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Conn Census

Vol. 46—No. 16 New London, Connecticut, Thursday, March 9, 1961 Price 10 Cents

Trinity Glee Club to Sing With Boston Oratorio Quartet Sunday On Latin America Wednesday in Hale



BOSTON ORATORIO QUARTET

Connecticut College invites the public to a joint concert presented by the Boston Oratorio Quartet, the Trinity College Glee Club, and the Connecticut College Choir. The performance will be given Sunday afternoon, March 12, at 3:00 in the Palmer Auditorium. The performance will consist of two of Beethoven's works, "The Mass in C major," and the "Elegischer Gesang" (Elegiac Song).

"The Mass in C major" will be sung by the Trinity Glee Club and the Connecticut College Choir; the "Elegischer Gesang" will be rendered by the Boston Oratorio Quartet.

The latter group is the foremost ensemble of its kind in New England. Each member has compiled an outstanding record of concert engagements on the eastern seaboard. The Quartet was assembled and coached by Madame Grace Leslie, an oratorio celebrity of the past decades and a former teacher of voice at Connecticut.

Ellalou Dimmock (nee Hoyt), a soprano, is one of the few local singers to be selected within recent years to sing in the *Messiah* performances with the Handel and Haydn Society.

Jean Harper, contralto, has given the premiere performance

of song cycles dedicated to her by composers Alan Hovhaness and Herbert Fromm; and her fine musicianship has been highly praised by the faculty of the Harvard Music Department.

Carl Nelson, tenor, has had European experience including engagements with Radio Stockholm and an appearance before eight thousand people in Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, where he was soloist in the Mozart *Requiem*, and the Bach *Magnificat*. He introduced Stravinsky's *In Memoriam Dylan Thomas* to New England with Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Stephen Dimmock, Bass, has sung oratorio on visits to England as well as with the Handel and Haydn Society. He was a pupil of Royal Dadmun before coming under the tutelage of Madame Leslie. He specializes in the music of Purcell, Handel, and Vaughan Williams.

Officers of the Connecticut College Choir are Susan Kimberly '61, president; Hilda Kaplan '62, business manager; Jane Veitch '63, secretary; Carolyn Jones '63, librarian; Eunice Schriener '63, accompanist; Carol Zinkus '63, assistant accompanist.

Dr. Robert G. Mead, Jr., will speak to Connecticut students on the topic "The United States, Latin America, and the Future," at 8:00 p.m., Wednesday, March 15, in Hale Laboratory. His object will be to clear up many misconceptions and create an awareness of the problems and interests of some two hundred million people who today inhabit Latin America.

The Departments of Art and Government have invited Dr. Mead, Professor of Foreign Languages, University of Connecticut, to speak about this subject because he has done research in the intellectual history of Latin America and has a sparked enthusiasm for the subject. His major concern has been communication with, and understanding of, the intellectuals in the area and the role and responsibility of government in this connection.

Dr. Mead just returned from Latin America, where he has lived for sixteen years, primarily in Mexico. He is currently Editor of *Hispania*, is on the International Advisory Board of Editors, *Hispanic American Report*, on the Executive Council of Spanish and Portuguese, and has served as Consultant for the Cultural Action Committee, Organization of American States.

After Dr. Mead's lecture there will be a question period.

PSYCHOLOGY CLUB

The Psychology Club will meet on Thursday, March 16 at 7:30 in Bill 106. Professor Marion Winterbottom of the Psychology Department will show a film, "The Quiet One" dealing with the problem of the defiant child. The film will be followed by a period for questions and discussion.

Yale Band Concert To Be Heard Friday; Reception to Follow

On February 26 the Yale Concert Band gave a very well received concert in Woolsey Hall at New Haven. Two of the selections they played were Hindemith's Symphony in B flat, and Five Pieces for Band by Halsey Stevens, a visiting composer at the Yale School of Music.

Tomorrow, March 10, at 8:15, in Palmer Auditorium the Band will play: "Five Pieces for Band" by Mr. Stevens; *Morgenmusik* from "Ploner Mustiktag" by Hindemith; "Overture to Candide" by Leonard Bernstein; Selections from "Mademoiselle Angot" a ballad suite reminiscent of French comic opera, by Charles LeCocq; and a medley of Yale songs.

