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The College Voice

Connecticut College's Weekly Newsmagazine

VOLUME IV, NO. 4 (5th Year III)

OCTOBER 4, 1979

"DIRECTIONS": KEEPING COLLEGE LEADERS INFORMED



BY LAURA MARTINEAU

Twenty-seven alumni, parents, and trustees convened last Thursday at New London's own Holiday Inn to begin a weekend designed to update their understanding of Connecticut College's pursuits. "Directions" organized by secretary of the college Jane Bredeson, led the group from a Harris breakfast to the psych lab, from library to greenhouse, from lecture to lecture. Bruce Kirmmse and June Macklin spoke on "Teaching at Connecticut College" Betsy James spoke on Career Counseling and Interships and Charles Luce spoke about Athletics. Dean of the college Alice Johnson joined student leaders Sarah Firth, Housefellow, Janice Mayer, senior class president, Mike Litchman, SGA president, and Jeff Lupoff, J.B. chairman, to discuss "Students Today."

Older "Directions" guests were surprised to learn that dorms are administered directly by students; Dean Alice Johnson reviewed the move from faculty, to graduate students, to undergrad, housefellows. One woman asked if there was a male-counterpart to Sarah Firth's female administrative "half". She was quickly assured that young ladies are capable of handling the job alone.

Sarah Firth called the dorm "a home" where members respect each other and understand the difficult dual role of housefellow as administrator and student.

Janice Mayer cited positive experience as an admission's interviewer to assuage Mr. Larry Evans' concern that Connecticut College has traditionally been a second choice school. Jeff Lupoff conceded, "Connecticut was not my first choice. I was shooting for the Ivy League's," he was quick to stress that faced with the chance to transfer, he had decided to stay at Conn. because he could do more here than he might ever do at an Ivy League school.

Michael Litchman had trouble describing the "College Council", an informal study group comprised of students, faculty, and ex officio administrators which Litchman said "brainstorms" and "cannot meet too often to avoid routine." DJ described the group, whose agenda is open to suggestions from students, as a means whereby members could increase communication by "reporting to their constituencies." The only facts firmly established are that College Council has met once this year and discusses honors work and independent study.

The gentle and laudatory atmosphere of the panel discussion was shaken only once near the meeting's end. A young woman of the class of 1959, having quietly stomached the sometimes sugar-coated portrayals of students at Conn. Coll., asked point-blank what had been done about the "situation" at Mary Harkness dormitory. The situation - which prompted some alumni to petition president Oakes Ames and withdraw financial support from the college until its correction, is vandalism; or as she described it, "abusive language on the walls", absence of furniture in the living room, and the generally "deplorable" state of the dorm she had lived in twenty years ago.

Litchman responded that dorm life is no longer what it was when the school was a nice, single sex college which cleared out on weekends and saw the influence of the stronger sex only in carefully monitored "mixers." The implication that co-education was the cause of the vandalism registered in disapproving nods and tight-lipped alumni consternation.

It was important to note, as Dean Johnson did with some force, that the "situation" at Harkness was witnessed by a reunion group only a week after graduation. Even the Holiday Inn, quipped Johnson, is allowed to be judged only after it has had the chance to clean up.

ARTS UNITE IN STEVENS' CELEBRATION

By LAURA MARTINEAU

Wallace Stevens knew what to do with a liberal arts education. He studied languages at Harvard and later became vice-president of Hartford Accident and Indemnity. He also, very quietly, became a poet. It was not until the year of his death, 1955, that the importance of Stevens the poet publicly surpassed that of Stevens the executive: it was the year of his Pulitzer Prize.

Connecticut College, in an explosion of the arts, is celebrating the Oct 2 centennial of Stevens birth from Wed. Oct. 10-Thurs. Oct. 11.

Distinguished scholars, renowned faculty members, students, and an

alumna, will represent Stevens' work in prose, song, picture, and play. William Meredith, Professor of English and consulting poet to the Library of Congress in Washington, will read his poem-Here and There- inspired by Wallace Stevens.

Robley Evans, Ass. Professor of English will direct Connecticut College students in Stevens' play, "Three Travelers Watch a Sunrise."

Pianist William Dale and Cellist Frank V. Church, both of the Conn. College Music Department, will accompany soprano Anita TeHennepe in musical adaptations

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STILL NO ACTION AT 32 CROSSING

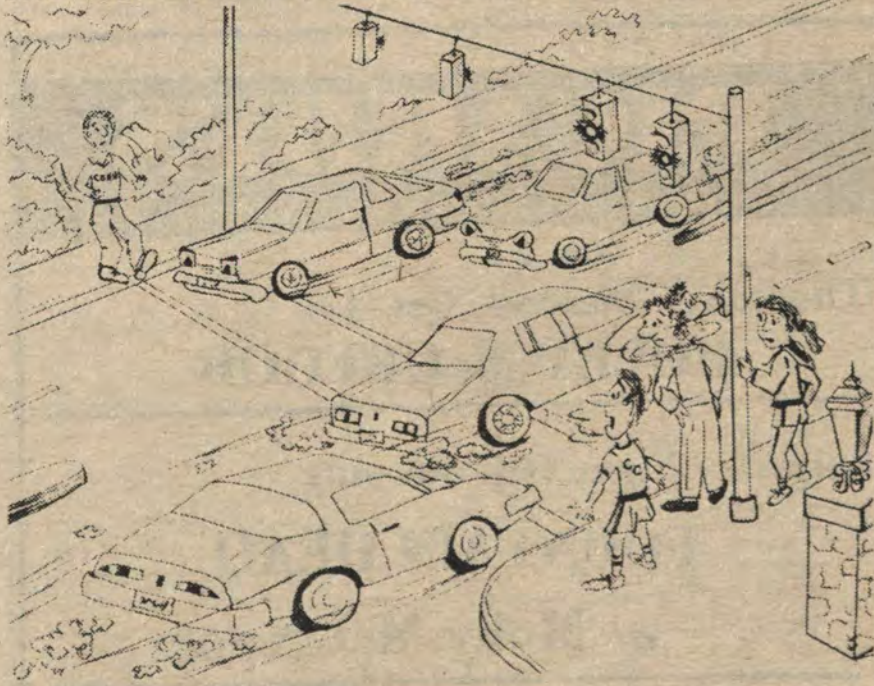
RED LIGHT, GREEN LIGHT: PLEASE?

By AMY ARKAWY

Since the opening of school, the residents of Emily Abbey House, the cooperative dorm across the street from the campus, Unity House and faculty members and their families who reside along route thirty-two have complained about a faulty traffic light. According to Marty Alperin, resident of Abbey House and initiator of a petition to rectify the problem, the pedestrian-demand button, has been broken since the summer

Abbey Housefellow William J. Kavanaugh, and several other students have complained to campus safety and to the administration. The city of New London, however, is responsible for the traffic light.

Alperin added that there is a "contact switch" at the end of the driveway which is also supposed to change the light. This has been broken for some time. He said it is



session.

The situation is apparently a very hazardous one. In 1966, before a light was installed, a Connecticut College woman was killed. Students fear that another serious or even fatal accident may occur if the situation is not corrected in the immediate future. In fact, Alperin claims that several students have reported a number of "near misses." Alperin also said that

the school's responsibility to repair it. The administration has not made an attempt to rectify the problem.

Last week, Alperin sent out the petition, signed by over sixty students and residents, to City Manager, C. Francis Driscoll, the chief of New London police, President Oakes Ames and the New London Day. The only

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NEWS

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DIRT'S OUT CLEAN'S IN

Modern Electric, the company which in the past has been responsible for operating and maintaining the washers and dryers on campus, has been told to remove their machines from the campus. Their contract has not been renewed. In the past year M.E. has ignored appeals and refused to service machines. Students, too often forced to troop over to other dorms to get their clothes clean, have found it increasingly difficult to ferret out even one working machine in the Complex.

