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The College Voice

Connecticut College's Weekly Newsmagazine

VOL. III NO. 7

NOVEMBER 1, 1979

PHYSICAL PLANT'S DONALD LITTLE "DAMN SERIOUS" ABOUT ENERGY CONSERVATION



By SETH STONE

With cold weather quickly approaching, and an ever-increasing fuel bill promising to be a matter of reality this winter, it is not surprising that the major priority of physical plant this winter is energy conservation.

"The major emphasis is on energy conservation. The need is for everyone to have that," says Donald Little, the new assistant director of physical plant. Though Little has only been at Conn. since Labor Day, he is familiar with the massive fuel needs of the college. "850,000 gallons of heating oil will be burned this calendar year. That comes to almost \$450,000. The electricity bill is \$190,000."

Little explained that a tanker truck comes to Conn. "every third day during the winter. Each tanker truck is \$35,000." He says this must change. "There is a lot people can do about this. Turning off lights is one thing. We need to keep going down."

The assistant director listed conservation measures that anyone can take. "Using drapes and shades is a way to conserve, because glass conducts heat right through. Doors should not be propped open." Little also claimed that student use of lights and stereos is a big expense.

Little states that no one should "expect exceptions on heating requirements." He acknowledges that "65-68 degrees is pretty cool, but we are pretty damn serious."

When he pulled out the statistics, it became pretty evident why Little is serious. "The number 6 oil that we buy was 12 cents per gallon in 1972. This year it is 57 cents a gallon. This is an incredible increase." Little put this in terms that every college student should appreciate. "This 850,000 gallons

measures out to 55,000 kegs of beer. The price comes to \$300 per student. And the biggest problem is that it won't go down, it will go up."

In summing up the energy situation, Little had this to say, "When you think about it, there are a lot of fixed costs on campus. We can't do much about how much we eat, or what we pay in salaries. But we can do something about the amount of oil we use."

But physical plant must worry about other things in addition to the energy situation on campus. "We maintain the whole environment," says Little. "This involves a thousand and one things."

One of these "things" that physical plant has had to deal with is the constant complaints about the heat in the library. Little says he "doesn't really know" why it is so hot. "The building is built with a few windows that don't open readily. The people and lights give off heat...and the temperature tends to rise. Engineers give constant conditions for buildings, but nowadays nobody is willing to pay."

Little also has an explanation for why the heat went on in some dorms early in the year, when it was still hot. "On a warm day when the heat came on in a dorm the assumption was 'they' (physical plant) had turned the heat on—a waste of money. In fact, in anticipation of cold weather, the engineers turned on the heat to test the system, but it was quickly turned off. These kind of things multiply."

Other "things" which Little refers to are misunderstandings between students and physical plant. A lot of bad feelings have existed between the two groups in the past.

"It is hard to second guess what anybody else does," says Little. "It is difficult. We are likely to read a lot into it. If you do repairs over and over again, you might not be as cheery as the day before. You (seemingly) don't get to anything else. If a grounds person spends an inordinate amount of time picking things up, that could be thrown away...you tend to lose what attracted to the job. I don't think these are big problems...they are typical."

This past summer, physical plant "painted 900 rooms (although) no students painted this summer. The fire exits in Windham were preserved."

These were normal summertime repairs, but there have been a few problems since the start of school which were anything but normal. One of these problems was that everytime a phone was installed in Larrabee, the fire alarm went off.

"All the wires from alarms and telephones are telephone type wires, dedicated to their own purpose. They all do go to one common unit. Fire alarm wires are taped and coded as special items. But a new serviceman might mistake a wire. Using a test continued on page 5

COMPANIONS NEEDED FOR SINGLE PARENT CHILDREN

By CRIS REVAZ

The Big Brothers-Big Sisters Organization of Southeastern Connecticut is a unique concept in social programs. The New London-based enterprise has had considerable success in finding an older friend for kids from one-parent homes to spend an afternoon each week, doing just about anything together... It's a matter of 3-5 hours that can be spent hiking, bowling, swimming, playing frisbee, going out to eat, or just talking. Here's how the program works.

Getting in touch with the Big Brothers-Big Sisters agency is easy enough. By calling 442-5005, arrangements can be made for an application to be sent in the mail, and a date for a personal interview. The application requires five recommendations, one of which must come from a responsible adult. To verify that the applicant is not a social deviant, even his police record is checked.

Once Big Brothers-Big Sisters knows a little bit more about you, they can go about finding a 6-12 year old who might share some of

your interests. Most, but not all, of these relationships work out well. They are usually successful because the youngsters view a Big Brother or Sister as somewhat prestigious; they consider themselves lucky when their name is taken off the long waiting list which presently numbers around 140 kids. The agency is also well aware of gas prices and tries to match you up with a child who is within a convenient distance.

Once the relationship is under way, Big Brothers-Big Sisters requires that you call the agency once a month to let them know how things are working out. They will also send you pamphlets and information about current events in the New London area which might be of interest to you and your friend. The rest is up to the imagination.

Big Brothers was started as a part-time agency in 1966 and remained that way until 1971, when it became a full-time establishment. In 1973 it became a member of Big Brothers-Big Sisters of continued on page 3

READING, WRITING, 'RITHMATIC, AND \$2500 FOR ALL

By AMY ARKAWY

Skyrocketing tuition costs of all private colleges have in recent years caused more and more students to seek some type of financial aid. Marcia Pond-Gardiner, Director of Financial Aid at Connecticut College, emphasizes that there are several forms of aid for which a student may be eligible.

Ms. Gardiner cited several sources from which the aid money is drawn. The college budget provides a substantial amount of aid money and many restricted scholarships have been initiated and funded by generous alumni.

The biggest source of funds comes from five federal programs. The college received over \$700,000 in direct federal funds and actually over two million dollars in federal aid, over all, including the guaranteed student loan.

Most students who receive aid from Connecticut College receive a "financial aid package" gift aid in the form of college scholarships based solely on financial need, a college loan, and a job under the work study program.

Most campus jobs are supported by the College Work Study Program under which the federal government pays eighty percent of the salary, and the college only pays twenty percent.

Gardiner admitted, "It is very difficult for those students who are not on financial aid to get campus employment. We have been talking



Director of Financial Aid, Marsha Pond Gardiner

to the administration about the need for more campus jobs." Nonetheless, the financial aid is always willing to help any student seek employment. Mrs. Gardiner said, "I know it is our responsibility to find jobs for all students who want work." The Financial Aid Office also posts temporary and off-campus jobs opportunities on the bulletin board in Fanning Hall.

Though the college issued approximately three million dollars in financial aid this year, it did not have enough to aid all eligible applicants. This year fifty-nine accepted freshmen were denied aid.

"It is the most difficult thing we face when we have to tell a well qualified freshman that we can not offer him aid. It hurts the college over all if the student does not come because of this. We then continued on page 3

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PEACE CORPS and VISTA recruiter will be conducting interviews with seniors and grad students Monday & Tuesday, Nov. 12-13 at a booth in the Crozier William Bldg., 10-4pm.

WORLD NEWS BRIEFS

By SETH STONE

PARK'S DEATH NO ACCIDENT

South Korean President Park Chung Hee was indeed the victim of an assassination plot last Friday. Park, his chief bodyguard Cha Chichul, and four other security officers were shot and killed Friday evening in what the South Korean government officially termed an "accident." Many experts found this version doubtful, and according to some sources the South Korean government admitted that Park was actually assassinated.

The version of the assassination released Friday claimed that Cha Chichul got into an argument at a dinner party with Kim Jae-kyu, head of the KCIA (South Korea's CIA). A shoot-out ensued, and Kim shot and killed Cha and "accidentally" killed Park. Kim fled, and was later arrested at army headquarters.

Early Sunday, the South Korean government under acting president Choi Kyu Hah, admitted that Park was the victim of a premeditated assassination. Kim, an old friend of Park, was worried about his position in Park's government, and was fearful of being phased out. He shot Cha and Park, while other KCIA officials killed the four bodyguards before they could aid Park. Even these details, however, remain but dimly substantiated.

President Carter has upgraded U.S. troop status into an increased state of alert in South Korea. The U.S. State Department issued a warning to North Korea stating "the United States government...will react strongly...to any external attempt to exploit the situation in the Republic of Korea."

IT SURE ISRAEL

Israeli Prime Minister Menachim Begin would like to remember last week as the week that wasn't. Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan resigned Sunday. Monday the Israeli supreme court ruled that private Arab land on the West Bank had been illegally seized to build a Jewish settlement. Finally, on Tuesday, Begin managed, barely, to survive a vote of confidence.