After the Concert there will be a reception in Crozier-Williams with impromptu jazz, beer for all those with proper identification, and other refreshments. Please keep your concert tickets, they are also your tickets for the reception. 12:30 late permission will be granted all those going to the concert and the reception who have signed the list in the Dean's office.

Tickets may be purchased in Fanning on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. They are also being sold by Dorm Service League Representatives and Marion Stafford in Freeman. A limited number will be available at the box office Friday night.

"Sidewalks of New York" to Be Shown On March 16 and 17

All invited! Time: 8:00. Date: March 16 and 17. Place: swimming pool. Reason: "C" Synchors presenting "Sidewalks of New York." This year The Synchronized Swimming Club, under the direction of their president, Linda Viner, and their adviser, Miss Ferguson, are "swimming out" their version of New York. The show is divided into two parts, with an intermission in between. The first half is devoted to New York in the morning; the second half portrays New York at night. There will be ten numbers starting with the New Yorker that everyone knows, "the commuter" riding the subway. Other numbers include "China Town," "The Bowery," and "The Beat-nick." New York in the water should be interesting!

There is an unacknowledged tradition on the Connecticut College campus that appears year after year, yet it is not planned on or looked forward to. It is about time for the annual controversy on "What is a Connecticut College student?" to get started. We are so often labelled "flighty socialites" who are only interested in weekends at Yale and secondarily concerned with obtaining a diploma from a small eastern private girl's college. Glancing quickly around the Snack Shop or at a few practically-empty lecture rooms, one might think that the judgment was accurate. Yet, it seems that the critics did just look once, and pin the debutante label on us.

The label has not been attached to us only by outside observers, but also by our own college faculty. How many times have you heard a new professor tell of the low caliber of work turned in here, as compared to his previous appointment? However, it seems that the faculty can be included at times in the over-all group that have glanced quickly at our creative endeavors and have failed to give our efforts the recognition they deserve. Ideally, the faculty members should give inspiration and a strong backing for individual student initiative. Once a student has made the attempt to express herself in the arts, the faculty should show continued interest and encouragement. The very fact that the Senior Compet play was written by a student on her own initiative should stimulate people to take a closer look into campus talent. One place that is recommended in order to see some of the creative work on campus is the literary magazine *Insight*. The students have been often enough criticized for their lack of interest, yet it seems that the faculty are no less apathetic. It would seem logical that the learned professors would be interested to see who submits and what is being done. Apparently, the interest is not there, since only fifteen members of our college faculty subscribed to *Insight* this year. Perhaps if the members of the faculty would take more interest in what we, the students, are doing, there would be a long-term benefit for all. The caliber of class discussion might be improved as well as the quality of themes. In addition, the students would profit by criticisms and approvals from respected members of our community.—L.A.M.

Quote of the Week

"the voice of your eyes is
deeper than all roses)
nobody, not even the rain,

has such small hands"
from "somewhere i have
never travelled, gladly be-
yond"

by e.e. cummings

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FREE SPEECH

A Forum of Opinion From On and Off the Campus

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

Editors Note:

The following article is an editorial published in Bryn Mawr's The College News of February 15, 1961.

Two people, an English professor and a psychiatrist, are disturbed by what they see in women's colleges. One found student expression in the college newspaper "thoroughly shocking and disillusioning . . . a string of gimme-gimme-gimme letters" on themes of "Me" and my "assailed dignity." The other pictured a nation of emotionally disturbed and depressed college females offering a "declaration of dependence, of helplessness, and a muted cry for help as well." For these occurrences one blames the students, the other, the administrations.

Rosemond Tuve finds Connecticut "a community of 'students' whose mental temperature rises to boiling point, and over, only when some social privilege is in question, some world-shaking matter like numbers of nights, or men in their bedrooms, or who arranges the sign-out rules."

In an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* entitled "The Pressures on College Girls Today" Dr. Carl Binger attempted to understand the people chided by Rosemond Tuve. "Young girls, one must remember, are vulnerable, sensitive, idealistic, often inclined to think ill of themselves . . . What is common in the college girl is a loss of zest, a feeling of apathy or fatigue, a very much lowered self-esteem with sensitivity to other people's opinions and reactions, and, above all, inability to get work done." "The confusion of roles in which modern society has placed women," parental pressures, academic and social competition, environmental and ethical conflicts, reaction to "the formless chaos that surrounds" her and desire for security are pressures to which "even the most resilient and well-balanced" student will react. As manifestations of these pressures, Dr. Binger cites the following "maladaptive" defenses: "intellectual sit-down strikes," depression, feelings of helplessness, daydreams and inability to get work done ("To hand in written work on time means somehow to commit oneself, to expose oneself to comment and criticism before which failing spirits falter"). Binger's advice: "provision must be made for some easement and for some time for discussion with intelligent and reasonably mature adults who are not quick to give advice but are willing to listen . . . If not, what passes for education may only be a kind of 'intellectual conditioning,' without

depth or meaning, or hope for the future."

