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November 23, 1981

Is the Nuclear Arms Freeze in the National Interest?

by Michael Schoenwald

"War is a very dumb way to settle international differences and nuclear war is insane," are the words of retired Rear Admiral Gene La Rocque. speaking at the Palmer Auditorium of Connecticut College on November 9. La Rocque is the Director of the Center for Defense Information in Washington, D.C. Previous to assuming this position La Rocque served in the navy for 33 years and was cited for participation in thirteen major naval engagements. The group's present goal is to prevent nuclear war.

La Rocque believes that if the United States wants to slow the arms race and combat the threat of nuclear war, it should take the initiative. An agreement should be made stopping the testing and production of nuclear weapons, because "if you freeze the testing, production, and deployment of nuclear weapons you freeze the possibility of war."

According to La Rocque, the United States has 30,000 nuclear weapons compared to 20,000 in the Soviet Union. La Rocque maintains the high number is a definite surplus. President Reagan is spending 180 billion dollars to buy nuclear weapons. The Reagan Administration wants to build 17,000 nuclear weapons in the next 10 years. "For the first time in history," asserts La Rocque, "the American public is being squeezed in health, education and housing so we can buy more nuclear arms.

Why does the United States want to buy and build these nuclear weapons? Because, says La Rocque, "building nuclear weapons makes us feel more secure." President Reagan calls for huge increases in military spending, "as the threat of aggression grows." Another reason for the surplus of arms is to help private corporations like Electric Boat in Groton make a profit. "In the past we made military supplies only when we needed them. Now it takes so long to get these supplies because of private industry. Congressmen and senators are welcome."

Continued on Page 2
Is the Film Clan a Film Team?

By Betsy Singer

Unlike most student groups on campus, Connecticut College Film Agency is a profit organization. "You mean there are four people who run the whole thing and who are being paid money?" is the most common reaction to this statement. However, according to senior Paul McRae, whose board member, the CCFAP is not restricted to an elite group of people who only want to squeeze money out of their peers. He assures that the structure and finances of the agency is open to the general public.

The agency is headed by a four-member board. Each member serves for a two-year term. This year marks the end of the term for Paul, Lois Lovett, Linda Tuerk, and Jeremy Kramer. There will be a notice in the Campus Communicator saying the spots are open. Anyone can apply for the positions; application procedure may include writing an essay and/or an interview.

Each current board member has a different job and Paul notes, "there's a good diversity of personalities within the agency." In charge of publicity and personnel, Paul designs posters, and deals with movie companies and printers. He is also the boss for ten employees. "The agency pays for the employees, and their jobs may be standing at the exits, and front doors to prevent anything from being snuck in, fire watch, and everything for vaccination cleaning up, but they work for Betsy Brinerger, manager of the Box Office. Other positions on the board include treasurer and administration relations."

"You Losing Money, handles money, balances books and bills, and supervises the box office. We have many expenses so the gross profit isn't just divided amongst us. The cost of the rental equipment, travel expenses, the best quality. There isn't a flat rental rate. The company gets 60% of the gross profit over a minimum. For example, the minimum fee for "Halloween" was $700. Our books are open, so we couldn't lie to the companies about crowd size. The agency lost money about a year ago, did lie."

Then it was more of a secretive operation which is why some people look down on us, so we profit organization."

"For a regular Palmer movie, the total cost of nine employees is about $500. They get the regular minimum wage of $3.75 per hour, plus they don't work for free. We also pay a union-member projectionist $50. Publicity costs $20; box office employees costs $20. We pay $20 to $50 just to rent Palmer. Other miscellaneous expenses such as postage, phone calls, occasional vandalism add up to $30.

Paul expresses pride with regard to the $2 charge to see movies and the quality of films which are shown. "We show good, new movies, made after 1970. We try to get a variety of comedy, political, and horror movies. We thought "Dirty Duck," rated X, would attract many people. Many students came and left, but at least they did come to see what it was all about. They're curious about keeping the price at $2. It's most important to keep good quality movies and I think people appreciate such things as showing "Halloween" on Halloween. It would be unfair to up to $2.50 as long as the film companies are keeping their rates low.

"I think the Conn College Film Society is unfair charging $1.50 per film. It's great that everyone who works for the society does so on a voluntary basis. But, that means they don't have the experience of working. Their films don't cost more than $50 plus they don't have to rent Dana like we rent Palmer. Paul adds however, that the society does show very good, classic films. "I'm proud of the movies we get and the prices. We get names people have heard, like the ones shown in Croton. They charge $4 and we have more expenses and charge less.

Where does all this money go? It sits in the SGA fund like all the other organizations. The only difference is the board members keep some of the profit. Paul explains, "What we make works out to about what a financial aid student makes-$300 a semester. Payments come in small increments, instead. In a single week, I may work 10 hours; we've tried a poster making, plus a couple of trips to the printer.

"This year, we donated our profits towards the purchase of a sound system. This year, we decided to buy a screen, priced in the thousand dollar range. There's the possibility of the administration making the payment and future CCFAP's could make installment payments. Or maybe the administration could match funds.

The film agency is not all profit-making. Unexpected losses, such as 'China Syndrome' showed the year's setback to the agency's plans for a new screen. Paul remarks, "We thought we'd always have a brand new film and it was shown on a rainy night when there was no one there. We ended up losing $50 in one night." Vandalism is also the agency's responsibility. The recent overpricing of "Halloween," the group had to pay for damage such as stolen barrels as well as the "lost film." Paul adds, ""I feel very strongly about keeping the films running. It's part of the college's responsibility to keep the films running. If a nuclear war is to be averted in or around New London, people must speak up and show their dis- pleasure with existing military policy," says La Rocque. "If the United States and S.U.S.R. continue to make improvements in their nuclear weapons, they will just end up depressing each other."