Dayan's surprise resignation was due to his disagreements with the policies of Begin's government on such issues as the West Bank, and the Palestinian autonomy talks.

The U.S. Supreme Court gave an indirect vindication to Dayan when it ruled that the Elon Moreh settlement must be disbanded within 30 days. Begin has supported Israeli settlements on the West Bank. Elon Moreh was started by seizing private, Arab owned land. Begin has vowed that the settlement will be continued on government land.

Tuesday's vote of confidence of Begin was 59-47. Begin's majority Likud party can usually garner 65 votes. Dayan retained his seat in the Knesset (parliament) and ironically voted in favor of Begin.

Most Israelis are unhappy with the internal policies of Begin. Prices in Israel rose 36 percent in 1977, 48 percent in 1978, and 58 percent thus far this year. According to U.S. News and World Report, Begin's government faced a poll which stated "82 percent of the people ranked his government's ability to handle its affairs from 'bad' to very bad."

HELLO \$ - GOODBYE OIL

Tower of Power is right. There is only so much oil in the ground. And as depletion of the world oil supply continues, profits of oil companies continue to go up. For most companies, profits have increased at an astronomical level over this past year.

All major companies showed profit increases for the third quarter (July - September) as compared to the same time last year. Shell Oil Co. had to squeeze by with a meager increase of 15 - 18 percent. Exxon, the world's largest oil company, had an increase of 118 percent. Mobil was up 131 percent, Conoco Oil showed an increase of 134 percent, Standard Oil of Ohio increased 191 percent and Texaco profits were up a staggering 211 percent.

In monetary terms, these figures translate into millions of dollars. Last year, Texaco's third quarter profits were \$197.1 million dollars. This year, the profits were \$612.2 million dollars. Texaco profits through Sept. 30 of last year were \$542 million dollars. This year they were \$1.28 billion dollars.

Texaco claims these increased profits are due to a one-time rise in tax write-offs. Last year's third quarter earnings were also, according to a company spokesman, "abnormally low."

SHAH ISN'T GOOD TO BE HERE

Amid rumors and speculation ranging from cancer to imminent death, the deposed Shah of Iran entered New York Hospital - Cornell Medical Center this past Tuesday. On Wednesday he had his gall bladder and a lymph node removed to test for further deterioration. The Shah has had cancer of the lymph nodes (lymphoma) for six years, but his present condition is apparently unrelated.

The Shah has been living in Mexico in exile and has been treated by French and Mexican doctors. The surgery was necessary because the shah's health seriously deteriorated in the past three weeks. The shah also had a blockage in his bile duct removed.

It is not known how long it will take the Shah to recover, or how long he will be in the country. The U.S. has informed Iran that the Shah is in this country for humanitarian reasons only, and that he will not be staying here. Pro and anti-shah demonstrations have been combusting nation-wide since the Shah entered the country, notably a crowd of hundreds chanted outside his hospital room week, "Death to the Shah, Death to the Shah."



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TROD NOSSEL REVIEW

Five Bands In One Night

POLITICS AND THE PEOPLE

EDUCATION BUDGET TO BE DECIDED NOV 6

By LAURA MARTINEAU

Mitchell College's Clark Hall, a primitive auditorium of starkly painted cinderblock walls, simple one-curtain stage, and legions of fold-up chairs, was the scene of an hours long meeting between politics and the people the Tuesday before last. A Little League banquet scheduled for the same night of October 23 robbed the candidates of a larger audience; a sparsely scattered seventy-five voters barely outnumbered the thirty odd representatives of a candidatorial lot numbering 46.

Jane Bredeson of Connecticut College moderated the two-minute responses of City Councillor and Board of Education prospects to preconceived questions. Candidates rarely introduced themselves and some voters had to scramble with party slates representing the Democrats, Republicans, and Alternatives, to match names with claims.

The issue which ravages all three parties this year and which clearly frazzled the two prim timers in the front row (they held up signs saying "stop" or "time" when a candidate exceeded his 2-minute limit) is the education budget. The Alternatives Party alone stood completely united in its support of a budget referendum they themselves initiated by petition. This referendum would trim another \$200,000 off a budget already cut to the bone, according to Board of Education incumbents.

Republicans and Democrats, with some exceptions, urged a "yes" vote to support the present budget and reject the referendum.

Some called for administrative lay-offs, others for complete education overhaul. Most argued, however, that cutting into the budget would mean cutting out some meat-elective courses, special teachers, even physical education- to join the "fat" which

has already been stripped including Industrial Arts and Eugene O'Neill Theatre workshops.

Only the Alternatives party insisted, as Robert Jarvis for City Council said, "...the education department has short-changed the kids", charging that "hidden monies" already in the budget justify cutting visible monies from the surface.

The most vocal and articulate defenders of the budget were Democratic incumbents, Mayor (Dr.) Carl Stoner ("our schools are among the best in the state"), Eunice Waller ("the SAT scores are low because they're asking the wrong questions") and former Mayor, and one-time Chairman of the Economics Department at Connecticut College, city councillor Dr. Ruby Turner Morris, who blamed sky-rocketing fuel prices and ballooning sanitation fees for the tight budget. Nobody seemed to mind if they railed on beyond the 2-minute limit; they were more fun to listen to.

Clearly the Democrats will dominate again, as always, in November 6's election. The two Republican incumbents, City councillors William Nahas and Stephen Massad, did not even see the need to attend the meet-the-issues cross-party forum.

The voter pool is indeed shallow; of about 30,000 voting age residents New London has only 8,000 registered voters according to Jane Bredeson. The incumbents decidedly have the upper hand; no one has to scramble with party slates to identify them. And Republican Henry Hauser, Connecticut College senior running for a seat on the Board of Education, does not have a Little League banquet to explain why only two of his fellow students-reporters for *The College Voice* at that- were curious enough to attend this meeting.

Children continued . . .

America, expanding its program to include girls as well. And in 1974, Big Brothers-Big Sisters became a member of The United Way, which helps to fund the agency. However, in order to raise funding and reach more youngsters than the 210 that are presently served, the organization now encourages the public to buy a share of Big Brothers-Big Sisters. If there is enough financial support, perhaps someday the program could cater to the estimated 4900 children who are from one-parent homes in New London County.

The agency is staffed by an executive-director, three full-time counselors, and one secretary-bookkeeper. Besides the main office located at One Whale Oil Row, 105 Huntington Street, New London, there is a branch in Norwich at 59 Broadway (887-9466). Big Brothers-Big Sisters also features a Board of Directors, comprised of 30 members of the community.

Most of the kids in the program are from low middle-income families, but some are from middle and upper-income families as well. Their names are referred to Big Brothers-Big Sisters either through their parent-guardian, school, social service agencies, the courts, or the police.

There are a few special people on this campus involved in the Big Brothers-Big Sisters program who are very happy with their new friends. John Greenberg is one. John's little "brother" is Thomas Manuel, age 11. Speaking of the program, John said: "I think it helped me out as much as my little brother." John also mentioned that he can bring Tommy to Harris for dinner any time, and, at some point in the near future, free Saturday night flicks at Palmer may also be a possibility for his friend.



The Coast Guard Academy also plays host to the Big Brothers-Big Sisters program, with several parties a year sponsored by the agency for everyone involved in the program in the immediate area.

The Big Brothers-Big Sisters Program is about friendships. A friendship for the child that may mean for the first time he or she is important, and a friendship for a young adult that can be a satisfying, challenging experience.

ROLL OVER JERRY...

Linda Ronstadt's biggest fans have got to be Larry Hendrick, age 27, of Amite, Louisiana, and Harry Ash from Tucson, Arizona.

Hendrick, mad with passion for Miss Ronstadt, recently tried to swim across the Mississippi to show his love for the rock star. Cops fished him out after an hour and a half. His only words were: "I did it for Linda Ronstadt. I'm a desperado. She'll understand."

Harry Ash is even crazier. He dropped by a hardware store in Tucson owned by Mr. Gilbert Ronstadt (Linda's dad), just to inquire about her. When employees started ribbing him, he became so furious that he parked his Renault in front of the store took out a sledgehammer, and started shattering all its windows. Then he did the same to the windows of Mr. Ronstadt's store.

Ash, in a letter to a local newspaper, said: "I know in my heart that Linda has risen above this two-bit Wild West town." Miss Ronstadt was unavailable to make a comment for the Voice at this time.

STARVE A FEVER, DEAFEN A COLD...

High frequency electronic sounds may deliver a knockout blow to the common cold, thanks to experiments conducted by an English T.V. games company.