Last Friday Modern Electric began to remove their machines from Lambdin. I asked them if they knew when new machines might be arriving. The biggest of the three haulers turned to me, eyed me up and down, and said "I don't know, and I don't care, but we have thirty days to get these out, so you'll probably rot in those clothes till then."

Marijane Geiger, Director of residence, was more encouraging. She said that new machines were being installed this week; if all goes well, dorms ought to have working washers and dryers by Friday, Oct. 5.



There is a catch. The new machines will cost 35 cents to operate, but will list a toll free number to call in case of problems. Mrs. Geiger cited excellent references for the new company, which runs the laundry concession in most other colleges in Connecticut.

COEDUCATION - PAST & PRESENT

by SETH STONE

It is time to pull out the wine glasses and have a drink of champagne. It is time to have a toast and say 'happy anniversary.' Ten years ago this month, CoCo For Wo became CoCo For Wo and Beaux. Ten years ago this month Connecticut College went co-ed.

"There was a lot of thought before the change came about. The faculty was long divided. The move to co-education was in the air." This is how registrar Robert Rhyne described some of the background thinking that went into the decision of the Connecticut College for Women to go co-ed.

According to Rhyne, the decision to go co-ed was not a rash one. "We didn't delay the decision once our minds were made up. During 1968-1969 there were some very thoughtful surveys done. Alumni, students, faculty and trustees were asked their opinions." In fact, administrators were so busy deciding to go co-ed that they almost forgot to tell anybody. "It was not voted through until late spring 1969. It came so late that we could not publicize the fact (to high schools) that we went co-ed. Consequently the number of freshmen men was very low."

Rhyne is not exaggerating with that last statement. In 1969 there were 1,444 undergraduates enrolled in Conn - 24 were freshmen males, and 14 were male upper-class transfers. There were 38 males in a school of 1,406 women. Ten years later, the current figures show there are 618 male and 1,005 female undergraduates, for a total of 1,623 undergraduates currently enrolled at Conn. The following is the breakdown for each present class.

| | Male | Female | Total |
|------------|------|--------|-------|
| Seniors | 163 | 246 | 409 |
| Juniors | 138 | 187 | 325 |
| Sophomores | 169 | 276 | 445 |
| Freshmen | 148 | 296 | 444 |
| | 618 | 1,005 | 1,623 |

"The fact that the school went co-ed and increased in size meant that more living space was needed, along with a dormitory for men. But, surprisingly no major changes were made," said Rhyne.

"Lazrus is new, but that only holds 25-30 students. What has happened is that a lot of personal amenity rooms such as sewing rooms and hair dressing rooms have been converted to dorm rooms.

There wasn't a move to build new dorms. Lazrus was a gift and we took it. We are about where we expected to be. 1600 is a nice round figure. We have no plans for expansion. The expectation is that population available to private colleges is shriveling up. The 1600 figure helps us meet budetary requirements. It is no secret that in the spring of each year a tentative budget is made up... (and) once we know how many bodies we have, we can make a budget."

Since the first co-ed year of 1969 included upper-class male transfers, the first co-ed graduating class was 1971. The size of the graduating classes has fluctuated, but in the past five years has not been far from 400. And in the past five years, there have been approximately 80 more females per class.

The last graduating class (1979) was one of the smallest of the past few years. But the present sophomores, the class of 1982, is the biggest one in school history - one more student than the class of 1983.

Though the sizes of graduating classes fluctuates, one statistic remains stable. College enrollment is always lower in the second semester. In 1971-72 there were 88 fewer students (1616-1528). Last year there were 13 fewer students (1627-1614). Rhyne says this is a natural phenomena for colleges.

"Second semester is always less for several reasons. Some people finish their degree requirements in

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—TOWN AND COLLEGE—

WHAT WAS HAPPENING...

What was happening at Connecticut College ten years ago? A check of the back issues of the *College Voice* revealed some interesting facts. First of all, *The College Voice* was not the *College Voice* nor even the *Pundit*. In September 1969 the school newspaper had just changed its name from *Conn Census* to the *Satygraha*—an Indian word that means Truth Force.

The college was undergoing major academic and social reforms. The school regulations governing men's visiting hours had been revised to allow men in the women's dorms any day of the week. Previously men had been restricted to the dorm livingrooms and the hours of one to six on Sunday.

Students were apparently pleased with the rule alterations. Said one member of the class of '70, "Last year some guys stayed overnight—it was really nice". The lack of separate bathrooms seemed to be a minor worry, but one student was quoted as saying, "We'll just have to get used to

No Action continued...

response received was that of an article that appeared in an issue of *The New London Day* last week. Mr. Driscoll, who could not be reached for comment, stated, according to the *Day* article, that he requested that the necessary repair parts be ordered. He also said that he will ask the City Council to appropriate the \$3,200 needed to pay for the repairs at the first council meeting in October.

Alperin said he believes it is outrageous that the repair of a mere relay button should be so expensive and take so long. In addition, he said the administration conveyed the information that the parts were unavailable at this time. Alperin believes this to be equally outrageous because, "The parts are not rare and this is a spot that is used a lot. It is a critical and dangerous spot." He further commented, "I think it would be unfortunate if there was a loss of life because of this."

In addition to the faulty traffic light, there are dangerous curb stones along route thirty-two. If a car skids, a bad accident could occur. Last year, students petitioned the College to build a guard-rail that would insure safe crossing. They were informed by the President's secretary that the guard rail could not be installed. Later in the year, however, the school did make plans to build a path through the botanical gardens. They decided that such a venture would be too expensive.

Alperin said, "Someday somebody will get killed, then they'll put in a guard rail." He also added, "I don't like to blame the administration, it isn't their fault, but I feel they could have used their leverage to get these things remedied."

seeing large hairy feet in the next stall, pointing the opposite direction". Another student said, "So what? The Europeans do it."

After successfully updating social regulations, the college community examined the academic structure with revision in mind. Two alumnae (class of '23 and '39) suggested that the school should allow more academic freedom for the students. Accompanying the article was a list of proposed reforms. The list included instituting a pass-fail option for upper class students, self-scheduled exams, student designed majors, and even some student-taught classes.

The school also approved Student Departmental Advisory Committees to relate to the faculty the students' perspectives on curriculum, staff appointments, promotions, and other academic concerns.

Even in 1969, Connecticut College was involved with the off-campus world. The September issue of the *Sattgraha* reported that the College Council (a faculty-student-

administration forum) had voted to endorse a one-day war moratorium on October 15th in protest of the United States' involvement in



Vietnam. The Council suggested that the college suspend "business as usual" and cancel classes in support of the moratorium.

The purpose of the October 15th

moratorium was to allow door-to-door canvassing in support of a broader anti-war demonstration scheduled for that November. The November moratorium was to include a public morning on the steps of the Capitol for G.I.'s killed in Southeast Asia.

Connecticut College students were also organizing a drive to aid Mississippi's victims of Hurricane Camille. News reports indicated that opportunists had over-run the path of the storm selling water for \$1.00 per glass and soap for \$1.50 a cake. A group of students, prompted by these reports, distributed containers in all of the dormitories to collect much needed personal articles for the flood victims.

In 1969 Connecticut College entered its first year of co-education; now, in 1979, we enjoy a ratio of 40 percent men - 60 percent women. In '69 the administration was discussing new changes in the academic structure; now we take for granted the pass-fail option, and self-scheduled exams. Needless to say we enjoy many benefits not available to students ten years ago. This sort of planning and foresight are what make this school what it is.

