By Maria Wyckoff

Tonight of Friday, April 23. As of this time, Mr. Smalley said he is unaware of the vandalism of the cube in front of Cummings. The "costly and valuable" piece of sculpture was spray-painted the next morning.

Kenny Abrahms has been announced as the Young Alumni Trustee Class of 1982, although the votes for this office weren't counted along with the other offices. Jane Brodsky, secretary of the College, says that it is traditional for those votes to be counted in the Office of the Secretary of the College.

The cube here was damaged after a group of students, when they were aware of the cube. The cube was meant to be seen black. When a piece of sculpture is altered, in an artistic sense, it becomes almost useless because it is no longer expressing what the artist wishes to convey.

The cube here was damaged after a group of students, when they were aware of the cube. The cube was meant to be seen black. When a piece of sculpture is altered, in an artistic sense, it becomes almost useless because it is no longer expressing what the artist wishes to convey.

The cube here was damaged after a group of students, when they were aware of the cube. The cube was meant to be seen black. When a piece of sculpture is altered, in an artistic sense, it becomes almost useless because it is no longer expressing what the artist wishes to convey.

The cube here was damaged after a group of students, when they were aware of the cube. The cube was meant to be seen black. When a piece of sculpture is altered, in an artistic sense, it becomes almost useless because it is no longer expressing what the artist wishes to convey.
CAMPUS NEWS

The Need For A Multi-Purpose Room

By Herb Holtz

I would like to draw to the attention of the student body a proposal now being considered by the college administration. It is of great concern to me, as a S.C.A., and I believe it is important for the future of this college.

The establishment of a "common room" roost in a closer Williams will, once and for all, provide students with a permanent space that can be used for parties, dances, study sessions, and other social functions. As it stands now, there are two sites where all-campus parties can be held: Harry W. Bennett House and Family Basement. Harris is fine, except that it can only be utilized once a month. Family Basement is unacceptable, as everyone knows, and is no longer a viable option. We need a more accessible location with other social functions, can be held, and we need it immediately. The proposed multi-purpose room in Cro will be able to comfortably accommodate the numerous events as well as other types of social gatherings.

The project would entail the combination of the book annex and weight rooms into one large room by knocking out the dividing wall, and raising the false ceiling in the annex. Dance classes would be held in a renovated Cro main lounge (the fireplace would be removed), and the weight room would be moved into the girls' locker room, which has ample space.

All parties involved (e.g., dance students, administration) seem to agree that this is a practical solution to the problem. There is just one factor that is blocking summer construction: cost (the estimate is roughly estimated at over $100,000).

I think the administration, however, ought to consider the future benefits (financial and otherwise) of this proposal, as well as the initial overhead involved. These benefits are:

1. A permanent solution to a problem that existed in Hamilton Basement, one which must eventually be solved.
2. An attractive focal point for the College, that will help Conn compete with other small colleges in the coming years, as applications to such schools continue to decrease.
3. A site which will not only hold

Dorm Stories

by Leon Abrams

HARKNESS—Designed by Thomas Jefferson. It's everything we want to do to drive Monticello, but I didn't get it right until I built Harkness. The dorm was built as a legacy to Mary, Conn's first and greatest love. Mary was so impressed that she asked Tom to design

Letters to the Editor

ED NOTE—Miss. Sternlieb forwarded this letter to The College Voice.

Dear President Ames:

I am a senior economics major at Connecticut College, and graduated as a Winthrop Scholar (junior year Phi Beta Kappa) in May. I am very concerned about the future of the college and wish to express my concern about the school's future. I believe the college is suffering from a lack of leadership, and part of the alumni's success and career direction is shaped by the Career Counseling and Placement Office. Since my freshman year I have frequented the Placement Office to receive guidance in order to find a summer job. However, much to my dismay, the office personnel were unable to give me the assistance I expected. Nevertheless, I was able to obtain jobs in a bank for two summers and a position in a brokerage house last summer. Although I was disturbed at the lack of assistance I was given, I felt that perhaps the service was accomplished in an understandable fashion. I was suffering from lack of positive change and innovation in programs, services, and personnel. I have seen how some schools have come to Conn to recruit for years and the results have been abysmal. Last year 17 students were placed out of 537 interviews with 41 recruiters. 161 seniors saw one or more recruiters. Many of the recruiters are not interested in hiring Connecticut College graduates. A company I interviewed with on campus intends to hire one graduate each year. If that is the case, it is a disconcerting trend. I have found the same problems with the Career Counseling and Placement Office this year that I found as a C.C. Harris. If the Career Counseling and Placement is improved, the possibility of our success could be enhanced.

