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10-27-1960

ConnCensus Vol. 46 No. 5

Connecticut College

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Connecticut College, "ConnCensus Vol. 46 No. 5" (1960). *1960-1961*. 7.
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Dr. H. Davies, Vesper Speaker, Princeton Religion Professor

Dr. Horton Davies, distinguished author on the history of Christianity and professor of religion at Princeton University, will speak at vespers Sunday, October 30, at 7 o'clock.

In the conviction that "the church must be able to defend its doctrines in terms that are intelligible and relevant to the needs of the modern world," Dr. Davies has devoted himself primarily to the teaching ministry. His broad experience includes significant service in the Ecumenical Movement and in South Africa, where he organized the first department of religion in an English speaking university there.

From 1942 to 1945 he was minister of the Wallington Congregational Church in South London, an area known as "Bomb Alley" for the heavy pounding it received from German rockets. He later served as Director of Education for the British YMCA with the British Army of the Rhine, in charge of 55 recreational and study centers in Germany, Belgium, France and Holland. In 1946 Dr. Davies was appointed Professor of Divinity at Rhodes University, Grahams-town, Union of South Africa, where he headed a pioneering department established with the support of Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist, and Presbyterian groups. He was Dean of the University's Faculty of Divinity from 1951 to 1953, with a leave of absence in 1952 to study theological education in America. He was the recipient of the Queen's Silver Coronation Medal for distinguished service to Commonwealth Education.

Dr. Davies came to Princeton in 1956 to help inaugurate a broad new program of graduate study in religion. In addition to conducting good seminars, he teaches undergraduate courses in

"The History of Medieval Christian Thought" and "Christianity in Modern Britain and America."

In 1959 he was awarded a Guggenheim Memorial Foundation Fellowship to enable him to complete a two volume work **Theology and Worship in England; 1750-1850, 1850-1950.**



DR. H. DAVIES

Among the many books that Dr. Davies has written are **The Worship of the English Puritans** and **The English Free Churches**. Both are standard texts in theology seminars throughout the country. Currently working on a general history of Protestant theology and worship in England, he is also the author of **Great South African Christianity, 1951**, and **Christian Deviations, 1954**, which has been translated into Chinese. Other books include **A Mirror of the Ministry in Modern Novels, 1959**, and **Christian Worship, Its History and Meaning, 1959.**

Mr. H. W. Dale To Lecture On Modern Music

I-Ching, an ancient Chinese system of chance numbers, will be among the devices to be discussed Sunday afternoon, October 30, at 1:45, in the Crozier-Williams Lounge. The subject: "Some Recent Trends in Contemporary Music"; this means music since 1950.

Questions Answered

What is tape-recorder music? What is the young German, Karlheinz Stockhausen, trying to convey with his "pointillistic" music?

Why, in a recent Town Hall concert in New York, did the pianist crawl around on the floor of the stage?

These, and other things, will be discussed. This is not a lecture meant for the well-informed only, but for anyone who has ever puzzled over a piece of "modern music."

New Series Explained

Many students have wanted a time to discuss subjects which interest them but which are unrelated to their programs. The skill with which the Freshmen took hold of their reading discussions made people think it might be enjoyable to have some kind of discussion on various topics, once a month. Mr. Dale will give the first in the series this Sunday.

Mr. Dale graduated from the University of Florida and received the Bachelor of Music and the Master of Music degrees from Yale. In 1950 Yale granted him the Charles Ditson Foreign Fellowship; in 1952 he presented a solo recital in Wigmore Hall, London, where he reappeared last summer. His New York debut was given in 1953 in the Town Hall; in 1957 he played at Carnegie Recital Hall. Mr. Dale joined the Connecticut College faculty in 1957, and he is now Assistant Professor of Music.

Examples Played

Everyone is invited on Sunday to this "jam session of modern music." Mr. Dale will have a piano and a record player to illustrate; it should be an exciting chance to work out problems you have concerning contemporary music.

Riffi Movie for This Saturday

"Riffi," a French (1956) film in which four jewel thieves rob an elegant jewelry store, is the novel and exciting gangster story which will be shown this Saturday evening. Jules Dassin, an American export, not only directs the film but also plays in it himself.

"Riffi," which has excellent characterizations and good glimpses of the Parisian underworld, can be described as "Mickey Spillane with a French accent." It includes a thirty minute sequence with no dialogue as the thieves go about their work with ballet precision and a Grand Guignol ending as the thieves find that crime does not pay and all are killed. In the cast are Jean Servais, Carl Mohner, Robert Manuel, and Marcel Lupovici.

(Continued from previous issue)

President R. Park Officiates At Groundbreaking Ceremony



PRESIDENT PARK

At informal ceremonies on Thursday, October 20, President Park turned the first spadeful of earth in ground-breaking ceremonies for the six new dormitories to be located behind Crozier-Williams Center. The new dormitories will be located in the northwest section of the campus and will house five hundred students. There will be a common dining room for all the dorms. The buildings will be erected of steel and stone and will replace Thames, Winthrop, North, and Vinal, the four wooden dormitories on campus. The project will cost \$3,150,000, three million dollars of which will be supplied by the first government loan the college has taken since its charter was granted in 1911. President Park took her spadeful of soil from a spot which will be 10 feet below room 212 of building No. 1, at the southwest corner of the project. This first building will be ready for occupancy in September 1961. The other five buildings and the dining room are expected to be ready in July, 1962. With the help of the space provided by the new dormitories, the College expects to reach an enrollment of 1350 students by 1964 but does not anticipate going above this number. The formal ceremonies will take place when the cornerstone is laid and that ceremony will add to Miss Barnard's record of having attended every ground-breaking on campus except that of the first College building, New London Hall.

Personnel Bureau to Survey Alumnae

Connecticut College is participating in a survey of alumnae employment sponsored by the Council for Financial Aid to Education, Inc.

The college personnel bureau will survey eight classes starting with 1920 and ending with 1955.

Employment in the following occupational groups will be checked: Business and industry, education, farming, agriculture, forestry and conservation, government service, and professions.

Thus far, indications are that a higher percentage of college alumnae are employed by business and industry than by any other sector of our economy.

Some 75 colleges and universities will supply data for the survey.

College Concert Series To Offer Chamber Music In Palmer Auditorium

As a complement of the regular Connecticut College Series, now in its 22nd season, Connecticut College this season will offer a Chamber Music Series consisting of four programs.

Opening the series on Nov. 30 will be the Budapest String Quartet. First heard in America at Carnegie Hall, the Quartet will be celebrating its 13th anniversary this season.

The second offering will be the Vienna Octet to appear on January 10. Consisting of the leading strings and wood winds of the Vienna Philharmonic, the ensemble will offer a program of Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert.

Pro Musica Antiqua of New York will be presented on February 8. Under the direction of Noah Greenberg, eight instrumentalists and three vocalists will present masterpieces of medieval renaissance and baroque music.

The closing program of the series, March 14, will be the Griller String Quartet of London with Boris Goldovsky, pianist, playing the Brahms or Schumann quintet.