NEWS SHORTS

Radio Theatre Set To Air

Thanks to the efforts of a handful of enthusiastic, creative students, WCNI Radio Theatre is quickly making a name for itself. Jim Francese, director of the show, along with co-directors Paula Bernhart and Kathy Cryan, have begun planning the wide range of radio theatre entertainment. This semester they hope to bring a touch of real professionalism to their work.

In order to turn out high-quality shows, the actors and actresses have been involved in "Theatre Games", which teach them how to use their bodies as well as their voices for a more spontaneous style of acting. Max Langstaff and Ben Robinson have been invaluable in supervising this new dimension in radio theatre. A wide range of sound effects will also be employed to make the plays sound believable.

Francese feels radio theatre is a real art, and, as one of the biggest potential forces of creativity on campus, could really put WCNI "on the map." What kind of shows are in store? Everything from Sherlock Holmes to Beckett to Tennessee Williams, and anything in between, says Francese. Radio theatre welcomes student literary concoctions with open arms as well.

The quickly growing enterprise has already been lucky enough to receive 20 radio scripts from our most generous resident

playwright, Romulus Linney. Radio theatre is currently receiving WCNI support for its expenses. Jim also hopes to find other sources of financial backing to establish a truly sound program.

The directors of Radio Theatre are excited about the weekly shows which will begin airing on Thursday nights at 9:00 p.m. after October break. As Francese puts it, "Radio theatre can pull people with extremely varied interests and talents together, put them in a pool where they all work together to create something really unique." Any prospectively brilliant artists of the theatre can contact either Jim Francese at 443-2791, (Box No. 439) or Paula Bernhart, (Box No. 145), or Kathy Cryan, (Box No. 307).

The End Of The Argument

The battle of the sexes is alive and well in New York. Marco Mason, 36, proved that fact without a doubt when he pleaded guilty to biting off his wife's nose during a heated family squabble. Apparently the argument arose over which of the Masons would receive custody of their two daughters. Fortunately, surgeons were able reconstruct Mrs. Mason's nose. Unfortunately for Mr. Mason, he was sentenced to two months in the klink. Obviously the poor man bit off more than he could chew.

Bomb Drops SAT Scores

The decline in college entrance exam scores among American teenagers may be a result of atomic bomb testing in the 1960's.

Dr. Ernest Sternglass, professor of Radiological Physics at the University Pittsburgh School of Medicine, says that the biggest dips in scholastic aptitude test scores over a period of 10 years, took place among teenagers who were in the uterus when fallout from atomic tests hit certain parts of the United States.

Dr. Sternglass says that atomic bomb tests caused radioactive fallout that hampered normal development of thyroid and pituitary glands of fetuses—glands which, the doctor claims, if less than perfect, contribute to poor intellectual development.

According to Sternglass, the most alarming drop of SAT scores occurred in Utah, where most of the atomic testing took place in the 1950's.

Says Sternglass, "This is not new. At Hiroshima, for example, a 1969 report noted that the level of retardation of children then "in utero" correlated directly to the distance mothers were from where the bomb hit. The closer the bomb and the heavier the low-level radiation dose, the greater impairment of intellectual development."

Dr. Sternglass is calling on the government, as a result of his finding, to investigate the effects of low-level radiation on fetuses.

OPINION

By BERNICE FLANAGAN

Last Saturday night I left a Cro semi-formal with a smile on my face. It was not an alcohol-induced grin — there was very little alcohol left when I arrived—nor had I enjoyed a scintillating repartee with a new crush. Rather, for the first time in three years I felt comfortable walking through the crowds of people in Cro main lounge without someone I knew by my side. I did no "scoping" to make certain that a special someone had arrived and did not even check for potential dance partners, perhaps because I did not particularly care for the music. What I did do was drift around talking to people whose company I truly enjoyed. Once I felt that I had spoken to everyone I wanted to, I did not assume a bored position on the Cro railing to assure I would not miss anything; I merely left the party—happy.

Sophomore year a similiar experience at an all-campus party would have left me feeling empty and depressed. Why, then, as a senior, can I handle a party alone? I do not believe it is because I know more people, I don't feel as if I do. Perhaps the most convincing explanation is that as a senior I

naturally have more confidence in myself than I ever have. But that is not the total explanation.

At Sunday brunch following a recent party in Harris, I sat with four senior women who were discussing their own feelings about the social life at Conn. Referring to the preceding night, all four agreed that they felt more sure of themselves than they have in previous years, and yet there was something missing—something that no one could quite describe. Maybe it was the physical absense of friends in the class of 1979, maybe a lack of a certain air of anticipation that had formerly accompanied the mental preparation for a party.

What we all shied away from stating, however, was why anticipation had once existed at all. The prospect of meeting new people and making new friends is always exciting. Perhaps we could not admit to each other, or to ourselves, that as long as there had been an older class, there had been older men.

I do not wish to imply that all women, or men for that matter, attend social functions with the sole intention of meeting the man or woman of their dreams. The idea that all campus parties are comparable to singles bars—an idea that the brunch group found preposterous and blown out of proportion—has already been expounded upon. But we can admit

that attention from a member of the opposite sex, be it romantic, intellectual, or merely social, is most often flattering.

Much has been said and written about the social life at Conn. College, a lot of it by women bemoaning the ratio and the lack of intellectual equals. One friend believes that Conn. College women see themselves as superior to the men, and that senior women on the whole are "cocky". Most of us are aware of the attitude that the women at Conn. are the "victims" of the "successful" attempt to make an all female institution co-educational, and the calibre of the men admitted to Conn. has long been a subject under fire. One friend jokingly likened the male experience at Conn. to that of a wide-eyed little boy in a candy store.

Considering the ratio alone, women at Conn. are at a supreme disadvantage. Why then all this discussion of the position of senior women?

Traditionally it has been considered socially unacceptable for a woman to date a younger man. A sweeping statement, yes, and there are, of course, exceptions. But there is some validity to it. The emotional and intellectual gap between a twenty-two year old and an eighteen year old is often considerable. While it is acceptable for a man to date a younger

woman, it is difficult for the reverse to take place. Senior women are in an exclusive predicament.

Resignation rather than depression seems to be the prevailing attitude. Realizing the artificiality of any college campus, especially one as small as ours, in relation to the "real world", the women in the class of 1980 seem to be waiting out this final year. Spirit for the class as a whole is present, but enthusiasm for the social life is waning.

Resigned to the scarcity of respected romantic relationships, used to the carbon-copy all-campus party, and anxiously anticipating the years ahead, we can now enjoy ourselves socially in a manner we have not been able to in the past.

As seniors contemplating what to do with the rest of our lives, being self-centered may be not only earned, but necessary.

Stevens' continued . . .

of Stevens' poems.

Professor Emeritus of English James R. Baird, the author of an analytical study of Stevens' poetry will join alumna Mary Blatner Arensburg and scholar Peter A. Brazeau in honoring Stevens through lectures.

College librarian Brian Rogers and Ass. Professor of English Thomas Couser, have compiled a library exhibit including first edition volumes of Stevens' poetry on loan from distinguished modern poet James Merrill.

Holly Stevens, Wallace Stevens' only child, will be an honored guest.

"Even though Stevens is a difficult poet," said Thomas Couser, "we are trying to make him accessible to a diverse audience."

The idea first took form last Spring, when English Professor George Willauer, attended the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association in New York, which commemorated Stevens. William Meredith, Alfred Corn (poet and 1978 Visiting Professor of English at Conn. College), and alumna Mary Arensburg also attended.