As we look at the current campaign, it becomes important to have alumni who are willing and able to contribute to the school. This is an issue I believe those who decide the school's future should address. I would appreciate it if you would get back to me regarding the group's discussion and decision. I am a concerned student who is willing to help this campaign implement the suggestions I can do to help the situation I will to the janitor.

I look forward to hearing from you. Thank you for your time and consideration.

Marilyn Sternlieb '82

To the Editor

Having just read the article on "The Gallery" in last week’s Voice, I feel I must write this to set the record straight. While John McLoughlin’s piece was accurate in factual detail, all things being equal, I really don’t feel it did the Gallery enough justice. The piece is a bit too light and Peter Engelman’s writing style, while everyone involved does sincerely hope that “The Gallery” will be around for the long haul, does not come across as it should. While the article is as informative as the other pieces, it does not fully capture the scope in such a short time and with limited funds. Last week’s article made The Gallery sound so legitimate, that I almost put on a show myself. "The Gallery” is a serious and important addition to the college’s cultural history. It contains works by the recipients of the Benjamin T. Marshall Prize, the Charles B. Palmer Prize of the Academy of American Poets, and the Hamilton M. Snyper Prize. With so many talented writers on campus, it would be a shame if “The Gallery” were to perish like its predecessors, but we’ve set our sights on the horizon, and we’re sure to get to the future that this is only the beginning of a brand new Connecticut College fixture.

Kaci Kinne Staff Editor, "The Gallery"

ED NOTE—We are surprised by the complaints voiced by Miss Kinne. Last week's article by John McLoughlin was highly laudatory toward The Gallery, applauding the efforts of the staff to successfully publish the journal. The Voice welcomes the right of the editor, but Miss Kinne’s is merely giving The Gallery another plug.

To the Editor

It is discouraging to think that the people who kept the campus awake on the night of April 29 are the future leaders of our society.

The students at Conn’s Children’s School show more maturity and consideration for the people who keep the campus awake every night. If throwing eggs, breaking glass, and in general making a mess for their own amusement is not the way to get noticed, perhaps these people will graduate and ‘ before they act. How hard is it to find a job in the real world?

Connecticut College supposedly represents a part of the “cream of the crop” as a result of its reputation, and it is a burden on our programs, especially those that we should be impressed that disrespect. Why can’t people think a bit more considerate. A bumper sticker I saw the other day says it all: “Designed by Thomas Jefferson. “It’s always hanging around, so as far as I’m concerned, let’s burn the garbage! They get paid to pick it up. I think I’ll sweep out my room. I just leave the pile of crap in the hall for the janitor, he has no reason for their actions to continue to be imposed on the rest of us!”

James M. Gravel

Letter to the Editor

After two and a half years as a student here at Conn, several things still puzzle me. Why is it that people here do things they would never dream of doing in their own homes? The general attitude seems to be: “Well, it’s not my property, so who cares?” This is especially noticeable in dormitory bathrooms by Sunday night. We have more than enough garbage. They get paid to pick it up. I think I’ll sweep out my room. I just leave it for the janitor, he has no reason for their actions to continue to be imposed on the rest of us! After all, they pay their bills. These aren’t even the outright acts of vandalism—but they do contribute to the general atmosphere of apathy which exists at this school.

I wonder if people derive some sort of pleasure from such behavior—both Career Counseling and the little acts of disrespect. Why can’t people think a bit more before they act? How hard is it, really, to clean up our own messes? How can’t people think a bit more considerate. A bumper sticker I saw the other day says it all: “A little courtesy won’t kill.”

Martha J. Moulton ’83

Page 2
Cecelia

I'd come back from the bar and I'd see her light shining, but I'd never go up there.

Yes, you hunch to a booth just waiting.

Cecelia sang that at her first coffeehouse. A few days later, I stood next to her in Harris and I told her that I also liked Vonda播 the way, this led to that and, after a while, we were going out.

The highlight of that early period was having champagne and strawberries on the roof of the hockey rink one Sunday morning. I'd asked her if she wanted to, as a joke, and she said, "No boy has ever kissed me on the roof of a hockey rink, so I'll just be just when I was a sophomore and she was a freshman, which was quite a while ago.

Her sophomore year, my junior year, things started fizzing. Fitting clothes; she used her body; "fizz-brain," "in a state of fizz." I still went to her coffeehouse, although I always hated soft rock. And she still typed my papers. Maybe, in time, I might do something about it.