All concerts will be held in Palmer Auditorium at 8:30 p.m. Tickets may be obtained for the series only.

"Olympic Holiday" Narrated by J. Jay To Be Shown Here

John Jay's newest ski film, "Olympic Holiday," will be shown in Palmer Auditorium, Tuesday, November 1, at 8 p.m.

Noted Ski Enthusiast

John Jay, the noted ski enthusiast, will be here in person to narrate this feature length film in technicolor. The film has a full musical score. John Jay is well-known for his films, his knowledge of skiing, and for his huge fund of anecdotes. His movies portray the light side of skiing as well as the thrills of the sport and action shots of the best skiers in the world.

1960 Winter Olympics

"Olympic Holiday" includes the sensational filming of the 1960 Winter Olympics at Squaw Valley, in which twenty-four cameras were used. It also features ski holidays in St. Moritz and Aspen, skiing in "Amazing Alaska," and 4th of July skiing on Mt. Baker.

Tickets are now on sale. They may be purchased from the A.A. dorm reps. The \$2.00 tickets are all for reserved seats. However, General Admission tickets for \$1.00 will also be sold. The unreserved seats include the first six rows of the auditorium, the sections on each side of the two center sections, and all the balcony seats except for the first four rows.

This showing is sponsored by A.A. for the benefit of the Foreign Student Program.

Two Science Professors Here Co-author Phy. Sci. Textbook

Two Connecticut College scientists are the authors of a new textbook on physical science.

The text is entitled **Structure and Change—An Introduction to The Science of Matter**. Its authors are Gordon S. Christiansen, professor of chemistry, and Paul H. Garrett, professor of physics.

In 1954 the authors instituted a new course in physical science with the aid of a grant from the Carnegie Corporation. The new text is a development of the course. At first the professors used an outline in conducting the course and when they saw the need for a fuller text, they added new material. Their new text is based on much of this. The book was written around the organization of their own course.

In their preface the authors say that the purpose of the book is to introduce the student to the scientific view of the physical world. The subject matter includes our entire material environment. Physical science includes many separate branches—physics, chemistry, astronomy, geology, mineralogy, meteorology, and others. However, the

book is limited to a single major theme, the structure of matter.

Dr. Christiansen came to Connecticut College in 1952 from the State University of Iowa, where he was an assistant research professor of ophthalmology and physiology. He is considered an authority on growth and development.

Dr. Garrett also came to the college in 1952. Before coming here as professor of physics and head of the department, he was in the science department at Bennington College.

HALLOWEEN PARTY

TONIGHT

Crozier-Williams

Gym

7:30 p.m.

Conn Chords and Shwiffs

To Sing

Don't Forget Your Costume

FREE SPEECH

A Forum of Opinion from On and Off the Campus

The opinions expressed in this column do not necessarily reflect those of the editors.

Dear Editor:

In answer to last week's editorial on "It's not Apathy" I would like to agree, it's not apathy, it's just plain giving up. Academic life cannot be confined to the library. Certainly no student can attend all of the events on campus and hope to get good grades, but by slight organization of her academic studies, participation in some activities is not too great a feat. If good grades are the ultimate goal at college, this is a sad commentary on all those nights spent in the library.

However, there seem to be periodic pleas throughout the school year (e.g. October 16-17) to support various school traditions. If we would only let these traditions die a normal death, there would be more time for valuable pursuits and less time wasted on this oppressive nagging for class spirit. Being a young college, we cling to the security implicit in traditions. On the other hand, because we are young and in a more formative state than most Eastern Women's colleges, we can more easily let the "old order give way to the new."

Nancy Nevitt '62

Dear Editor:

The ground-breaking ceremonies for the new dormitories bring to mind another problematic lack of space on campus: the lack of a seminar room for the Russian Department. Although we realize that the administration is continually attempting to appropriate more funds which will enable the school to expand in enrollment and in certain facilities (i.e., the Crozier-Williams Center which houses an enlarged gym and greatly increased social activity rooms), we of the Russian Department, which, incidentally, is fast becoming one of the largest majors in the school curriculum, feel rather like the forgotten man. The only classrooms designated for Russian are a Plant basement room and room 201 in Palmer Auditorium. Certainly we would not quibble about the room in the Auditorium, it is a very adequate classroom; but the one in the basement of Plant is a disgrace because there are literally no classroom facilities which suffice—only broken chairs, no permanent blackboard, poor ventilation and lighting, and most important, the distraction of having the strains of the Kingston Trio and the Ahmad Jamal Trio sifting down from the rooms above. But these inconveniences might be compensated for if there were a Russian seminar room to which harried majors could retire in moments of dire distress. Alas! No such haven exists. There is absolutely no place on campus allotted to the Russian enthusiasts. To pursue our interests, to converse with other majors, we must resort either to dormitory living rooms which are admirably unsuited to academic needs, or to the snack shop. The first alternative helps not at all our understanding of Russian, the second helps not at all our Russian and our waistlines.

Because the Russian Department has, even in the three years of our residence, become increasingly larger, may we make a plea for more modern facilities, e.g., a seminar room in the Library, or at least a small room on the fourth floor of Fanning. Other suggested improvements could easily include a larger Russian faculty and a greater supply of books in Russian in the Library. But if we succeed in obtaining a single room which we can truly call our own, we will consider this a positive indication of the administration's eagerness to

improve and expand our available resources.

Susan Applin
President, Russian Club

Dear Editor:

Food for thought: why not change the reserve-room morning dead-line to 9:30? That way, if we have an 8:30 class, we may return the book right after it. And, if we have a 9:30 class, we may return the book right before it. As it is now (with the 9 a.m. dead-line) we must leave one-half hour before our 9:30 class, or if we have an 8:30 class, we must get the books back before finishing breakfast and getting to class. A 9:30 dead-line would be much more convenient and would probably not inconvenience others.

Also, how about a cigarette machine in the library to put an end to the "smokers' room" grubbing? As a prime offender, I should rather buy a pack than keep track of my butt debts. And would it be going much too far to ask for a candy or cookie machine and a milk or coffee machine in the library too? There may be an insurmountable problem of no space available, but, if not, how much time we could save on those "breaks" to the Snack Bar which all too often turn out to be twice as long as we had intended to take!

Next, let's look into the rule of "no signing out after 10 p.m." First look at it on Saturday night. Because the curfew is an hour and a half later, how about being permitted to sign out up until 11:30 on Saturday nights. The logic seems clear, and many of us would like to get the work done first and not take a chance on "planning" to come in before 1:30 would be able to work an extra hour or so before starting the hour long process of getting dressed.

And for that matter, why not extend the week-day and Sunday sign-out to "up until 11 o'clock." Many of us have an opportunity to go off campus with an escort for coffee, or a quick pizza and don't want it to be an early and long "date." Again, the psychology of thinking we'll go

early and come back early rarely works, and besides, they say that one does one's best work in the early hours of the evening, particularly if that cup of coffee turns out to be a bourbon on the rocks. It seems, at any rate, that there is enough "local" dating to warrant able to sign out up until 11. Isn't the important thing to get back by 12 (or 1:30)? Why does it matter when we leave, as long as we're back on time?