A grant from the Connecticut Humanities Council, state committee of the National Endowment of the Humanities, confirmed the all-arts program. N.E.H., which sponsored language scholar Germaine Bree's two visits to Conn. last year, and is supporting her return this weekend, is a champion of interdisciplinary programs like the Wallace Stevens Centennial Celebration. A Connecticut College grant from the English Department's Ida Preston Gibson Fund rounded out the NEH gift.

It was only natural that Wallace Stevens should be the focus of Connecticut's interdisciplinary "explosion" of the arts. He himself was a furious intertwining of ideals. A powerful poet, not merely a literate, but a finely literary man, Stevens never lost sight of the dailliness of life. "It gives a man character as a poet," he once said, "to have this daily contact with a job."

Connecticut College Senior Royce Becker, recommended by the Art Department, designed the Stevens Celebration poster with the help of Eric Atherton, '79.

wallace stevens

A Centennial Celebration

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1979
 4:00 p.m. Reception and exhibit
 Library
 4:30 p.m. Lectures, Holmes Room,
 Library
 Peter A. Brazeau, St. Joseph College,
 on Stevens' poetry
 Mary Blatner Arensburg, SUNY Albany,
 on Stevens' poetry
 8:00 p.m. Lecture, 122 Hall
 James R. Baird, Professor Emeritus,
 Connecticut College,
 on Stevens' poetry

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1979
 8:00 p.m. An evening of poetry,
 music, and theater
 Dana Hall
 Performance of musical settings of Stevens' poems:
 William Dale, pianist; Frank Church, cellist;
 Anita TeHernepe, soprano, Connecticut College.
 Performance of Stevens' one-act play,
 "Three Travelers Watch a Sunrise." Directed by
 Robley Evers, Connecticut College.
 A reading of a poem inspired by Wallace Stevens.
 William Meredith, Connecticut College.

This project was supported by a grant
 from the Connecticut Humanities Council
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The College Voice

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—PROFILE—



**ROMULOUS LINNEY :
PLAYWRIGHT IN RESIDENCE**

BY AMY ARKAWY

During the fall semester, Romulous Linney, the noted novelist and playwright, is teaching courses in both Play writing and Fiction at Connecticut College. Professor Linney, who received his B.A. from Oberlin College and his M.F.A. from the Yale University School of Drama, has held visiting professorships at Brooklyn College, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, the H.B. Playwright's Foundation, and the Annenberg School of Communications. In addition, he has been a member of the English Faculty at the Manhattan School of Music from 1964-1972, and an adjunct associate professor at the Columbia University School of the Arts from 1972-1974. Before coming to Connecticut, Linney was a visiting associate professor at the University of Pennsylvania during the spring semester, 1978-1979.

After serving in the army, Linney began his career in the theatre as an actor in 1958. He also did some directing for a short time but left the theatre in 1962 to become a novelist.

The candid and friendly Linney describes his leaving the theatre as a necessity. He says, "It was much harder for an actor to find work at that time. There was no off off-Broadway. If I was starting today I would probably continue acting."

That year his first novel, *Heathen Valley*, was published. His second novel, *Slowly, By Thy Hand Unfurled* was published in 1965. However, he found his novels becoming increasingly dramatic and was drawn back to the theatre. He explains, "I became more and more impatient about the work that was being done." In 1968, Linney's first play, *The Sorrows Of Fredrick* (a closet drama as he describes it) opened in New York City in 1967 at the Mark Taper Forum. His first play is also his most acclaimed and performed. Productions of it have been done many times throughout the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Germany and in the well known Vienna Burgtheater in Austria. Many actors including Fritz

Weaver, Austin Pendleton and Tom Conte have played the lead role.

His other works include *Democracy and Esther*, *Holy Ghosts* and *The Love Suicide at Schofield Barracks*, which is currently going into production at Connecticut College.

Currently, Professor Linney is serving on two commissions,—The Phoenix Theatre and the Chelsea Theatre — both in New York City. In addition, on October 16, rehearsal for his new play, *Child Byron*, based on the life of Lord Byron, will go under way at the Actor's Theatre in Louisville, Kentucky.

The vibrant professor explains that creative writing courses have become more popular because, "Although one can't be taught to write, one can be helped to teach oneself." In addition, Linney believes that regardless of one's ability, writing courses are, "a very interesting way to become in touch with one's personal feelings."

Linney believes that writing is completely personal and that one should exercise one's own imagination. In both his courses, fiction and playwrighting, Linney allows and encourages the students to choose their own subjects and to develop their own styles in major projects. However, he uses short exercises to "release certain imaginative forces in the inexperienced writer."

The professor also believes it important that writing be shared. All students are required to read their own work aloud in class. The class then engages in critical discussions of each work that are both "candid and supportive."

Professor Linney is on campus every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and lives in New York with his wife Margaret — an associate professor of Drama at Brooklyn College — and his two daughters Laura, 15, and Susan, 4.

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THE WAY WE WERE: THE WAY WE ARE...

D.J. LOOKS BACK



BY ALICE JOHNSON

When I first came to Connecticut College from Wellesley in 1958, I could see little remarkable difference between the two schools. Both were small women's colleges, both extended over beautifully landscaped campuses, and both stressed a special kind of Victorian--if not Edwardian--gentility of manner. Both maintained vigorous academic standards, though I was immediately impressed by how much more work was expected of Connecticut College students than of their Wellesley counter-parts. This is not meant to be an odious comparison; Connecticut was simply still in the throes of trying to prove itself as good as, if not better than, older women's colleges in New England.

intense involvement at all levels--internal as well as external. Students grew politically more active every year, campaigned for favorite candidates, battled South for the Civil Rights movement; pushed for more black students on campus; rang door bells for Clean Gene; protested the Vietnam War; and examined every course in the college catalogue to determine whether or not it was "relevant" as an educational experience. It was evident that improving the state of the world was more important than spending too much time on the irrelevancies of college requirements, although committees were established to dispense student advice to every department.



1968- Dick Gregory leads Conn. College students on a march of silence to commemorate the death of three black students killed by police in Orangeburg, S.C.

Skirts or dresses had to be worn to dinner; the housefellow (faculty or staff members) said grace before everyone sat down together for the evening meal, and God forbid anyone should leave the dining hall before the housefellow had carefully folded her napkin, risen from her seat, and majestically moved toward the living room to preside over the coffee urn. Students had to keep regular hours and sign in and out at the bell desk, which was usually manned by a benign senior citizen always referred to as "The Bell Lady." Calendar days were observed to guarantee that no student would cut classes on the two days preceding or following vacation periods, unless she wished to be forced to take an extra course in order to qualify for graduation.

Connecticut College, along with most others, entered a period of

Although cracks already existed in the pattern of gentility, they did not really begin to show until the fall of 1960 when the first of the activists arrived on campus. The arrival of the class of 1964 marked the end of what journalists had already labelled "The Silent Generation."

The first effort of this group of freshmen which launched more than a decade of volatile political activity, was a petition to Speaker of the House, Sam Rayburn, demanding the abolition of the House Un-American Activities Committee. In light of the years of nation-wide campus activity that ensued, it is difficult now to recall why the Administration agonized before it allowed the students to proceed with their innocent petition. Older heads were still remembering the bad old days in

the early fifties when Senator Joseph McCarthy castigated colleges for being hot beds of communism.

Then, in 1969, Connecticut College went co-educational. Probably for the first time since its founding the college decided to take an innovative leap without waiting around to see which way Wellesley or Smith or any one else was going to jump. Soon after President Charles Shain made his historic announcement, a delegation of students appeared in his office to ask about the rules and regulations that would be applied once the men began to arrive on the campus. "Well," Charles Shain said, with a gallant smile, "I suppose the old double standard will still apply. College men have always had greater freedom than college women. That's the way of the way of the world." For once, he received no applause.

grow apples in Vermont; to drive taxicabs; to build log cabins; to run marinas; to make pottery.