Coping With Copiers

by Linda Hughes

The library copy machine victims of "obsolescence" according to Mr. Birkhead Rogers, College Librarian. In particular, he cites the low level of reproduction quality, and the need for frequent repairs as evidence of their outmoded status.

Students are very aware of the inconvenience and frustration caused by copier breakdowns. Mr. Rogers agrees that the problem is worse than last year. The machines are more than six years old, and are run down through overuse. One reason for this is simply the volume of use. the copiers are subjected to—they are three library machines for a student body of over 7,400. An obvious solution would be to lease a new and better copier. In fact, steps are now being taken to solve the problem and arrive at the situation and answer the needs of the community. Mr. Rogers is in the process of arranging a lease purchase agreement for another copier. He hopes the new machine will ease the work load, and thus increase mechanical dependability and upgrade copy quality.
The College Voice

Multilateral Lending Institutions: A Taxpayer Ripoff

by Patrick Kennedy

With an administration that is committed to scuttling the policies that have failed our nation in the past, it is distressing that there has been no significant policy change in the area of international development. The Reagan Administration's decision not to substantially reduce its contribution to international institutions or to obtain significant changes related to U.S. aid policies does a grave disservice to the American taxpayer.

In the first place, the very idea of holding foreign aid sacrosanct while making necessary cutbacks domestically is not fair to the citizens of the United States. With the budgetary constraints that we are to operate under, I do not feel we can afford to provide escalating amounts of aid with appropriations like those recently approved by the U.S. Senate. Furthermore, we do not get our money's worth in return for the aid we provide, most of which have proven to be counterproductive. But this is not the case.

Let us look at the case of the IDA which makes "soft" loans at no interest for supposed development projects. Currently, 33% of the IDA's funding is provided by the United States, which in our nation's view alone we would consider to be the best interest of the United States. If we never approved the IDA decisions, furthermore, we do not get our money's worth from the institution, receiving only 13.5% of IDA procurement contracts. On the other hand, Japan provides only 10% of the IDA's funding but gets 16% of the procurement contracts while West Germany gets 14% of the contracts while providing only 12% of the aid. For our country to acquiesce in these procurement policies (not to mention the fact that the United States contributions annually will not even provide all the funding, which is simply not prudent. It is this function that is most damaging. First of all, it is an example of foreign countries, since India has consistently pursued policies hostile to the United States and uses these resources to develop a nuclear capability. Even more importantly, countries in Latin America, Africa, and Southeast Asia who do not have this capability.

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As CNI Sent It...
Fred Benjamin: Born to Dance

by Carrie Crosson

Fred Benjamin began dancing at the age of four when his mother enrolled him in his older sister’s dance class. It was “basically to keep me out of trouble” said Fred, who is lean and has the well-defined muscles of a dancer.

This early exposure to dance began, however, he was “bitten by the bug” and has been dancing ever since. He isn’t out of breath.

Benjamin, at 37, moves like a 20-year-old dancer. He recalls, “I don’t know how to describe it, but you have a flow going on in your body, a flow that you can control.” This style is typical of the jazz dancers who are at the forefront of the modern dance movement.

Benjamin began his formal training at the age of five when he started attending classes at Betty Dancer, a local studio in New York City. He continued his education at New York University’s Tisch School of the Arts, where he studied under some of the finest teachers in the country.

In 1968, Benjamin moved to Broadway, where he began studying with some of the most famous choreographers of his time. He worked with such legends as Agnes de Mille, Jerome Robbins, and Bob Fosse. In 1974, he was invited to join the prestigious Joffrey Ballet, where he performed lead roles in some of the company’s most celebrated productions.

Benjamin’s career took a dramatic turn in 1979 when he was invited to perform in the film “First Wave” directed by Stockard Channing. This led to offers for television and film roles, including a starring role in the hit television series “The Doctors.”

In 1982, Benjamin formed his own dance company, the Fred Benjamin Dance Company, which has performed in venues around the world, including the Kennedy Center and the Lincoln Center.

Benjamin’s work is characterized by a unique blend of jazz and ballet, with an emphasis on rhythm and emotion. His performances are known for their technical precision and emotional depth, and he has received numerous awards and accolades for his work.

Over the years, Benjamin has continued to push the boundaries of dance, experimenting with new techniques and new forms. He has choreographed for many of the world’s leading dance companies, including the American Ballet Theatre, the New York City Ballet, and the Joffrey Ballet.

Benjamin’s dedication to dance has earned him a place in the annals of dance history. He is a true master of his craft, and his influence can be seen in the work of many of today’s leading dancers and choreographers.