In further support of this, often our dates may be late and—say on a Saturday night, a boy is detained and can't arrive until 11 o'clock. The girl must sign out, and leave her dorm by 10 p.m. Then she must wait for him somewhere else. Well, what could be safer, as well as more convenient, than to have the comfort of waiting in one's own dorm, where the boy is going to arrive?

Before we get too radical, we'll slip in one or more tidbits: how about letting groups of three—who are going to Il Pirandello—sign out until 12 o'clock on Friday and Saturday nights? Only safe, loveable college people are there—usually including a chaperone type of a faculty member or two. It's a college hangout and there should be no stigma to going "stag," and an added incentive by being permitted to stay until the bewitching hour would not seem out of order.

And last, but not you know what, how about letting upperclassmen (at least) be permitted to sign out until 12 or 11:45 to other dorms? After the library (or what have you), it's nice to get together for intellectual night-caps (or what have you) with your associates (or . . .), all of whom are not necessarily in the same dorm as you. As long as the night clerks are on until then, it seems a safe and reasonable idea. Chew on that a while.

Gay Nathan '61

Dear Editor:

On a recent trip to the Snack Shop it was noticed that although various exits have been placed strategically (for easy access from either side of campus) we

See Free Speech—Page 6

Amateur Folk Singing Groups Discussed by Able Authority

by Betsy Carter '62

The Pirandello hour this week (i.e. Friday from 8 to 11) will feature two folksingers from Yale, who play predominantly in a blue grass style, but can be found whoopin' it up either at a square dance or a purist hoot-nanny. They are unofficially known as "Tony and Terry," which, if they continue to be as successful as they have been recently, could turn into something more than just their Christian names. Something of a pattern is apparent here. Even the Kingston Trio began its career humbly as a group of students singing for fun. How many thousands of college dorms right this minute are harboring next year's latest and greatest, folk music sensations? Look at the talent right on our own campus, individual as well as combos, e.g., the Villagers. Is it fair for a girl like Joan Baez or Molly Scott, both nineteen years old and of none too exceptional rating (in their singing ability and originality of accompaniment) to have gotten a break, obtained an "in," cut a record and made many public appearances when Judy Tangerman '61 is equally as talented vocally and as skilled instrumentally?

Somewhere in Greenwich Village there lives a girl named

Ruth, whom I heard last year at the Cafe East, a bring-your-own-instruments coffee shop. Picking up a guitar she shyly asked permission to "try out something (she'd) been working on," humbly explaining that she was a beginner, finding difficulties with her self-taught technique. Introductions over, we settled back to a solid half hour of the greatest flamenco since Segovia. She then told us that she was looking for some sort of stable career into which she could channel both interests and talent. Before we could even produce the obvious answer, she reminded us of the hardships of obtaining a backer, much less of appearing right away at an "established" entertainment spot. She felt that it was almost not worth the disappointments and the oppressive dedication to that life.

Even Westport has a folksinging hangout, to which young and middle-aged alike flock to pick up new strums, songs, or the names of new artists in the field. Featured at a resident's home last winter was the well-known collector of folk music, Norman Cazden. In the style of a true hoot-nanny, the special guest of the evening sang a few of his adapted songs, alternating with a

See Pirandello—Page 6

Special Plans Next Summer For Girls Who "Go Simmons!"

by M. Zahniser

With the memories of the past summer's ventures fading amidst academic pursuits may I turn your thoughts momentarily to the future—next summer. GO SIMMONS! The mysterious signs which have appeared in the dormitories were meant to suggest a very special sort of trip to Europe during the summer of 1961 for Connecticut students.

What is special about Simmons?

Simmons' great specialty is that students who go under their auspices plan their own trip. This of course means that you will plan where you want to go, how long you want to stay, and even how you get to Europe. After you have made up one of these plans, Simmons edits them and prints an itinerary including costs. These are finished in time to take them home over Christmas vacation for your parents' scrutiny. After you return from vacation,

those of you who decide definitely to join the group have a chance to edit the itinerary, making sure that it complies with your specific desires.

Simmons believes that herding is for the birds. Therefore, while in a city you are left to test your ability to explore. On the first day in the larger cities there is a guided tour for the entire group of twelve. This is designed to show you all the major points of interest and to give you an idea of the city's layout. Then after this there are several free days to revisit those places of special interest to you. Are you ready??? Paris, Rome, Copenhagen, steamer down the Rhine.

If you are interested or only slightly curious let me know. My box number is 928, and I live in Room 204 in Windham. Come over and ask questions. It has the promise of being a magnificent summer. Why not come along and share it, GO SIMMONS!



NOTRE DAME

New Trend in Jazz Discussed In Contrast to "Classics"

by Midge Stimmel '62

In recent years, the trend in the performance of chamber music has been toward greater freedom of interpretation for the musicians, occasionally even allowing improvisation. By contrast, the trend in jazz has been toward greater arrangement of performance; "up the river from New Orleans" musicians have been replaced by Juilliard graduates with solid classical backgrounds. It is not surprising then, to note the emergence of "third stream music," (to quote John Wilson) "music that is neither jazz nor classical but draws on the techniques of both."

The most outstanding recording of this new sound is Atlantic's release entitled *Third Stream Jazz*, which features the Modern Jazz Quartet with Jimmy Giuffre and the Beaux Art String Quartet. It is exciting, controversial, rewarding—no finer grouping of musicians could be desired. John Lewis, the MJQ's leader, has long employed such classical forms as the fugue and the rondo in his jazz compositions; Gunther Schuller, the leader of the string quartet, is well-known in both jazz and classical circles as a composer and French horn player. What they attempt here is not a fusion of the two idioms, as in the abortive "symphonic jazz" of recent years; rather, they keep the two separate, as complements to each other, heightening the total effect.

Jimmy Giuffre joins the MJQ on Lewis' original "Da Capo" and his own "Fine." The former uses vibes and clarinet as protagonists in a delicate, almost pastoral setting, while the latter, a rondo, uses the instruments in contrasting pairs. Both pieces allow the

individual musicians room for creative expression, yet the improvisation is totally within the mood which is established. The brooding "Exposure," Lewis' sound track for a U.N. documentary film, adds clarinet, flute, bassoon, French horn, cello and harp to the MJQ—the tonal effects elevate the essentially simple melody.

The two tracks with the Beaux Arts String Quartet are the best in the album. "Sketch," also written by Lewis, is magnificent; it is basically a jazz composition with the breathtaking addition of strings. After a deceptively quiet introduction it mounts to an almost unbearable emotional level without becoming harsh or forced. At one point, during a driving vibas solo, the plucked strings in the background give an effect that no horn or rhythm section could possibly achieve. Because the string players naturally phrase differently than the jazzmen, there is no attempt to place the two in competition. "Conversation," by Schuller, contrasts with "Sketch" in that it is a classical composition in which the strings, rather than the jazzmen, dominate. Here there is a more noticeable interplay between the two groups, although both perform admirable solos. It has been compared to Bartok's quartets in the way in which tension mounts, but also to Webern's style in the pointilliste manner of handling the instruments.