Videomaster, an electronics firm based in London,

claims to have accidentally stumbled across a possible preventative for colds.

The company says it noticed that while every other section in the firm experienced employee absences due to colds, not a single work-hour was lost in the experimental unit where micro-integrated circuits are being used to generate ultra-high frequency sounds.

Videomaster's operations director Richard Fairhurst, set up an internal investigation, and reports findings that the cold virus does not like the high-frequency sound. Videomaster is now applying for a patent, and hopes to have a battery operated sniffles preventer on the market next year. The firm estimates that the device will keep 98 percent of its owners completely free from colds.

LED ZEPPELIN

Led Zeppelin will not tour the US until May 1980, despite the fact that the group currently has the world's best-selling album on all record charts.

The band will reportedly perform three hours of music at each concert with no opening acts. The group also hopes to keep ticket prices as low as possible, with \$11 being the maximum ticket price for all Led Zeppelin shows.

The group's manager Peter Grant claims the band's 1980 tour will concentrate on playing music with much less emphasis than before on theatrical special effects, such as fog machines and special lighting.

Financial Aid continued...

accept those students who were not our first choice," says Gardiner. Gardiner points out that though the college cannot offer aid to all who apply, "We meet the full need as we see it for those students we assist." In addition, if a student who was denied aid as an entering freshman re-applies as an upperclassman his/her chances to receive aid are enhanced. Gardiner states, "Our first commitment is to those students who are enrolled, then freshmen and finally transfer students."

The Time Payment Plan, offered by Conn college, lessens the pressure on parents. Conn College, like most eastern colleges, uses the Richard C. Knight Agency of Boston.

"This system enables people to pay as they go. The parents pay the agency a certain amount each month and the agency pays the college when the tuition is due. It makes economic sense, for even the upper middle class and affluent to keep their money in the bank," says Gardiner.

On Thursday, October 11, Ms. Gardiner held Conn College's annual Financial Aid Forum. "It is here", explains Gardiner, "that the students can generate the discussion and ask the questions and air the concerns upper-most in their minds." In addition she said, "We need the students to com-

municate with the legislature. They (the legislators) are more apt to respond to the parents and students themselves than the college because the college seems self-serving."

The Federal Guaranteed Student Loan Program provides an alternative; every student, regardless of his family's financial situation, can borrow as much as \$2500 per year interest free.

Congress is now considering a new guaranteed loan program which would be undersigned by parents, not by students. It would not be interest free, but as Gardiner puts it, "Most families would welcome such a loan. Since most parents fully intend on taking responsibility for the loan, anyway, it makes more sense for their name to be on the bottom line."

The new loan system may meet administrative hesitance. As an addition to the present student loan system, it would over-extend government spending unless it included interest. Congress is willing to overhaul the student loan system for a parent-loan program (including extended government funding) with interest, in order to placate the federal administration. The object is to increase the amount of loans available and get students through college. No mention, however, is made of how parents are to deal with the ultimate cost of large loans and compounded interest.

LETTERS

SEEING SPARKS

To the editor:

I write this perhaps in anticipation of negative comments which you may receive concerning THE SPARK'S recent editorial on WCNI. Being myself a disc-jockey for the station, I felt that the editorial was necessary. Regardless of the desire to expand, appear more professional, etc., WCNI is still a student station, and if any amount of students do not agree with its policies, then their opinion is worth airing. THE SPARK does not pretend to represent the majority opinion of the students here, yet is committed to printing any valid article or opinion, as well as any literary works. This in itself should be the justification of funding either THE VOICE, THE SPARK, or indeed any journal, paper, or newsletter. It is not my intent here to support any particular editorial, but rather to endorse the notion of the freedom of the press and expression of ideas.

Donald Goldberg
Former Editor
THE SPARK

IRRESPONSIBLE JOURNALISM

Dear Sports Editor:

I was extremely disenchanted with the article in the October 18 issue dealing with the Crew teams.

The writers, Alleyne Abate and Jill Crossman, began with the easily debatable statement that "crew is a sport unparalleled by any other." Through my experience in Cross Country I can easily discredit their argument.

They state that training runs from Monday through Saturday, and that it begins in September for the peak of the season in the Spring. Serious Cross Country runners must run seven days a

week, year round. They stress the importance of mental preparation to Crew. This is of equal importance to any sport.

I do respect the members of the crew team for their great devotion to the sport. I cannot, however, accept the statement that crew is a sport which is "unparalleled by any other."

I found the article to be heavily biased, and could envision a more balanced article being written by a member of the Crew team itself. The article was an example of extremely irresponsible journalism which should not be tolerated at a school of this fortitude.

Craig L. Lissner, '82
Cross Country team member

HOLIER THAN THOU

To the Editors,

The high and mighty Connecticut College students on top of a golden hill since Creation and those "lascivious and obnoxious" cadets, who were created 20 minutes ago, always seem to be at cross purposes. This opposition is only detrimental to a relationship that has the potential to be rewarding in many ways.

Connecticut College and Coast Guard students come from similar backgrounds, and their educational goals are the same, although these goals may be attained in a different manner. Like Connecticut College students, cadets come to parties to meet people, have a few beers, and dance. In light of this, how can we justify our "holier than thou" attitude? Before we comment on the cadets' "lascivious and obnoxious behavior," perhaps we should look at our own.

Sincerely,
Donna D. Doersam, '80
Nancy E. Lundebjerg, '81

VEGETABLE SPEAKS

Mister Editor:

Like what is it all about? I do not understand your perspective in the article so carefully titled *Outing and Pranking an adventure in poor taste*. Is it poor taste to want to organize people into groups? Perhaps, if there is no common bond and no sense behind organization. The outing and pranking committee (o&pc) seeks only to bring people with common interest together.

Is it then in poor taste not to have any ordinary sign up procedures? I think no. Experience shows that those people who sign up for committees are seldom committed. What use does a sign up serve?

Is it poor taste to be flippant in answering the interview questions? The interview was informal and poorly explained, however this does not answer the question. It would be a ludicrous thought for example, to imagine the o&pc to take over or encroach upon the domain of another club. The Connecticut College Outing Club is not threatened by the existence of the o&pc any more than it is threatened by the Sierra Club. In fact the o&pc is working biner in biner, foot

in boot with the Conn. College Outing Club to bring about some satisfactory ways and means to meet the area's natural resources. Still the question remains unanswered, but questions with no meaning applicable cannot be fairly answered. Signing up on trees would be unfortunate mutilations, signing up at all is irrelevant. Physical presence and participation are important.

What is poor taste then? Only the waste of journalistic talent and space in a bulletin. Certainly there is no form of writing more insulting than that which neither informs nor entertains. An article that I wrote, underlining the basic tenets of the o&pc, was submitted and at your disposal. It was not published, nor was any news of the already existing outing club mentioned. I'm getting tired and it is late and my writing is fading into undecipherable garble. Please clear this matter up so that people have a more positive or at least well informed idea about the famed o&pc.

Thank you and in all sincerity I remain

Yours,
Maximum Zucchini
Pro Consul to the President
Outing ad hoc Committee

IRRESPONSIBLE AND SHODDY JOURNALISM

To the Editors of the College Voice:

On behalf of the Connecticut College Film Agency, and as a member of the college community, I am writing to protest the College Voice's latest example of journalistic ineptitude and irresponsibility. My concern is with an article entitled "Students Plead for Palmer Space" (Voice: 10-18-79) by a Miss Julie Stahlgren.

This article, highly opinionated and subjectively written in nature, appears in the paper without an "Opinion" masthead. This implies sanction of the College Voice. Further, a box accompanying the article, has the "Entertainment Editor's" criticisms in an unsigned editorial comment.

What are Miss Stahlgren's charges against the Film Agency? First, that individuals at Conn. "who wish to use Palmer facilities are finding it unjustly difficult." Second, that actors and dancers are unable to rehearse because of the Film Agency's monopolization of Palmer. Third, that for "eight out of thirteen weekends" Palmer was unavailable for rehearsal due to the presence of the "Feature Flicks". The "Entertainment Editor" asserts that the Film Agency is "manifestly unfair" and that it "hogs" all the space in Palmer. Charming rhetoric.

Miss Stahlgren claims that the college has been "illogical" in giving the Film Agency "priority over academic departments." She calls for a re-examination of the entire system of time allotment for Palmer.

Miss Stahlgren, had she bothered to research the facts, or the Editors of the College Voice, had they the journalistic integrity to question Miss Stahlgren's "facts," would have been surprised to learn that there is a mechanism by which Palmer facilities are scheduled. Furthermore, the author and editors would have found out that the Connecticut College Film Agency has absolutely last priority in obtaining time in Palmer.