A new breed of student began to arrive on campus in September of 1970. There was little if any sign of national political interest. There was rather a return to serious academic pursuits. The pursuit of careers began to assume remarkable importance. Interests in the professions - particularly law, medicine, and business administration - began to supercede scholarly pursuits. Professional emphasis shifted. In the sixties, most students interested in law or medicine planned to be public defenders of those without financial means, or to establish urban clinics to minister to the poor.

There is, more tension and anxiety in the student body today than I can remember having noted before. The uncertain economic



In less than a week, realizing that "Equal Rights" were here to stay, he formed a committee made up of faculty, students, and administrators to grapple with the problem of parietals and *in loco parentis*. After weeks of discussion and debate, *in loco parentis* was out and a single standard was established. Each dormitory would vote in its own house rules. That September, twenty-seven young men arrived on the campus. Co-education was off and running. The first men were pioneers and excellent aides in the recruitment of others to follow.

We all recall the upheavals which occurred in 1970 across the country when the Cambodian incursion was revealed to the nation. Devisiveness and misunderstanding developed as students came to be viewed with alarm, anguish, and even hatred. But that Spring upheaval, traumatic as it was, marked the abrupt ending of some ten years of student activism. Students realized that no matter how much they deplored the war, they were essentially helpless. Their government refused to listen. And as if by the snap of a finger, everything suddenly stopped. Students turned inward and many went off to do "their own thing": to

status of the world and the scars left by the disgrace of Watergate and Vietnam have contributed to a sense that perhaps all is not so right with America. Students today resist being engulfed by the impersonal hand of big government or big business, and are deeply concerned about the way both have contributed to the pollution of the planet. A large all-campus effort to collect all materials that can be recycled and used again is a reflection of wide-spread student concern.

The pressures of every college generation change. But the young are still basically the same: vulnerable; sensitive; and idealistic. They may be more knowledgeable in some ways than were their predecessors. Only time will tell if this is a good thing.

The college remains a small community--a community in which it is possible for students to explore and to try out new ways to improve the world as they perceive it. Most of them, despite the pressures and the tensions, would still, I think, agree with Wordsworth's statement of another time: "Bliss it was in that dawn to be alive. But to be young was very heaven." That's the way we were; that's the way we are.



HOME COMING: Welcome Back Alums

By ANN C. ALLAN

Homecoming at Connecticut College is relatively recent but nonetheless glorious tradition. It holds a seductive appeal for the recent alumni who have been rudely thrust into the real world after receiving a diploma and maybe particularly comforted to return to the scene of more idyllic days. Homecoming is a time for unabashed nostalgia. Time has a way of gilding past experience with a warm, hazy patina.

For those of us who are still students at Conn, Homecoming is exciting. It's bound to be the best party of the semester. So many activities and special events are planned that the weekend is crammed with things to do and the numbing boredom indigenous to our small community is held at bay. Sports, banner contests, theatre, semi-formal liquor bashes - all contribute to the festive feeling prevalent on campus.

The highlight of this year's Homecoming should prove to be Casino Conn., a highly unusual and imaginative party sponsored by the Senior class to be held in Cro. on Saturday night. The upstairs lounge will be turned into a casino complete with gaming tables and croupiers. A certain amount of hard cash buys the participant fabulous sums of play money to be squandered freely. Later in the evening there will be an auction at which you can bid your winnings on some weird and wonderful items.

The man behind this ambitious project, Marty Johnson '80, is optimistic about expected turnout. Says Johnson, "This will be the major fundraiser for the semester for the senior class. We plan on having eighteen tables-roulette black-jack, wheels of fortune and craps-upstairs. The downstairs area, in the snack bar, will be a disco with a wine and beer bar. There will be a liquor bar at the main-desk and one upstairs in the casino. Social Board is helping to finance the party and they're going all out. Johnson worked closely in

planning the event with a company in Hartford called Games of Chance, Inc. who will provide the tables and will also train sixty to sixty-five seniors as dealers. Some one hundred seniors are needed to put on this party and the cooperation within the class has been tremendous. Johnson stated that there were some problems with "bureaucratic red-tape and

alumni are expected to return, and of those registered with the Alumni Office 80 percent are from the class of '79. In addition to recent graduates, Conn. will also be hosting the Alumni Council, a group made up of class representatives, admission aides, and fund-raisers, who will be attending workshops and seminars, as well as enjoying themselves.

Sowkalsky, Dean Margaret Watson and Louise Anderson - all administrative members of the Homecoming Committee - the three ladies discussed the history of the event and the philosophy behind it. According to Ms. Anderson, "We had a good crowd last year. This is only the third year and it's a new thing for us but the alumni seem very responsive".

Connie Sowkalsky added, "The first year people didn't really know what Homecoming was. Now people are talking like it's big weekend." Dean Watson agreed, "People make a point of saving this weekend to come to Conn."

In the past reunions were held in the spring, so Homecoming came into being as an event for the fall. As Ms. Sowkalsky pointed out, "Homecoming started as a day, but for students it's a full weekend. We can't accommodate incoming guests for the entire weekend- it would be impossible to feed and house them." She also predicted, "It will grow to be a bigger thing as more couples start coming back. I can see tail-gate picnics in the future!"

In discussing the raison d'etre of the weekend Dean Watson stated, "It serves as a means of getting old friends together. It's especially important to the sophomores, juniors and seniors, but even the freshmen get to meet legends. It's basically a social and recreational event for old friends. One great thing that helps the turnout is that most of our young graduates are between Boston and Washington,"

Connie Sokalsky pointed out that last Homecoming 1500 people passed through Crozier-Williams on Saturday night. In reference to Casino Conn., she noted that, "The proceeds of this will be the making of a successful Senior Week and Commencement."

Casino Conn. promises to be the high point of a great weekend. See you at the black-jack table.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1979

4-9 p.m. — Early Arrivals' Registration, Alumni Office (Alumni I.D. cards distributed).

8 p.m. — National Theatre of the Deaf presents *The Wooden Boy, or the Secret Life of Geppetto's Dummy*. Palmer Auditorium. \$4.50 for alumni and O'Neill members; \$5.00 general admission.

9 p.m.-1 a.m. — Harkness Party (admission charge) Alumni I.D. cards required.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1979

9 a.m.-2 p.m. — Registration, Cro Main Desk, Crozier-Williams (coffee and doughnuts).

10 a.m. — Alumni Crew Race, Seniors vs. Alumni. Boathouse, Thames River. Brunch following for participants.

11 a.m. — Men's Tennis, C.C. vs. Coast Guard. North Tennis Courts.

12 noon — All-Campus Picnic on Harris Green. **TICKETS REQUIRED!**

1 p.m. — Women's Volleyball, C.C. vs. Clark.

2 p.m. — Men's Varsity Soccer, C.C. vs. Vassar. Harkness Field. Halftime: Refreshment Tent. Prizes awarded for dorm decorating contest.

2 p.m. — Men's Cross Country, C.C. vs. Vassar, Bentley & Tufts.

4:30-6 p.m. — Faculty/Student/Alumni Receptions in Selected Dorms.

6-8 p.m. — Dinner on Your Own. Menus available at Registration Desk, Crozier-Williams.

9 p.m.-2 a.m. — CASINO NIGHT (admission charge and cash bar). Sponsored by the Class of '80, Crozier-Williams.

delays." He also said, "It was time-consuming. The state of Connecticut is reluctant to let students operate a casino. We've put a lot of time and effort into it and it should be the premier event of the season."