Further rhapsodizing is superfluous—this record simply must be heard to be believed. Of interest to those who enjoy classical music as well as jazz, it is an excellent introduction to the exciting music that is to come.

BRIDGE BANTER



The opening lead is one of the most important factors in the playing of a hand. There are many adages concerning the proper lead. However, the opening lead is not an exact science. There is great room for the exercise of the imagination.

Spades: 9 6 4, Hearts: 7 3, Diamonds: J 10 9 6, Clubs: K J 5 2. Your opponents have reached a contract of 3 NT. They have not bid any suit. What is your opening lead?

Jack of Diamonds. Contrary to popular opinion, the most desirable lead against such a contract is to lead the top of a sequence. In this hand, the Jack of Diamonds is a more desirable lead

than the Two of Clubs because the Jack will not lose a trick for you no matter what the opponents holds, whereas the Club lead might help your adversaries to make the Queen good.

Spades: 6 2, Hearts: 9 7 3, Diamonds: J 8 6 4 2, Clubs: 7 5 2. Hearts have been bid by the declarer. Your partner bid spades. What is your opening lead? 6 of Spades. In this particular hand, the highest of your partner's suit is a good lead, but this is not always the case. The only times you lead the highest of your partner's suit is when you hold two cards, or three worthless cards, or a sequence in his suit. Of course always lead the ace. M.L.F.

TRAVELING LINES ON IVY VINES

Back once again with news via the pipeline of student newspapers on the ivy circuit . . .

The Trinity "Tripod" announced that from a poll taken by a Wesleyan student, Trinity rates on the same academic plane with Colgate. Socially, the college rates below the Ivy League and the Little Three, according to the survey conducted last spring. When students from Wesleyan, Trinity and Yale were asked to pick out "special qualities" of these schools, 40 per cent said Trinity had no distinguishing qualities, 30 per cent felt this of Wesleyan and six per cent said this of Yale.

Amherst, Mount Holyoke and Smith Colleges and the University of Mass. have established a joint clearing house to recruit and furnish teaching assistants to their faculties. The assistants are drawn from a pool made up primarily of women college graduates who are married, have children, and can only work part time.

The four institutions agreed to set up the Office of Teaching Assistance on a trial basis after a questionnaire sent to 1165 women in neighboring towns revealed that many of these women had advanced degrees, past teaching experience and were available to work part time.

The University of Michigan recently inaugurated the University Study Service, a student organized note-taking service designed to provide students of large lecture courses with mimeographed lecture notes. Students of two courses which are covered by the plan will be given one free set of notes and given the opportunity to subscribe for further coverage.

One professor noted the conflict between listening and writing that develops when students attempt to learn and take notes at the same time, and denied any ethical impropriety in the plan, while another opinion was that printed notes was equivalent to "lecturing at its worst," and that each student tends to take notes especially pertinent to himself.

A group of Swarthmore students have come up with a "revolutionary idea" in student publications. The student staff plans to publish a monthly journal, the "Albatross," which will include students' and professors' letters to public officials and the an-

swers to these queries and complaints.

They hope to draw letters from varied and distant campuses so as to find national circulation. "The Albatross hopes both to make the adult world realize the potential power of student opinion and to make students aware of the problems of today's world."

The "Gouckin Hoppers" is Goucher's and Johns Hopkins's solution to the often needed rest on a psychiatrist's couch. To remedy the tired, run down feeling, at least 120 students of these schools have found that square dancing is the answer which tranquilizes their nerves and stimulates their itchy feet. "The purpose of this group according to its constitution is 'to provide an opportunity for square dancing and folk singing for its members.'" The results of that group have been so successful that even some faculty members are included on the list. M.L.F.

Flick Out

CAPITOL

Through Sat., Oct. 29
Streetcar Named Desire
Marlon Brando
Vivian Leigh
Three Faces of Eve
Joanne Woodward
Sun., Oct. 30-Tues. Nov. 1
Sex Machines Go to Hollywood
Mamie Van Doren
Tuesday Weld
Misanou Bardot
The Preacher's Daughter
Julie Harris
Starting Wed. Nov. 2
A Breath of Scandal
Sophia Loren
Maurice Chevalier

GARDE

Through Sat., Oct. 29
Magnificent Seven
Yul Brynner
Walking Target
Robert Mitchem
Sun., Oct. 30-Tues., Nov. 1
Studs Lonigan
Christopher Knight
Night Fighters
Anna Hayward
Robert Mitchem
Wed., Nov. 2-Tues., Nov. 8
Sunrise at Campobello
Ralph Bellamy
Greer Garson

Dr. Paul Weiss Presents Idea; "Creative Life"

Dr. Paul Weiss, Professor of Philosophy at Yale University, spoke last Thursday evening at the first Convocation lecture of the season. His slated topic was "The Creative Life."

At a reception prior to the lecture, Dr. Weiss indicated that he considers it his primary duty to encourage people to seek out the basic issues in life to and ask questions concerning them. Therefore, it did not come as a complete surprise when he later abandoned his prepared text and sought to engage his audience in a discussion of the creative life: its nature, texture, and aims.

Professor Weiss succeeded in eliciting many questions from the large gathering. The exchange of questions and answers was refreshing but not as illuminating as it could have been had he delivered his speech and then used it as a point of departure for discussion. Never-the-less, the audience response was a singular tribute to a dynamic man who regards Philosophy as a "vital ousight" in which each of us ought to engage.

B.K.

This Week

This week a light was burning on the fourth floor of Bill—but the intense devotion, more fundamental than primitive itself has gone out—As the saying goes—"Let them eat cake"—or refreshments will be served—But A. A. Milne and F. Scott Fitzgerald will always be kings of romantic imagination—And so we beat on until one fine day in the magic circle a little boy and his bear will always be playing—and November 5, the greatest of the modern players is coming to New York—Ionesco, still waiting for Godot and "The Bald Soprano" to unite—"And from this union there came three, a mermaid, a porpoise, and the other was me"—shades of a little dog trotting freely in the street waiting for the great American Boy Scout—where there can be no meeting of the minds, because as Pascal says, "Self-love obscures Truth"—but the truth is that there is empathy—why then must we go to the far corners of the earth to seek the unattainable—"The Quest for the Rainbow" has replaced the lure of New York's Fulton Fish Market and all the people marched about from their soapboxes and ash cans—"This land is your land" with "Pastures of plenty" where the grass is no greener, but exists in your own back yard—where there's a will there's a way and the golden mean leads to Federal Street, so hurry up please—And we are still waiting for someone to speak up—someone to rekindle the fire, and light—but then, that's a rather too esoteric iconographical tradition—yet, who's to say what is suitable subject matter, until they try their hand at it—maybe next week—

J.E.M.