On the whole are we as piddling as Miss Tuve imagines or as helpless and disturbed as the kindly doctor thinks? We do not need the academic baby-sitting, lessons-in-life, hourly pep-talk type of campus Dr. Binger idealizes. And hardly more desirable is Miss Tuve's community of passive, soulless automatons. The majority of Bryn Mawr's students are interested and serious; if they have "a muted cry for help" it is well-muted.

People, though in college for a variety of motives (to delay entrance into the world, for lack of anything better to do, to learn how to live with people, or, perhaps, even to learn) would all like to have the secret of happy, stimulating, successful existences revealed to them. If the revelation many expect to come through external stimulus does not come, they settle back, tug up their de-elasticized high socks, shuffle a deck of cards, knit and talk about the "great lack at Bryn Mawr," certain that there is no such thing as internal inspiration or initiative.

What is the something lacking at Bryn Mawr? Might it be that students as smart as they and others think they are can not remain stimulated, inspired and mentally balanced on the issues (driving rules, reserve room inadequacies, etc.) they devote their extra-curricular attention to?

If people could be assured that their intellects will not diminish or disintegrate unless limited to three hours a day of careful note-taking, if they could convince their mentors that they do "think" in spite of appearances, if they would try to solve their own neuroses instead of wallowing in them, if they found issues more worthy of their intelligence to be indignant about, then perhaps, the "lack" would disappear and the cold shoulders of the world and professors thaw.

Dr. Binger and his phalanxes of emotionally disturbed females might consider again what the goals of colleges are. Boredom, overeating and dissatisfaction can not be solely institutional responsibilities. The goals of colleges do not change abruptly, leaving students in a purposeless lurch. Do students, when applying, know what they are "getting into?" And if not then, once in college and cognizant of college aims, do they attempt to adapt to them? Perhaps if they did, Miss Tuve would have no need to be so inflamed, nor the kindly doctor so pitying.

See "Free Speech"—Page 3

Free Speech

(Continued from Page Two)

Dear Editor;

Having read Mr. Greenspun's review of the Freshman and Sophomore Compet Play productions (Conn Censu s, March 2), I realized that perhaps the real purpose of Compets has not been clearly understood this year.

Mr. Greenspun unmercifully criticized these two classes without taking into consideration some of the basic rules of Compets. First and foremost, Compet Plays gives each class an opportunity to work and experiment independently on the stage, the purpose being to encourage interest in the theatre. And next, the performances are supposed to be enjoyable to those involved; the spirit of Compets is not to be a cut-throat one in which one is striving for Walter Kerr's approval. In order to keep these productions on a reasonable and equal level of competition, Wig and Candle allots and rigidly enforces a limited number of rehearsal hours. No Wig and Candle members are to give direct help to any of the classes. The ingenuity of the director and her crews is the main source of advice.

Naturally, under these and other restrictions, no performance could be deserving of unmitigated praise. We recognize, and expect that there will be flaws. Mr. Greenspun, however, fails to realize that these are strictly amateur productions, indeed, the first production for the freshmen, and should be judged within that context, rather than by the standard of how they might have been done by professionals. In his

damning of the lines and the interpretations of the lines, one rather thinks Mr. Greenspun got carried away with his own eloquence.

I do sincerely think that all the classes deserve the heartiest congratulations for their enthusiasm and imagination, and recognition for the concentrated work which they did. I would like to strongly encourage each class, excluding the Seniors, to keep up this tradition, and, of course, to profit by their first mistakes.

Mary Wofford '61

Dear Editor;

In answer to Pat Wertheim Abrams' letter, which appeared in last week's issue of *Conn Censu s*, I would like to qualify the position taken by the present Editorial board of *Insight*. As a literary magazine, *Insight* is functional in the sense that it must adapt itself to the mode of creative expression on campus. That this mode of creative expression has designs upon one, unbeknown to the new editors, with the intent of mesmerizing our reading audience into a group of "high-brow" intellectuals, is somewhat damning to the integrity of the college as a whole. If such designs should exist, I think it would be very much in order for the literary magazine to submit itself to a public deposition. However, in a moment of optimism I am confident that *Insight* and its contributors are removed from the temptation to undermine their readers — no matter how discreetly.