A lot of time and effort has also gone into planning the week-end as a whole. Two to three hundred

Although in the past only the last five classes have been invited to Homecoming, this year - because Conn. is celebrating ten years of co-education - all the class from '73 (the first co-ed class) have been asked to attend. And though Homecoming is only three years old, each year more and more alumni return.

In an interview with Constance

Co-Ed continued . . .

December. There is natural attrition, with students leaving. And many students spend the second semester away."

This last reason accounts for the small size of the class of 1981. They are the present juniors, and many are spending the year abroad, or at another school.

"Also," says Rhyne, "there is a greater tendency for a male to drop out of school for work or traveling than women. Men aren't as mature as women. They are slower starters and faster finishers. Over the long haul, things even out."

But before one takes this too seriously, one must remember the "pig push" and the "Trumbull College Beer and Bike Race."

Smiling, Rhyne recalled the old school traditions, when the college was all girls. "We used to have a pig push many years ago. The Academy would send up enough cadets - one cadet per Connecticut female. There would be a dance in Cro. The selection of partners were

random. The girl would put a piece of personal jewelry in a hat. A cadet would draw it and the match was made.

The dances would be chaperoned, and we (the faculty) would sit around like 'old fogies, watching them dance and drink punch." And then, almost as an afterthought, Rhyne added "and yes, it was punch."

The bike race was more bizarre. "It was a chug-a-lug event in which the boys would do a lot of drinking. The boys would ride to campus, stopping for beverages along the way, so some were soused when they got here." Only some?

Another feature of the single sex school was more competition between classes. "There were competitive plays and competitive sings between classes," says Rhyne. "Prizes would be awarded. I would like to see resumption of friendly competition between classes."

But there was one very serious reason for the move to co-ed. When asked if the move was a monetary one, Rhyne said "there is evidence

for that. There are more opportunities for money. We wouldn't have \$800,000 for the rink. Co-education has brought us varsity sports: crew, soccer, basketball, and others. The range of intramural sports has increased.

Despite all these changes, Rhyne can still say "things went smoothly the first year (of co-education). The only anomaly that occurs to me is the problem of housing. That very first year, Larrabee was the men's dorm.

The move to co-ed dorms was wisely gradual. Some dorms were single sex and some were mixed. As far as I was concerned, that worked."

The reality of co-ed dorms also brought about a change in living style at Conn. "There used to be dorm sign outs and sign ins," stated Rhyne. "Dorms were locked at 11:00 p.m. If you were out late without permission, you were in trouble. You had a key to your room, but not the front door of your dorm. Quiet hours started after dinner. Men were restricted to first floor lobbies. That was normal then."

It is also hard to believe that having a car on campus used to be considered a luxury. Rhyne stated that "commuting students could have cars. Then it was expanded to after March break, of second semester of the senior year."

It is apparent that many changes have taken place at Conn. in the last ten years. Many have been important, some are less important, but all are interesting. But has the school improved since it went co-ed. Rhyne said not better, but...

"I think it is more fun. But we have had more instances of vandalism never heard of 10 years ago. But, at the level of consumption, it is fun to watch soccer and basketball games. Mixed classes are more fun to teach.

The college is healthier, everying considered, than 10 years ago."

So, let's hear one more verse of 'happy anniversary' and have another round of champagne. Raise the glasses one more time - 'happy anniversary Connecticut.' Here's to another 10 years of growth.

ENTERTAINMENT

ONE WOMAN REMEMBERS MANY

By JULIA STAHLGREN

A lovely, clear voice lilted forward from the back of the chapel. It was a woman's voice that sang, and even though the tune was only "Yankee Doodle," it was beautiful. The person appeared moments later, gifted with sparkling eyes, a wonderful smile, and appealing ease. She greeted the audience, and palmed their attention and concern. About one hour later, they applauded her performance with a standing ovation.

"Women I Have Known" is a one woman show that was written by Ms. Tulis Sessions and performed in the chapel last Thursday night. Now in its fourth season, the show is a fascinating and moving look at some of the steps women have taken in the past towards emancipation. "Women I Have Known" is far from a hostile, bitter commentary on man's discrimination of women, though. "History was written for men, by men, 'bout men, a...men," smiled Ms.

Sessions with a heavy Old New England accent at the beginning of the show. Rather than talk about what men had done to women in the past, "Women I Have Known" focused on what women have done to help themselves; and so dealt positively with a subject prone to negativism.

Ms. Sessions spent a full year before writing the script, which is comprised of the stories of eight different women out of the American past. Thursday night the audience met four of the eight—Anne Hutchinson, Lucy Stone, Sojourner Truth, Margaret Sanger—all feminists in the purest, truest sense of the word. Ms. Sessions explained after the show that she does not always introduce all eight women, and although the script is quite complete, it is written to allow her to decide, on stage, which of the eight she will cover.

Ms. Sessions acquaints the audience with these females through her portrayal of a warm, sensitive, tough, and very amusing Old New England woman. She speaks of the women as if she has known them, establishing a smooth, personal tie with each one, to make them all seem real and tangible. Ms. Sessions furthers the

realism by voicing each character at various moments; the program is highlighted with genuine speeches and events from these women's lives.



This format provides an impressive demonstration of Ms. Sessions' talent. Already playing one role, she dropped in and out of four other very different characters on Thursday evening with dextrous ease. Anne Hutchinson (1590-1643) was a strong, daring woman who was "accused of thinking." She verbally opposed the Puritan church and was seen as such a threat that John Winthrop banished her from their

Massachusetts colony. Lucy Stone (1818-1893) gave the suffragettes definition and direction at their earliest, and perhaps most crucial stages. Sojourner Truth (1797-1883) was a simple, but extremely effective black woman who supported the abolitionist and suffragist movements. "Between the white woman in the north, and the black man in the south," she said at one convention, "the white man is going to have a lot of trouble." Margaret Sanger (1897-1966) began and lead the first birth control movement in the U.S.

Each of these characters was completely real and believable, and Ms. Sessions made them tremendously exciting to watch.

The show was startling. Its content was impressive and stirring. The quiet, intimacy of the chapel provided an atmosphere that complimented the mood established by the script's author and actress. The skill, and sensitivity, and vitality of the performer were captivating. Of Sojourner Truth, Harriet Beecher Stowe said, "She has a strong sphere." I cannot think of any better way to describe Ms. Sessions.

CLEMENTS A CROWD PLEASER

By JEFFREY DAY
STEPHEN BUSHER

"Music's the only thing that makes sense to me," said 57 year old Vassar Clemens, who's band (Jimmy O'Neil on guitar, Brian Cole on drums, Lou Stevens on piano and Buzzy Mekins, formerly of the Outlaws, on bass) bluegrass 500 people at Palmer Auditorium last Sunday evening. The band played a total of 20 songs, some of which might be called progressive bluegrass, country rock, or just Vassar's own blend of music. Whatever it was, the crowd definitely seemed to enjoy it.

A good fraction of the crowd were old Vassar fans playing their spoons and enjoying the display of fine fiddlin'. A part of the crowd seemed to have been experiencing this type of music for the first time, but by the end, Vassar and friends had the crowd on its feet.

Vassar introduced a "cowboy" by the name of Dean Campbell, whom he described as "a good ole boy" from Nashville. He added a Western touch along with a fine display of yodeling. The band ran through many of the favorite old bluegrass tunes: "Lonesome Fiddle Blues", "Orange Blossom Special" ("...the Fiddler's National Anthem."), and the traditional last encore "Will the Circle Be Unbroken."