The Scheduling Committee meets once a semester to schedule and allot dates for Palmer, Dana, and Oliva. Attending this meeting are Mrs. Jane Bredeson, Dean Watson, Connie Sokalsky, representatives of the Theatre and Dance departments, representatives from any other concerned academic departments, a representative from the Social Board, Film Society, and the Film Agency. At this meeting the order of priority is clear. The President's Office has the highest priority, followed by the Theater and Dance departments, other academic departments, Social Board and Film Society, then, the Film Agency gets the leftovers. Contrary to the misinformation presented by Miss Stahlgren, the Film Agency gets no preference over any academic department with regards to the use of Palmer.

The Dance and Theater departments have exercised an ever-increasing stranglehold on the use of Palmer. In the Fall of 1978, thirteen dates were allotted for the "Feature Flicks". In the Spring semester, eleven dates were given. This semester the Film Agency was given ten dates

to show films. For the Spring of 1980, only seven dates were begrudgingly bestowed for "Feature Flicks" a precipitous drop of nearly fifty percent.

The charge that Palmer was "unavailable" for many weekends of rehearsal is unsubstantiated and erroneous. The Film Agency on an average weekend, used the Palmer facility for about three hours, six hours if two films are shown on a weekend. For this, the Film Agency pays a rental fee to the college and provides its own janitorial services. There is ample time for rehearsals during a weekend, provided no major set construction obstructs the movable screen used for the films.

From atop her academic high horse, Miss Stahlgren states "Theater and Dance departments...are important, strong, continued on page 6

The College Voice

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VOLUNTEER PROJECT SPURS CITY MANDATE

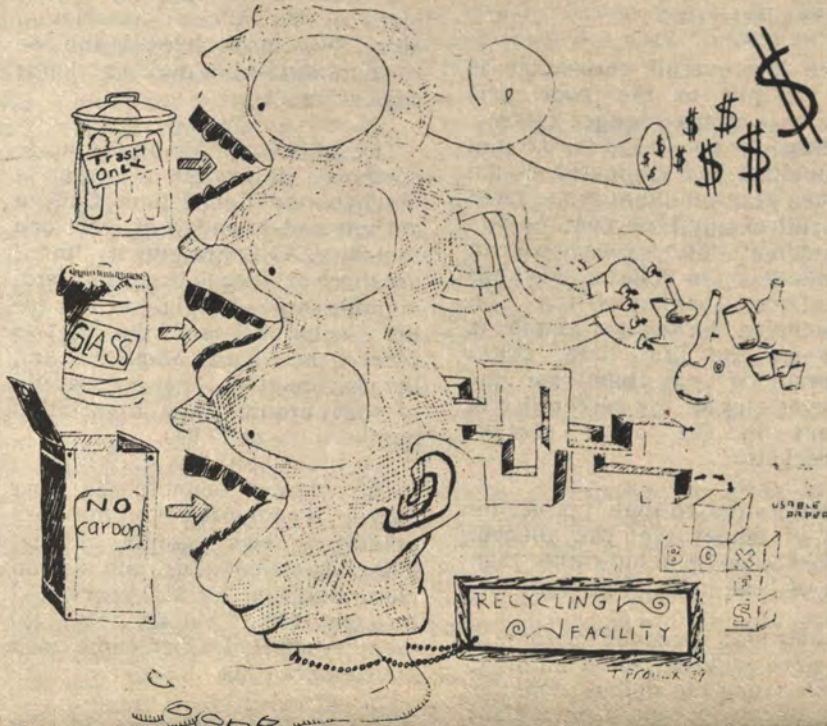
By CONN. COLLEGE SURVIVAL CLUB

Two years ago the Connecticut College Survival Club started a volunteer recycling project. Since then Physical Plant has developed the program into a mandatory system that is "Recycling eighty percent of Connecticut College's recyclables," according to Mr. Dawley, the coordinator of recycling at Connecticut College.

The Survival Club began their program by recycling paper. Soon after that Physical Plant took control of paper recycling. Last year the Survival Club expanded their program by collecting and recycling glass.

these figures as the program becomes more efficient. He added that an increase in efficiency relies primarily on the cooperation of the students.

He also stated that the College could easily double its glass and cardboard recycling if the students observed the program more closely. "The program is individually based and comes down to the students separating their trash. It doesn't take much effort but it is essential if the program is going to be successful." Dawley said.



Following the model set up by the Survival Club, the city of New London mandated the town's largest producers of waste to recycle their garbage. The ordinance stated, "Landfill users who are dumping more than five tons of refuse per week in the New London transfer station shall include not more than one hundred pounds of corrugated boxes, newspapers, glass, or cans and aluminum products in their waste flow..." Connecticut College is one of the top five producers of waste disposal, therefore it has to participate in the recycling program.

Mr. Dawley reported that Connecticut College has recycled four times as much waste in the last two weeks in 1979 as it did in the same time period last year. Dawley said he hopes to increase

Little continued . . .

probe..I could easily get a fire alarm. I think the problem is over."

One other problem physical plant had to deal with was the fire in Hamilton on Monday, September 17. Little says the fire was apparently started "by an employee of the residence department. It (the fire) was in a work space where furniture was being repaired."

It was in a single stuffed chair. The chair was no loss. Or, in other words, the chair was the only loss. No alarm, however, was pulled. The fire department eventually did come because as Little explains it, "there was a lot of smoke." Little says the "fire was isolated before" the alarm needed to be pulled.

Don Little was very candid in his interview. In the past there has been a lack of communication between the students and physical plant. It looks as if the new assistant director could do a lot to alleviate the situation.

Dawley also pointed out that there is no recycling of aluminum cans, and the school produces at least two tons of aluminum per month which could value as much as \$200 dollars.

In addition to the dormitories and kitchens, Dawley said that faculty housing will also have to participate in recycling in the near future.

The advantages of recycling environmentally and economically are great. The success of the Connecticut College recycling program is vital not only because of the benefits to the college but because of the model it provides on a local and national level. The Connecticut College Survival Club strongly urges the cooperation of the College population in its recycling effort.

MYSTIC MAN AND NEW JERSEY NATIVE BRING BLUE GRASS TO CONN

Guitar duo Orrin Star and Gary Mehalick will be featured in a Bluegrass Concert on Friday, November 2 at 8 p.m. in Dana Hall. Star and Mehalick, who specialize in traditional music, have been together since 1976. They have performed at coffeehouses, colleges, clubs, festivals, and folk societies in twelve states. Orrin Star, a native of New Jersey, was the 1976 National Flatpicking Guitar Champion. He is also a noted mandolin player. Gary Mehalick, from Mystic, Connecticut, began his musical career playing with a progressive bluegrass band before teaming with Star. Tickets, which may be purchased at the door, are \$3.00 for the general public and \$2.00 for students with I.D.

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STUDENTS AND ALUMNI: NOT SO DISTANT COUSINS

By DAVID IVES

There is no separation among members of the college community that is more puzzling than that between the students and the alumni. Of all the people connected to the college, the students and alumni have the most in common. They have both been through four years of undergraduate study here, and contrary to what many people claim, the alumni experienced most of the same triumphs and troubles during their four years that the current student body is experiencing now. Yet the students still view the alumni as universally old and out of touch.

The members of the Executive Board are the elected representatives of the Alumni Association. The Voice spoke with the Board's president, Britta McNamar, '67 (Director of Career Counseling at Dartmouth), vice-president, Mike Farrar, '73 (exploration geologist for Gulf Oil), Ken Crerar, '77 (legislative aid for Congressman Dodd).

The first impression that came out of the interview was how similar the members of the Executive Board are to the students here today. Each member

All of the participants denied that things were as different ten or fifteen years ago as the tenth-anniversary-of-coeducation-people would have us believe. One of Britta's fond memories of her freshman year in Branford is the then Dean of Freshmen, Alice Johnson, standing in the middle of the second floor hall, water up to her ankles, declaring, "there will never be another all-freshman dorm." Some things never change.

One of the Executive Board's constant tasks is to organize the alumni fund raising. Recently fund raising problems have arisen, not in total giving — that figure rose 83 percent last year as gifts topped one million dollars for the first time but in the percent of alumni that give — barely 32 percent last year.

The low overall percentage is due mainly to the poor performance of the younger classes. Twenty-nine percent of the Alumni Association has graduated in the last ten years and that group gives at a rate of only 17 percent. As Ken pointed out, "alot more people can give five or ten dollars...this year we are concentrating on challenging the younger classes to give for the first time. Britta agrees, "if you take out the younger classes the percentage of givers in the older classes skyrockets."