In a more serious vein, it would seem that the crux of this disagreement might lie in a distinction of terms. And perhaps Mrs. Abrams and I are more in accord than we realize. Last week's let-

ter stated that *Insight* as a "high-brow" publication belongs to the "thinking woman" of Connecticut College. It is my opinion that "high-brow" connotes the oligarchical group of hand-to-brow intellectuals who revel in their unique ability to enjoy culture. On the otherhand, it is to the "thinking woman" that *Insight* addresses itself, for any creative act is a fusion of original thought and experience, and makes a similar demand upon its audience. The Editorial Board wants to encourage expression in more representative areas so that *Insight* will not be limited by and for the few. To make a thought-experience process possible for a greater number of contributors and readers is our aim.

Roz Liston '62

Dear Editor:

I would like to question the validity of Mr. Greenspun's reviews of the Freshman and Sophomore Compet Plays in last week's *Conn Censu s*. Mr. Greenspun has written a sardonic and clever critique and he is most facile in his manipulation of the English language. I sincerely regret, however, the destructive, rather than constructive, tone of the review, and I am sympathetic toward those who spent time and energy earnestly attempting to interpret their material, only to be rewarded by extraordinarily harsh and contemptuous criticism.

I can understand, in the light of Mr. Greenspun's respect and love of "good" literature, his desire to see an interpretation of *Everyman* which would be worthy of that play in its original form (a desire which is obviously most sincere); but I ask him to acknowledge also that the Sophomores, unfortunately, but understandably, having a less profound knowledge of the play and the traditions associated with it than would an instructor of English, could not be expected to exhibit this same degree of comprehension in their performance. I feel that their presentation of *Everyman* merits at least a more serious acknowledgment of the difficulty of their endeavor.

As concerns the Freshmen's presentation of *Letters to Lucerne*, perhaps the play was ill-chosen; but none-the-less, I do not feel that it merited disgust; and surely such emotive phrases as "abomination," "collection of meretricious tricks," "unearned and sensational sentiment," "phony dramaturgy" and "inexcusably shoddy and constricting set" are derogatory in the extreme.

I am neither praising nor blaming those who participated in the presentations, nor am I defending them against what may or may not be unjust criticism. Rather, I am expressing indignation at the fact that the

play productions (when the productions rather than the plays themselves were brought to task) were subject to such devastating attack; an attack which was emotive rather than informative, and which so cruelly negated the sincere effort made by justifiably inexperienced actors and technicians. This is not a School of Drama; tryouts and rehearsals were limited to 18 hours and the Auditorium was available only twice during this period to each group.

I can only wish that Mr. Greenspun, whose knowledge and penetrating wit are evident, had employed them in this critical capacity with more objectivity and sensitivity as regards the handicaps under which the students were working.

Marcia Silverman '61

This Week

This week end we heard a really fine folk-singer, and boy were we impressed. Judy Collins was cute, well-poised and excitingly in contact with her audience. In spite of the fact that she had been up into the wee small hours the night before, she gave a great concert, and we sympathize with those who forsook the performance in favor of New York, the library or a fatter wallet. You're only hurting yourself if you miss her next time around. . . . We'd like to indulge in a little class bias for a minute, and state that the class of '62 really 'hung in' last Friday night; hur-ray we finally got some recognition, and we know that Wig and Candle will thrive under the leadership of Sandy Farinola and Midge Shaw. Also while we're on the subject of prejudice, we've heard that the swinging-est Junior Show in the history of the school is at present in the making. Tryouts for this theatrical great will be next week, Tuesday through Thursday, and we will be crushed if you don't come. . . . It's a shame that there isn't more incentive for, support of and recognition of original literary works on this campus. The fact that Suzy Tucker would write a play and get it presented is a feat that astounds many of us and she is perhaps to be singled out as a god among dramatists. Well, anyway we liked the play a whole lot. . . . To get back to the more universal, we hope that not too many traumas or newly-found enemies have resulted from the rooming assignment procedure this week. It can be ghastly at the time but everything works out so that one could not have imagined it any other way. . . . This Week is a tradition officially, for it is on its second leg; thanks to J. E. M. for a beginning, next week actually came and is now past and all is well. . . . B.C.