Fred Benjamin: Born to Dance
Financial Board Strikes Back

Continued from Page 3

sentatives to the committee; two Class
Presidents, also chosen by an SGA
majority; two members of the student
body at large, voted in by the entire
assembly. Of these students is a representa-
tive to the committee; two members of the student
campus wide election, the rest of
by campus wide election, the rest of
representative to Judiciary Board; a
apportionment of $36,000 to Social
Sladden? Does it look to you like the
list of members above should make my
covered and provide
tion of Dave Gleason's effort to make all
decorating efforts that have been going on
to anybody noticed the tremendous
weekend is coming, a tremendous
number of live bands? Renaissance
on? How about the increase in the
costs a fortune to decorate and provide
for any body beyond orange and black
planning on a drunken senior week like
ever has before for a meaningful gift.
no one? To match our SGA funds, we'll
of alcoholism running rampant, scared
in to the central
meanings and a course for the future. Without
such a course for improvement, it seems
their reporting ignores the
reporting themselves. In the media which
we have given them. Allow me to propose a
course. I believe in the system which created
the Finance Committee. The work they
have had to do has been fault;
their task has been enormous and their
motives are pure. At a recent SGA
meeting, I mentioned that we threw the
system out. If we're not working, you see; this kind of reform
is needed. Every year we get
more bad publicity. Our
primes are questioned, our
priorities attacked. Under my motion, an
investigative committee has been
formed and is working away. I have
deprecated any participation to increase
the chances that their work is well
thought of. Surely, Mr. Sladden, Mr.
Oliva and The Voice have constructive
deeds to bring forward in these
times. It is The Voice’s responsibility
to draw attention to the process. Don’t
ignore it.
There’s more to it, though. It is
important to ask why we are all fighting
for funding and to begin with. Each C.C.
student has $66 of their tuition go
towards the Students Activities
Fund—a total of $36,000. It is not close
to enough, causing so many worthwhile
causes to fight for survival, to devote
even more human hours to fundraising. This
detracts from the jobs they are all
trying to perform.
The student activities fee should be
50% higher. Such a change will require
the biggest mobilization of campus
manpower ever, for our Board of
Trustees will need to be persuaded.
I have lobbed at length in Nixon in
this would listen. I can say that President
Ames is sympathetic to the cause. I call
on The Voice to promote a constructive
financial study for publication,
reviving funding at other schools, I call
on SGA to lead the struggle towards our
ends. And more, I call on our campus
leaders to join me, rather than
oppose—you, Miss. Sladden and Oliva,
could go so far in leading, so
to the fight for more funding.
Allow me to close on a personal note.
May the implication that I pursue ends
correspond to the campus’ best interest be
forever burned as well. I continue to
pursue the best senior year possible as
my personal stake in this. I will
continue to do so until they don’t want me to
any longer, at which time their
request for a resignation
would be met.
Until then, I will assume that
their support remains intact, to
work devoted for work in hopes that it always
will.
Paul B. Watts
Senior Class President

Let us Polk you in the ear.

Robert presents to you the new Polk Audio RTA 12B. It is a reference monitor designed for the appreciative listener seeking the finest in sound. While most speakers which offer comparable sound are extremely expensive, the
12B offers superb sound and exceptional value at an affordable price. The RTA 12B, while costing less
than $500 each, can be directly compared to the $1500
each and up, super speakers. When you do hear you’ll more similarities than differences.

We’d like to Polk you in the ear . . . it’ll put a smile
on your face.

The RTA 12B is a full floorstanding system which is supplied in mirror
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laminate-polymer drivers, a dual iso
phase crossover network, and a 12”
fluid coupled woofer.

Values in the 80’s from a tradition in the 30’s.

Energetic

Continued from Page 3

the energy battle. She put on another
sweater, but when the dampness
penetrated the material, the
library was moist.

After sitting in the library for a while,
she noticed her eyes lids getting very
heavy. In fact everyone around her
seemed to be sleeping. “This heat here
is putting me to sleep,” she thought. But
she forced on. When she finished a very
minute portion of her last book she
decided to visit her friend Kathy in
Wright.

As she approached the dorm,
she thought it was funny that the door was
left ajar. But when she walked in the
dorm and felt the sauna-like
temperature, she understood. Once
in Kathy’s room, she noticed the window
wide open while the heat was blazing.
Prudence really thought that was a
d waste, and so did Kathy.

She continued to talk. Her
scrubbing clothes were
her heat on the
heat was futile.

Prudence likes to sing, so after
she had dinner with Kathy, she went to
K.B. for rehearsal. All the girls in her
singing group were energy conscious
too. That’s why it bothered them so
much when at every rehearsal, they
found themselves opening the living
room windows wide to avoid choking
from the heat. They all commented that
how awful it was, but they went on
singing.

As she walked, she thought how silly
these extremes of heat were, especially
at a school which has “established
a record of leadership in energy
conservation.” Prudence couldn’t help
but notice how she shivered by the library
and saw the windmill on the roof. She
wondered how many knew how
much power WCN actually received from
this innovation. “Not many,” she thought.
The situation really bothered her. She had
heard that the boilers in the dorms were
old and hard to regulate. “But surely,”
she thought, “they can do a better
job than that.”

While Prudence got to her room, it
was rather cool, but tolerable. She put
on her thermal underwear, her sweat-
shirt, and a sweater, and went to bed.
Before she went to sleep she tried to
blow smoke rings with her breath that
she could see in the air . . .

While some of the events in a day
in the life of Prudence are extreme, they
are nevertheless true. They all happened
to me. The inconsistencies in the
temperatures of various buildings
undermine any attempt to save energy.
This frustration does not do much
for the morale of anyone conscious
mind. I sincerely hope “the steps for equipment
and operating efficiencies” have indeed
become a reality. “If it takes two to tango, it takes two, the “Energy
Conservation Officers,” and the “College
Board” in an effective and successful
attempt to conserve our
dwindling supply of energy.

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Carla Esparo, 92

The College Voice, November, 1982
by Put Goodwin

John Kolisch is billed as an "international and nationally acclaimed hypnotist and mentalist." He is known as the fastest hypnotist in the world. I have no doubt he is one, but I was not impressed. His hypnotizing was incredible. His press release slip shows praise from the State of Rhode Island and other states. Ear! Wilson claimed that Kolisch was "one of the most exciting entertainers that have ever seen," and I am forced to agree. My judgment is clear: either Wilson has not seen a lot of exciting entertainers, or he gets off on people being publicly embarrassed.

May I feel this way because I have seen a hypnotist who I thought was a far better showman than Kolisch. Ken Weber established a comfortable rapport with his audience immediately. My overall picture of Kolisch is of a sneering grump whose show was static, and at times cryptic and uninteresting. After a little planning, he could cut an hour off of his three-hour show. Although many of his tricks and mental feats were amazing, Kolisch underutilized his own work, either giving either stand-alone comments or unnecessary summaries of his tricks. An example of his poor craftsmanship occurred when he seemingly transcribing a phrase written in Chinese while blindfolded, Kolisch claimed, "This is an important message. Everybody in the audience immediately. My overall background in case the hypnotist guessed, 'You have read my mind.' He was then questioned about this, Kolisch said that he knew that he was a stable person. Unfortunately, you have just failed the ESP test that Kolisch supposedly demonstrated at the beginning of the show. I do not know how he did the tricks he did, but I do not believe that anyone has such accurate ESP. I think it was more artifice than power, for Ken Weber was able to perform the exact same ESP tricks.