Britta stressed that it is not for lack of money that the younger alumni do not give but rather their lack of "the habit of giving."

A new plan arranges for some of the more generous young alums to match every ten dollars donation from every new donor from a class in the seventies. In this way the Board hopes to encourage donors who have never given because they feel that their "measly ten dollars is not important." With the help of this special fund every new ten dollars given would result in a total of twenty being donated to the school.

The Board also outlined a plan to initiate a "Seventies Club." A member of a class of the seventies would have to give seventy dollars over a two year period to become a member of this club.

Mike stressed that while fund raising may take up much of the Alumni Association's time, it is not the only thing they do. Alumni are heavily involved in the admissions process, acting as admissions aids for prospective students who are too far away to come to the campus for information and an interview.

The Association also arranges career internships for students during Christmas and summer vacations. There is an informal job network that connects most of the alum in an effort to help recent grads find jobs in specific areas. The Association is also involved in various continuing education and self-help programs for its own members.

Ken and Britta summed up the place of the Alumni Association aptly, "we make friends and we raise money — but making friends comes first."

The Alumni Association is composed of anyone who was a matriculated Connecticut College student and attended at least one semester. As Britta puts it, "there are three privileges that come with membership — the right to vote for the Executive Board, the right to receive the Alumni Magazine, and the right to give — not necessarily in that order." The association numbers about 17,000.

The Alumni Council, the next step up, is composed of all the class presidents, class agents, request aids, admissions aids, and alumni club chairmen for the years 1919 through 1979. It totals about 300 members half of which came back for Homecoming.

The elected members of the Executive Board sit for a single three year term. The rest of the Board is made up of one-year positions filled by appointment. These include, Chairmen of Alumni Clubs, Young Alumni Representative, and others.

The Executive Board governs the Association and directs the Alumni Office staff in the Sykes Wing of Cro. The staffers are paid by the Association and not the school. All donations collected are given to the school.



Alumni Association President, Britta McNamar speaks at an alumni dinner during Homecoming.

The alumni are not considered to be real people but rather ex-college students whose main purpose is to give money to the college. In an effort to learn more about the alumni and the various organizations they administrate, The Voice snatched a brief interview in the old student government room (A.K.A. the bar) with some of the members of the Executive Board of the Alumni Association during Homecoming.

individually may have different views on any given subject, but they all agree that the reasons they chose Connecticut College are the same ones that today's perspective students consider.

As Ken put it, "the reason people come here and the basic values they got out of it haven't changed," Mike concurred, "it's a common bond between today's students, young alums and older alums."

Letter continued . . .

and respected academic departments." While this is not to be denied by any means, it is not a valid rationalization for these departments to exclude the balance of the Conn. campus from using Palmer. Dance recitals and student theater projects hardly attract the kind of attendance that the "Feature Flicks" do on an average night. Yet, to assert themselves as much as possible, the Dance department schedules performances from Thursday through Saturday nights, a potential audience of thirty-nine hundred people, or more than twice the size of Connecticut College! Surely, weekends are not the only times when these rehearsals and presentations can be made. There are seven days to a week, not three or six hours.

The reasons that the Theater and Dance departments do not want the Film Agency in Palmer are varied and political. Yet, certain facts are undeniable. Last year, over eight thousand people enjoyed "Feature Flicks" presentations. This year, average attendance is even higher. Since 1971, despite inflation in the price of film rental and associated expenses, the Film Agency has maintained an admission charge of only one dollar. This is considerably lower (50-100 percent) than other schools showing the same quality films. If forced into Dana, the Film Agency may be forced to raise its rates.

To satiate the self-serving appetites of prestige and revenue, the Theater and Dance departments want more dates in Palmer. Yet, the desire of an entire college campus and neighboring community to have an alternative form of entertainment to the All-Campus party must not be denied. Even for the sake of certain individuals who could learn to cooperate and make do with the bounty they already have seized.

The suggestions of midnight movies and two showings in Dana by "Entertainment Editor" and Miss Stahlgren are made without consideration of what is economically and socially realistic. Do you want to go to a movie at 6:30 in the evening? How about at midnight? The tradition of a movie and then a party is a socially and strategically strong one and should not be changed.

Certainly, there is a need to look fairly and objectively at this situation without partisan politics. I hope that this letter has served to clear up some of the distortions of Miss Stahlgren's articles. I also trust it has served as a reminder to the editors of the College Voice that there is no room for shoddy, unsubstantiated journalism at Connecticut College.

Signed,
Jonathan D. Robbins
Class of 1980

THE "JOHN" HOUR COMES TO RADIO

A new show hit the airwaves last Tuesday in New York City and it is already controversial. Tuesday morning a staff announcer for WNYC Radio went on the air with "The John Hour." In actuality the show lasted only 58 seconds, but the ramifications of the show run deep.

"The John Hour" is a new tactic by New York City mayor Edward Koch to cut down on prostitution in his city. Koch feels it is time men suffer for their role in prostitution. The ACLU is quite upset; it seems they have the discretion Koch lacks and do not like the airing of dirty linens.

What makes "The John Hour" so controversial is that it involves the public reading of men convicted for soliciting prostitutes. Last week nine such "johns" were convicted of the crime, and made public scapegoats for a widespread social "privacy."

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FROM THE "GEM" TO THE "WHALE"

By ANN C. ALLAN

Just at the bottom of the hill below our learned and gem-like citadel lies the Whaling City. Naturally enough, freshmen are filled with eager curiosity about New London when they first arrive at Conn. but unfortunately some sophisticated upper-classman usually squelches it — in a conversation that goes something like this:

F: So what's New London like?
 S: It's the pits.
 F: Is there anything to do?
 S: No.
 F: Are there any good bars?
 S: What do you think this is, U.N.H.?
 F: How about places to eat?
 S: After four years of Mr. G's I never want to see a pizza again. I won't mind kissing Mama Ocean goodbye, either, let me tell you.
 F: Oh, Well, are there any clubs?
 S: Look, kid — I'll tell you right now — you'd just better resign yourself to four years of unmitigated boredom. New London is just a train stop between Boston and New York. If I were you I'd transfer.
 F: I see. Gosh, everybody's so friendly and helpful here. Well, thanks a lot.
 S: No problem. How's your dorm?

While New London isn't exactly filled with night-time hot-spots and quaint little out-of-the-way restaurants, it can be and often is a vastly entertaining town. Contrary to popular belief, there are interesting bars, good places to eat and things to do in the area.

The single most outstanding feature of the area is its beaches. How many other New England colleges are five minutes from the water? Unfortunately many people equate the beach only with summer sun and Coppertone. This is a mistake. As a sandy veteran I can testify that nothing relieves the tension and anxiety that are as much a part of Conn. as Harris food, like a walk by the water, no matter what the weather. For those whose taste runs to the strictly scenic, Harkness Memorial Beach is only about fifteen minutes away by car. And if you're a pinball and penny arcade nut, check out nearby Ocean Beach. In the spring there are even amusement rides.

Let's imagine you've just spent a relaxing afternoon on the beach. Your head is clear and calm, your feet are wet and freezing and you need some hot nourishment fast. Where to go? Well, there is always Fred's Shanty, a truly remarkable institution on Pequot Avenue. The clam chowder is a must and the foot-long hot dogs are very satisfying. Unfortunately, Fred's is a seasonal operation, so get there fast.

Other alternatives to pizza include Chinese food-Wongs, Ming Gardens and a new place just opened up on Bank St. called The New Leaf. The Mission Diner by self-proclamation has the best soul food in town. The Dolphin Cafe (more on this bar later) has celestial cheeseburgers and, across the street, Anna Christie's is

a favorite for soup and sandwiches.

For deli-style food, Henry and Marion's in Ledyard is well worth the drive for terrific food at reasonable prices. And of course for late-night munchies there are the twin towers of strength, Norm's and the Monte Carlo. The mirrors at the Monte Carlo are intense, but Norm's has a special charm all its own not to mention bigger.

Since Romeo's closed many students have sorely missed their Happy Hour. But there are alternatives. The 95 House and The Bootlegger both have good afternoon deals, and for those who like to savor a drink in a civilized atmosphere. Happy Hour at The Ship's Wheel on Captain's Walk is a must. Later in the evening the Dolphin on Bank St. provides pinball, uniquely carved tables and a decidedly "Dead" atmosphere as an alternative to the Cro-Bar. A new addition to the New London scene, and the talk of the town, is Harpo's on Broad St. Great prices, tremendous atmosphere and alumnus David Pettinari (alias Big Daddy) behind the bar make this place the latest attraction. For late night boozers (12:00-2:00) both the Birdseye and the Dutch are rich in color and very economical.

