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Tenure Decisions Questioned

by Jennifer Price

Last May, acting on the recommendations of President Oakes Ames and the Faculty Advisory Committee on Appointments, Promotions, and Termination of Appointments, the Board of Trustees of Connecticut College denied tenure to two full-time faculty members claiming their teaching was "inadequate, not up to the standards Connecticut College is now applying..." The two professors, John Deredita and Robert Artinian, say the action is both unwarranted and illegal.

The action of the Board of Trustees was the last step in the process which began last winter when the two professors received notification that they would not be recommended for tenure. They both appealed, and their appeals were rejected. Officially, the cases are closed; the decisions have been made. But neither Deredita nor Artinian are satisfied. As Deredita said, "This is a case of both slander and libel, and it will be taken up legally, if the administration does not right the wrong on its own."

The faculty by-laws (Oct. 1980) state "Connecticut College accepts the principles of academic tenure as defined and accepted by the American Association of University Professors (AAUP)..." The AAUP is currently reviewing

the school's tenure policies, and in a letter to Ames it states "if the cases of Deredita and Artinian are typical, Connecticut College is unacceptably careless or cynical."

The Faculty Advisory Committee, which advises the President, recommended that Deredita and Artinian not be granted tenure. The President passes the committee's recom-

potential and performance in teaching, scholarship...and service to the department and the college" state the by-laws.

"Judgements concerning performance in teaching are made by departments from written evaluations by faculty colleagues...the written report of a...student advisory committee...and materials contained in the personal file."

"This came as a total shock to us"

mendations and his own on to the board of trustees for approval.

It is the job of the Faculty advisory Committee, according to the by-laws, to "act as the conscience of the faculty in assuring that only superior candidates receive tenure..." The advisory committee consists of five members selected by the faculty but not representative of faculty opinions: Barbara June Macklin, Tom Havens, Edward Cranz, Paul Fell, and Marion Doro.

"Decisions regarding the granting of tenure involve a process in which both the performance of the faculty member...and the needs of the department and the institution are considered...(they) are based upon evaluation of

"Evaluation of scholarship is made by the department faculty...the elements considered...are:

- 1) Maintaining scholarly competence...
- 2) Original research and scholarly publication...
- 3) Professional activities outside the college."

"The administration of the college...considers tenure appointments not only in terms of the qualifications of the candidate, but also in terms of the number of faculty with tenure and the impact of additional tenure appointments on the ability of the College and its departments to meet future needs."

Last spring the committee reviewed five candidates for tenure. Rolf Jensen

(Economics), David Cullen (Chemistry), and Eugene Gallagher (Religious Studies) received it. Deredita (Hispanic Studies) and Artinian (French) did not.

"This came as a total shock to us," said Argyll Rice, former chairman of the Hispanic Studies Department. "Mr. Deredita had the highest recommendations from his department, his colleagues, and the student advisory board."

"Nothing requires that the department submit student course evaluations. Not all departments do. Miss Rice did because she thought they could only strengthen my recommendation," added Deredita.

"On February 27 I received a letter from Oakes Ames,"

Deredita continued. "He said that the advisory committee praised my scholarship and was pleased with my service to the college, but in looking at the student evaluations they noticed some negatives," said Deredita.

The by-laws state that the evaluations are to be interpreted by the department and the student advisory committee. "It is most disturbing that the advisory committee takes it upon itself to interpret the students' reports in a manner almost diametrically opposite to the department's interpretation," said Deredita in a written appeal for the reversal of the negative tenure recommendation.

Rice resigned her position as department chairman in protest.

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The College Book

by Megan Santosus

When I first began applying to colleges. I relied heavily on guidebooks, namely those by Barron's and The New York Times, in order to get basic profiles of schools. The books were quite helpful in that they provided the practical information that I wanted to know; size, location, academics, test scores, financial aid, and facilities. After consulting the guides, I chose the schools which were of most interest to me, and then obtained further information from the schools themselves. Consequently, the guides provided me with the very important first impressions with regards to choosing a school which had an integral role in my decision to apply to Connecticut College.

I depended on the guides for my first impressions, and consequently reacted with a mixture of disbelief and anger to a new guide, Lisa Birnbach's *College Book*. Remembering her previous literary endeavor, *The Official Preppy Handbook*, Lisa Birnbach's latest book is written in much the same vein. Unfortunately, her college book is meant to be taken seriously as the claim on the front cover that it is "the first and only college guide to tell it like it is" clearly indicates.

However, I find it hard to take any guide seriously that includes among the criteria for choosing a school favorite

drugs, favorite drinking games, best pizza, and the availability of birth control.

According to Birnbach, Connecticut College, more affectionately known as "Coco for Wo and Bo" is overflowing with gorgeous "girls (not women)," Ivy League rejects, and Porsches. The prevalence of rich, preppy kids from private schools adds to the "finishing school" atmosphere at Conn. The lack of diversity is seen as a major drawback, and many students are so pre-occupied with appearances that they "wake up early in the morning to achieve their looks." Birnbach's cynical profile is by no means limited to Conn. For example, she describes Trinity College as a highly chauvinistic institution where "all 1700 students combined are one type of student." Birnbach also reports that during the first three months of the year, "every freshman woman makes a trip to the infirmary for birth control."

In researching for her book, Birnbach visited Conn. last year. During her day-long visit, she interviewed three students, The Dean of Admissions, and a professor. The three students who were interviewed included two seniors (one of whom was a transfer), and a freshman. Ellen Bailey, now a sophomore, stated that the "questions were very

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Burlingame & The Cold War

by Michael Schoenwald

The United States is involved in building nuclear weapons and overthrowing governments to prevent the Soviets from taking over the world. True, but not totally for territory in the eyes of historian Michael Burlingame. Americans are partially influenced by internal or unconscious motivations in their quest to make the world safe for Democracy.

Burlingame, a Professor of History at Connecticut College, voiced his views in a lecture entitled 'The Irrational Roots of the Cold War and the Arms Race.'

Four unconscious psychological mechanisms influence American Cold War thinking. Displacement, anger which is meant for one person directed on another, prevents us from knowing about the countries we deal with.

"The way American foreign policy is made has precious little to do with the realities of other countries with which they deal," Burlingame said. As a result "it is a wide open field for projection of unconscious material, very easy to use foreign affairs as a vehicle for domestic frustrations, displacing anger and aggression onto what we see."

The displacement arguments is based on the notion that American character changed from the 19th to 20th centuries. In the 19th century Americans were entrepreneurial and carried a particular pride in self-reliance, 20th century Americans, carried by the prosperous tides of industrialism, gave up individualism in order to enjoy a vastly improved standard of living.

"We felt uneasy about abandoning rugged individualists, joining corpora-

tions and becoming cogs in a machine," Burlingame explained. "That set up a great deal of anger, frustration and tension which had to be vented somewhere, and it tended to be vented in attitude toward foreign affairs."

Shadow projection is a second unconscious mechanism contributing to American Cold War attitudes. Each of us, because we are human, has a dark underside of our personality and character, our shadow. This dark shadow consists of all the unacceptable traits, impulses and attitudes that we have in us but that we have been taught not to have.

"We repress them and don't acknowledge their existence," Burlingame said, referring to the unacceptable traits. "But we must have an outlet for them and the usual way of do-

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Tenure

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Artinian's case is different. While his service to the college was praised, his teaching and publications were criticized by the administration, citing the lack of his chairman's support. "In actual fact," Artinian stated, "student evaluations were overwhelmingly favorable, and the Student Advisory Board vigorously protested the chairman's recommendation and the President's decision. But it appears that student opinion is only listened to when it coincides with administrative policy."

In the area of publications Artinian is undoubtedly one of the most productive members of his department. He has written two books and numerous articles, and he is an active bibliographer for the Modern Language Association. Ironically, shortly after his appeal was turned down another of his articles on the French novel was published, and he was honored by a research grant from the prestigious National Endowment for the Humanities.