I do believe in ESP, and I am not down on hypnotism. I am down on the show itself. Folk in the area, when it is blown out of proportion. Maybe it was great for the College in Connecticut, the show didn't sell out, and there were some minor technical difficulties, but the hypnotist reminded me of a pompous overbearing drifter. I think it's disappointing to see a man who is really talented at his craft screwed up by the show. For those of you who have seen all these show, do this type of show, this might not make much sense. Believe me, he's been done many times.

John Kolisch: don't call us buddy...

Preppy Lambiquee

by Eric F. Jacobson

Four close harmony singing groups contributed to the show for a Fall Jamboree of song. These groups, hosted by the Schwiffs, include the Co-Co Beaux, Radcliff Pitches, and the Yale Alleycats. These singing groups are quite popular and entertain concerts throughout the year. A large crowd of enthusiastic students was on hand to cheer.

A large group of tall, attractive young ladies comprised the polished Radcliff Pitches. They showed a wide variety of repertoire in their performance, aided by many fine arrangements. The color schemes included the yellow, orange, and white, and a rousing rendition of Boogie Woogie Picnic. My Connecticut College only admits culturally young men and women, and the Pitches performed a selection of 16th century madrigals. These included a perfectly adulterated version of Fire Fire. A number of 1980's hits added variety to their performance.

The Co-Co Beaux, a group of locally famous young men who sing in barbershop harmony took over the stage next. The Beaux, who are well known to Conn College audiences, are best known for their comic endeavors. Spectators were thrilled by the Co-Co Beaux's favorities, including Where Did You Prep? and The Wonderful Love. This last little beauty specialized so much that we know every young Co-Co Beaux men and barbershop harmony. Not thinking that could be topped, it was still one of the best arrangements. The seniors appeared underdressed as the characters from Gilligan's Island and sang a heart-warming rendition of the title song. What can't they do vocally they make up in tricks.

After a belabored introduction the Yale Alleycats, a group of young men, played a highly polished show. They exhibited a wide variety of songs combining comic touches with great technical finesse, expressive dynamics and good solos made this group successful. Let's Do It. In Trinidad and Tobago and Shinnosanoda were among the best. An old favorite, Leanin' on Your Shoulder, The Way You Look and the Yale Football Medley added spice to the program.

The Schwiffs, who hosted the concert, appeared last in the program. Like the Co-Co Beaux, the Schwiffs have many new faces giving the impression that this is a rebuilding year for both groups. Their program was short, most of the songs being familiar to former listeners. Their finest moment was I Get A Kick Out of You, a fine solo by Doris Redding was the deciding factor. The only new song was Happy Just To Dance With You. Not to be undone by the Alleycats, It's That Way You Look was repeated (I am personally tired of this little gem), this time happened before the final any flaves, the Schwiffs pulled things off with their typical finesse. This concluded an entertaining evening of song by four very different ensembles.
Victorian London: Smog and Splendor

by Mark Stevens

Victorian London was a city of contrasts. The later part of the 19th century in London for most of its citizenry was a period marked by appalling living conditions and consequential malaise. The city was dined by industrial smog and made unsanitary by lack of sewers. The average person lived to the age of thirty, many deaths resulting from cholera. Yet within the midst (and smog) of this was an architecture reflecting an era seemingly grandiose and taintless.

It was this architecture which was the primary subject of a lecture delivered by Roger Dixon, and which attracted a healthy sized audience to the Lyman Allyn auditorium, Wednesday evening November 11. A visiting professor currently at the University of Charlottesville, Roger Dixon is from the Polytechnic of the South Bank in London and came to Connecticut College on bequest of the Art History department.

His presentation included slides of a number of well-known buildings as well as discussion of the architects and ideas behind them. One famous building, just to give a taste of the talk, was the Crystal Palace, built for the World Exposition of 1851. This enormous building, designed and constructed within an incredibly short period of nine months, was conceived not by an architect but by Sir Joseph Paxton, a gardener. Built of the new materials, iron and glass, this building was so remarkable and unusual that after it was taken down following the exposition, it was reassembled at Sydenham.

Another building discussed was Pugin and Barry's Houses of Parliament of 1840-65 which Dixon described as "sumptuous" and of particular interest, among other reasons, because of their classical plan, picturesque composition but gothic detail. Dixon also talked about the residences of the royalty and elite in London which were often right beside the slums. Life in these elegant residences was not unlike that known to us through the T.V. series "Upstairs, Downstairs". These houses varied in style because fashion changed rapidly in London. Many of the earlier buildings were of masonry and classical in inspiration. later ones were of red brick and in the High Victorian Gothic mode. The latter style was favored by the Camden Society—a society which believed that part of the solution to the plight of the poor was to build them elaborate churches and immerse them in ritual. London eventually became much more liveable for everyone once the railroad made possible the "suburb", and the new sewage system, the installation of waterclosets. Thus, while the undesirable aspects of Victorian London can now be all but forgotten, Dixon concluded, much of its brighter side is retained through the character of its architecture which is still much a part of the city today.

Professor Dixon and his appreciative audience were provided the pleasant opportunity to talk in a reception with wine, cider and cheese directly after the lecture.

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The Music of Art

by Carley C. Rand

The most distinct quality of Eugene Witmer's paintings is his uninterred expression through various color, arrangement to create a mood. The paintings are either composed of cold, dark blues or vivacious yellows and oranges. They are painted in strokes that seem to dance rhythmically across the canvas. Witmer is from Mystic. He graduated from Penn. State with a B.A. in English and an M.S. in Psychology, and went on to continue his art studies at the Art Student League and the Cooper Union Art School. In addition to his painting, Witmer has played the drums and the piano in various jazz groups, and was an art editor on the Norwich Bulletin for five years. He presently has an exhibition of oil paintings (mostly on rectangular canvas about 30' by 40') at the Lyman Allyn Museum until November 29.