Chapel Notes

Monday
Margie Fisher
Tuesday
Organ recital
Thursday
Series, Mr. Laubenstein
Friday
Silent meditation

Dotty Manzoni '62, Relates Experiences in Puerto Rico

Six-hundred and one Connecticut College students worked this past summer and earned over \$226,000. In order to stimulate interest in summer work, the Personnel Bureau is inviting a number of students to write an article on their summer activity. Here is the first of the series from Dolly Manzoni '62.

At some time in everyone's life comes the urge to get away from family, friends, home, school, and safety. I suppose it's the lure of independence more than anything else that gives rise to this lure which can be curbed only by a romp in the green grass on the other side of the fence. Most people go to Europe, but I decided that the blue waters of the Caribbean held the greatest fascination. My goal was St. Thomas, in the Virgin Islands.

When I left I was sure that I could have my vacation while working at some fascinating and highly-paid job, and return wealthy and gloriously tanned. It wasn't quite as easy as that, as I soon found out.

Two other girls and myself rented a small house which we found took most of our paychecks to support. (We had an agreement that none of us would ask for any money from home, and, hard as it sometimes was, we kept it.) Our house wasn't terribly elegant; we had mice and loads and loads of rattling water pump and all.

For the major portion of the summer I worked for the construction company. Technically my job involved the purchasing and receiving of equipment. I amazed myself ordering parts for the A. P. & H. from San Juan via teletype. (A. P. & H. is a crane, as everyone of course knows.) As it happened, the company wasn't too well-organized, and I became sort of general secretary (probably because I was the only one). Fortunately for me and my lack of shorthand, no one wrote very many letters, and as long as I got the coffee made in the morning I was left to take care of things pretty much on my own. I eventually found out how to read a Bill of Lading and how many pieces of lumber had arrived on the last barge, even though it sometimes meant I had to count them myself. The office (I'm being flatter myself—in actuality it was a corrugated aluminum affair which we shared with the warehouse, machine shop, and a flock of goats which used it as a shortcut home from pasture every afternoon) was situated right on the work site surrounded by a valley of mud. All papers had to be weighted down with rocks because of the lack of doors. My desk used to look like a geological display. In addition, every day without fail one of the machines thundering outside of the window would pull up the power lines along with the earth and we would be without electricity.

Business is a great deal more informal in St. Thomas than it is here in the States—everyone goes to the office in shorts, and the standard of work itself is much lower, making it possible for even unskilled people like myself to find employment easily. The recent advent of a summer tourist season has improved summer work opportunities still more. We have Castro to thank for this, since the bulk of the tourists who formerly went to Cuba now go instead to Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands where the sports are not centered around target practice. Pay averages about \$50 per week, but the cost of living (how well I know the meaning of that phrase now!) is disproportionately high. Milk is 40c a quart and rye bread 45c a loaf. Ironically, lux-

uries are very low in price. Cigarettes are only \$1.50 a carton and perfume half the price we pay here (and one one has ever heard of sales tax).

Running a house and keeping a full time job was a challenge. When it's one's own hard-earned money one is spending, she quickly learns to pick the cheapest brand of toothpaste. There is no Ideal Linen Service in the Virgin Islands, and we found that sheets and towels have a startling way of piling up. Each of the two laundries on the island loses more things than it returns, so we decided to do our own. But after the scrub board failed, and our hands were raw, we began patronizing the Laundromat. This became a weekly ritual.

But it wasn't all budget balancing and hard labor. There was still time for skin diving (it's the barracuda and not the sharks which are dangerous—or so I was told. I kept well away from both), and learning to dance to the famous West Islands steel bands. This is the land where the songs were created which have brought fame and fortune to the Kingston Trio. The songs originate, as did the medieval ballads, from local legends and happenings. It's a traditional method of bloodless retaliation against any existing situation or person which the singer wishes to criticize. Not always is this the case though, these people sing about anything and everything, often composing the song as they sing it. All along the waterfront in the early morning one hears these songs being born as the natives unload their barges or set out to fish.

One weekend we sailed down to the British Virgin Islands to Norman Island, which Robert Lewis Stevenson made immortal in *Treasure Island*. A native from Blackbeard's treasure, and there's supposed to be more, still in the caves. Blackbeard must have been cleverer than I because all I gleaned from the walls of the caves was a few welks—better eating than dirty old gold anyway.

St. Thomas is becoming rapidly commercialized. On the first of July the Hilton chain took over the island's largest hotel. But still there is the past, playing its part in the present. Natives from the hills still bring their goods on donkeyback to the great open market in the center of town, and doors are still barred at nightfall against the fearful "jumbies," the West Indian equivalent of our ghosts.

This was summer which comprised a little bit of everything. I learned how to make a cheese omelet and operate a teletype, and how to avoid poisonous coral and sea urchins. In addition, I can truly appreciate hot water (a luxury in the Virgin Islands), and the New York Times (50c a copy, two days old). My roommates are still there, and every time I receive a letter bearing a St. Thomas postmark I find an image of turquoise water and lazy palm trees rising from the pages of Shakespeare.

Dolly Manzoni '62

NOTICE

Mr. Park Honan of the English department will discuss Walt Whitman in the fifth in a series of six radio talks on well-known poets this Sunday, October 30, at 8:30 p.m. on WICH.

Mr. Honan taped these programs last summer in the interest of people who are not familiar with the works of Pope, Shelley, and Tennyson.

The Genealogy of Weenies Through The Ages . . .

by Suzy Tucker '61 and Jane E. Millsie '61

Doubtless, Halloween ranks in importance and serene dignity with the most influential of the more highly known and lettered institutions of our venerable past, such as the W.C.T.A.U., the CCDOTY SBTAC, and the D.A.R. In an effort therefore to elevate one of the properly austere celebrations of our time, the editors of this paper feel it our duty to bring before the public, the lineage and the genealogy, not to mention the iconographical traditions of the holiday, Halloween.

of a gold standard, sought revenge by inducing a deep trance on the person of his brother and hypnotized him into marrying the Celtic Hag Fungophane. Nilocles took to the hemlock cup and managed to produce, by the elixir of hemlock, two sons. The elder of the sons took up with Socrates and practised seclusion from the company of young women. The second son married a female athlete. By her, Erotices had ten children, all girls, and all of whom, by luck were very musically inclined. While the girls rehearsed long hours every day for their television debut, Erotices and his

tradition became a Weenie tradition; indeed there was always a Weenie at Prexy. Unfortunately, the Weenie tradition came to a sudden and abrupt end when Oliver Cromwell Weenie as editor of the Prexy Press, incited the student body to riot over the issue of whether or not students should be allowed to entertain faculty members in their rooms. As a result of this scandalous incident, all further ties between Weenie and Prexy were absolved, and the Weenies were summarily banished by the venerable institution of the Administration Committee for the Counter-Progressive innovations and the Preservation of Gothic Institutions, to Jerusalem.