"The college hired Mr. Deredita and me in tenure-track positions, knowing we were professors of long-standing merit. Both of us

were enthusiastically reviewed and renewed by our departments and by the administration last year. Both of us were warmly endorsed by our respective Student Advisory Boards. When President Ames informed us that tenure would be denied, he said that we did not measure up to the standards that Connecticut College is now applying. . . No one told us that the standards had somehow changed, nor in what way."

"The AAUP suspects that due process was not followed, and has told this to the President in no uncertain terms," said Artinian.

Both Deredita and Artinian have appealed the Advisory Committee's initial decision not to grant tenure, but "an appeal is not really an appeal," said Deredita, "you just go back to the same court."

Deredita wrote an eleven page argument appealing for the reversal of the school's decision. "I didn't have to solicit support," he said. "The Hispanic Studies Student Advisory Board wrote a formal letter to the committee saying it had misused the student evaluations. The board also spoke directly with President

Ames, urging the reversal of the decision. Many, many individual students also wrote letters. Alumni wrote. Jr. year abroad students wrote. Professors from Yale, Columbia, and Cornell wrote. One professor from MIT wrote 'one must question Connecticut College's commitment to secondary language teaching' in light of my failure to receive tenure."

There is widespread faculty belief that the school is enforcing, in the words of Artinian, "a de facto tenure quota."

The faculty by-laws state "Decisions on staffing and tenure will not be based on any fixed numerical quotas." Yet they also "consider tenure appointments not only in the terms of the qualifications of the candidate, but also in terms of the number of faculty with tenure. . ."

Deredita said "It would appear that someone decided Conn college needed a tenure quota. The way they decided (not to grant tenure) was to lie about Mr. Artinian's and my qualifications."

"Languages are being discriminated against. The administration doesn't care to strengthen or maintain the

European languages," said Deredita. "It's not people or students or education that matters, it's money. Connecticut College is not in a dire financial state. There's all the talk about demographic trends, but if you look at the figures it's just not happening. Conn's applicant pool as well as its freshman class size keeps increasing."

Artinian agrees. "The language and literature departments are being discouraged and abused. Science and sports are the focal points." Furthermore he wonders, "Who is the college? Administrative decisions have academic consequences. The faculty and students are what's important. The ad-

ministration's job is to do the things that need to be done if faculty are to teach and students are to learn."

"This is very demoralizing for the faculty; especially young faculty," said Deredita. "Tenure is given arbitrarily and sparingly. It doesn't seem to matter if you've published a lot and if you're well known in your field."

"This all stands to embarrass the college," said Deredita. "The ultimate effect would be censure of the college by the AAUP. That would put the college in some pretty sleazy company: lesser institutions which have attacked the academic freedom of their faculty."

Burlingame

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ing this is to project them onto somebody else. Nations tend to do this to other nations."

Burlingame mentioned James B. Forrestal, the first United States Secretary of Defense, as an example of projection of personality needs on to policy.

Forrestal was personally at war with Communism long before the Cold War began. He was one of the first senior policy makers to be convinced that the U.S. must organize itself for prolonged confrontation with the Soviet Union.

"Just as the Cold War provided an arena for transference and projection for James B. Forrestal it provided the same sort of thing for millions of Americans," Burlingame said.

Another irrational root of the Cold War lies in Carl Jung's theory of the suppression of the contrasexual.

Jung theorized that one of the chief tasks we face in life is to become conscious of the contrasexual figure, the inner woman in man (onima) and the inner man in woman (nobos). The onima, the repository of Eros the god of love, is creative, empathetic, intuitive, nurturing and wise. The nobos divides, separates and analyzes.

"As long as the onima stays repressed and unconscious it is not unlikely to be excessively aggressive, belligerent and

egocentric," Burlingame said. "Such men who repress their contrasexual nature tend to be hardliners and hawks in their foreign policy views."

Burlingame added that "the need to prove one's manhood by aggressive behavior has characterized the actions of most American leaders throughout the postwar era."

Jung also worked with typology, what he called the introverted and extroverted character types. Introverts concentrate on the self while extroverts are interested in others or the environment. Burlingame said the United States reward "thinking extroverts" while the Soviets tended toward "introversion and feeling."

"If we don't develop our own sense of our personal and collective inferior function we can't empathize and understand people whose functions are different," Burlingame said.

If we want to dissolve the mistrust that exists between ourselves the Soviet Union Burlingame believes we must become more conscious human beings.

"If we acknowledge that some of the aggressiveness we hold toward the Soviet Union is partly our own self than it would be easier for us to take the initiative and stop testing missiles and warheads underground," he reasoned.

From The Dark Side

by Anne-Marie Theriault

On Tuesday, October 30, the Haines Room of the library will be transformed into a land of mystery and imagination. At 7:30 p.m., Barbara Reed and the Mystery Storytellers will present the fifth annual Halloween Storytelling, entitled, "Tales From the Dark Side."

At this storytelling event, sponsored by the Connecticut Storytelling Center and the Department of Education, there will be faculty, student, and child storytellers. Besides Barbara Reed, the Mystery Storytellers include Jessica Ammiratti, who will present an original story; Kim Cope, a senior here at Conn.; Robley Evans; and Beth Hannah, who will tell a story by Chekhov.

Many people think that storytelling is primarily for children, but this is not true. Barbara Reed, an Education Professor who is involved in the storytelling movement, says, "Children enjoy and need stories, but the appeal for stories is not just for children, by any means." She encourages people of all ages and backgrounds to come to the Halloween Storytelling, to hear the folktales and myths that are meant for anyone.

The Halloween Storytelling is not an isolated event. Barbara Reed says that there is a serious storytelling movement presently sweeping this country. Four years ago, she began the Connecticut Storytelling Festival here as a means of bringing storytellers together. The festival was the start of the storytelling movement in Connecticut. The storytellers always existed, but they did not know each other. The festival drew these storytellers together, and also introduced

new people to the story telling movement.

In January, 1984, Barbara Reed began directing the Connecticut Storytelling Center, which is located here on campus. The Center really grew out of the Festival. People began to ask many questions about other storytelling events

College Book continued from page 1

general," and that Birnbach displayed "poor research tactics" by considering the opinions of only three students. According to Bailey, Birnbach accepted the students' opinions as facts rather than objective views.

In the book, Birnbach quotes Jeanette Hersey as saying, "I would make it (Conn) my fallback if I were applying today. . . we would be naive if we didn't think Conn. was a second choice." When I spoke to Dean Hersey, she expressed her disappointment with the quote, saying that "it was taken out of context." Dean Hersey said the quote was made "in reference to the system of applying to colleges in that it is often necessary to choose a preference." In another instance, Dean Hersey is quoted as saying, "There is no question that we are accepting more generously. This is a rich kid's school." This quote in particular angered Hersey

and classes, so the Center was begun as a way of collectively answering most of these questions. The Center publishes a newsletter, sponsors workshops and programs, and generally helps to spread the word about storytelling to as many different people as possible.

who termed it "ridiculous" to attribute that statement to any member of the admissions staff. Furthermore, Dean Hersey believes that the superficial criteria used by Birnbach is "an insult to the intelligence of students who place importance on the selection of a college."

What is most unbelievable about this book is that it was published under the pretence of aiding students in the college selection process. What it succeeds to do however is to evaluate schools in an extremely distorted and superficial manner. At worst, Lisa Birnbach's College Book is an example of irresponsible journalism, and at best it is a spoof below The Official Preppy Handbook. Above all, however, Lisa Birnbach's College Book should not be used by any student wishing to make a well informed and accurate selection of a college.

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In Appreciation Of...

by Mark Leepman

I wanted to get away from school. I had been there for seven weeks, and pressure existed. I felt the urge to get out on my own and to explore some new territory in order to forget about Conn. for awhile.

