on Page 10

FLORALIA

TFed B. Blicksel

Is there something wrong with today's college students? Is the level of education much lower than in years past or have problems existed before? I refer in these vague terms to the apparent lack of political understanding students demonstrate over El Salvador. While Connecticut College is far from Harvard or Yale, it certainly ranks among the top schools in the United States, and for this reason the problems seem even more acute. I had a conversation at dinner the other night with a friend and fellow senior concerning the events in El Salvador. It seems only reasonable that from time to time, an "intellectual" conversation take place, if for no other reason than to just confirm the spirit of higher education.

The night went something like this: "So, I said, "what do you think about the elections in El Salvador?" My friend almost immediately nodded his head and turned away as if it annoyed him that I broached such a serious issue over dinner. I, however, was somewhat worried by my friend's silence. Was it genuine disinterest or simply a lack of understanding? I pursued.

"Who do you support in El Salvador, the left or the right?" Realizing that I would not leave him alone until I got an answer, he answered and looked me directley in the eye and said: "The truth is, there has been a lot of talk about El Salvador, but I am not sure what the differences are between the right and left wings."

My friend was by no means unintelligent—quite the contrary, he was a Dean's List Government student. As I was deep in reflection trying to find an appropriate response for my friend that might help clear up the situation; my thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the opposite end of the table. She was a junior who had just returned from a semester in Paris.

"Excuse me," she said, "but I am not too sure what is going on down there either."

"Neither am I," said another.

"Look! It is clear," said an intellectual from another table. "El Salvador is just another Vietnam that we cannot let happen! Meet me tonight and let us sit in on the student center and protest United States involvement."

"Great," said my friend. "I love a good protest. See you at seven..."

"Could you make it seven-thirty?" asked the intellectual. "I have not missed M.A.S.H. at seven in two years. And I do not want to start now, okay?"

"Fine," said my friend, beginning to get up from the table. "I will see you then.

"Hold on!" I shouted. My friend sat back in his seat. "Does anyone at the table know what is going on in El Salvador? A girl I did not recognize smiled broadly, obviously pleased with herself."

"I the communist guerrillas backed by the Soviets, Cubans and Nicaraguans are infiltrating El Salvador and trying to overthrow the democratic regime. The United States is getting involved to keep the Soviets out and to protect Latin America which is in our sphere of influence according to The Monroe Doctrine," she concluded, smiling broadly, obviously pleased with herself.

I was unmoved by her comments, surprised by her sophomoric understanding and her total oversimplification. All eyes at the table were turned towards me, waiting, hoping I could give them an answer to the question I had raised.

But the sad truth is, I do not know the answer myself.

Ed's note:

Information on El Salvador is abundant for anyone who takes the time to search it out. National newspapers, magazines, and televised news have detailed the issues involved for months. This article has hosted speakers and presented films, presenting both sides of the El Salvador story. The Voice has presented both editorials and news stories about El Salvador from all segments of the college community. This article presents a viewpoint, that while sadly true for some, should neither be endorsed nor condemned.

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A Note to Seniors

Continued from Page 9

this means, of course, that you must defy these dogmas of the advertisers—
that to have an adequate love life you need an adequate and complete
consumption style of a Hugh Hefner, to be a man of character you must drive a
Cadillac, to live with joy and accuracy you must drink a daily six pack of Schlitz
beer. The normal run of economic
models don’t speak from painful experience.
Ten years ago I had a lucrative summer job and developed a
taste for money. It is an acquired taste,
like olives; some of the best minds
confront this. It is no small thing to
love of money is not a basic desire; it does
not appear in infants and therefore
money can make a happy human. In a
similar vein Karl Marx noted that, “The
more money a man makes the more he
becomeshuman.”

When you find Sigmund Freud, Karl
Marx, and the New Testament agreeing
on a particular point, you might well
take notice.

Personally the taste for learning pre
vents college students from developing
an excessive taste for money. It is only after
we move here and I must warn
you; there are occasions in the outside world
when it will appear that the desire for
money exceeds the desire for
knowledge. The mention of your leaving
these halls reminds me that this is a ritual
occasion. Like all rituals it is not
in the everyday run of things. It is
something special; this is evident from
the formal style of the present exercises
and the change of student format, from
barefoot to blue ties to black robes and
thinking caps.

The main lever that lifts our proceed
ings to the area of potentiality
is the brass band. No commencement speech
can approach the mosaic of a brass band in
its totality. It is all about.

Oom-pah-pah; Oom-pah-pah;

Oom-pah-pah; Oom-pah-pah;
everyone knows

If you’ve got the patience,
your own patience,
will tell you exactly
what you want to hear.

Boston Marathon

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After the leaders, it was a mad dash
back to the car. One wrong turn and
two ignored red lights later, and we
were standing in front of the Wellesley
Playhouse. “Peter, you’re so key today.”
“I know,” replied the calm man behind
the cool shades. Gimpy had already
broken half the traffic laws in
Massachusetts but he figured that was
par for Boston. Besides, our borrowed
station wagon lacked air conditioning.

The chairs were ready and the stage
led, Gimpy and I raced over to Natick
at about 9 miles. “Don’t run any red
lights,” said Gimpy, “Okay. I know.”

As we approached the lead, each
Beardsley looked comfortable. Everyone
else looked pretty damn hot. Bobby
Hodge and Ron Tabb did not run by,
and finally, the lead pack. Salazar.

Beardsley ran through with Alberto
Rodgers, Rodgers ran a 2:12 this year,
and he almost fell over, but he was
moving. I slapped him on the butt
and he did. I slapped him on the butt
“Hey, thanks a lot,” said Mr.
Boston.