Two hours later, she put the flower I gave her that morning in an envelope, wrote, "I hate you," on the back of it and slipped it under my door. I couldn't explain why I said it for the rest of that year (my junior, her sophomore), we wouldn't even say in the post office.

"It's not always safe to go.

That you don't know what you've got till it's gone? They've pared paradise and they put up a parking lot. As luck would have it, we were both in the same dorm. I was in 208; she was in 309. The first day back, I left her a note: "Yo, 309. 209's sorry." Again, this led to this, this thing and anyone; dryclean your formalwear, prepare your-...

It just wouldn't be good anymore," she said. "It would ruin us.

"Time, fine," I said. "But our friendship's gonna suck without it.

"We'll see," she said.

I started looking elsewhere. It wasn't just me: she didn't go out with anybody. I stopped visiting Cecelia. Some nights, I'd camp back from the bar and I'd see her light shining, but I'd never go up there.

All of my senior year romances wound up dying, but I didn't mourn for them. Cecelia knew about all five and she'd say, "Now, that's asking why and why not this other, cuter girl.

"What can I say? I'd say."

Okay, when I was between engagements, Cecelia asked me to play backgammon. While playing, she told me that her life was in a state of fizz. She was lonely, depressed, harder-everything. I was a little out of her league. As long as we're both here, why not do it together?" She secretly told me, "Someone once said, I'd never go up there."

"Another one bites the dust," I told Cecelia.

"I don't know why you attract losers," she said, while playing her guitar. She'd gone on the roof the next night.

"I'm a loser," I said with genuine self pity.

The night before graduation, let's have champagne and strawberries on the hockey rink roof," she said. Then she gave me a platonic, sister's kiss, but it was fine anyway. So, the night before graduation, we were on the roof. I was discussing my future with Peace Corp; probably Ghana. And Cecelia was finally going to be out of the Plex and in the Quad."

"I'm in Ghana, I probably won't see a lot of you in the next 60 years," I said.

"Probably not," said Cecelia.

"I know it too," I told her, but during our college years, how come we never got together with anybody for good?"

"Why do little children skin their knees? A pause. Then "How have a good life.

Another platonic kiss and we carefully climbed down the roof. Then I graduated.

You can't be twenty On sugar mountain. Because you're leaving there too soon.

You're leaving there too soon.

A PARTING TRILOGY

PIllman, like I am IBM. Incredible Binge-Master. Let's twist up a moist, crispy death-dart of sens, and de-program you a little. You're a hurtin' toast-puppy.

Good night, Frank.

Later, Pillman. What a bummer. Hmmm,Hey Pillman! good buddy! What's your real name?

A SENIOR CHECKLIST

1. Start walking around the campus just for the scenery; go into a library; you'll be surprised.

2. Make conciliatory remarks about people you've despised for all four years; find your freshman roommate; absolve the Pinky's for all their heinous crimes.

3. Make a lot of appointments with professors and deans; have long talks about LIFE, and education. Maybe get drunk with one.

4. Gentlemen: get extreme haircuts and laugh about them; vow constantly never to grow up, and wear sunglasses continually. Unless they need more paint.

5. Weeds: put shoes away for duration; bury flowers in hair; sun yourself suspiciously. Cry about how you'll cry at graduation. Definitely let all your inhibitions evaporate. What the hell.

6. Grinders: cut classes and say things like "who cares?" a lot. Try dope on the last day of classes; wretch. Toasters: realize you may not graduate if you don't hand in the paper; drink to forget; smoke your remitter. Fret all day, write all night. See a dean at the last second and fix it up. Get told you're a good egg anyway. Go back to lunch and laugh. Jump surfing, then go to your room alone and thank God.

7. Be sure to let your room get messy or clean, whichever is more like you. Criticize someone for vandalism if you know it. Try some if you're not.

8. Venture into the alumni and placement offices. Put your- self on lists: fantasize about giving a dorm someday.

9. Tell stories about the "wild times" until even you are sick of the threats to booze it up somewhere illegal and be notified; wear sunglasses continuously; alienate underclassmen in general.

10. Give your name scribbled somewhere; hide a trunk to find at your fifth reunion. Take rolls of pictures of... everything and anything; dryclean your formalwear. Prepare your- self normally for That Day; mix cymatics with hysterical laughter and nostalgia; add a dash of realization; stir; pour over "lost youth" and apprehension; light the mixture and drink without spilling on lips. — M.S.
Revelations and Other Voices

Bird appeared dressed in feathers and a drum. The music crescendoed with the chorus surrounding Night Bird and she, the feathers of Night Bird contrasting with the long, silky, blonde hair of She. It was as if She had been possessed by the drum beat of the Night Bird. "She lusted for what she'd never known" and "begged for one sweet taste." The piece ended with a flash of light, a drum beat and She falling into the arms of the chorus. The performances of Dwight Baldwin (Night Bird) and Cynthia Williams (She) highlighted the piece. They presented two opposites that were emphasized by Michelle Bach (Shaman) and the chorus.