The band was diverse enough to handle a song by Vassar's ex-bassist, (in the style of Jean-Luc Ponty), "Acropolis." Clements even let his 400 year old fiddle, "Throtmorten", sing "Listen to the Mockingbird." Vassar's people, as well as the band, could not have been friendlier, as eager as we

were to make our first review a good one.

The awkward feeling in the beginning was quickly eased by Vassar's good nature. He did not even seem to be bothered by us starting out with the most tired question that we could have asked:

S & J: "What direction do you think your music is taking from here?"

Vassar: "We don't read it, we just play the feeling...Who knows? Whatever comes up next that feels good."

S & J: "What about music in

general?"

Vassar: "Ah...Disco ain't worth a flip! I mean one tune would be fine but every tune with the same chords...ya know that beat? I don't see how there's room to do anything much...except dance. I don't have anything against what anybody's doin', if it's going to have anything to do with music it ought to be music!"

S & J: "What's been your favorite musical experience and with whom was it?"

Vassar: "I can't say that 'cause all of 'ems been jus' as great."

S & J: "This summer at your concert in Colorado the audience seemed to be a much older crowd. Do you think Bluegrass is dying with your generation?"

Vassar: "The thing of it is...Bluegrass 'died in the wool' Bluegrass...I don't think you've ever hear it...have you? Just acoustic banjo, mandolin, g'itar, and a bass...played the same way be everybody...same dey, same notes, everything...now Bill Monroe is Bluegrass. He was a big influence, tha's who I started with. Ya got to keep learnin' though...that's what makes music good."

S & J: "So what do you think when people try to classify your music?"

Vassar: "It don't matter to me, I could go out there with 5 saxes and they'd say 'Man, that knocked out bluegrass!' (Vassar doesn't seem to agree with his manager's commercialization measures, the flanger on the bass and the phase-shifter on his fiddle. In confidence he told us "...sounds terrible anyway.")

S & J: "What do you think of kids today, playing campuses, etc.?"

Vassar: "Ya know ya really got a beautiful campus here...Yah... They're with ya...they seem like they know waht 'cha doin', you can just play...they know what your feeling, or something."

On this, the last night of a 60 day tour, Vassar went into a story about Chubby Wise, an idol's idol. "Hank Snow's got a tune about movin' on and he (Chubby) said he'd been movin' too long, so he kinda' got out of it. I like playing to people. I don't like the road, but I'll put up with that to play to people. I really hate it, but I'll do it to play the fiddle."



SPORTS

SET:SPIKE:POINT!

By MARSHA WILLIAMS

Six new faces can be seen among the Connecticut College Volleyball team this season, one being that of Marilyn Gelish, the new coach. Although new to Connecticut College, Ms. Gelish is certainly not new to volleyball. In fact, this is her tenth year of affiliation with the sport. She comes to us from Keene State University in New Hampshire where, after participating in the volleyball club, she initiated the first intercollegiate team, and later saw the team to its first winning season.



Megan Vosburgh, Liz Lawson, Michele Blanchard, Nancy Mamel, and Ginny Bell are the rest of the new team members. They will join veterans Beth Offenhartz, Beth Brown, Meg Garvey, Elizabeth Schelling, Lee Stack, Carol Marton, Kim Carlson, and Margot Moser to form a 13-member team that Coach Gelish believes "has the ability to make it to the regionals in Pennsylvania."

Rumor has it that the team's practices consist of more con-

ditioning exercises than the men's soccer team! Although the women joke about their extensive conditioning, they take the stretching exercises, sprints, and jumping drills very seriously. Practices also include individual drills in which the players can sharpen personal areas they find weak. The latter part of the practices involve fast-paced inter-squad play during which a team is set up on one side of the court receiving serves in game fashion from the remaining players on the other side. The scrimmage-like drill allows Coach Gelish to familiarize herself with the women as players, while simultaneously providing practice for the team members.

The volleyball team closes the month of September with a record of 2 wins and 3 losses. The first loss came against Yale by a close 2 to 3 score. Yale had won the first two games, but the Camels fought back to win the next two. The pressure was on Yale in the fifth, and they responded, coming out on top by a score of 15-10.

September 24 marked the first home game and the beginning of a very busy week for the volleyball team. They really impressed the Conn College fans by completely overpowering Albertus Magnus in three consecutive games 15-2, 15-12, and 15-2. Spectacular serves from sophomore Carol Marton, and impressive overall play from freshman Michele Blanchard helped the team to its victory.

After splitting a decision on September 26, losing to UConn but beating Eastern, the Camels returned home for yet another extremely competitive match against Boston College. Some 75 spectators were on hand as starters Beth Schelling, Carol Marton, Margot Moser, Michele Blanchard, and co-captains Lee Stack and Beth Offenhartz took the court. BC won the first game by a score of 15-8 despite excellent serves from Lee Stack. The second game saw the Camels win 15-4 with great overall teamwork and outstanding serves from Beth Schelling. The third game went to BC; the fourth to Conn. Then in the fifth, just as in the fifth game against Yale, the opponents came out on top by only a few points.

If you haven't made it to a Conn College Volleyball game yet, you are definitely missing a great opportunity to see competition at its peak. The next home game is Saturday, October 6, against Clark.

MEN'S SOCCER STALLED AT 3-3

By MARSHA WILLIAMS

Although the Men's Soccer team has been extremely competitive this season, their record at the end of September stands at a disappointing 3 and 3. Since the opening victory against Holy Cross, the Camels have beaten Fairfield and the Coast Guard, but have been defeated by Quinnipiac, Western Connecticut, and Wesleyan.

The game at Fairfield on September 15 belonged to Tom Burke, who scored both goals in the 2-0 shutout. Four days later, the soccer team lost its bid for an undefeated season by losing to Quinnipiac 2-1.

On September 23, the team lost its second in a row to Western Connecticut 3-1. Among the

spectators at the game was a student from the Coast Guard Academy, who frequently questioned a College Voice photographer and this reporter about several Conn College players. It wasn't until the end of the second half that we noticed his tiny pad of paper and pen, and realized that he was a scout for the Coast Guard's Soccer Team. His notes could not have helped the Guard much, as the Camels beat the Bears 4-2 on September 25.

Finally, on Saturday, September 29, a busload of spectators were on hand to witness the team's third loss, a 4-1 defeat at the hands of Wesleyan. Tom Burke scored the only Conn goal.



Flag football: the sports alternative

FLAG FOOTBALL RIPS INTO SEASON

By ANN C. ALLAN

There are some people who think that the fall term at Conn. begins with classes in Fanning, dorm get-togethers designed to allay freshman fears, and the resurrection of warm sweaters to replace cut-offs. The air is cooler, the leaves will turn soon, and this semester, one resolves to really buckle down and work. Summer is really over.

But for the die-hard fan, fall at Conn. really begins when Oakes Ames throws out that first football and the glorious intra-mural wars begin anew. Next to such grandiose events as the Harvard-Yale game, Conn. flag football games may seem pale and insignificant indeed. But those who play, as well as we who savor the thrills vicariously on the sidelines, know how intense the competition is.

This season opens as a kind of a blank slate; which teams and individuals will earn immortality remains to be seen. Gone are the almost legendary dynasties, the famous North-South rivalry, and the proven greats. As Smith Housefellow Chris Colbert puts it, "It's not like the days of old." Will Harkness and Smith, containing as they do the last remnants of the teams that have so dominated the league for the past three years, emerge as rivals? Will the players from Park-Wright do better emanating from the complex than they did from J.A. last year? What new teams will emerge to inspire the passionate fans loyalty which is such an integral part of the league? Everyone has his own speculations and predictions, but this writer will wisely refrain from forecasts. For fear she would be laughed out of print if wrong! Later in the season of course I'll claim I knew all along!