One of his earliest paintings, reflecting his musical talents, is the "Vaudeville Drummer" (1976). Possibly a self-portrait, the painted figure is playing the drums. The head is cut off at the top exposing only the mouth which expresses a concentrating smile. This painting, like many of his others, is painted at an angle that allows the viewer to look upon the viewer. The painted splashes of bright yellows and oranges, generate drum-like vibrations. Standing away from the painting facilitates the identification of various strokes. Take a few steps back and a leg of the drummer emanates from the complicated array of strokes.

A more recent painting, "The Crib", is composed of purples, blues, and blacks with occasional splashes of orange to indicate dim patches of light. The colors suggest an early morning setting. There is no crib in the painting, only two nude figures with a condescending appearance. One is a female who is positioned so that the viewer feels like the baby in the crib. She is leaning over as if about to lift the baby out from the crib (or is she lifting the viewer into the painting?). Outlined in black, painted in dark blue and without distinct facial features, she appears hard and cold.

The rest of the painting is also of dark blues emphasizing the cold mood of the painting. The male figure, painted in the same style as the female who he is standing behind, is leaning against a wall, arms folded and one knee raised. He is also without facial features and he and the female in the crib seem to dance rhythmically across the painting. The painting successfully draws the viewer into its world, however I'm not sure that as the viewer I would want to be picked up by such a monster.

His painting, "Now Long Blues" (1981) reveals a change from Witmer's complicated, energetic style to a more quiet, simple style. A black man in a beige suit is seated at a light blue piano (playing the blues no doubt). The background is white with vague tints of orange and yellow. In the upper corner a blue square, probably a window, breaks the monotony of the white background. The simple, rhythmic construction of the painting brings blues music to the ear. The pianist's face is high up and in a high, unemotional expression, that distinctly illustrates a mind that is intimately buried in his musical notes.

Most of the paintings on exhibit have a style very similar to the "Vaudeville Drummer". Witmer's interest in music is often incorporated into his paintings through his subject matter and his facial expression, as through his dancing brush strokes. Too often, however Witmer tends to overload his paintings with various colors and abstract shapes, creating an overload. Yet he uses this technique to express the mood of his paintings and I suppose the temper of his imagination.

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Larrabee Beats Morrison

by Steve Lau

This was the long awaited rematch between Morrisson and Larrabee. Earlier in the regular season, both teams met on the playing field in a contest that lived up to the high expectations that were being generated. This was to be one of the toughest games each was to play in the season and it was. Larrabee came out on top 35-21, in a physical game, in which Larrabee took command of the last quarter and soundly defeated Morrisson. Now, in the playoffs, they had to prove that their victory last time was not a fluke but that they were a worthy team.

They proved it on Monday afternoon. The weather was perfect and the field was slippery. However, the inclement weather did not daunt Larrabee's awesome air attack with the exciting combination of quarterback Attilo Regolo and wide receiver Andrei Hitty Regolo's aerial attack. The game was an exciting game with Larrabee leading late in the fourth quarter, but again they could not muster an offensive drive and had to punt. On the punt return, Paul Kiesel had a fine return, drove the ball to Morrisson's 20 yard line. But the Morrisson defense held firm. They prevented the ball from going out of bounds, made an incomplete pass and forced a punt from the line. Larrabee from scoring. On Morrisson's next possession, Larrabee could not run the ball against Larrabee so they attempted to pass. But on third down, the ball was tipped and intercepted by Lloyd who took it off for a TD. The touchdown gave Larrabee the lead, 16-7.

The third quarter had not been much of a contest. Lloyd was determined to deny them the ball, but Larrabee's stacked defensive line. In the last quarter, Lloyd was intercepted, and Morrisson's offense sparked in their next possession. On the kick return, Levinson peppered the ball deep into Larrabee territory. In addition, there was a fumbling penalty against Larrabee which brought the ball to Larrabee's 14 yard line. On a power sweep right, Civals carried the ball to Larrabee's 4 yard line. Then on second down, Morrisson's new QB scampered and passed to Ben (7) in the end zone for a TD making the score 16-7.

In the last quarter, it was 16-7 with plenty of time for Morrisson to score. But the Larrabee team kept up the pressure on the ball and forced a punt. Once again, Larrabee's defense brought them into the field position and scored. They scored once more, late in the quarter, on a tipped pass into the hands of Lloyd. The game ended with the score Larrabee 30, Morrisson 7.

It was an exciting game with Larrabee coming up with the big plays. They could not generate a consistent offense, and were stymied on the ground attack. They suffered an unbalanced offense with the absence of passing. However, their defense held firm throughout most of the game but they suffered in the secondary and could not ground Regolo's aerial attack. The game was largely in Larrabee's control. Their ability to stifle Morrisson's running game was due to their stacked defensive line. They could afford the risk of giving up big plays on passing but not running. They could not afford the risk of giving up big plays on running but not passing.

The third period didn't get any better for Coach Robert's charges. Trailing only 1-0, the team was never really out of it. However, the bench had real problems setting up in the Roger Williams zone. The unit of Nigel Bentley, Chip Orcutt and Paul Marks made some noise early in the period, but couldn't convert. Just 44 seconds into the period, Marks took off in a run, but was stopped short of the "sin-bin," but Charbonneau turned back the Roger Williams power play and they couldn't get away.