"Bedtime in Bedlam," performed and choreographed by Della Cowall was a somewhat ambiguous piece. Use of a lamp, a chair, and a recording of a child's voice presented interesting elements. However, the piece was stationary and did not climax.

"Movements of running in place, leaping and getting nowhere, of pulling a rope or trying to climb stairs seemed to represent the bedlam. The end of the piece was confusing. Della Cowall sat in the chair by the lamp and appeared to be designated to "bedtime" except that her leg twirled nervously.

Fred Banjamin's "After the Rain" employed a large group of dancers that were all together on stage only at the beginning and end of the piece. The piece began with flashes of lightning, the sound of rain and bodies covering the stage floor. Costumes of earth colors and clean, lyrical movements suggested the freshness after a rain. Various groupings of dancers alternated with changes in the music. The first music change was emphasized by a diagonal line of dancers leaping and rolling across the stage, the second by an empty stage. The piece was drawn together as all the dancers assembled on stage and facing the back of the stage. Yellow lights came on to represent the sun coming out and the dancers rolled to their opening random grouping on the floor. Movement throughout the piece was varied incorporating head and finger movements, and arms that were bird-like at times.

Material explored by the Music and Dance class directed by Ada Fitzgerald and Wall Matthews was used in the piece "Cross Purposes". This was a fun piece to watch. Its thirty dancers dressed in black and white were used continuously throughout the piece and were never overwhelming in their number. Catchy music composed by Wall Matthews was sung and played by the group. Everyday movements such as finger pointing, head shaking, saying no and running made the piece very accessible.

"An Autobiography in Five Chapters" choreographed and performed by Carolyn Cole presented the progression in her life. It was compared to walking down the street and falling in a hole in the sidewalk. In the first three chapters Carolyn Cole falls in the hole but takes

Dance Scapes:

 Works by Junior and Senior Dance Majors

By Carmen Fernandez

On a scale from one to ten... Thank heavens they haven't introduced that rage into the arts—yet!

The evening opened with a piece by Nancy Farghurgh, "Pulling It All Together". This image made me smile when I went over the program, and my smile became bigger when I realized that the "pulling" was carried through into the choreography. The music pretty much dictated the movement, but successfully so; (it is interesting to know that the choice of music was made only a week before the performance). There was a nice variety of movement and sharp cutting dance. Tanara Brown and Katherine Lane were well tuned into each other. Light, fresh, entertaining, pleasing.

Molly Kolb’s "Liar’s Lullaby" was set in a totally different mood. The music created a self-contained space which the dance maintained consistently throughout. Amy Condren’s strength as a performer balanced the power of the music. Amy has that marvelous talent of losing herself when she dances. By this I mean that she gives herself fully and totally; she is not Amy on stage—she is who she dances.

The sequence of pieces in the concert was sometimes unfortunate. The next piece was "Essence" by Lisa M. Putala. The mood was much the same as in Molly’s piece, and the opening movement—a slow, rocking back and forth—although in itself beautiful, suggested the previous dance’s opening. The duet was well performed by Noreen Daly and Daniel M. Joseph. However, the choreography depended largely on cliches. There was nothing new, not in theme, nor in movement. Furthermore, the title never revealed its significance, at least not to me. The music was beautiful and marvelously performed by

Jan Henkelman.

Nest was "Rejuvenation" by Nina Wesbrock, and my expectations of this piece were fulfilled. The dancers, Valerie Sulwirth, Ellen Landis, and Hilary Lower, dearly loved to be in Nina’s dance. They smiled at us, at each other, at the musicians, and at the others. The dance was basically a rhythmic communication between dancers and musicians. The movement was mostly confined to a basic theme, which happened simultaneously or as a round. This piece was so happy. The only sad thing about it was the audience wasn’t supposed to join in the round.

Tina Marshall’s "Fellowship" followed intermission, combination movement and vocals. I admired Valeri Sulwirth and Beth Rubenstruck’s performance, but I find it hard to be a good sport in this style of movement, because that is exactly what it is to me—a style, self-conscious and self-indulgent.