Again, we find the Weenies before the mast for four years earning their way to a commission in the royal Jerusalem navy which patrolled the border areas of the country in an attempt to keep out the insurgent Essenes and the new ideas which it was felt were anti-Patriarchal. The excitement of this new philosophy whose leader was regarded as a wee babe drowned out all historic accounts of anyone not directly connected with the new organization. However, where there's a way, there's a Weenie, and we have definite records which state that one Christopher Weenie entered Jerusalem by ass and was seen leaving three days later, at which time he was thought to be on the road to Emmaus, but was never heard from or seen again. His brother, however, a young sandel manufacturer in Nazareth, survived his brother and was so distressed that he fled the arid land of the Near East, and took up with a Danish outrigger which was headed for the Norse country.

Thus once again, the seagoing tradition of the Weenies was revived, and after three months of salt spray, a rather aged Weenie arrived on the tundra ridden coast of the Fatherland.

Approximately 515 A.D. one Hglvac Weenie, great-grandson to the Jerusalem jockey, met with an unfortunate circumstance in a mire with Haglaughs great aunt to Bobby Watson, cousin twice removed of the troll wife Grendel. This accident resulted in the rending asunder of the members of Hglvac, and occasioned the untimely death of this fierce young thane, which in turn gave rise to a feud which remained unequalled in the chronicles of Kentucky history. The son of this young deceased warrior held the honored position of bootblack to Beowulf, due to the former's great skill in blacking sandals which the inherited from his great-great-grandfather of the Nazareth line of Weenies. So proficient did the young thane become that he found himself with much leisure time, and in view of the Weenie tradition of musical excellence, he was granted as a part of his comitatus, the obligation of composing lays. In one of his most personal and sensitive odes, in which he imitates the language of the common man to justify, or vindicate the ways of God to man, he

writes some of his most memorable lines. "When April with her confounded rain, washes out half of this land, and fills all the gutters with backed up sewage, I get a fantastic edge on." Thus Chaucer Weenie departed by Yak for the as yet unconquered land of Breton.

This move to the south occasioned a great south migration in the spring of the next year on

from scullery duty. As a result of this festive mixer, where refreshments were served from a little tin cup, Gaweenie met and later married GweWeenie. By her, Gaweenie had several sons, one of which went beat, like put behind his gray steel suit, lived in the jungle in the disguise of a satyr and spent the remainder of his life trotting freely through the streets. Another son, Gaweenie Jr. carried on the knightly tradition which was by that time considered out. There was nothing for the young graduate of knight school to do but crusade on Bug House Square or some equally suitable place. There were many Weenie crusaders. One Weenie was known to have headed in the wrong direction and been involved in the bloody Eskimo battles in the Sea of Seal, where he rusted to death. With said rigor mortis, that errant branch of the Weenies died out. The more conventional did their part in spreading the movement now known as the Renaissance, for some Weenies are intellectuals to boot.

One Marco Polo Weenie, a silk trader, was said to be the first to translate the writings of Fong into Hebrew. Shortly thereafter one Luther Weenie, who was spending the summer months in the Rhineland, was sitting with his legs dangling in the muddy Rhine, and he remembered his grandfather telling him of the fantastic costume balls they used to have in October commemorating the victory of the Weenie vs. Merlin case. He decided that Gaudiamous Igitur was the cry, and so he posted on the neighboring church doors, ninety-five reasons why the villagers should come to the Hallowed Weenie Open House. Several Spanish Papists thought there was some Bull involved, but the party was an enormous success, climaxed



NILOCLES AND ORISTOPHANES WEENIE

It was first thought that the term Halloween had some direct etymological relationship to the term Hall Ball, a most ancient and pagan fertility right practiced by amazon tribes of upper Connecticut. In recent years, however, the excavations of Percival Weenie which resulted in the unmasking of the Red River Scrolls has brought to light the legitimacy of the claim that has gone unhonored by the public at large for year upon year; that legend is that the most splendid tradition of Halloween, is not a pagan rite in origin at all, though it has become so in its later years, but it is intimately bound to the history and the traditions of the Weenie family of which Percival is the last surviving member.

The first record which exists concerning the Weenie family appears in Holinshead Weenie's Chronicles of the Republic of Greece, and thought expurgated by the Priestess of Dionysus for the unGreek activities Committee, remains legible enough for present day historians to uncover the legend of Nilocles and Oristophanes, the Gold Dust twins of the North Shore of Athens. The first reference to this famous pair of brothers occurs in the year 548 B.C. when Mr. Weenie (sic) mentions the successful opening of a cough drop shop by Nilocles and Oristophanes, who were affectionately named by the S.P.Q.A., the bearded brothers. Oristophanes, the musical brother of the twins, when his brother refused to place the business on a silver instead

young bride of 95, Tigeria, produced a frail and sickly son. This only son of Erotices was the last hope of preserving the Weenie family from extinction, and so, in the fall of the same year the 100 year old father decided to make the sacrifice of separating the



CHRISTOPHER WEENIE

young child from the family in order to preserve the boy's health. Thus in the midst of the winter, we find young Paulicles on a cutter northward bound, working his way to the Ronkin Islands where his father had engaged for him, one year's residence at Prexy Prep.

In the Ronkin Islands, the Weenies prospered, and the Prexy



SIR GAWEEENIE

the part of all the Weenies. By the middle of the 11th century, a lot of the Weenies had moved to England, where the discipline of courtly love was the newest fad. One Sir Gaweenie had a slight tiff in the lysts with Merlin over a patent infringement on magic. The trouble it seems started, when Gaweenie conjectured up a little tin cup which had once been part of the legend of Leadbelly, and continually, by causing it to appear and disappear, induced a state of chaotic procrastination in the young knights of



WILLIE WEENIE

the Thames table and caused them to run rampant in search of the cup and away from their duties at the board. The victory of the Gaweenie faction caused the introduction of revels and gaudy nights which began officially the halloweenie tradition, originally presented to the populace as the hallowed weenie tradition out of the gratitude of the young knaves over their release

with a huge victory bonfire, and book and body burning routine.

Meanwhile back in England, one Willie Weenie was writing sonnets and plays. He was so celebrated that he has often been put on the same plane with such landmarks of history as Ludwig Svain and Paul Schmugg.

After the death of Charles the First the Weenies laid low until See Weenies—Page 5

Captured BY ESCAPED CONVICTS!

Campers Bob and Pete have just turned on their radio . . .

2 CONVICTS HAVE ESCAPED FROM STATE PRISON AND ARE HEADING FOR . . .

SHUT DAT T'ING OFF!

SURE, I'LL GET A COUPLE OF ROCKS FROM THE LAKE TO COOKON

I'LL GO WITH YA-AN' NO FUNNY BUSINESS!

A short time later . . .

Pete puts a rock at each side of the fire . . .

CRACK! CRACK!

SHOTS!

When the state troopers arrive . . .

EXPLOPING ROCKS... YOU SURE THINK FOR YOURSELVES! I'LL BET THAT'S WHY YOU'RE VICEROY SMOKERS!