Boston.

The Gallery

The first edition of “The Gallery”,
College’s new literary magazine came
t out this week, and it looks quite
good. Freshmen Peter Engelman
and Tom Curtis are the editors-in-chief of
the journal, and it was their idea to start
it. The two wondered if the school had
a magazine like this, and when they
found there was none, they approached
William Meredith of the English depart
ment for help in starting one. Mr.
Meredith became their faculty advisor,
helping them open administrative doors
and dealing with technical problems,
but it was Engelman, Curtis, and a staff
of ten editors who actually put “The
Gallery” together.

The editors wanted “The Gallery” to
be a showcase for the writers on
campus, and to be truly representative
of the better writing at the school.

At Cleveland Circle, we met up with
the kind of young, drunken, classless
slobs that are sometimes seen puking
in the gutter of Boylston Street. These
gentlemen and their lovely ladies would
later yell things at the 2:20 marathons
like “Give up, you lost!” and hand them
dirty ice cubes and beer. But before this
heartwarming scene could occur, Dick
Beardsley ran through with Alberto
Salazar right on his tail. Al looked
incredibly dehydrated and weak, but he
was hanging on. He would later out
reach Salazar by about 10 miles, and in fourth came Bill
Rodgers. Rodgers ran a 2:12 this year,
and that has won many a Boston,
especially in the heat, but not today.

The rest of the day was spent waiting
for John Kelley to go by his 21st Boston
Marathon. Peter and I both saw
friends go by in the top 150. One was
Ray Scannell, and the other was my
high school coach Bill Kraus who is now
a medical student at Duke. Both
times we went “ape shit.” Crete went by
in record pace but we found out later,
she dropped out and the top women went
by looking hot but smooth.

There’s that African guy 1261 Man,
he fell way back! We were also waiting
and praying for Win Whitcomb to go by
and he did. I slapped him on the butt
but he kept on moving. We saw
Johnny Kelley, Gimp and I started
calling him the car. “Hey, look who’s here,” observed Peter in a cool
collected voice. “Holy shit!” I said,
viewing the limping Bill Rodgers only
two feet away with the quiet, pretty
blonde on his shoulder. “Good race
Bill.” “Hey, thanks a lot,” said Mr.
Boston.
Off the Track
License Plates
By Matt Lituchy
The license plates read VROOM, WOOSH, BUZZ and WHIZZ as... stairs like slanting rungs.
Sickness packs up on her back, weighting her forward, waiting to fall.
-Shana Kaplow

New excitement has been injected fabric of American driving life. Interstate and parts of New Jersey.

I was told that his mind but when I asked where
My uncle was in a home

The face of poverty that grimaces
Beneath the illusive makeup of flashing signs
Neon haze in an afternoon awash
A crumbling phoenix risen from the ashes
CHINATOWN (SAN FRANCISCO)

Like a painter with tall trees whose leaves are in his mind.
The effort of peace with speech to myself is hard to translate for others.
-Barclay Welch

Lies of Faith

My uncle was in a home they told me when I was young but when I asked where
I was told that his mind was nowhere. They all in a home where he sleeps well at night. One morning I discovered why.
I was amazed how could dream more, than of sleep. Intoxicating light snuffed out by injections and connections, which burnt the stuff raw, it burned the castle and glazed the shore, drug’s snuffed out by injections and connections,

EXPRESSION

I am tired writing but not understood, looking on paper there is my ink with lines unwritten.
Like a painter with tall trees whose leaves are in his mind.
The effort of peace with speech to myself is hard to translate for others.
-Barclay Welch

LIES OF FAITH

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COMPOSITION IN GREEN AND BROWN

The mossy brown rock
off Ocean Beach (you can see it at low tide, Sisyphus in his futile chore) it shows its impertinent peak for only a moment reaching, reaching upward trying to fuse earth, water and air touching, tasting sunlight staining to blow into says those two little boys who challenge the tide to grab their spindly brown legs they are thinking about airplanes and sand but mostly sand then another timeless wave swallows the rock, leaves it with some new anemone or mussel, washes vain aspirations out to sea

-Gordon V. Vene Klasen

REAL ME

I am real believe me I make a print when I walk in the mud dirty shoes really small really me

-Shana Kaplow

The Artist

I remember those chilly summer days when my mother would say, “It’s time to get out of the water, children.” but I would wait until she said, “Your lips are purple.”
My mother, the artist, said purple, when all other mothers said blue.

-Shana Kaplow

Walking

As I walk on the icy path, shuffling my feet, shoulders leaning forward so I don’t fall on my back, I remind myself of my grandmother and how her illness made her shuffle and lead forward as if always trying to catch up with herself.
Ice packs up on the stairs like slanting rungs.
Sickness packs up on her back, weighting her forward, waiting to fall.

-Shana Kaplow

牌照

The license plates read VROOM, WOOSH, BUZZ and WHIZZ as... stairs like slanting rungs.
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This problem with the east coast is that the personalized plates are just that—personal.

There are plates that come in suburban mall or a redneck bar there have spent $50.00 to tell you the name of the create-a-plate phenomenon has America been to each new day at the stamping our nation’s convicts now look forward stand up Harley-Davidson. A transplanted said that true Californians wear their plates that come in suburban mall or a redneck bar there have spent $50.00 to tell you the name to as where these drips are thought about airplanes and sand but mostly sand then another timeless wave swallows the rock, leaves it with some new anemone or mussel, washes vain aspirations out to sea

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