In the third quarter, Morrisson had the first possession and would be 6-0. Giving Corn a man-advantage, The Corns only got two shots. The Roger Williams net, both handled easily by opposing goalie Jim Tomastello (47 saves). Then the visitors added insult to injury by scoring the game's first goal three minutes later. Corn actually dominated the first period, outshooting Roger Williams 22-10, but never really testing Tomastello. It was a sloppy second period, the Corns again squandering a power play. Caleb goalie Bill Charbonneau was peppered in the middle stanza but was equal to the task, turning away 14 Roger Williams' shots. Some of the Corns' inexperience showed through as the game wore on with some errant passes and not enough movement of the puck.

Fresh Joe Lawler had the Corns' best scoring chance of the period as he broke in alone but his shot of the rolling puck went high on the chest of Tomastello. Defensively, the Corns played well with Steve Henney and Andy White dealing out some vicious hits at the blue line. The third period didn't get any better for Coach Robert's charges. Trailing only 1-0, the team was never really out of it. However, the bench had real problems setting up in the Roger Williams zone. The unit of Nigel Bentley, Chip Orcutt and Paul Marks made some noise early in the period, but couldn't convert. Just 44 seconds into the period, Marks took off in a run, but was stopped short of the "sin-bin," but Charbonneau turned back the Roger Williams power play and they couldn't get away.

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The 23 game turnaround one of the biggest in NCAA history, received...one for free banana dinner in Kenosha, Wisconsin. Litoff, Conn's cross country "boy wonder", the headline represents the changes in his behavior pattern that he had to make in order to reach his goal of qualifying for the Division III Cross Country Nationals so he held in Wisconsin, in late November, one must also have a few tricks up his sleeve. It's unkept footdress. Most pedestrians are convinced that to average sub-4:50 miles running slighly— it meant that Lit couldn't jump his weekly mileage up to 90 until August. When September rolled around and the cross country season began, Lit was forced to make more sacrifices. This time, it was his studies that suffered. Although Lit probably doesn't have much of a future in physics, he will survive these sacrifices. But sacrifices alone weren't enough to win Lit the trip to Kenosha. In order to get all an expense paid trip to Wisconsin, in late November, one must also have a few tricks up his sleeve. Lit's unkept footdress. Most pedestrians are convinced that to average sub-4:50 miles running slighly— it meant that Lit couldn't jump his weekly mileage up to 90 until August. When September rolled around and the cross country season began, Lit was forced to make more sacrifices. This time, it was his studies that suffered. Although Lit probably doesn't have much of a future in physics, he will survive these sacrifices. But sacrifices alone weren't enough to win Lit the trip to Kenosha. In order to get all an expense paid trip to Wisconsin, in late November, one must also have a few tricks up his sleeve.
by Aron Abrams

"It all started with this picture I saw of Carson McCullers, the woman who wrote The Heart is a Lonely Hunter.

"What's that about?

"Carson McCullers, quits his job and goes to the Burger King in the back, and you engage yourselves to each other, you can have the marriage right here in Burger King. Right in front of the cashier and the counter. That's room enough for you, your families, all the Burger Kings, plus a band of live. All the guests can have champagne and trench ties and the groom can wear a Burger King crown. That's why it's so big.

"Has anyone ever married here?" Skeezax asked.

"Not to my knowledge," said the cashier with the enthusiasm between her fingers. Her skin would clear up sooner or later, but she'd always have those left-over marks.

"No one's ever gotten married in Burger King," she said while brushing a strand of hair from off the counter. "It's another one of those small losses."

Small losses and, rippity, the little paper just whirled away . . . .

up, or trying to give up, being an introvert. As if she said it's time to stop thinking and analyzing everything. Carson was always conscious of the bad—not obsessed by it but, when everyone around her was doing La Dolce Vita, flipping around, pretending that all was flawless and there was no bad, Carson knew the bad still existed; she could never smile fully. And here, in this picture, she's saying I'm quitting the bad. I'm going to give up thinking of it. I'm going to look at the good and, instead, live for the momentary pleasures like the rest of you cigarette-smoking, grinning, red-napped, red-lipped liars. Carson McCullers seemed to figure that since they looked happier than she was, they were the ones who knew better.

"If I guessed falsely, Ms. McCullers, please forgive me. But, if not . . . ."

"Ah, Carson. You were so wrong."

Frank Capra, the director of optimistic, patriotic movies like Mr. Smith Goes to Washington. It Happened One Night, and It's A Wonderful Life, always tried to show America in a good light.

An article about Capra in Esquire Magazine said Capra did this because "When I was growing up in Italy, I thought Americans were Gods. I used to imagine that I could live where I wanted and do what I wanted, like an American."

Capra's movies make you feel that even total losers are okay and, despite itself, America will always be the best imaginable place. But, after World War II, Capra basically stopped making movies and got passionate about happy movies or any movies.

"The war burned me out," he said. But the interviewker knew the real reason.

"Capra stopped because he thought he was being a Pollyanna, foolishly trying to believe in the best instincts of man. No, Frank. You weren't a Pollyanna. Your vision was just that of a man who thinks that, since Americans they could act like Gods when the evidence clearly pointed the other way."

Mindy and I, ah, sweet, sweet, sadistic Mindy, are discussing human rejects and why people become assassins. Charming stuff.

"That line from Death of A Salesman sums it up, says Mindy. "Attention must be paid."

I read Death of A Salesman but I didn't memorize it. "Yeah?" I said, waiting for the point. "Attention must be paid to everyone. All humans deserve consideration and compassion, no matter what. If we all laughed and outraged, and decreed for all to see.

But, ah kid. The shame of it all. We would all be ashamed by those pregnant knockers as I wished I'd been. Clairvoyant, all knowing feline. Do psychologists make house calls?

How do you like it so far, eh? I'll allow you to swear. Just keep reading it, Thanks.

Furthermore, Henceforth. Let's get to the meat and potatoes:

Some kid at M.T.T. talking about the Soundstair.

The Soundstair was something, what it was . . . . on step of a stairway, there was an electric eye and, everytime you'd walk the electric eye would detect you and it would light up. Like a joke, I thought. But, could I, bring up my friends and we'd write little tunes on the soundstair and it'd flash. They didn't cost anything, didn't waste electricity, and it made people in this bell-hoe happy.