RIGHT! VICEROYS GOT IT... AT BOTH ENDS! GOT THE FILTER, GOT THE BLEND!

THE RIGHT TASTE BECAUSE Viceroy's got it... at both ends

GOT THE FILTER... GOT THE BLEND!

Note: Bob and Pete knew that rocks in a stream often take up water; when these rocks are heated, the water turns to steam—and the rocks explode!

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Weenies

(Continued from Page Four)

Charles the Second was restored to the throne. Then once again the Weenies came out into the open. One Tom Shad (known as T.S.), who was known for his obscene writings, received quite a bit of attention from neighborhood gangs, until the local missionary movements made educational materials available to the youth of England in pictorial form. This is perhaps the origin of the 291 movement in art which was primarily a movement of imposto designed to obscure literal interpretations of visual materials, which has resulted in the use of dirty socks as a legitimate form of artistic expression. And indeed this tradition can be traced clear back to the aforesaid T. S. Weenie, about whose airing of his dirty wash many remarks were made.



THOMAS SHAD WEENIE

During the French Revolution the Weenies, though aristocrats, had foresight enough to know that the people had power. The Weenie heart was not in it, but they became unanimously Jacobian, thereby preserving the tradition of Weenies which demands that all Weenies rush to the total and complete support any movement or idea which, though they may not understand it in the slightest, seems best to the preservation of Weenie reactionism.

In America the Weenies fought a losing battle on the side of the Redcoats because they felt that George Washington, not being a Weenie, lacked humor, and the one thing that Weenies could never tolerate was a lack of humor. Thus the American Revolution wiped out the English branch of the house of Weenie.

Several of the Estonian branch left the home land to go to America where their ambition was to grow pumpkins. The most prominent was Nathaniel Weenie, who wrote a book on the growing of the Scarlet Pumpkin in which the pumpkin becomes a symbol for the reality of the past and the adaption of the past to the present. This same Nathaniel fell heir to a disease which was hereditary from Greek origins, and which was much feared as a most contagious disease—hyberis. For this disease there was only one cure—the stocks, and that is where Nathaniel Weenie was to end his days with the letter P sewed tightly to the front of his shirt. The rest of the American immigrant branch of the Weenies were thrown out of New England in a movement of hatred of the past and of tradition which resulted also in the chopping up of the Mayflower into cords of wood which were ironically enough used to fire the Whitehouse in the year 1812. The Weenies were driven further south later as a result of a book that one Wolfgang Weenie wrote about one Cotton Mather which the progressive minister considered her-

etical in line with his pro-sin campaigns which were based on four four time.

Meanwhile back in Germany there was a social revolution. Sigmund Weenie, Thomas Mann Weenie, and Johann Sebastian Weenie were the main proponents of a tradition in humanism which was annoyingly soul-searching. Suddenly everyone was searching his sub-sub-conscious, the id and libido became the playthings of Weenies, and everyone found in himself a little of Weenie. Sigmund, Thomas, and Johann left Germany, disgusted with the vulgar popularization of their art and went into the engraving business. All three Weenies died broke. Thus ended the Hapsburg branch of Weenies. About this time the Alaskan branch of Weenie was also wiped out in a blizzard, reminiscent of the death of the twelfth century's misplaced Weenie.

In about 1907 in the steppes of Russia, the heretofore unheard of Russian house of Weenie came into prominence as the original house of Weenie and in the field of music. Revolting against the sickening sloppiness of European composers, such Weenies as Igor and Arnold Weenie developed the twenty-seven tone system, which excluded all instruments with the exception of snow shoes beaten on ice, moose bells, and antler trappings. The twenty seven tone technique had a great influence on contemporary music, but Igor and Arnold Weenie were expelled from the country because the Czar had become hysterical in a concert and had been confined to his bed on a diet of chicken noodle soup. The Czar hated chicken noodle soup. Igor and Arnold taught at UCLA until their assassinations by members of the NKVD in 1950, for sending Stalin a Care package of chicken noodle soup.

The Twentieth Century gave birth to the one female Weenie to achieve universal fame. Emily P. Weenie, born in Maine, educated at one of those East Coast quasi-ivy girls colleges, became the worlds foremost authority on behavior in extenuating circumstances. Emily P. met her untimely death at the tender age of twenty-three when she became involved in a cosmic scandal with a well-known kleptomaniacal college professor.

Some people feel that the death of Igor and Arnold Weenie, and the death of the Russian branch of the house of Weenie which they symbolize indicate the growing tradition of the Weenie in America. In fact, the only thing which challenges the supremacy of the American Weenie is the remaining threads of the French house, but then, things change so constantly in France, that by the time this Halloween rolls around, the French Weenie may be all but extinct.

Whether or not the French house becomes extinct, the work of Percival Weenie remains the driving force behind the Weenie tradition in America today. Many

of the foremost writers of the day who have come to see the importance of the Weenie legend on the courtes of Americana derived from Medieval Art, and indeed from all the great progressive periods in history, stand firmly behind the Weenie, in his attempt to acquaint the American public with the true origins of his Weenie culture. In modern scholarly circles, Mr. Weenie has often been referred to as the driving force behind Weenie Suffrage, and indeed he is often credited with being the second Carrie Nation of our Nation. One manifestation of the urgency with which Mr. Weenie feels his work is his insistence on the re-establishment of the annual Halloween Weenie Open House, the ritual derived from his 11th century ancestors. This year will be



PERCIVAL WEENIE

no exception to the old rule of good cheer among Weenies. In fact, this year, at the hallowed Weenie Open House, in appreciation for what Percival's discovery of the Red River scrolls has done for the All-American Weenie, the Weenie society plans to give him the honorary degree of hallowed Weenie, and who knows what new traditions this may inaugurate.

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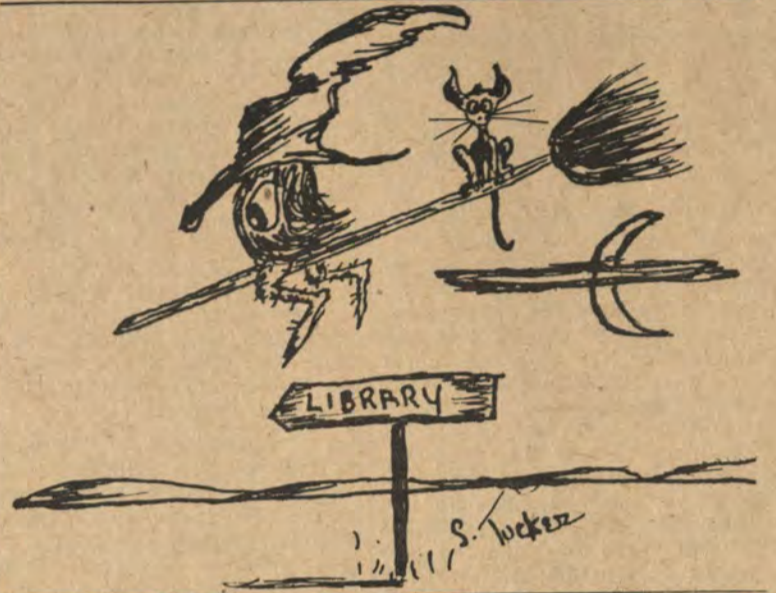
Horace Silver at Birdland
Sviatoslov Richter at Carnegie Hall—October 30