Characterized by heavy breathing and struggle, it typified Conn College tradition, and that clarifies a lot. "Schools" can be dangerous as far as individual creativity and personality is concerned, unless the artist can transcend what the school has given him or her. The majors’ concerts are usually filled with "heavy stuff"—at least it claims to be so on the surface. But the essence seems to be lost, maybe because it just is not there.

I gladly welcomed Ellen Landis’ "Wildfire". It was a beautiful work, a meaningful metaphor of life, portrayed through not only the choreography, but the colors of the costumes and the music as well. The four seasons, the times of day, the ages of man. The dancers, Caroline Karcher, Nancy Minnides, less and less time to get out of it. Movement was unflattering when it began and Coles had a lost expression on her face. By the fourth chapter the hole was not fallen into. Movement was lighter, happier and more flattering to the dancer. She looked happier and confident. In the fifth chapter she walked down another street. In the dark we could bear her open a door and walk out of the theater. The progression in the chapters of life were symbolized by removing an article of clothing between each chapter and by a change in the music. The music composed and performed by Charles Frink began as fragments of phrases and gradually became whole passages of entertaining jazz music.

Gerri Houlihan’s "Cityscapes" began with three chords of piano music, each one accompanied by a spotlight shining on a dancer. The piece explored partnering, lifts, and small subsets of the entire group performing, alternating with short sequences of the entire group doing contractions or jumps successively or in unison. It ended with the three opening dancers standing surrounded by the rest of the group on the floor. This piece was pleasant to watch and presented a landscape of movement to observe. It did not require a change or thought process of its audience.

The concert was a little long with too much time between pieces, but it was an enjoyable, well-presented evening of entertainment.

Continued on Page 5
By All Moore

"OK," he said. She patted Davie, then came to sit on Nathan's bed. He could just see her through his almost shut eyelids. Rose-silver lips glistened softly. The color made Nathan think of a few years back when Ma had let him hold the bathroom sink and watch her draw on rose-silver lips. She puckered in front of the mirror after finishing. Sometimes Ma put blue on her eyelids. In that bright light, she looked even more beautiful. Here, Ma looked fine.

"Still thinking about your trout?" she asked.

"No. I'm pretending to sleep," he said. "And not doing a very good job of it."

Ma's hand felt warm. Mostly, Ma talked with soft Delicate words. Her fingers nuzzled his cheek. The hand, then, settled on his shoulder. It felt heavy and warm.

"Davie's sleeping well," Ma said.

"Mmm," he said. She squeezed a bit to give him the what's wrong look. Nathan kept his lids half-closed and looked away from her, towards the door. He smelled that smell Ma had damped on her neck in the bathroom. White lines still fringed the door.

"Mr. Henshaw says you're a crack with the Byron," Ma said. "You caught more than anybody has this month."

It smelled sweet, too clean in the cool air. Ma's hand felt warm. Mostly, Ma smelled like girls, very warm. But it took away that smell. She didn't want to be a girl.

"All that practice in the backyard really paid off," Ma said. "The neighbors thought you were fishing for leaves."

She squeezed his shoulder, then let her fingers go limp.

"When you don't live near ponds, lawns make good practices," Nathan said.

"It's a lovely house, don't you think?"

"It's OK," he said. "It's all right," he said.

"But what about those pheasants? Davie and you did such fun flushing them."

Nathan thought of the seven pheasants. Never had he found so large a covey. He saw a big cock, then another, and a hen. Andrew whooped. They flushed. TATTHU popopopopop. Big birds with whirring wings flew over the pine trees, away. He couldn't move. "They were OK," Nathan said. "You'll have to tell your father about them."

"Yes," he said. "Next time I visit Pop in the city."

Behind the door, Mr. Henshaw probably lay in bed, peering at it.
The questions are:

1. What is it like being gay at Conn? Is it easier or more difficult than at other places?

2. Do you have specific incidents (or anecdotes) come to mind when thinking about gay life at Conn?

3. Do you have regrets about choosing the gay lifestyle?

4. What are the advantages of being gay?

5. Could you give a little history of the organization?

6. Anything else you would like to add?

Peter:

1. Being gay at Conn isn't easy for me because I know so few people. I seem to have a lot of friends among straight friends anyway, so I'm afraid to come out to the few friends I have in fear of losing them because I am gay. People don't understand that if you tell them you're gay, you're not making a pass at them but just asserting that because you're coming out you're going to try and seduce everyone. Not true! I just want to be accepted as who I am, not rejected because of who I have sex with.

2. Sorry, no anecdotes

Peter 3. First off, I didn't choose to be gay. I am completely out of the closet, but I didn't want to be this way, I just am. As to regrets, the two biggest regrets I have about being gay are: 1) The fact that I don't feel it is necessary to be in the closet (for me) because I know how many of my friends feel about gays. 2) 2.