I went to the library and began looking at maps and reference guides to natural areas in the Northeast. I thought the White Mountains would suffice because I had never been there, and by occupying ten percent of New Hampshire, the area was certainly large enough to get lost in.

I got a ride from school to southern New Hampshire that Friday to where a fellow student lives with his family on an apple farm. This weekend would be a big harvesting time for them. Early Saturday morning, they dropped me off on route 101 headed north. In about ten minutes a clean, light-blue cutlass slowed and stopped. When I told the driver my destination, he smiled and said that he had been there the previous weekend. He took me as far as Manchester, gave me candles, firestarter, and a map and went out of his way to put me on Interstate 93 that would take me to Lincoln—my starting point at the base of the White Mountains.

I had just slammed the car door and was not even down the entrance ramp when a '65 Impala pulled over. When he informed me that he was going to Lincoln, I hastily tossed my pack into the back seat and climbed in. My new acquaintance wasted no time in getting there. I thought that at this rate I could probably hike from Franconia Notch to Ethan Pond shelter by dusk.

Soon I was at the visitor's center in Lincoln where I bought a map of the park and planned my route. I stopped at the police station to obtain a fire permit, the post office to mail a card to a friend in St. Louis, and then the general store to buy elbow macaroni, sardines, and a can opener. I also received a large tin can upon request, from the diner,

from which I fashioned a cooking pot with a coathanger for a handle. I punched holes in the sides of the can up near the rim, with a nail that I found in the carpenter's truck who gave me a lift from town to the start of the trail. The coathanger looped through the holes on either side of the can and functioned well.

According to the map, Wilderness Trail should be on the left-hand side of the road, before the river, and just beyond the Hancock picnic area. There it was. Before entering the woods, I rejoiced and gave thanks that thus far I had been so fortunate. It was drizzling, and the weather report posted at the visitor's center called for lows in the twenties. I had a good tent but only a summer sleeping bag, and I resolved to prevent the latter from getting wet at all costs. I wrapped my spare poncho around the bag, reattached it to my pack, and set out.

Judging from the scale on the map I had just bought at the visitor's center, it appeared as though the first trail ran parallel to the river for about five miles. Then it crossed the river and intersected with Thoreau Falls trail. This would be my first milestone. I walked for about two hours and had crossed the river by the time I arrived at the crossroads. The sign said that I had gone six miles which meant I was making good time. It also meant that my own scale of miles was a little inaccurate. I began wondering whether or not I would make my tentative destination; I had covered one third the distance I had hoped to like that afternoon. I had under-estimated the distance. Now it looked as though I would have to camp somewhere along the trail before reaching Ethan Pond.

I started along again. I was more worried about my rapidly blistering feet than my error. I knew they would give me no peace and kicked myself for not breaking in my boots ahead of time. I had in-

sightfully brought my light running shoes along, but wearing them meant wet socks from the soaked leaves that carpeted the trail. The only problem was that I only had two pair. I muttered some profanities to myself and tried to ignore the pain. After about another two miles it was unbearable. Then, after a hemlock bough swatted my eye while circumnavigating a fallen tree, I could stand it no longer and decided to get a pair of socks wet. With blurred vision from the hemlock branch, I tied the boots to my pack. I was exasperated to find that the change provided little relief. I muttered a few profanities and headed down the trail.

It was still drizzling, and I began to notice the drawbacks of my nylon raincoat; sure it went down below my knees, but the condensation that built up inside was enough to soak my clothes. I did not know whether to take it off and get drizzled on, or leave it on and get drenched by my own sweat. Having no watch and no sun from which to judge the time, I guessed that it was near 4:30. By now I knew that I would hardly make it to my original destination by nightfall.

The trail descended and met the river again. It continued across, but the sign said that the "high water bypass" was eight miles farther upstream. Well, the last thing I needed at that point was to extend my trip, so I began looking for a series of stepping stones that would take me across. I found a route and with only one near miss, made it safely to the other side. When I got there I felt hungry, cold, wet, and tired. I got out the map and tried to pinpoint my location. I hoped to be somewhere near Ethan Pond shelter, but the only places where the stream crossed the trail were nowhere near it. I tried to run a little to save time but only became winded. Perhaps after another mile, I encountered another stream directly in front of me which joined the one on my right.

There were a few stepping stones, and I made it safely across, this time with two near misses. On the other side I found a hearth made of a ring of stones. Just beyond it was another stream twice as wide as the other two. Now I was hemmed in on three sides and knew that I should have taken the bypass. With night coming on, bringing wind and sleet, I decided to set up camp on this small plot of ground and worry about my location in the morning.

It was really starting to get cold, so I donned every dry article of clothing I had and wrung the others out. I set the tent up near the fireplace, but not so close as to invite catastrophe. The wood was soaked. Starting a fire with it would really challenge my woodmanship, but there was little wood in the immediate area. The campers who had preceded me there used what wood was close at hand, naturally, and I had to go deep into the forest in search of more. I could only go in one direction though, because of the streams that bordered my campsite on the remaining three sides. I managed to get a large enough blaze to boil my noodles for my macaroni and cheese dinner. I was starving and eager to test my homemade cooking pot. Later, I was delighted with its usefulness.

After dinner I rinsed out the pot and headed for the tent. I got everything arranged inside; candles in this corner, shoes in that, pack on one side, me on the other. I stripped off the useless poncho and put it on the pack side so that it would not dampen my sleepingbag—my last hope for a comfortable night. So far I had been able to keep it dry, and I needed a good night's sleep.

As I sat there in the tent, I began to think: "Now that was a rough day!" I had not anticipated that much hardship. The actual distance to Ethan Pond was more than I could ever have covered that afternoon. But I do not regret

having to camp out in the tent; that is what I had brought it for and had come to do. I really had come to forget about school but could not help pondering the low morale among certain members of the student body. They have no schulgeist (school spirit), but why? Do they not appreciate the grand quality of living there? As long as I have been there, I have never had to work for two hours to cook my dinner as I did tonight. If I ever had wet clothes, the dryer was never more than a flight of stairs away, and whenever I have felt as gross as I do now, I could jump into the shower for half of an hour and never worry about my hot water consumption. Now that is one thing you cannot do at home. As a matter of fact, life at school resembles life at home except that at school, everything takes care of itself, and all one has to do is take care of his or her self.

So then why are members of our community disenchanted with it? Perhaps they blame the social setting; are the all campus parties redundant and no longer stimulating? Perhaps the scarcity of men is partially responsible for low morale (on this at least I think the women would agree with me). Another possibility, though certainly less overt, might be the isolation of having our own rooms after the first year. With roommates, one shares experiences and feelings. One also meets new people through his roommates as they lead separate lives and make different contacts.

I dozed off for a while and woke to the sound of rushing wind. I could also hear the sleet bouncing off the frozen ground above the constant murmur of the nearby streams. Curling up, I put my head inside the bag to generate heat. Soon I was asleep and when I woke, there was light. The ground was covered with a light dusting of snow. I sat for a moment and planned my next move. I resolved to hike to Crawford Notch as quickly as possible. There I would pick

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Religion and Politics Forum

by Larry Pellegrino

There is an old saying that says there are two things people shouldn't talk about in public; religion and politics. However, last Wednesday night, three professors, two students, and one chaplain defied that conventional wisdom and openly aired their opinions on the mixing of these two controversial subjects.

The question that was put to the six panelists was, "Can conscience and conduct in public life be divorced?" That issue, however, was laid to rest early in the first public issues forum sponsored by the Student Government Association, as the panel and the audience moved on to more controversial subjects.

Dave Fleishman, Class of 1985, began the discussion by

citing the occurrence of a "great danger" when religious leaders try to impose their own views on the public. Professor John Coats of the Government Department added that individual morality and realistic politics must be separated "if the integrity of both is to be preserved."