And you thought there was nothing to do around here! For both the dedicated academician who needs a little recreation and the library-phobe whose jaded instincts crave new lows, my advice is: check out your own backyard. You might be surprised!

VIEWPOINT

Do you believe in equal rights for homosexuals?

By LIZ LOEB



David Kllenman MA '81 President of Law Club

"I believe that the issue of gay rights is a civil rights issue the same way that the movement for blacks getting equality, equal housing, and equal job opportunity was. It's not a question of sexual preference but one of civil rights."

Steve Owen NY '80

"I think that it's absolutely necessary. They're human beings and they deserve equal rights. There's no difference between a homosexual, heterosexual or bisexual in my mind."

Amy King NM '82

"I think there should be no difference as far as rights go. Some of the homosexuals I know are some of the most feeling people I've ever known. Love is for everybody. I think that whether you decide to engage in sex bisexually, heterosexually, or homosexually love is still for everyone and everyone desire to receive it."



Stephanie Johnson CA '83

"I don't like it. I can't explain why. That's just my feeling."

Randy Bangs CT '83

"I believe that homosexuals should have equal rights so long as they do not interfere with the beliefs of another person (such as a teaching position, etc.)."

David Ives MA '80

"Yes I do. I don't think that there is any reason that sexual preference should interfere with equal rights."



Jane Newald WI '82

"I think it's fine. But, I think it is a shame when people ignore the issue until they must confront it face-to-face, for example, it hits home base for many people when they are confronted with their child being taught by a homosexual teacher and they change their minds. So even though I really haven't experienced it first hand, I agree with it."

Nancy Minex CT '82

"Yes I definitely think they should. Seeing the movie (The Word Is Out) enlightened me a lot because it showed me that homosexuals have a real capacity for loving even more than a lot of heterosexuals."



Tina Botond D.C. '83

"Hey you know whatever feels good, do it. No, I think that everybody's entitled to do whatever they want. This is a democracy. Do what feels good."



Hamilton's Halloween Party was a huge success, as usual. Conn's resident zanies were out in full splendor, and the excellent group, Stovall Brown Band, wailed far into the night. A \$20 gift certificate from the Connecticut Avenue Package Store was awarded to the Pallbearers with Casket, alias Burdick Basement alumni. Honorable mentions went to the Big Chicken, the Aborigines, and the Dinner Table. A good time was had by all!

Photos by GEOFFREY DAY

Photos by SARA PRESSMAN

STUDENT WORK

A NEAR SUCCESS



Richard Sauer, couched, receives the undivided attention of his "daughter", Jean Williams, Son-in-law, Ken Ellner, and wife, Cathy Sponagle.

By JULIA STAHLGREN

Theater is a precarious tension between make-believe and reality. The audience expects that no one will actually be killed on stage; a real man and wife will not accuse each other of adultery and file for divorce as soon as the show is over.

Yet, at the same time, it wants to become lost in what happens on that stage. For two hours or so it wishes to become involved with real problems of real people. Plausibility is then an essential element of theater.

This seeming contradiction makes playwriting and producing no easy task, and I feel it was in this area that "Look But Don't Touch" failed. "Look But Don't Touch" is an original comedy, written and directed by Conn. College senior, Ken Ellner; it was performed in Palmer Auditorium on October 17 and 18.

The play involves four characters: Lisa and Bob Lawrence, a young, married couple living in an apartment in New York City, and Bob's parents, Bernice and Saul, who come for a visit. Their arrival is preceded by a quarrel over Bob's fidelity: Lisa finds him a bit too interested in the grocery checker when they shop that morning. They make up before Bob's parents arrive, but the dispute is re-opened, louder and more seriously, later in the evening when Bob returns to the same market for steak to replace the duck Lisa had planned to serve. Lisa accuses Bob of adultery, Bob walks out, Bernice rings her hands, and Saul screams for dinner.

After some motherly experiential advice from Bernice, Lisa becomes more reasonable and is prepared to forgive and forget. Bob and Saul end up in a bar together and, in a fairly drunken state, share some thoughts on women. Saul confesses to his son that he was once unfaithful to Bernice, but came back more in love.

The play ends on a happy note. When the grocery checker phones the apartment the next morning, another outburst threatens but is prevented by a set of logical circumstances. Furthermore, a well-timed call from Lisa's doctor informs the group that Lisa is pregnant — a piece of news that is joyfully received by all.

The play succeeded in making me laugh. Richard Sauer, as Saul Lawrence, was marvellous. His facial expressions and sense of the absurd were wonderful, and added an enormous amount to the show.

Ken Ellner, as Bob, provided many well timed, sarcastic, dead-pan - style one-liners. Jean Williams, as Lisa, was beautifully blunt about her husband's wandering eyes, and amusingly skeptical and unthreateningly critical about his parents. Cathy Sponagle, as Bernice, bustled about with a successfully irritating busy-body nature, and managed to hold on to a "Jewish Mom" accent fairly consistently.

But beyond this comic level, the characters lost their appeal. It was clear that Ken attempted to give each character depth and dimension; there were moments when he wanted Bernice to stop rearranging everything in the apartment and show genuine concern for the problem at hand. At times he wanted Saul to cease his funny, sarcastic put-downs of his wife and admit his deep-rooted love for her. But these dimensions, which would have made the characters and the situation more real and appealing, never quite came clear.

The problem lay not in the actors' performances, but in the script itself. The audience needs to sense that the more serious moments are not transitions or changes in the characters, but extensions of them — emotions and thoughts that are as much a part of them as the comic sides. This calls for subtle set-ups and clues which indicate that the characters are more than they seem. In "Look But Don't Touch" the characters changed too drastically, with no forwarning. Wisdom and concern came suddenly, out of thin air.

Thus, the characters never became solidly real, and it was difficult to believe in awkward serious moments which could have been solid and powerful ones. The play, was stuck on one level. There were no smooth, effective builds and declines.

The most balanced scene of the play was the scene in which Saul and Bob sat in a small bar. It was very comical, but it was also intimate, touching, and sincere. The scene was therefore full and concrete because it successfully involved different levels of emotion.

"Look But Don't Touch" has the potential to be a very good piece of theater. Ken Ellner has a good eye for comedy, and a good ear for dialogue. As it stands now, however, the play is not ready for performance — at least not before a sophisticated, critical audience.

KLR TRIO
SUPERLATIVE

By LISA CHERNIN

It should be a maxim of writing reviews that it is much harder to praise than it is to criticize. The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio presented a program of Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Schubert last Tuesday night, in a performance that began well and ended superlatively. Their program was exciting and well executed.

Of the three works, the Haydn was the hardest to appreciate because there was little dynamic variation and subtlety; it was very straightforward and yet not stimulating. In the Finale, more contrast and feeling showed through: a definite improvement over the first two movements.

The Mendelssohn, however, introduced a musical tension which swept and carried the audience to

the end. It became clear that all three musicians knew both the music and their instruments. Miss Robinson's 'cello playing was astounding; her articulation was excellent and her sound rich and full. Mr. Kalichstein played the piano quite competently though, he did drown out the others on occasion. Mr. Laredo performed with intensity and obvious feeling. For the most part the balance, so important to chamber music, was near perfect. The Trio's treatment encompassed the bravura and the sensitivity of the Mendelssohn.

The Schubert was the frosting on the cake. The individualities of each performer continued to come out, while the music still remained very cohesive and precise. Changes in tempo and feeling were well engineered, and the harmonies were golden. The clear emotion of the Trio for the music reached out and enveloped the audience even more.

The magic of the whole evening was that the Trio performed with beauty and intensity, yet the music never did run away with the musicians.

STUDENT CAST LINNEY PLAY OPENS
THURSDAY NOV 1 IN PALMER

Romulus Linney's terse courtroom drama features an all student cast and direction by class of '77 alum Chris Greene.

By MATT JANSKY

For some reason, whenever someone writes something about a play, the first thing he is tempted to do is to shove the script into a category. I am often guilty of this, and frequently find myself at cocktail parties blubbing all sorts of nonsense about neo-absurdism and proto-romantic playwriting, sometimes inventing arbitrary genres of my own as I go along.

The Love Suicide at Schofield Barracks by Romulus Linney, soon to be presented here at Conn., has thwarted my attempts at categorization. I wanted to call it a military courtroom drama, but there was something about the term that simply did not fit.