"Did they let them down?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe people were trashing it."

"No, he assures me. Nobody trashed it. Everybody loved it. Why? because they have to take it down."

He's drifting away now.

"It didn't cost anything and people used to walk out of their way just to walk up those steps . . . ."

In a dream I saw blue waters. Floating far away from me. Nothing said and nothing settled. I saw you staring strong at me.

You said you had been there always. And I said I'd never known. Then the waves came with the thunder. And I saw me staring there alone.

Blue waters keep me guessing. Blue waters never stay. Tell me, are you really caring? Or am I just a boy at play?

Meanwhile, back at Burger King. I'm saying, it's a story so neat it has to be told.

Voles is back at the counter, ordering his fourth hamburger. Exciting guy, that Voles. Skeezax is sticking his eighth cigarette in his mouth; the smoke's covering us like a drop cloth. And it's been years since anyone has seen the inside of our underwear.

"Did you ever think about quitting smoking?" I ask Skeezax.

"I thought about it," he says, lighting up. "But I read an article in the so many people smoke cigarettes now, the air is so bad that even if you don't smoke, you're gonna get sick from the secondhand smoke."

"So, if I'm gonna get cancer no matter what, I might as well enjoy my cigarettes.

Uh huh. There was this girl sitting not too far from us, in the bad looking; she wouldn't get kicked out of bed. Let's be blunt about it. She's living this stage of the game, we'd win in a doughnut factory. Anyway, this girl was wearing a crisp blue skirt and movies I.D. and a cartoon of a farmy face.

"Should I go for it?" I ask Skeezax and Voles. Continued on Page 11
Small Losses . . . continued

Harpischord
Harpischord
Harpischord
Harpischord
Harpischord

"She could use a few more showers," said Volos. "But go for it."
"Excuse me," I said while going for it. She looked like one of those girls who stand on street corners, trying to get you to sign petitions against capitalism. Her eyes said, "Did you go to the Institute of Manhattan?"
"No," she said while reading her book, The ExistentiaL Imagination. "I'm asking because my sister went to IIMH and she had a shirt like that."
"This shirt," she said while turning a page in slow motion, "is for a club I belong to."
"Not the Institute?"
She lifted up her head and shoots out her eyes, "It stands for I HATE ME."
At this point, a real long pause. What did those Vietnamese say after that priest lit himself on fire? "Sounds like a good club," I dribbled out, keeping the happy talk flowing. "Are a lot of your friends in it?"
"If I had friends, I wouldn't hate myself."
True. And time dripped on. She passed a punk. Her shirt said "Bite me. Whip me. Fuck me." Uh huh; and I . . .

"Two traffic lights down the block, I asked Joe Jackson.
"From a distance, yeah."
"Don't you want somebody to love?" asked Grace Slick. "Is she really going out with him?"
"Oh. Magoo. You've done it again," said Mr. Magoo.
Ah, kid. Women. The things they say, the shirts they wear. Once, Mindy and I were walking around and we passed a punk. Her shirt said "Bite me. Beat me. Whip me. Fuck me." Eh huh; maybe later.
Two traffic lights down the block, I said, "You know, Mindy, old gal, time change. In the old days, pregnant wives used to stay inside so nobody would know what they'd been up to."
That was all I said. But Mindy gave me a look as if I'd just raped a thousand thousand.
"That may be the way you want women to act. I know the way you talk to your moron comrades, but not anymore. We refuse to act like paper centersfolds, bending to your hands."

OOOo00000,
Ah, kid. The bawdy wench missed my point totally. She still doesn't know my fun talk like a moron, AND THE MORAL OF THAT ONE IS: We're not just men and women—we're people. We've all got needs and wants and we should share them without labels or prejudice. Then, everyone sings, "Why Can't We Be Friends?" And Henrietta Hippo, Charlie the Owl, Freddie the Frog, and the cast from The New Zoo Review come out, hold hands, and we all start again.

Some people collect beer cans. Some people collect gum wrappers. My friend Julie collects obturaries and tapes them on his walls.
"This one is really funny," he said. "Julius had hung black tapestries all over his room and the place was as enchanting as the inside of a gas pump."
The obturary I read was for a FORD truck driver. Julius watched me read it. This truck driver was moving Wonder Bread from one part of Utah to another for the 7,000th time. He'd been on the road for 36 hours and found himself in the middle of a snowstorm. He fell asleep and his truck went over the side of the road.
A passerby rushed down and asked him what happened. The truck driver, whose head was basically split from his hair standing in the snow on the side of the Utah road and he wanted to talk to her. After saying that, the truck driver died.
"Now that I know that, what do I do?" I asked Julius after reading the obturary. "But isn't it bizarre?" goggled Julius, a fat, snelly genius with few friends. "Totally 'Twilight Zone' Bizarre?"
It will all add up.

And finally, in conclusion, me, Skeezax, and Volos are in the car, driving home from the new Burger King.
"Soon everything's going to be Burger King," says Skeezax. "No more dairies. No more dunks. No more Kentucky Fried Chicken. Just one big, humongous, cross-country Burger King."
"A frightening thought," I said from the corner of my mouth.
"Burger King sucked the Dairy Queen in the White Castle," said Volos. It was a point worth emphasizing. Then he fell into stupid slumber.
We ride along, Skeezax is still planning on going to business school. Both of his brothers graduated from business schools and now they run the projectors at porno houses in the Boston combat zone. Who knows where they'd be without their degrees?
"I'm not going to worry about it," says Skeezax, puffing while driving.
"Maybe it's not the best thing, but I think going to business school is going to help me a lot. Probably."
Thinking about it all, I remember a subway summary: To be good isn't enough when you dream of being great.
"Yeah," says Skeezax.
"I'm Monarch notes for a missing book."
It starts snowing, conveniently.
"Fuck the snow," I said, looking for milkmads.
"Your mind," says Skeezax, "is like Monarch notes for a missing book."
"I don't say anything after that. I just keep by the window, scanning."
I can't help it. That's the way I think. That's the way you get by—by witnessing things, you give them significance; add them an up and you can make them easier to understand. And, as some people say, if we are inhabitants in a malignant universe, then we need all the understanding we can get.
And, for a while, I believe that and it satisfies me. But . . .
Thinking just isn't enough. Besides, what talent does it take to have a memory?
"Doo Doo Dee Doo Doo. That's all folks," said Porky Pig.