Their views, however, were not held by the other members of the panel. Professor Bill Cibes, also of the Government Department, said "any politician should be refuted by the voters for divorcing conscience and conduct." Professor Eugene Gallagher of the Religious Studies Department agreed by observing that "conduct uninformed by conscience is a terribly frightening thing." Chaplain David Robb added that a separation of conscience and conduct in

public life is "ludicrous."

It was the final member of the panel, Scott Wipper of the Class of 1985, who set the tone for the remainder of the evening by stressing his opinion that abortion is morally wrong except when the life of the mother is endangered.

Indeed, the most heated exchanges of the evening emerged from this volatile issue of abortion. Members of the audience and the panelists, especially Mr. Wipper, interacted frequently, questioning and debating several of the emotional, religious, and even sexist aspects of the topic.

For the most part, the audience participation was orderly and well moderated, especially when one considers the emotional responses which

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Lyman Allyn Museum

by Pune Dracker

Unknown to many Conn. College students, there is a building located on the south side of our campus, directly opposite the Coast Guard Academy. This edifice is the Lyman Allyn museum.

The museum, situated on 625 Williams Street, was bequeathed by Harriet Allyn in 1926 in memory of her father, Captain Lyman Allyn. The museum was officially opened to the public 6 years later and has been so ever since. Included in the museum are 9 permanent galleries, 4 exhibition halls which change periodically, an auditorium, a museum library and a conservation laboratory.

The permanent exhibitions consist of: Medieval and Renaissance art, Oriental material, primitive art, American and European paintings, furniture, silver, the Lydia S. Baratz Collection of

Doll Houses and Furniture, Dolls and Toys, and Egyptian, Greek, and Roman Antiquities. Other works include paintings, sculptures, prints, and costumes that span over a period of 5000 years.

Aside from the permanent galleries, the museum houses an art history library which contains non-circulating material. There is also a conservation laboratory, complete with a professional conservationist. Lectures, concerts, and movies are offered regularly; the museum even offers Saturday morning classes for the youth of the community.

is open Tues-Sunday from 1 p.m.- 5p.m. and admission is free. Guided group tours are available and appointments are necessary. The museum's location is convenient for anyone who is in search of being culturally enriched and educated.

Forum



Election 1984: Theater of the Absurd

by Peter R. Bakkala

Have you been wondering lately what's happening with all the things going on in this election? I have. Everyone is trying to make meaningful issues out of nothing. In general, things look pretty stupid.

I wish to show no favoritism to any political party. My objective for this is that I don't want to receive any obscene letters for anything I have to say. But let me say how absurd things really are.

The Democrats claim that under the Reagan Administration most people are worse off than they were four years ago. They say we are all headed for the dreaded evils of skyrocketing inflation and high unemployment if we continue to be lead by the present administration.

Is this really so? Who-on-God's-green-earth-knows? Do they really expect us to believe that some guy named Fritz can save us from all those horrible things that might happen? I, for one, do not find myself in a terrible financial or moral dilemma—do you? They want us to return to the good ol' days like the ones we had under Jimmy Carter. Would you like to go back? Not me. I think the Democratic Nominees are trying to sell us a ticket we don't want to buy. I question their ability to lead the country. I don't really like the candidates forcing their views on me when they walk around telling me something bad is about to happen to everyone. The next thing they'll tell us is that the sky is falling. We better watch out for that, huh?

Independents—how about them? Where have all those Independents gone to? They certainly have not gone out to join a real political party. John Anderson, stand up! All you other losers of Democratic and Republican Presidential Nominations

get together and do something. Are you going to sit back and let those other two parties be the only ones out there squabbling and bickering like babies? Join the political arena and show them how to act like real Americans. You'll never win an election, but you can at least say you tried. Jesse Jackson would make a good Independent. He lost the Democratic Nomination but he makes enough noise to be an Independent.

Republicans are just as bad. The fact that they're in office now is the only reason they can claim they are doing all right for themselves. Look at Mr. Reagan. Four years ago he told us that he was going to change America. Well, America is different, that's for sure. Most significantly, it's four years older. It used to be 1980, and now it's 1984. Look at what four years has done! Last election, Americans wanted Mr. Reagan's plan, so he was elected, simple as that. I wonder why the Democrats keep insisting that's not what we want. Is it what we want? I wonder why Fritz continues to show us his economic plan when we have seen it, thought about it, and told him we don't like it. Well, what do we like? Does anyone out there know? All the Democrats point out that the deficit is a problem and they're right. Wouldn't it be nice if the Republicans would be honest and admit that it is a problem? Too bad they're so busy worrying about who's sung at more weddings, and who goes to church more often. I wonder if they'll ever look at a relevant issue?

Did you know there will be a recession in the next Presidential term? The candidates know this, why don't they tell us? Because if they tell us they won't look

nice anymore and nobody will vote for them. Well that's pretty disgusting if you ask me. Instead of telling us "what's what," they fight over what Mrs. Bush thinks rhymes with 'rich'—or whether or not the Democratic Presidential Nominee's Runningmate's Husband's tax returns forms were right. Is Reagan really in touch with the people like Ferraro is? How about Mondale? Should he have gone to that Catholic Dinner? Should he be held responsible for his youth and inexperience? All of these issues are just stupid. I wonder why America puts up with it? I think we should treat the highest office in the land with a little more respect than we do the ratings of "Three's Company."

So what is happening with all this election stuff? Despite popular opinion, this election is based on more than just who dies his hair. This is serious "stuff." When you vote this November, remember you are voting for a man to run our country for four years. He will determine the economic and political strength of our country at home and abroad. Do not vote for campaign promises, too many are never realized. Vote for the philosophy behind the candidate, for that will essentially guide his methods of leadership. Are you content now? Were you four years ago? Do you think you will be in another four years? Put aside the immature attacks the candidates have made at each other and vote as you see fit, not as the polls instruct.

Take the time to vote. It is one of the greatest freedoms you have as an American. If you do not vote you have no right to complain about anything your President does and you're a jerk. So vote.

Nicaragua's New Book

by John H. Sharon

Ever since Cuban leader Fidel Castro came to power in the 1950s the United States Central Intelligence Agency has been seeking ways to undermine (if not eliminate) the Marxist/Communist threat in Central America.

Take, for example, the CIA's botched attempt to lace Castro's cigars with explosives. Or the embarrassment earlier this year when CIA-planted mines in Nicaraguan ports were damaging more of our allies' ships than our enemies'.

But a recent Congressional investigation has revealed a more intriguing story: the publication of a comic book that demonstrates ways Nicaraguan citizens can overthrow their government.

No joke.

The 16-page booklet is titled "Freedom Fighter's Manual," and was distributed to anti-Sandinistas last spring. Complete with illustrations, it offers Nicaraguans suggestions such as these:

"Put dirt into gas tanks."

"Put nails on roads and highways."

"Stop up toilets with sponges."

"Telephone to make false hotel reservations and false alarms of fires and crimes."

"Hoard and steal food from the Government."

"Pull down power cables."

Pull down power cables? Imagine the jolting experience of a young Freedom Fighter as he climbs up a utility pole and

starts tugging on the nearest power line. His hair would undoubtedly stand on end, if he had any hair left at all.

As most Americans see it, the primary role of the CIA has been to collect and study information about foreigners that would somehow serve our national interests. Yet despite the fact that the Agency has failed numerous times in its attempts to overthrow governments, it refuses to give up trying.

And as the "Freedom Fighter's Manual," shows, the CIA needs help.

One suggestion the booklet offers is to "steal mail from mailboxes." But according to one Fighter in a recent interview, "In Nicaragua, we don't have any mailboxes."

Perhaps all the CIA has to do is change the content of its comic books. Instead of the "Freedom Fighter's Manual," why not "Caspar: the Friendly Secretary of Defense?" It could feature a little guy with greased-down hair who flies around passing out money to any citizen who claims to hate the Nicaraguan government.