3. It's a little isolated, mainly because there is not a large number of people who participate in the LGC (Lesbian and Gay Community). Since I am bisexual I have had a slightly different experience. When I first "came out" (of the closet), there were people in the LGC who didn't accept or support me. I had to alter some of my behavior in order to make them aware of the special situation of bisexuals.

Being "out" is sometimes more difficult than being "out" at other places (such as Boston), only because it's like a small town; you know everyone.

But I've never lost a friend at Conn because of my sexual orientation, and I think that says something positive about people here. At the beginning of this year, at Club Night, I was sitting at our table when somebody stuck their head in and asked "Why do you need to advertise your sexuality? Why do you need to have your group at all?" I said that we weren't advertising our sexuality anymore than a heterosexual couple who have necking in the living room, that the group existed mainly for peer support, and for the purpose of educating the college community.

By Ken Lankin

My mother always told me to stay away from the trash. It's filthy, disease-ridden, and you're liable to be bitten by a rat. I thought this was rather sound advice and followed it although I once rescued an old bicycle from the Goliath yellow truck when it discarded "trash-truck juice" on our stickball field in the summer. Yet after finals last spring, I bought that bicycle. It had been discarded when I noticed a silk-lined London Fog coat that I was going to trade it in for a brand new manual typewriter. I put a sign up on the laundry room door about taking my washing that day, but people not doing to their wash at unreasonable hours, because it makes noise. When I put up a sign with a question mark, the sign appeared a comment that said: "So do you?" With an arrow pointing to my room. The people who put it there crossed out, and still it was torn off. I thought that the person who tore out the sign didn't know enough to say if my people was a non-issue. We aren't hassled because people don't have to think about the fact that gay people exist here.

2. A former member of the gay community became a born-again Christian and decided that homosexuality was wrong, not only for personal reasons, but because he was told that he could no longer be friends with other gays. I disagreed on something that was very basic to both of us. I could not stop being gay anymore like my friend could stop being a Christian. That was one of the hardest decisions I ever had to make.

I put up a sign on the laundry room door about taking my washing that day, but people not doing to their wash at unreasonable hours, because it makes noise. When I put up a sign with a question mark, the sign appeared a comment that said: "So do you?" With an arrow pointing to my room. The people who put it there crossed out, and still it was torn off. I thought that the person who tore out the sign didn't know enough to say if my people was a non-issue. We aren't hassled because people don't have to think about the fact that gay people exist here.

3. I didn't choose to be gay, and I don't think my lifestyle is any different than at other places. I think that the person who tore out the sign didn't know enough to say if my people was a non-issue. We aren't hassled because people don't have to think about the fact that gay people exist here.
George Blahun

By Robin Lynn Waxenberg

When George Blahun graduated high school in 1939 during the Depression, he never dreamed of immediately going on to college.

"People knew what it was like to be poor and hungry," he said in a recent interview. "It would have been difficult to go to college and a sacrifice for my family."

But on May 30, Blahun will be one of 24 graduating Return to College seniors at Connecticut College.

"I've enjoyed my connection to the academy so much," said the 81-year-old sociology major. "I've found the students amazing. They proved to me youth is a state of mind. I think they're tremendous." In Chinese 202 we respectably call Mrs. Madeline Chu and slowly open the door of room 417.

One day after class I asked Mrs. Chu if she was serious. I remembered her words, "Why do you teach Chinese, do you like it?" Chu Taitai told me, "Some questions in Chinese, but she discovered, taken all our senses. It takes over not only our tongues, but meets us in our dreams. It has become a way of life and sometimes it seems that all else exists around it." One day after class I asked Mrs. Chu some questions in Chinese, but she answered me in English because I can't write Chinese that fast. And besides, the Voice readers wouldn't understand.

Madeline Chu was born in Xian (Shaanxi), on the mainland of China, which was a cultural center for several dynasties. It is now a famous tourist area. When the Communists took over in 1949, Madeline and her family left the mainland and eventually settled in Taiwan. She hasn't been back since, but she says emphatically, she would like to. In Taiwan she went to the best schools and at Taiwan University she studied traditional Chinese literature (literary). Madeline Chu was married and had children, and in America at the University of Arizona she received her Ph.D. in language and literature. I asked her what she had wanted to do when she was a little girl, and she said "the wife of a famous person, to stay at home and raise children." Chu Taitai is married with children, and since 1980 she has come to Connecticut College in the rain and snow to teach us Chinese.