This season opened with a confrontation between Hamilton and K.B. Both sides obviously suffered from first game but-terflies. In the first half the hard

hitting, gladiator style so favored at Conn. was absent. This hesitancy wore off as the game went on with Hamilton playing very aggressively. Bob Ruggerio and Bob (Bunsen) Landau were both outstanding for Hamilton. Ruggerio shone on offense and defense highlighted by an exceptional thirty yard run, while Landau provided the impetus for Hamilton's scoring drives.

Both sides were plagued by incomplete passes and penalties. K.B. seemed particularly limited by their small variety of plays. Despite the early season confusion, K.B.'s quarterback, Pat Voke, displayed considerable potential. Hamilton finally triumphed 21-14.

Flag Football commissioner, Rick Schrier, looked forward to the rest of the season, "There are no real powerhouses anymore. The stronger teams are Freeman, Hamilton, and Smith-Morrison, but Park-Wright could be a sleeper." The individuals he mentioned as worth keeping an eye on were Jim Baron and Peter Mendelson of Park-Wright; Fred West, Bob Ruggerio, and Bob Landau of Hamilton; Tony Delyani, Lou Lora, and Paul Sabatino of Harkness; and Chris Colbert of Smith-Morrison. As of press-time, Smith-Morrison has compiled a league leading 2-0 record by recently crushing Freeman 42-14.

While players come and go, some things never change, like the multitudes of femalefreshmen fans! Both Hamilton and K.B. started the season with loyal, ardent, and vocal supporters, cheering them on from the sidelines. The more objective spectators were full of eager speculation, nostalgia, and Budweiser. Flag football is one of the best things to happen at Conn. since co-education and the licensing of Attilio Regolo. So, get out there and support your dorm!!

— OFF THE TRACK —

HOT TIME IN THE SUMMER SUN

By ANDREW RODWIN

The final steps are taken when the corners of the vinyl liner are wedged into the coping with clothespins or slivers of wood, and when the hose of the vacuum is slipped underneath the liner and sealed airtight with duct tape. Clicked on, the vacuum pulls the liner tight and the liner hugs the walls.

Around the corner of the house, at the mouth of the driveway where the tank truck has been parked, George pulls starts the pump. The flaccid hose snaked down the length of the driveway and across the lawn snaps erect. Tumescant, it squirms to rid itself of the slight kinks that bind the flow.

The first flying gallons of water slap the wall of the pool like a shot; draining down, water forms an instant puddle at the bottom. Arcing powerfully up from the mouth of the hose pitched through empty space and roaring down into the pool at 250 gallons per minute, the water in the bottom quickly collects depth. It is a time to rest, talk, relax, watch. This pool is finished.

We began building swimming pools in the middle of May. Still caught up in the crush of final exams — that alienating stretch of bone-wrenching study, feverish beer-drinking, and dark apprehension — nothing looked finer to me than hot sun, honest sweat, long hours, and cold cash.

We formed a crew to build pools. With six summers of building pools behind him, Thomas, a veteran, was boss. Hugh and I were what might euphemistically be known as "junior partners," or more simply "bips." Customers for whom we built pools invested roughly seven to eleven thousand dollars with Sweetwater Pools. As sub-contractors, we invested heavily in sweat and care, and were well paid.

We navigated through the arid tracts of Groton, Norwich, rustic Preston, the leafy but eccentric suburb of Ledyard, Noank, distant Colchester, and nearby Waterford, leaving spanking-new pools brimming with cold, clear water in our wake.

Pool-building is basically a simple procedure subject, to be sure, to Murphy's ineffable Law: "if anything can possibly go wrong, it will."

To begin with, a pool is put in a hole. Accordingly, each job began with a backhoe - safety-yellow, ubiquitous in construction, a piece of heavy equipment used for digging and landscaping.

After calculating the depth of our projected hole (a function of the yard level at which the customer wanted his pool), and staking out our rectangle, the backhoe operator began to dig. With the aid of a levelling transit, we guided the operator through whatever hours, or days, of earth-scooping it took to get the hole dug.

Then, the three of us assembled the walls of the pool. These consisted of galvanized steel panels, 3½ feet high by 8 ft. long, which we bolted together to achieve the dimensions of the pool. The walls were anchored by supportive braces called "A-frames" and topped with a continuous rim of metal "coping" which was bolted around the inner perimeter of the panels; later we would clip the vinyl liner into the coping.

Once we leveled, squared, and straightened the walls we were ready to pour the concrete "collar," around the outside base of the panel walls. The collar essentially anchored the pool in place.

Concrete trucks had a nagging habit of arriving an hour or two late. Tom would call the company periodically to find out what the hell was going on, but the dispatcher always maintained that the driver was "on the way." Hugh figured it was the driver himself, tipped back in a chair, feet lounging on the desk, slugging a Coca Cola, who answered the phone.

The trucks bore three to five cubic yards of concrete. Transporting deadweight into a collar required either shovelling conveniently spaced piles dropped from a truck circling the pool, or moving unexaggerated tons of concrete in wheelbarrows. This could provoke quarts of sweat.

Next, we shaped the hole exactly to specifications. Even the best backhoe operator is never accurate to the inch; the hole must be finished or "shaped" by hand.

Because there is a deep end of the hole, or "hopper," whose walls were the earth on which the steel panels rested and whose floor was 4½ feet below the bottom of the shallow end, shaping required considerable care and effort. Rocks were raked, bulging walls were trimmed to a flat angle. Hardpan has to be sculpted away with a shovel, hanging roots were shorn with awkward clippers, and rocks, deceptively nestled, had to be wrested from their dull peace with a prybar, or chipped in incredible tedium with an incessant jackhammer, or picked at like tartar from a molar. The simple arithmetic of subtracting excess dirt by throwing it up and over the walls, or adding dirt by getting outside and throwing it in, balanced the equation. A well-shaped hole remained.

Floored and walled by earth exposed to a mature sun, the hole, again, was surrounded by steel panels, which relayed all available heat inside. It was an immense reflector oven. We once put a thermostat into a hole: it registered only 120 degrees for the simple reason that the thermometer's calibrations ended there.

After shaping, the only thing standing between the pool and the liner was the absence of a smooth surface on which the liner might rest. We applied such a surface in the form of either mortar sand or a cement-like compound dubbed "vermiculite."



Sand was simple — throw it, trowel it smooth. But vermiculite could be an enemy, even as it lay before mixing, dry and inert in stacked bags of cement and piled bags of rice-like additive labelled "pool base aggregate." These ingredients were collated with water in a gas-powered mixer whose engine was as temperamental as a nasty kid.

As mixer, I was left alone to handle mixing and wheeling a steady supply of vermiculite for Tom and Hugh to trowel. It was a simple job, but a nasty one sputters and backfires of the raucous engine usually heralded a stall which would leave me fiddling meaninglessly with the choke, pull-starting until the rope frayed, and harboring a rich black indulgence in my own frustration. But Tom, an excellent mechanic, lent a hand.

Trowelling was typically done in a single day: a trowelled surface is too sensitive to leave casually overnight. For this reason, we finished trowelling pools late in the afternoon or evening.

Now came the vinyl liner. The liner fit the pool like a glove, or "propho" to use the slang, and was the actual container of the water.

When George came with the water and pumped it into the pool, we had to watch for wrinkles in the liner, and make minor adjustments in the way it hung. Once the liner was seated nicely, we could settle back a little. Sometimes we enjoyed fine cans of drenching cold beer. These, pulled from chilled six-packs dripping sweat in the hot sun, were relished.

Awareness that a few minor jobs remained did not spoil the satisfaction that nuzzled through our fatigue.

We built those pools; seventeen soundly-built swimming pools this summer. It's something to feel good about.

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