Seriously though, it is widely known that the people of Nicaragua are caught in the middle of an oppressive civil war. As the fighting continues, many people in the United States are raising legitimate concerns about the CIA's role in the conflict. Recent events have indicated that through its lack of central intelligence, the Agency is not living up to its name.



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Viewpoint

War & Suicide

To the Editor:

I am a member of the Brown University group, "Students for Suicide Tablets." Much of the publicity has distorted our message, by emphasizing the word, "suicide." For example, a New York Times headline read, "Students to Vote on Suicide." It is important that our ideas be understood.

Our referendum, which passed by a 60% majority, but is not binding on the University, requests that "suicide tablets be stocked at Brown's Health Services, for optional student use, in the event of a nuclear war." This is not a suicidal or defeatist approach to the threat of nuclear war. It is aimed at dispelling the notion that we could survive such a holocaust. Suicide pills negate civil defense. In a nuclear war, there is no defense (unless, perhaps, you are a general or a president, with access to deep underground shelters). Hoping for survival is dangerous, because it makes the idea of nuclear war more acceptable, and thus increases the chances that it could occur.

Many Brown students voted for the referendum to express their fear and despair, in a purely symbolic way. Others actually want Brown to stockpile the pills, because they consider the threat of nuclear war a very real one. Would the idea of suicide seem so bizarre, if you were dying a slow, painful death from radiation sickness? It would be more akin to euthanasia. Would it be dangerous to stockpile poison on a college campus? Well, the chemistry building at Brown is already chock-full of deadly substances, including cyanide, that could be used by some unbalanced person to harm himself or others. Suicide pills could be secured in a vault, and would pose no danger. By stockpiling real pills, we would emphasize that nuclear war is a real threat. The missiles sure are real.

Is stockpiling suicide pills tantamount to accepting nuclear war? Hardly. Who wants to kill themselves? Most of us don't. By equating nuclear war with suicide, we are urging people to stop it from happening. What can be done? Well, a mutual, verifiable freeze on the production of nuclear weapons would be a start. Ronald Reagan's strategy of "negotiation from strength" has accomplished nothing. If we increase our stockpile of nuclear weapons, why would the Soviet Union want to decrease theirs? Reagan claims that he has brought America back from a position of weakness to one of strength. This is misleading. The United States has never been strategically weaker than the Soviet Union. We have been at parity with each other since the sixties, when we lost our strategic superiority. What Reagan really wants is to restore American superiority (this is exactly what an outer space "defensive" system would do, if successful). But this will not increase our security. On the contrary, it is de-stabilizing and dangerous, not to mention draining on our economy. Superiority is dangerous, because it promotes the idea that a "victory" is possible, and, like hoping for post-war survival, it increases the chances that a nuclear war could occur.

But arms control is not enough. Even if both sides cut their stockpile of nuclear warheads by half, there would still be enough firepower with which to destroy ourselves. Better relations with Moscow are essential. This means more than simply meeting with the Soviets. It entails, among other things, a re-evaluation of our position in the world vis a vis the Soviet Union and the Third World. Should we continue to confuse internal, popular revolutions with Soviet expansionism? Why did the Administration smother (for six months) a government report stating that the Soviets are not controlling Nicaragua? Our dogmatic, inflexible approach to leftist governments is, ironically, pushing these countries towards the Soviet Union, and developing new opportunities for a conflict that could go nuclear. We must correctly evaluate when our security is being threatened, and when it is not. And we must not only stop the anti-Soviet rhetoric, but also communicate to Moscow our sincere desire to co-exist in peace. This may seem naive to some, but it is less naive than equating greater numbers of missiles with greater security.

These ideas are not new, and they are only some of the ways in which to avoid nuclear war. But the Reagan Administration has done nothing in this direction. The purpose of requesting suicide pills for use after a nuclear war is to show the urgency of the problem, to show that students are afraid, that they consider nuclear war a distinct possibility in their future, and that they consider such a war unendurable. The government must discard "defensive" star-wars weapons projects and dubious civil defense plans. We must act now, before a war is started, to prevent nuclear suicide.

Sincerely,
James R. Knebelman, '85

P.S. Many agree with our message, but think that there are more positive ways to approach the problem. Because of possible misunderstandings, we have changed our name to "Students Against Nuclear Suicide." We are calling on colleges around the country to rally against nuclear suicide on November 2.



'I'm So Confused'

by Fernando J. Espuelas
Managing Editor

Where does the buck stop in the Reagan Administration? Certainly not in the Oval Office. The President's performance in the debates with Mr. Mondale assures us of that. Who is responsible for Mr. Reagan's government? Nancy perhaps? If anything was perfectly clear to the audience of the debates was that Mr. Reagan showed, a, ah, shall we say, lack of memory?

Mr. Reagan has the dubious distinction of actually trying to implement Orwellian maneuvers in, of all years, 1984. Why do we suppose Mr. Reagan denied attempting to cut Social Security when it is a matter of public record? Is the American public that forgetful? Is Mr. Reagan? Perhaps the greatest little gem of Newspeak injected by Mr. Reagan dealt with the number of people enrolled in social welfare programs. Defending Mr. Mondale's assertion that Mr. Reagan has abandoned the poor, Mr. Reagan stated that there are now more people enrolled in welfare than ever before. We ask, if there are more people on welfare, hasn't Reagan's economic policies abandoned the poor? Or perhaps Mr. Reagan has redefined the terminology of poverty. Or maybe his memory is at fault again.

During the second debate Mr. Reagan's memory did in fact leave him for some key moments. When Mr. Reagan spoke of the CIA head in Nicaragua, and thereby, for the first time in the history of the United States admitted the existence of an on going espionage mission on foreign soil, it only took him a few minutes to remember that

that was a secret. And like a good little actor, he retracted his "blooper" and denied any CIA presence on Nicaragua. Perhaps the President's most obvious lack of memory was on the subject of missiles. Having clearly stated previously that he believed one could recall fired missiles, Mr. Reagan, in front of an audience of some eighty million Americans, denied the whole thing. Another little memory blank, no doubt.

The question we should ask is, who is in charge? Mr.

Reagan's failed Lebanon policy is to be blamed on President Carter, as Mr. Reagan alluded. The CIA "how to kill and pillage" handbook was made without his knowledge. Has somebody been going around using his voice and face to say some really stupid things about the recallability of missiles? Who is running the country anyway? We can only conclude that Mr. Reagan would answer this question with his characteristic, unscripted lucidity: "I'm so confused."



Arts & Entertainment

Savage Rites

by Sarah Napier

October 19-20, *Savage/Rites*, Stephen Pelton's latest concert, provided an evening rich with innovative and highly emotional choreography. The three pieces performed ranged from jazzy and playful to intensely dramatic, giving the concert an excellent balance. Pelton's talents and stamina as a dancer, actor, manager, and choreographer were evident. Not only did he choreograph each piece and arrange the entire concert, he danced in every work. The concert had a real sense of energy and intensity throughout, offering not only talented dancing but also creative ideas and riveting themes open for interpretation.

"Sweet Dreams," the first work, featured Pelton and Connecticut College Alumnus Tina Goldstein dancing to music by the "Eurythmics." The piece was in two sections, each very different. They began with waltzy, playful, jazzy movement to the upbeat music. The choreography made use of every part of the room. The focus constantly shifted from the center, corners, and the floor. Goldstein and Pelton moved well together although they did not make a great deal of eye contact. The music and lightness of the dance made the audience smile and while their dancing conveyed this feeling, their faces could have been more expressive.

The second section offered

an entirely different feeling. The haunting music immediately gave the room an eerie, dramatic sense. The movement was no longer playful, reflecting now a conflict between two people. There was more focus on each dancer as an individual. Often one would be frozen on the floor, the other moving at a frenzied pace. The level of intensity built and the piece ended with the lights fading on Pelton leaving Tina in a pulsing, anguished pose on the floor.