I asked her, "Wei shenma ni siyinhan Connecticut Diasywe?" (Why do you like Connecticut College?) "The College puts a strong emphasis on quality teaching," Mrs. Chu said. And the student, "Attentive, responsive, knowledgeable."

I may have chuckled a bit, but I couldn't help but see that she was serious. I remembered many times when I couldn't answer a question and would just say "So bu ju da, wo yiwei hen bende ren." (I dunno, I'm stupid). Now was my chance to find out what she really thought. She told me she understood how difficult learning Chinese is, and that she went through the same deal learning English.

Wow, I thought, teachers really do understand.

I decided to go one step further: "Why do you teach Chinese, do you really like it?" Chu Taitai told me, "I really like it." I think she was a teaching a passion, and that it pleases her very much when she sees progress, and then she added, "I had a mission feeling to spread Chinese culture."

I felt very happy after this talk, but I didn't want to leave yet. We must have talked for another half hour just about things. I don't even remember if we spoke English or Chinese.
There is a refreshing breeze of sanity and hopefulness blowing across Europe today. From sun-splashed Sicily to the green shores of Scotland, European cities have recently been filled with people from all socio-economic backgrounds calling for peace and nuclear disarmament. Europeans are well aware that they live on the most equipped battlefield in the history of the world, surrounded by over 12,000 nuclear weapons deployed in Europe. This deadly stockpile of nuclear weapons in both East and West Europe has resulted in 12,000 megatons of explosive power. During World War II, 50 million people were killed with only five megatons of conventional explosives. This means there are enough nuclear weapons in Europe to obliterate every man, woman, and child many times over. Have we forgotten that man, like all animals, must first and foremost be concerned with the survival of his species?

In Europe, the West's confrontation is more direct and dangerous than any other part of the globe. The never-ending buildup of sophisticated nuclear weapons combined with ever-present border conflicts makes Europe the most likely region for a nuclear war. Europeans are well aware of the danger they live in. They know their homelands would be the initial battleground of a nuclear holocaust.

People from all sides have demanded a drastic alteration to the nuclear madness. Former U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union George Kennan has spearheaded this movement. He has proposed a 50% reduction in the nuclear armaments by the two superpowers and an eventual demilitarization of Europe.

Nuclear weapons were introduced to Europe by the U.S. in the early 1950s as a sign of allegiance against Soviet aggression. When West Germany was occupied, large numbers of nuclear weapons were economically less expensive than maintaining a large army. Former Secretary of State John Dulles in 1954 described the policy best: "More bang for the buck." With the advantage of hindsight, NATO's introduction of nuclear weapons has had an ominous characteristic in which one side might attempt to strike the other on impulse.

Recent, the Reagan administration has tried to deceive the Western public with the idea of a "winnable" nuclear war in Europe. There are no grounds to support the idea of limited nuclear war and it is extremely dangerous to believe otherwise. The detonation of one nuclear weapon in Europe would be the beginning of unimaginable worldwide devastation. Both sides have hundreds of nuclear weapons on a continent that can be moved within 24 hours to targeted target within minutes. What's more, there is a real possibility that nuclear war could be set off accidentally. There have been hundreds of recorded cases of misfiring in the complex computer system that controls the nuclear forces. On numerous occasions nuclear weapons have been close to being launched because of computer error or human error.

The vulnerability to a first strike attack increases the possibilities of warfare. If one side feels an attack is imminent they tend off to their fleet to bombard out the opposition's nuclear weapons. How have we allowed ourselves to be put in the position where in the matter of minutes, civilization as we know it will not exist?

The plan would work as follows: both the Soviets and the U.S. would turn in equal numbers of nuclear weapons and they would choose what weapons they wish to turn in. Each weapon would count the same, whether they be missiles, warheads, bombs, or artillery shells. This solves the problem of verification since each weapon is uniquely identifiable.

Self-interest will make each side bring in its most valuable weapons. It is logical that both the U.S. and the Soviet Union will retain their most inflammable weapons. Thus the temptation of either side firing first in a time of crisis, lest it last them to an enemy capable of striking back, will be reduced. This eliminates the most dangerous aspects of nuclear forces, the "hair trigger" characteristic in which one side might attempt to strike the other on impulse.

The weapons would probably be handed over to a joint Soviet-American commission established for the purpose of acting as a referee. Weapons would be converted to nuclear power for civilian purposes. Uranium 238, the main element of nuclear weapons can be diluted into Uranium 235, a level of concentration suitable for nuclear energy but not for bombs.