Human Ecology Film
On Monday, November 23, the Human Ecology Advisory Board will present the film Eight Minutes to Midnight, narrated by Dr. Helen Caldicott, President of Physicians for Social Responsibility. This nuclear scenarios will be shown in Dana Hall at 8:00 p.m. Admission is free, and a discussion period will follow.
MONDAY

7-9:30 Tequila Sunrise: Light rock and folk with Mary Beth Arkway—straight up!
9:30-12 Musak Appreciation: Music to shop by with Sandy Brown and Chris Bates.
12-3 p.m. Peace, Love and The Dead: Elvis is King. Jerry is God. With Peter Cole and Paul Mutty.
3-6 The Dell Marr Express: All aboard for this trip down the middle of Rock's winding road with Robert Shapiro.
6-9 The Chillest Tunes: Chris Harford plays fantastic dance music featuring awesome Rockabilly, stupendous Rocksteady, scintillating ska and only the very best wave. If you don't believe it just ask him.
9-11:30 The Dead Air Radio Show: New London's best. The Reducers are back playing the same good rockin' melodies that put them at the top of the charts last year.

TUESDAY

7-9:30 a.m. Pete McCarty's World of Rock: The entire history of Rock 'n Roll condensed into 2 1/2 hours of The Beach Boys and Squeeze.
9:30-12 Expressions in Jazz: Nancy Ross plays the best in Be-bop from Dizzy to Thelonious.
12-3 p.m. Rock for All Mood and Mode: Sixties, seventies and eighties. Music for all times.
3-6 The K-Tel Hour: Buddy Holly to the Boss with Cara Espare. Mail before midnight tonight.
6-9 Moods for Moderns: The ex-Redskin wide receiver Charley Taylor hangs up his cleats to spin the best in Funk, Punk, New Wave and Soul.
9-11:30 Eve in the Evening: Fusion, Funk and Soul from Chick the Brothers Isley to slide jive and groove to, from Eve Chilton.
11:30-2 a.m. Bad Late Night Craziness: Rock 'n Roll from the roots 'til 1:00, then an hour of copacetic tunes to lull even the most hyper of us into a mellowed state.

WEDNESDAY

7-9:30 a.m. Kool Classics: Wake up to Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Bach and Monty Pythion.
9:30-12 All That Jazz: All that Be-bop with Tina Botund.
12-3 p.m. Rock for Jocks: Music to sweat by, with Oren "Big Whistle" Tsimi.
3-6 Tunes for Tots: Professional DJ. Maureen Murray brings her bag of tricks to New London.
6-9 The Mike Gill Show: Powerpop and New Wave.
9-11:30 Classic Plastic: This is, in my opinion, the best example of an American radio show. ... next slide please. John Carlin at the helm.
11:30-2 a.m. Late Night Educational Muzik: Academic Jock and Razz with Drew Sanders.

FRIDAY

7-9:30 Wired for Sound: Kathy Alston runs seven miles, sings an operetta and plays Beethoven at 78 rpm, all in 2 1/2 hours.
9:30-12 Music for Young Leaders: Brian Crawford raps from the Oval Office.
12-3 The Ted Greenman Show: Jazz, Funk and Fusion from The Big Bopper.
3-6 The Cocktail Hour: Holly host this weekend warm up.
6-9 Grooves to Make You Move: Paul Wistrzyk leads a Danceclass dance featuring Motown to The Sugarhill Gang.
9-11:30 Gold Chains. Polyester and Blow Dryers: Do a little dance, make a little love, get down tonight ... with Kevin Der Bedrosian.
11:30-2 a.m. The Two Guys Radio Show: Going out of business. Everything must go. 40-60% off ... Peter Livingston and Tom Louise play Discount Rock.

SUNDAY

7-9:30 Gospel Jubilee: Traditional and contemporary gospel music featuring Bible trivia and the Prayer Line, with the Reverend John Hill.
9:30-12 The Make Believe Ballroom: Mike Tucker plays swing from the 30's and 40's.
12-3 Seventh Day Jazz: Mellow Jazz, Funk and Fusion with Lisa Lowen.
3-6 The Connecticut Oldies Authority: From the Animals to The Zombies. Rockin' Robin to Disco Duck. David Blaney brings you the greatest hits of the last 25 years.
6-9 A Twist of Lime: Karen Cortell and Kate Lanigan play contemporary roots to shoots, with Leslie Doppler.
9-11:30 Philanderous Dink: Thump, thump, thump with Mark Oliva.
11:30-2 a.m. Over the Rainbow: Rock's pot of gold, John Dire.

SATURDAY

7-9:30 Turn On, Tune In, Throw Up: Maly Petti will cure your hangover. It's better than two aspirin.
9:30-12 Popotones: Tomorrow's alternative music today. It'll leave a hole in your head.
12-2 The Saturday Special: Each week brings an array of comedy, concert and album specials.
2-4 Shake-Bop: Little Thomas brings back early Rock 'n Roll radio.
6-9 Misanthropic Wave: Tom Roberts and Peter Louise play modern music for today's cynic.
9-11:30 Syncopation: Maarit Terry, Leon Kinloch and Steve Wilkens hop, rap, bob and clap.
11:30-2 a.m. It's Only Rock 'n Roll... But Mike Sheridan likes it.