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Jean Arp at the Nordness Gallery
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CRIE DE RAHIEMON

by Peg Parsons '62

If the Scottish, English and American folksingers share the scene of the Latin Quarter with the French, it is because Paris is a city to which people wander from foreign countries. They come to enter into the excitement; Paris draws foreigners with a relentless magnetism, and seems to create creativity. Why does the "clochard" who sleeps on the heat gratings of the sidewalks seem gay and happy, while the bum in the Bowery of New York appears pathetic under the burden of filth and poverty? The "clochard" seems satisfied to exist on the "sucre" that people leave on their coffee saucers in cafes and on the "petit argent" he is given. The shredded phrase, "joie de vivre," permeates the air and the people of Paris; the Scottish folksinger or the American woodcutter has a better chance of surviving because he is aware of the inborn opportunity there. I find it strange that as new life continues to flow into Paris the old is not replaced or buried; it is rather more omnipresent and becomes more clearly defined. The antiquity of Paris, an agelessness impossible in this young country, mellows the newness; one thing follows the other in an unbroken stream.

I was sad, and even terrified, to leave Paris; I wanted to stay throughout the hot empty months of summer and gather what I could of this city's energies and explosions. The sudden departure created a sense of fear and confusion at the prospect of what existed outside. At the same time I felt a mysterious quiet excitement when I thought back on the freshness of the city. I began to think that La Place de la Contrescarpe, Les Halles, even the white tunnels of the metro, were all part of a great wild scheme of my imagination. There was sadness and depression in Paris, but for a limited time the imagination could

see what it wanted and paint over the darks, the shades of greys and browns and "sour-cream" whites with exciting and varied colors.

As the train sped south, I gazed out at the current of red poppies, interrupted by greens of meadows, which sped past. When we reached Biarritz, we found a place beyond the busy part of the resort and purchased tickets for the Basque Dance Concert to be held that night. During the afternoon I saw several of the dancers, dressed in their native costumes, waiting for the hour of six when they would go through their local dances for the audience. I do not know if the Basques wear these unusually colorful clothes all the time, but they did not act as if this were a special occasion to don them. The women wore bright red skirts bordered in black and long puffed sleeve blouses, while the men wore white pants, white shirts, red berets, and rope-soled shoes known as "espadrilles."

The concert began with a dance by the youngest children; they enacted the story of a boy and a donkey. The precision and agility of these people is unequalled even in ballet. After a series of dances by the children, the men began a vigorous dance of skill. Each man had a large bat; four of them faced each other in a square and as the tempo of the music increased each turned, first to his left to hit the bat of one man, then to his right to hit the bat of another. Up high, down on the ground, they went faster and faster and the tension increased. They couldn't continue; someone was going to miss. But they did continue with the same sureness they had exhibited in the slower movements, and at the conclusion of the dance they walked out in twos with their bats crossed over their heads. I later learned that to participate in the bat dance was one of the goals of the male Basque.

The next day we left Biarritz and, excited by the lure of the Basques, we went to the inner part of their country. St Jean de Luz, about fifteen miles from Biarritz, was an old fishing village with all the charm one would expect. The large boats were coming into the harbor when we arrived. Little boys

were fishing along the wharf with long bamboo poles while old men in berets were silently watching the boats and the boys. After walking for an hour we were informed by young fishermen of a cafe where the Basques sang all night; they began at eight. At first two men sang together and began the ad libbing which is typical of their songs. The music was majestic at times; when several men sang together they resembled the sound of a boys' choir in a cathedral. The most incredible part to me, however, was hearing a man do the "crie de Rahiemon." Several men began singing; the tempo increased and reached a climax. After a sudden silence, one man began the "crie"; the best explanation I can give in writing is, "ee-yuh-yuh-yuh-yuh-yuh-yuh-yuh-yuh-yuh-yuh-yuh-yuh-yuh-yuh — ee-yoh." Before I could breathe again the choir voices resumed their singing, but in a faster tempo. The "crie de Rahiemon" appeared after each verse; I was told that this man could "yell" better than any of the Basques. Although I did not understand their language, I found the music exciting and also exhausting.

When I returned home this summer, I did some reading and learned that the Basques call was used by the men when they were in the mountains; they could talk back and forth to each other by variations of this yell.

After a few days we left St. Jean de Luz and went on to St. Jean-Pied-de-Pont, where the Devil is said to have thrown himself over the bridge into the river because he could not understand the Basque language. He should have relaxed, forgotten his business, and listened to the "heavenly" music of the Basques. Ah, le pauvre diable.

Free Speech

(Continued from Page Two)

are not allowed to use them. We refer to the door leading to a path, equipped at great expense with mercurized lights and a topping of macadam, which was built so that students from the West side of campus have a more direct route to the Snack Shop. But, we find that this door is locked during the evening hours. We consider this an expensive and needless waste of college facilities. May we suggest that this door be open to use in the future.

Sue Applin '62
Doris Ward '62

ALL COLLEGE BALLOTING
NEXT TUESDAY



DON'T FORGET

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Published by the students of Connecticut College every Thursday throughout the college year from September to June, except during mid-years and vacations.

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Poet's Corner

my Christ
drags himself
through the streets
of an ancient city

afraid in the way of mortals,
reduced to man

the symbol of his
failure
crushes him beneath it
his eyes are blurred with
fear

my Christ,
stumbling slowly
to his death

drags his cross
through a city
of infinite loneliness

up the long hill
to a final question
by Marcia Silverman '61

MISQUOTE OF THE DAY

"I wandered lonely as a crowd."
W. Wordsworth

Stocking Stuffers for All
Ages
**The
Christmas Stocking**
Route 95 Old Mystic

Pirandello

(Continued from Page Two)

long ballad and rousing chorus sung by all or a solo number by one of the locals. How few towns are lucky enough to have this type of music haven with mutual enlightenment and entertainment.

There is a group of MIT students living around Beacon Hill who work at singing and arranging folk songs, again mostly of the blue grass style, and who get together with girls in or out of school for a night of guitars and chianti. GRANTED THAT this type of entertainment should be largely for the purpose of intra-group enjoyment and is often spoiled by a little financial reward or even a temporary jump into the public eye. Still when there does exist a group waiting to be heard, why should it be denied an opportunity to make money at its art, if it so desires. Then again, the more guitar and banjo hoots that are presented by unknowns for unknowns, the more hope there is for originality and improvisation, new approaches to the performance of a traditional ballad and subsequently a new appeal and the evolution of a new taste in folk music circles. There certainly is much to be said in favor of the amateur and esoteric "folk-nik" groups, and perhaps the greatest guitarist or folksinger of all times is now playing quietly to himself in some dark corner. B.C.

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