The effects of deep cuts would be extraordinary. Reduction in American and Soviet nuclear arsenals would demonstrate the superpower's sincere willingness to put an end to the senseless overhaul of the nuclear arms race. A reduction in nuclear force would no longer be available for a nuclear war scenario and only relatively inflammable components of strategic forces would remain. Furthermore, the chances of accidental or unauthorized nuclear firing will be reduced. Now is the time to make it perfectly clear to the political leaders of the globe that the majority of world opinion strongly supports a nuclear disarmament.
It was an impromptu announcement, made with little fanfare. Basketball coach Dennis Wolff had called his team together for a brief noontime meeting on April 19th, because he had wanted them to be the first to know. Effective at the end of the school year, Wolff will resign his head coaching position at Connecticut to become assistant coach at St. Bonaventure University.

Charles Luce, athletic director at Conn, had been preparing himself for this type of announcement since the day Wolff signed his contract almost two years ago. "The problem with hiring such talented young coaches as Dennis," explained Luce, "is that you know it is only a matter of time until they are tapped by bigger schools."

Wolff has made it no secret that his desire is to be a headcoach at a Division I college. What has been so surprising is the speed at which he is achieving his goal. Four years ago, the 27-year-old Wolff was completing his college career as a guard for LSU (2 years) and two years at San Francisco. An astute student of the game, Wolff moved right from his 1978 graduation from UConn to the campus of Trinity College, where he became an assistant to Dan Doyle. He actively solicited work and challenges. In his first year as varsity assistant, he took over the head reins of the junior varsity squad. As a 25-year-old head coach, he led his first squad to a perfect 15-0 season. As Doyle's right-hand man on the varsity squad, Wolff used his connections in his native New York City to attract some blue chip prospects to the Bantams. Wolff quickly made himself a reputation as both a good leader from the bench and an ace recruiter. When he was an assistant, he always ran up against the Camels. When Charles Luce decided to step down as basketball coach, after a 4-19 season, to devote his full attention to being athletic director, he needed a new head coach to move in. The Camels lacked both reputation and facilities. The team had never been considered a winner, and nobody even seemed to care. In a sense, Luce was looking for a coach who would not be afraid to start from scratch. Conn needed a coach willing to work hard to build a winner.

Dennis Wolff had become familiar with the Conn program during his two years at Trinity. As a member of the Bantams, he led the Conn last trip to Cro Gym in the '79-'80 season, Wolff learned from Luce that the coaching profession was only one step away. When the life of Dennis Wolff, the following season, Wolff was a point of the season came in February. Coach Wolff did not mortgage the future to this day, the shy, gentle K.B. is a tragic tale. Katherine Blunt, a member of the Whaling City Ford Invitational O'Brien took the position at St. Bonaventure.

Wolff's head coaching position would be available at Guard in exciting matches. The high-desire to be a head coach at a Division I school would be a keen way to invest money. Increasing job security would be a keen way to invest money. Wolff knew the challenge of hiring a new coach for a Division I school would be a keen way to invest money. Increasing job security would be a keen way to invest money. Wolff knew the challenge of hiring a new coach for a Division I school would be a keen way to invest money. Increasing job security would be a keen way to invest money. Wolff knew the challenge of hiring a new coach for a Division I school would be a keen way to invest money.
This College Voice Coupon Valid
ANY DAY...ANY TIME
for...ANY SANDWICH*
99¢ SALE
Offer Good through May 21, 1982
*Any foot-long single meat sandwich
With this coupon you'll receive any foot-long sandwich for 99¢ when you purchase another of comparable value at the usual listed price.
REDEEM AT: NEW LONDON/WATERFORD/GROTON

Famous Foot Long Sandwiches
NEW LONDON: WATERFORD: GROTON:
2 BANK ST. 113 BOSTON POST RD. 94 POQUONNOCK RD.

JOIN US IN OUR OPEN HOUSE
May 7-May 14
AT
COUNTY BARTENDING SCHOOLS
170 Flanders Road, Niantic, Ct.
EXPERIENCE THE EXCITEMENT OF BECOMING A PROFESSIONAL BARTENDER
— LEARN —
MIXOLOGY, BAR MANAGEMENT, BEVERAGE CONTROL
No need to leave your present job. Sat. & Evening classes available.
For more information about your new career call 739-8680

24 HOUR REPAIR SERVICE
MOTOBECANE
PEUGEOT
UNIVEGA
Racing, Touring, Commuting Equip., Free advice and Estimates

10 % DISCOUNT
On parts and accessories with College I.D.
420 Ocean Ave.
New London, CT
442-1688