A military courtroom drama brings to mind plays that are situated within the conventions of the courtroom. The characters swear to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, so help them, and proceed to answer questions according to military protocol in what is supposed to be an objective fashion.

The characters in Love Suicide take no such oath, for the military inquiry is by design informal. They do not speak objectively but personally, attempting to explain their Commanding General's public suicide. This personalized testimony permits a fast-paced interaction between witnesses which is uncharacteristic of military courtroom drama.

More importantly, the informality of the inquiry emphasizes the characters' personalities more than the specific trauma of the Vietnam tragedy. Finally, The Love Suicide at Schofield Barracks is not a play about war, but rather a study of suicide. It forces the audience to view suicide without the prejudices of our culture, and uses the Vietnam War as a situation in which our perspectives about suicide are clarified.

The play was first developed when Romulus Linney was working with Herbert Berghof, and was first produced by Berghof off-Broadway in 1971. It was later produced on Broadway in February 1972 by Cheryl Crawford. This Connecticut College Production will be directed by Chris Greene, class of '77, who last directed a production here of *Slow Dance on the Killing Ground*, in the spring of 1977. The set designer for this production is Jay Ferger, who has designed for the Allenberry Playhouse and Opera Theatre of Saint Louis in recent years. The cast includes Sam Rush, Coby Owen, Rebecca Schneider, Patricia Stern, Charlie Homet, Jennifer Johnston, Christina Beebe, Julia Stahlgren, Jonathan Goldman, and many others.

Fortunately, this show has been blessed with a long run. *Love Suicide* will be performed in Palmer Auditorium on November

SPORTS

SOCCKER TEAM STREAKS TO 10 AND 3

By JIM LUCE

The Connecticut College soccer team extended their winning streak to six games by defeating Rhode Island College 5-4 on Oct. 25. Unfortunately, the streak was halted three days later by Trinity 2-1, in a bruising, foul-ridden, double-overtime contest.

Those who attended the Rhode Island College match were treated to a thrilling comeback victory. Trailing 2-0 in the first half, Tom Burke scooped up a nifty chip by Rocco D'Amiano to get the Camels on the Board. RIC answered with a third goal early in the second half. That score was quickly erased as Jim Luce sent a booming 35 yard rocket into the back of the net to make it 3-2. Moments later, RIC scored what looked like the game clincher. The Camels, however, refused to fold, and with 12 minutes left in the match, were awarded a penalty kick which Luce quickly

converted.

The final 9 minutes completely belonged to the Camels. The midfield of Kevin Sayward, Jim Gabarra and Burt Czuchra seemed to be everywhere. Constant pressure and crisp short passing resulted in two more goals, Burke from Luce on both occasions. Tremendous poise and a never-say-die attitude had lifted the Camels to an astonishing 5-4 win.

On Saturday October 26th the Camels suffered a frustrating setback at the hands of Trinity 2-1 in double overtime. Though they dominated the match and hit the posts three times, the Camels only scored once on a Luce penalty kick. Burke, Luce, Gabarra, Sayward, and D'Amiano all had chances but it just was not to be. Dave Geller and Steve Barnard both played exceptionally fine defense in the losing effort.



Tom Burke, one of the Camels most consistent scorers, flies after the ball.

SCOREBOARD

Varsity Soccer: Camels lose to Trinity 2-1 in double overtime.

Cross Country: Camels place 12th out of 22 teams at Cod Fish Bowl.

Women's Volleyball: Camels lose to Central Connecticut; beat Sacred Heart 15-8, 8-15, 17-15.

Women's Field Hockey: Camels lose to Mitchell College 3-1.

Current Records
 Varsity Soccer: 10-3
 J.V. Soccer: 2-0-1
 Women's Field Hockey: 0-16-2
 Women's Volleyball: 9-12
 Cross Country: undetermined

SWIM TEAM HAS FIRST MEET, WINS

By LESLIE DOPPLER

Connecticut College's Women's Swim Team is off to a fine start, having won their first meet of the season on October 16. The Camels beat Fairfield University by a score of 79-54. It was an important win for the seventeen member team coached by Louise Heidtman.

Led by tri-captains Jen Burns, Isa Rubin and Ann Sayre, the camels dominated the swimming events. They won nine events, placed second in eight, and third in seven others. Liz Sargent, Isa

Kathelee Banister, Julia "Squid" Peterson and Royce Shanely, are coached by Commander Gerry Hotchkiss of the Coast Guard Academy.

This year's women's swimming and diving teams include Jennifer Altschul, Kathelee Banister, Christina Burnet, Jen Burns, Lesley Campbell, Sarah Clarke, Jennifer Davis, Eliza Helman, Ellen Hennick, Mary Medbury, Julia Peterson, Isa Rubin, Liz Sargent, Royce Shanely, Anne



Rubin and Jennifer Davis all swam well, each placing in three races.

Sayre, Linn Speers and Rena Zurn.

Conn's relay teams swam tight and won the 200 meter medley and the 200 meter freestyle. The Camel divers did not do as well as their swimmers, but managed a third place finish by Royce Shanely in the 1 meter diving event.

Conn has only three divers on its team, two of whom are freshmen. Coach Heidtman is nonetheless confident, and feels that her divers

Conn's swimming program is beginning to blossom, and should be quite strong in a year or two when the freshmen and sophomores gain more experience. Last year the team had a record of 4-6; Coach Louise Heidtman is sure that they will do much better this year. The Camel's next meet will be on Monday, November 5 when they will face Holy Cross in Worcester. The team will then return home for a meet against Clark on November 17.

VARSITY WOMEN SPRINT TO 7TH PLACE AT CHARLES

By ALISON ROGERS

The world's largest regatta; the Head of the Charles, to which crews from all over the U.S. and a few from other countries come to test their rowing skills against each other and against time. Boston was at its finest, the weekend of Oct. 21; temperatures on that clear Saturday soared into the low eighties.

Conn. College sent six boats to the Head of the Charles. From the men's team, a championship four, a lightweight eight and a lightweight four were entered. An eight and a lightweight four represented the women's team. A mixed eight of four rowers from each team also competed in a special category created only last year.

The women's lightweight four rowed in a regular women's fours race and placed a respectable 18th. In a sub-competition of lightweight crews, Conn. College has a possibility of winning a medal. Results are not known at this time.

The course at the Head of the Charles is approximately 3.5 miles long and involves a winding, and at times, very narrow course which passes under seven bridges. Thousands of spectators viewing the race crowded on the bridges and jammed both banks to cheer for teams as they raced by. Each team was given a bow marker signifying their starting place in the event and forty boats entered in each of the eighteen events.

Although the shells raced against time; that is, started off at approximately 15 second intervals, a boat's progress and performance could usually be determined by how far ahead or, behind it was from its starting position. It was exciting to see a boat with a bow marker of 37 row by in a group of shells numbering in the mid 20's.

The women's eight, ranked 32 going into the race, gave the best showing of Conn. College boats, finishing in seventh place. The mixed eight placed sixteenth, moving up three notches from last year's rank, and the men's lightweight four took twelfth, climbing four places from 1978's 16th place. The men's lightweight eight, and the championship four took 30 and 32 in their respective categories.

Two of Conn.'s six boats had major accidents on the course. The men's lightweight eight, jockeying for position as it neared a bridge, was not allowed to pass the crew on its left and consequently collided with the bridge. Coming to a complete halt, the boat managed to maneuver itself out of its predicament and start up again, losing as much as 30 seconds. As if the time loss was not enough, the lightweight eight may also have had a minute penalty because its bow marker was lost in the collision. Coach Wolter surmises that the men's lightweight eight might have cracked the top ten if the passing struggle had not occurred.

The women's lightweight four, too, lost precious seconds in a skirmish with a crew from Georgetown University. Conn. College was in the process of overtaking Georgetown when the two boats neared a bridge. At most, only two boats can pass through the arches of the bridges together, and then, only with careful positioning leaving little space at either end. Georgetown refused to give way when being overtaken by Conn. College, forcing the Camels to stop, in order to avoid hitting the side of the bridge.

Protests on behalf of the two Conn. College boats were lodged, but the outcome is still uncertain. Conclusions of how to place blame in disputed situations "depend on whether referees saw what the coxswains said happened," explained Coach Wolter.