"Passages" one section of a work called "Rites" was next. As explained in the program, "Rites is a three part work that employs similar images and structures to examine three different forms of ritual in human experience. The first part attempts to explore the nature of tragedy, of life on the edge of death." This work was dedicated to the memory of the Fox family. Dancers Anne Harris, Stephen Pelton, Katie Moremen and Tina Riedel were cast as the members of a family. The lights came up on the four dancers seated in chairs forming a square as if in a car. Two bright lights (as headlights) flashed directly on them and their bodies snapped suddenly back. Following a black out, the chairs had been moved to the four corners of the room with the dancers still seated in them, their bodies in the same pose. This initial image portraying a car accident got the audience's attention

right away and was a striking way to begin the piece.

The work developed into a series of changing, wave like patterns. The droning, repetitive, music of Philip Glass emphasized this quality. Following the initial "crash" the movements seemed to portray a rush of energy engulfed in the tragedy of death. The dancers returned one by one to their chairs until finally only the youngest daughter, Katie Moremen was dancing. The lights faded on Katie's painful, frantic reaching towards the other family members. All four dancers gave strong performances and they worked very well as a group with an especially strong partnership between Pelton and Anne Harris. The idea behind the piece was clear but the intricacies of the plot were difficult to follow. The ending seemed to suggest that the youngest daughter was the only surviving member of the family but this needed more elaboration.

Following intermission, which was welcome after the seriousness of "Rites," came "Savage/Love," a work based on "common poems of real and imagined moments in the spell of love" by Sam Shepard and Joseph Chaikin. Pelton was able to use his innovativeness as a choreographer, his talents as an actor and a dancer by reciting sections of these abstract poems during the piece. It was a shock for the



Stephen Pelton.

Photo: R. Valinote

audience the first time Pelton stopped abruptly and began speaking in a deep, expressive voice. The poetry dealt with love and the many conflicts it can produce inside a person. It was at times witty and at other points moving and disturbing. Pelton reflected the abstract and changing nature of the poetry in his movement and he was also eloquent, rarely seeming out of breath. The rich, fluid music of J.S. Bach was excellently played by guest cellist Frank Church. The alternating of Pelton's powerful delivery of the abstract poetry and his distinctive, flowing style of movement gave the piece an interesting balance although the movement became repetitive at

times.

The three pieces performed showed Pelton's talent, versatility and seriousness as a choreographer and dancer. His use of the storyline in "Rites" and the poetry "Savage/Love" gave the evening an intense emotionally which was intriguing and at times even slightly overwhelming. Pelton has a distinct style of movement which at times seems repetitive. But, it was interesting to see how he applied this style to the different themes of each piece. All in all, the evening went smoothly. Each piece seemed polished and well rehearsed and the dancers were relaxed on stage while never lacking energy.

Persnickety Palate II



The Captain Daniel Packer Inn is a well-kept secret among Mystic locals. Located on 32 Water Street, this fine restaurant is a perfect hide-away spot. One can be assured of a pleasant evening at this typically New England inn which sits on the edge of the Mystic River. The food is the freshest you can find. The Chef, Tommy Champagne, receives his seafood daily from Point Judith. Hearty portions and a homey atmosphere are the Daniel Packer's trademarks.

A highlight of the Daniel Packer Inn is its exceptional downstairs bar. Exposed stone walls, and warm lighting set the scene in this quaint bar which even squeezes orange juice to order for drinks. As the cold weather sets in, a roaring fire is lit in the handsome fireplace. This added touch makes Daniel Packer's a favorite bar for a variety of people of different age-groups and backgrounds. Happy hour offers hot hors d'oeuvres every day except Saturdays and Sundays from three to six in the evening. An Irish folk band entertains the crowd on most Thursdays.

Heading upstairs for our dinner, we were charmed by the rustic, homey atmosphere of the inn. We sat in the smaller of two dining rooms feeling as though we were dining in a private New England home. The inn seats only fifty-nine people; thus even as its busiest, Daniel Packer's is a peaceful place to dine. The menu offers a wide variety of seafood, poultry and beef. The dishes here are prepared simply, enhancing the food rather than overwhelming it. Chef Champagne explained that his approach to cooking is unpretentious and simple. He wants the fish or meat to speak for itself; and by paying careful attention to his seasonings, he succeeds in creating refreshingly uncomplicated dishes. For a reasonable price (entrees range from \$7.95 for Fillet of Sole to \$13.95 for Baked Stuffed Shrimp or Filet Mignon) visitors to this comfortable seaside inn can enjoy generous portions and a pleasant atmosphere.

We began our meal with a variety of delicious appetizers which are one of the Daniel Packer's strengths. Clams Casino, perfectly seasoned

with green herbs and garlic, was the best I've tasted anywhere. Escargots piled high and cooked to ideal tenderness were prepared in a heavenly garlic-parsley butter and served in mushroom caps. The New England Clam Chowder was creamy and brimming with clams. Fresh carrots provided an added touch to this fine chowder.

Our salads might easily have been meals within themselves. Cucumbers, onions, tomatoes, carrots, radishes and peppers were tossed with a variety of crisp, cold lettuce and served in beautiful scalloped edged glass bowls. Upon special request, I was allowed to taste all three of the inn's homemade dressings. A unique vinaigrette containing diced vegetables was especially tasty. Hot and crusty baguettes were served with our salads. The inn, although presently installing baking ovens, purchases this wonderful French bread from a local bakery.

As you might imagine, by the time our entrees had arrived, we were close enough to being full; but we managed to work up an ap-

petite enough to attempt the huge portions which were set before us. The swordfish, one of five nightly specials, was thick, juicy and well seasoned with lemon and herbs. The Grilled Jumbo Shrimp, although juicy enough, was a disappointment. Evidence of grilling was hard
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Arts & Entertainment

The Reducers Say 'Let's Go'

by Debby Carr

Although New London is not reknowned as a mecca of rock music entertainment, its reputation may soon be bettered by the Reducers. The Reducers, a popular band on the Connecticut College campus, and in the New London area, are awaiting the release of their new album. "Let's Go," their second album, should be ready for the turntables on November 1.

The Reducers first performed in August, 1978 at a party for the National Theater of the Deaf. Peter Detmold and Hugh Birdsall, guitarists, had been interested in forming a band, yet their high school friends, Tom Trombley and Steve Kaika were already performing members of a successful country and western band. Hugh and Pete, having

recently returned from England, were influenced by the up-and-coming phenomenon of punk rock, and wanted to spread this sound to the local area. They were eventually successful in persuading Tom and Steve to join the Reducers. Although for the first year Tom and Steve performed with two bands, the leader of the C&W band eventually relocated.

The band experienced a period of stagnation, and took a break "to write new music," according to Hugh Birdsall. Just before the Reducers returned to the stage, their bassist suffered a serious motorcycle accident. His recovery renewed the enthusiasm of the band, and in November 1983, they resumed their position on the local club

circuit. They proceeded to release their first album which, according to Hugh, involved some haphazard decisions. The group recorded two master tapes and as they were not satisfied with either they chose "the lesser of two evils." Obviously, they chose well. Their first release received airplay on college stations throughout the U.S., and sold 2000 copies.

The Reducers chose their name in much the same manner that they released their album; "It sounded better than the others." When trying to learn the cover songs of other bands, they had to reduce the original instrumental arrangements in order to facilitate the performances of such "numbers." Also, flashy

electronic-oriented music groups such as ELO and Styx were popular at the same time as the Reducers was forming. Hugh, Peter, Steve, and Tom "reduced" popular music to a purer, less glittery form.