Sandy Meyerhofer was asked what she considered to be the hardest part of the race. "The starboard power tens going around the corners," she said in an exhausted half laugh-half sigh. This means that one side of the boat was asked by the coxswain to apply extra pressure, in addition to rudder steering, to maneuver the sharp curves. Doug Smith gave his opinion on the best part of the 3.5 mile course. "It's got to be when we rowed under one of the bridges and saw the Connecticut College banner and heard everybody cheering. The boat jumped, it really jumped!"

OFF THE TRACK

MICHAEL'S REVERIE

By CHIP MAGUIRE

Michael Flagan sat back in his favorite chair sucking on his pipe, drawing the smoke in deeply and blowing it out rhythmically. Through his livingroom window he could see the shoreline. He watched the gulls dance in the breeze, above the waves which crashed on the sand. The air was clear, and through an open window Michael inhaled the pungent saltiness of the light breeze.

He lifted a glass that was on a table next to him and sipped the contents slowly: bourbon had always calmed Michael down. He indulged in a healthy draught letting the liquor warm his throat and lips. He felt much more relaxed after a bourbon and water, and on occasion had two or three in the afternoon before he went to work. Today, he had had four drinks to soothe his dry throat.

A smile came to Michael's face as he leaned back in his dilapidated leather easy chair. He picked up the novel that he'd been reading and resumed where he had left off. The veins in his forehead stuck out as he struggled to concentrate on the book, but his mind was out at sea. While daydreaming of having his own ship and giving orders to a crew, he picked up his glass and took a large sip. A small trickle of liquid slid out of the corner of his mouth, and he wiped it away with his tattered sleeve. Bourbon and smoking always coated Michael's mouth. The sour taste bothered him, so he scraped his tongue with his front teeth and spit the phlegm into a brass container next to his chair.

The clock on the wall chimed five times. Michael looked up in mild surprise, as he knew that it was time to row out to his lighthouse. Rising from his chair, he went over to a closet and took out a pair of heavy boots and his seaman's cap. He tugged anxiously at the boots, finally pulling them on, and moved towards the door fitting his cap on his head with both hands. When he stepped outside, the bright sunlight caused his eyes to water. The pervading smell of the adjacent salt marsh tantalized Michael and he inhaled deeply, filling his lungs. He meandered slowly across his front lawn toward a small wooden shack.



He unbolted the latch and removed some line, two oarlocks, two oars, and a clorox bottle which he used as a bailer. Slinging all his paraphernalia over his shoulder, he strolled down to the dock where his boat was moored. The planks creaked underneath his feet as Michael carefully stepped out to the end of the dock. He threw all his equipment into the back of the boat and slowly lowered his feet into the hull. Sitting on the dock, steadying the boat with his legs, he untied the fore and aft lines.

Very carefully he edged the rest of his body into the boat, and slid each oarlock into place, sliding cotterpins in each one to secure them. He pushed the boat away from the piling and dipped the oars into the water. Michael enjoyed rowing to the lighthouse and the four bourbons were forgotten. Everytime he stroked, his full weight and muscle was invested in the effort. The tide was low and coming in fast, but he wasn't worried: he had rowed hundreds of times against the current.

The waves grew bigger as he got closer to the middle of the channel, and occasionally crashed against the hull. Michael watched the whirlpools which the oars made, as they trailed off into the distance. The sun had begun to set in the horizon. The vibrant red, yellow and blue skyline sent a chill up Michael's spine and started the adrenaline flowing in his bloodstream. He relaxed the oars for awhile and watched the orange sun sink lower and lower, dropping like a half-opened eye and finally disappearing altogether. Michael sighed, completely content.

When he snapped out of his reverie he realized that he had drifted; the lighthouse was much further starboard than he wanted. Digging with his oars he rowed with a more intense vigor. The muscles in his

back began to tire slightly, and a cramp developed in his stomach, but he continued pulling the oars feverishly.

Michael could feel the dark, cold night air slowly envelop him, a slight fog had rolled in unnoticed, stretching its way across the channel. He continuously turned his head to see how far he had to go. The reef which the lighthouse was built upon, was just barely visible now, and the tide was about half in. Michael's boat began to rock up and down, surging forward each time he lunged the oars downward. He was only about a hundred yards from the lighthouse. Perspiration beaded on Michael's forehead. Every muscle in his body was exhausted, but he pushed forward, occasionally missing a stroke, causing his oar to slip out of its lock.

In the distance, Michael heard something: his ears pricked up. The air was painfully quiet for a few minutes. Then the sound of a foghorn broke the silence, causing Michael's pulse to race. Sweat soaked his shirt. Every nerve in his body tingled with a frantic exhilaration. He stood up and gazed into the fog searching aimlessly into the grayness.

Suddenly, a wave broadsided the boat which had drifted sideways in respect to the current. Michael's left foot slipped on the wet bottom, and his right leg hit the seat and caused him to fall backwards. He whirled helplessly, clutching desperately at the air. His left leg caught one of the oars and flipped it up over the gunwale. Michael landed in the back of the boat hitting his head on the transom.

His head throbbed with pain. It was a moment before he realized what had happened. He lifted himself quickly and stared over the side of his boat for the oar, only to see the black empty water splotted with patches of seaweed. He stood up again and strained his ears. The foghorn blew again. Somewhere up channel about a mile, he could dimly make out a red fog light followed by a white light right behind it.

Michael's eyes opened up with fear and his jaw dropped in total shock. He brought his hand to his face and slapped his cheek. He looked at the palm of his hand after feeling the sharp sting. His mind spun in confusion, as the foglights of the freighter were moving closer to the reef.

"My god," cried Michael.

Impulsively, he plummeted into the icy water which immediately took his breath away. He began paddling wildly toward the lighthouse. The current surged into his face as he screamed to the freighter.

"No. No, turn, please turn," he cried.

Inadvertently, he swallowed a mouthful of salty water that had traces of residual gasoline in it. The lighthouse was about twenty-five yards away from him. He began swimming wrecklessly, swinging his arms around in full circles, while looking up at the lights approaching the reef. He opened his mouth to scream again, but wound up sucking water. He coughed profusely, flapping his arms wildly, in order to keep afloat.

His brain was numbed, his body was frozen, his heart pounded, yet Michael continued to swim towards the lighthouse. Each stroke taxed his energy, and his vision became doubled. He closed his eyes listening to the foghorn as he stroked forward. Seaweed rushed around his arms and head. He reached down and pulled off his boots, then loosened his belt and slid his pants off so that he could kick more easily.

The foghorn sounded like it was in his ear. He felt himself slowing down and fading from consciousness. His mind struggled with his body which was beginning to give up on him. From the center of his soul, he mustered one last splurge of energy. He kept repeating to himself, "I have to get to the emergency signal."

His right hand slammed down on something hard. Michael picked up his head to see a large rock in front of him. His eyes stung so much that he had to shut them. His hand groped for the barnacled encrusted rock, cutting his fingers to the bone. He grabbed the rock and pulled with all his might, lifting his body onto the rocky breakwater which surrounded the lighthouse. He lay lifeless as the foghorn blasted again. Michael looked up and saw the outline of the freighter heading a few degrees off the portside of the breakwater. It was surely going to hit the reef.

He stood up in a daze and stumbled up the breakwater, draining any remains of strength he might have had. Each step seemed to take forever. He could hear the chugging of the diesel engine of the freighter. Sounds pounded his head thunderously, making him cup his hands over his ears. He could see the door of the lighthouse, not fifteen feet in front of him. He ran at it bent forward as if he was falling. His face crashed into the door and one of his teeth smashed, spurting blood ran over the door and his chin. He looked up at the door knob and reached up to twist it. It wouldn't move. He tried harder. Michael's strength was sapped. He reached down for his key in a final desperate effort, and feeling the cold bare skin of his leg, he realized the keys had been in the pocket of his pants which were now at the bottom of the channel.

Michael's head sank backwards, coming down with a sharp bang against the cold cement. He was on the verge of passing out when the piercing sound of ripping iron screamed across the channel. Tears rolled out of Michael's eyes. His mind was no longer able to sustain consciousness. He faded off into oblivion, never hearing the fifty or sixty screaming voices which were lowering lifeboats and swimming for the breakwater which Michael's lighthouse was on.

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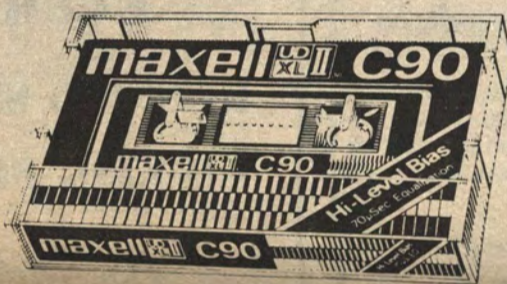
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