This lack of showiness and glamour seems to be the hallmark of the actions and beliefs of the Reducers. Hugh is striving for the band to "become a working band." It is difficult for the members to perform at clubs until early hours of the morning only to return to strenuous day jobs six hours later. The Reducers "try to take it [the music business] in stride" and seek to "reach plateaus and try to move up" rather than making a quick leap to the top. Although they are laid-back

in their method of achieving their goals, the Reducers are definitely determined. Hugh thinks that in one year "it would be nice to be on the road somewhere well on our way, half-way through a tour of Holland clubs." This aspiration, which includes touring England and France will become a reality when it becomes financially feasible. Maybe, their upcoming album "Let's Go" will allow the Reducers to do exactly what their title is suggesting.

The Reducers will be playing at El'N Gee on Halloween, at Trax and CBGB's in New York City on November 9 and 10, and will open for the Bangles on November 21 at Waterfalls in Groton.

Ricks Reveals Brilliance In King Lear

by Susan Holmes

Christopher Ricks speaks with physical and intellectual animation, drawing his audience into a literary extravaganza ranging from Shakespeare to James Bond. His mental dexterity has developed into a speed-of-light oratorical style which suffuses a room with kinetic intensity. The man exudes an intellectual radiance; he is brilliant.

Ricks is a King Edward VII Professor of Literature at Cambridge University, an author of literary criticism, and a highly respected figure in the academic realm. Despite our amateur endeavors, his is an intellectual domain of which we receive only the rarest glimpse. His genius is evident not only because of the agility of his mind, but because of his ability to convey his ideas to an audience in a manner that is both lively and enlightening. Few people could interject humor into a discussion of "King Lear," yet Professor Ricks managed just this in his lecture on October 18th which surpassed any literary discussion I had ever heard. Listening to Ricks

speak required concentration: every word is vital to the entire composition. Yet the mental exercise was not exhausting. Rather than feeling drained from traveling at an intellectual speed uncommon to most of us, I experienced a sense of exhilaration.

Professor Ricks guides his audience through a cerebral maze, a labyrinth of thought. His style is based largely on humorous anecdotal tangents, yet he returns unflinching to the main idea, never once dropping the thematic thread despite the many twists and turns. Eventually and reassuringly, he draws his intended parallels into a rich, comprehensible whole. His discussion of the "Double Bind" in "King Lear" involved allusions to psychology, Bob Dillon, and the villains in a James Bond film. The theory itself is derived from the psychologist Bateson. It is a literary method which the author uses to create a tension in his or her work. The double bind in "King Lear" is found in the scene in which Lear demands that his daughter

Cordelia profess her love to him in a manner that could only falsify her true emotions. He wants a proclamation of her love, and would accept one even though he knew it to be untrue. The Double Bind is equal to gagging your victim, and punishing him/her for not responding to interrogation.

Ricks sees drama as the best medium for the Double Bind. It forms a creative tension on the stage and in the viewers mind. The audience becomes a part of it, watching the action on stage, knowing that the murder they are seeing is unreal, yet still feeling the horror of death. In explaining the concept of the Double Bind, Ricks referred often to Lawrence Olivier's portrayal of Lear, and to the television production of the entire play, as illustration.

If you did not take advantage of Professor Ricks' presence on campus, be aware of his name in any future context. You can be guaranteed an inspirational experience. It is amazing to hear and see a person who exists in the romantic, often eccentric,

world of literature, yet retains the ability to communicate with the laymen in his field in such an exceptionally delightful manner. His words are a complex but comprehensible mixture of reality and the abstract. Ricks concluded the discussion of the works of Shakespeare with a quote:

"Literature helps us to understand life, or at least endure it." Through the brilliance of his oratory, Christopher Ricks illuminates the path to understanding, so that we may, in our own sluggish struggle to comprehend, endure.

Future Flicks

by Elizabeth Curran

The Connecticut College Film Society will show 'Hush...Hush, Sweet Charlotte', a perfect movie to bring Halloween to an appropriately grisly close. Starring Bette Davis, Olivia deHavilland and Joseph Cotten, 'Charlotte' is the story of an old woman tormented by nightmarish memories of her lover's murder 35 years ago.

Her neighbors believe that she killed him and Charlotte herself isn't so sure. She lives all alone in a run-down Southern mansion which is slated to be torn down so that a highway can be put through.

Desperate to keep the house standing and to prevent the authorities from committing her to an insane asylum, she asks her sister Miriam to help. Miriam and Charlotte's physician, Dr. Bayliss join forces to aid Charlotte and...things begin to happen.

'Charlotte' was directed by Robert Aldrich in 1965, just three years after he had directed Miss Davis and Joan Crawford in another macabre thriller 'Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?' In fact, 'Charlotte' originally starred Davis and Crawford, but Miss Crawford was replaced by Olivia deHavilland due to illness.

What's more, 'Hush...Hush, Sweet Charlotte's first title was actually 'Whatever Happened to Cousin Charlotte?'. Obviously

Aldrich intended to continue 'Baby Jane's' ghastly theme in 'Charlotte' and this he did with success, even without Miss Crawford or the original title.

'Hush...Hush, Sweet Charlotte' is a wonderfully grotesque way to spend your Halloween, cringing in the seats of Oliva Hall from 8 to about 10:30 pm. It's also a cheap thrill at \$1.50. Bring a friend. You won't want to walk all the way home from South Campus alone.

Michael Antonioni's brilliant film 'The Passenger' will be presented by the CCFs on Sunday, Nov. 4 in Dana at 8:00 p.m. 'The Passenger' stars Jack Nicholson as Locke, a celebrated reporter on assignment in Africa to find and interview a group of African guerrillas.

Unhappy and dissatisfied with his life, Locke assumes the identity of an Englishman who has died suddenly at Locke's hotel. Locke takes the man's name, passport, wardrobe and appointment book and sets off to discover who he has now become, sure that this man's life was more fulfilling than his own.

The setting shifts from Africa to Britain to Germany to Spain as Locke lives another man's life and learns more and more about this man. He is accompanied by Maria Schneider who is known

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London Music Hits The Streets

by Mike Stryker

Within the square mile of the fashionable shopping district Covent Garden, a rich diversity of street entertainers can be found. Because pubs close at 11:00 pm and nightclubs primarily feature d.j.s and videos, many of London's most interesting musicians, dancers, comedians, and general troubadours have taken to the streets. Tube station serenaders, once widely prevalent, have been reduced drastically by threats of high fines. The resulting exodus to the streets has produced a tremendous musical range of both style and ability. On a recent outing to Co-

vent Garden, I found four fascinating performers within a single block. The performer's variety typified the London street music scene.

Playing just outside the tube station was an old man energetically engaged in sea shanty music performed on a small harmonica.

Further down the same street another old man was proudly showing his violin to an inquisitive child.

"This violin is two-hundred years old. Almost as old as I am in fact," the old man boasted to the child. He then displayed his virtuosity with a baroque composition, causing me to wonder if he had

done anything but violin playing during his considerable lifetime.

Next I encountered a 20 year old female oboist who clearly had more interesting things to do than practice. She played to the accompaniment of a ghetto blaster playing Shalamar but didn't seem to be playing in the same key. I quickly switched on my walkman and moved on.

The last and most interesting performer I observed was a young American girl playing an electric guitar and singing through a battery-powered amp. Although the

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up a ride to some town. Better yet, maybe Crawford Notch itself was a thriving metropolis. There was only one way to find out.

The first problem was crossing the stream. I had only postponed the task the night before. Of course there were no stepping stones, so I trudged through the frigid water. It mattered little; shortly thereafter, I sunk up to my waist in mud when I jumped from a fallen log onto what I thought was solid ground. Exasperated, I remained there in the quagmire. By now I had experienced enough adversity in the backcountry and only wanted food, sleep, warmth, and a shower. Getting out of this mess was difficult; trying to pick one foot up only made the other sink farther. The weight of my pack was not facilitating my escape. I took a chance and leaned forward towards a root that might have been within my grasp. There I was, flat out in a sea of mud with my pack pushing me under. I stretched for the root and clawed my way free. When I was finally upright on my own two feet, I must have taken on fifteen pounds of clay.

I lost the trail a few times because it was poorly marked and because the snow became more prevalent as I ascended the ridge. Thoreau Falls trail is named for the Transcendentalist author who explored this ridge over a hundred years ago. But I'll bet he did not do it in October!

When I got to Crawford Notch it was hardly the land of Oz I had been hoping for. I passed a group of hikers upon reaching the top of the ridge; from the looks I received I knew that I must have been a sight, and thus was worried about catching a ride. Traffic on U.S. Rt. 302 was sparse. I looked up and witnessed the battering of the steep mountain face by a barrage of snow and that came from thick white clouds which constricted with the grey sky. The wind was strong and cold. Soon a brown Datsun pulled over. The passenger jumped out and assisted me with my pack. I thanked them profusely, and they told me that they had been in my position many times. They were headed for North Conway.

They left me off in the center of town where I immediately began searching for a laundramat. I found one and ate my lunch as my clothes spun out. After finishing the sardines and packing up my gear, I hoisted the burden on my shoulder. Just then someone asked, "Hey buddy, where are you headed?" Facing the origin of the interrogative, I answered truthfully, "Beats me." It was Sunday and already too late to start hiking anywhere. I had insufficient gear, and by now, an aversion toward spending another night out somewhere. I asked the inquisitive one if he knew of any hostels or flop houses around town, or

anywhere that I might find lodging for the night. He looked down with furrowed brow then back up and said, "Follow me." He led me to a house trailer situated behind the laundrette and explained that it belonged to the Baptist Church and that the minister was in charge. "The Reverend lives next door," he said, "I'll go ask if it would be alright for you to stay here for the night. But could you afford to give him two dollars?" I replied affirmatively and was quite thankful. I was prepared to seek out a hotel for the night if necessary which might have cost thirty dollars.

When my friend returned from next door, I knew the Reverend had given his consent, and thus had mercy on this poor, tired hiker. I took a shower and finally felt clean and renewed. I thanked my new friend for helping me out. He told me not to thank him, that he had been in my place at least a hundred times and that people had always come through for him. This was his way of reciprocating. It was also the largest extent to which a perfect stranger had ever gone on my behalf. When I asked him what he was doing about dinner, he said that he had his own plans and that I should just suit myself. Then he went back over to finish his laundry.

I went up the block and around the corner to have another look at North Conway. With a place to stay, I

was now breathing much easier than when my friends had dropped me off there and when all I had wanted to see was the laundramat; I blocked everything else out. On my second trip, I bought a local newspaper and took it back to the trailer. I noticed that a good picture was showing at the town theater and went there after dinner. I arrived in enough time to buy some raisinettes before the show.

Aside from myself, there were three others in the theater, an older woman and a young couple. The young couple was sitting in front of me and could not stop laughing. They looked away from one another in order to control themselves but burst out again as soon as they looked back. This went on for a while, and soon I began to chuckle. I heard some snickering behind me and turned to find that the contagion had spread to the old lady. Now everyone in the theater was laughing at a blank screen with the house lights on.

I had adequate reason to be laughing; thus far I had survived my first solo journey, and everyone I met was pleasant and helpful. Now I had a warm place to stay for the night and freedom to drift with the breeze for another beautiful day in scenic North Conway, at the height of New Hampshire's respondent fall foliage. The main reason for my complacency, where life is

incredibly benign; there I had all the comforts of home without the accompanying responsibilities. The excursion through the mountains made me realize the importance of food, clothing, and shelter—basic necessities that are taken for granted while at school. Honestly, who worries about getting hypothermia at the plex? The trip also alerted me of people's willingness to help others. Hence, I have resolved to stop for some hitchhikers if they look alright because I know how it feels to be in their position, standing there on the side of the road. When they get into my car, they thank me profusely, and I tell them not to because of the times when humanity has come to my rescue.

I returned to school feeling a lot better about it, myself, and the world in general; I had made an adjustment, and the discomfort and uncertainty of my sojourn had occasioned it. In the end, the mountain endeavor was reassuring. Perhaps others should recognize the grand quality of life here, stop railing at the food and criticising the social setting, and start offering alternatives instead of boycotting. Opportunity is unlimited. Moreover, if people would appreciate themselves and each other, then maybe our collective schulgeist would improve along with the morale of the individual here at Conn.

Persnickety from p. 6

to find. The Capt. Packer's Seafood Stew was similar to a traditional bouillabaisse. Teeming with scallops, shrimp, lobster and fresh fish, this stew lived up to its reputation as an inn specialty. Our new potatoes, prepared in a lemon butter were overcooked, as were the green beans almondine, too. Accompanying our meal, we chose a Muscadet, Chateau de la Bidiere from a small yet selective wine list. This muscadet enhanced our seafood dishes. It is an ideal wine for fish or poultry, very drinkable, and pleasingly dry to the palate.

We were not a group which could easily refuse dessert; but having already been forced to "unbutton a bit" to ease our bulging stomachs, we settled on splitting two desserts among the four of us. Devil's Food Cake and Carrot Cake, baked daily by a local woman, were served to us in huge wedges and accompanied by hot coffee. The chocolate cake was dense with an inch of dark fudge frosting. A spicy and moist carrot cake was a worthy companion; filled with raisins and nuts, this cake was topped with a scrumptious cream cheese frosting which tasted as though it had just been whipped up.

If you're looking for a restaurant where you won't bump into ten other Conn. College students, the Captain Daniel Packer Inn is your spot. The portions are well-prepared and delicious. One feels comfortable at this inn; its homey atmosphere and friendly, efficient service make your stay unforgettable.

Flicks from p. 7

simply as the Girl.

The film is considered to be Antonioni's masterpiece. Nicholson assumes Locke's character so wholly, he disappears into it and becomes merely Mr. Antonioni's creation, a creation which Vincent Canby of the New York Times called "a haunting vision, a fascinating tale of flight and pursuit. The cinematography is exhilarating!"

'The Passenger' without a doubt is Antonioni's tour de force and one of Nicholson's most fascinating and unusual performances to date. Admission is \$1.50.

London from p. 7

girl seemed to prefer quiet Joan Baez and "House of the Rising Sun" moods, the crowd roared greater approval for her "Johnny B. Goode" and "Jail-howe Rock" renditions. While the girl's clear voice always remained in proper pitch (a rarity in many street performers), its soft timbre seemed more suited toward ballads.

Street music may be inconsistent in quality as it is consistent in quality. But a clear advantage is that one is never over-charged for a poor performance.

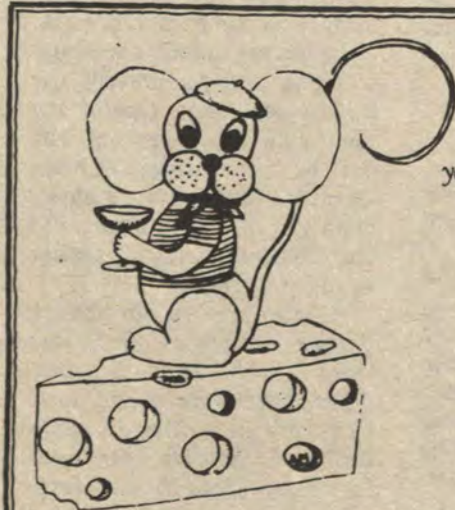
Forum from p. 3

the abortion issue produces. One student who was against the legalization of abortion questioned the difference between creating laws forbidding murder and laws forbidding abortions. Other students objected to the male's role in deciding what they believed to be a purely female issue.

Unlike most debates, this

one wasn't designed to produce a winner and a loser. The only winner of this event appears to be the SGA for sponsoring an informative, intriguing, and interesting discussion, the entire audience was left at the end of the evening looking forward to the next in the series of public issues forums.

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