Citizen Genet and Citizen Tucker

by Park Honan

Jean Genet is a strange man. He has been a beggar, a smuggler, a Legionnaire, a deserter, a thief, a trafficker in the flesh, a convict, and—most astonishingly of all, perhaps—a playwright. It is the last dangerous title that Miss Suzanne Tucker shares with him. Together their two one-act plays—Genet's taut and acrid little tragedy, *The Maids*, and Miss Tucker's brightly pointed satire in the tragi-comical manner of Ionesco, *A Shepherd's Clock Does Not Keep Time*—were a happy contrast, a trial for their dramatic judges, and a very impressive display of talent and imagination by the Junior and Senior classes in last Friday night's culmination of the competitive play series. Melpomene was among us.

And she is a difficult muse. I do not think that Miss Margery Shaw could have discovered a more taxing short play to do than the tension-ridden, almost maniacal *Maids*. A play for three characters, two of whom are first seen to be involved in an hysterical impersonation, and who weep, fight, implore, exult, and agonize until one of them calmly commits suicide and the other takes refuge in a state of pathological hallucination, must be one that calls upon every reserve that actress and director may command. It is very little to say against Miss Shaw that she did not quite bring this off. She almost did. Considering the time that she and her people had at their disposal, the performance was rather remarkable. And I cannot forbear to mention at once that the spectacle of Miss Leslie Siegel's attempt to convey the complex, introverted, intense being of Solange seems to me to warrant all of the praise that I can muster.

A first reading of *The Maids* may convince us that it is all tension, all hysteria, all set at the top-most pitch; and it may be so. But no mortal audience can stand unrelieved tension for that long; the theater cannot stand it. Miss Shaw's first duty was to see just which peaks in the mountain range were, after all, the highest, and then to make sure that the lower valleys were properly recognized by her cast. With Genet, this may involve topographical violence. The fault is not Genet's. A playwright may give us too much in the way of tension: we can always minimize what we want of it. And we must do so, in a play of this sort, if we are to call attention to the crucial moments.

Moreover, even in Genet, there are key lines. Neither Miss Siegel, nor Miss Farinola, who played Claire moment by moment expertly, directed to us with sat-

isfactory heightening those lines that one dare not throw away in the play. A good deal of the action—in Miss Paull's and Miss Shaw's fine set, with its dazzling primary colors of red, black, and white—took place too far upstage, so that more than one vital thrust was lost in the folds and colors. Camera and soundtrack may have picked up all of it; our eyes and ears are not that good—and I doubt that real success will ever be felt by any player (even one of Miss Siegel's skill) who fails to remember what every actor in Miss Tucker's play knew; that a great, unenlightened audience of limited acuity lies out in the dark beyond the footlights, and that it must be coddled and played to, "mugged," and spared, not merely played before. Miss Margery Flocks' Madame might have helped in the pacing of the play more than her Madame really did. Madame, in her warm furs, gay and laughing, frilly and fragile, is Genet's marvelous contrast to the maids: here is the other half of the world—in every sense: all that Claire and Solange pathetically are not. One knows that the French love black, but once Madame's coat was off, she became a trifle maidish herself. Madame must permeate the air with her champagne personality; Miss Flocks in her own apartment seemed little more than a guest, wary of the strange furniture, and without that bubbling ease that always accompanies a silly, happy woman. She warmed to her part, and delivered her lines creditably, and was commendably light on her feet—but the terrible doings of this play cry out for more of a contrast with the other woman in her behavior and in her talk than she was able to impart.

And yet if one is inclined to bear down on the failures of Miss Shaw's production, it is surely for the reason that its quality points to a fine standard of excellence. Miss Siegel and Miss Farinola were convincing as Genet's maids, and that is saying a lot. Both had poise, deft control of movement. Miss Siegel's gestures revealed much about Solange—and Miss Farinola's bearing, even in her flarings and sad little tirades, reflected Claire's deceptive audacity: her true submissiveness. Together they depicted that grotesque, evil, and difficult relationship which, I believe, Genet wished us to sense in his play.

After Genet, one can hardly imagine a more welcome sequel than a play such as Miss Tucker's *A Shepherd's Clock Does Not Keep Time*. If *The Maids* expressed a vision of the world that seems a bit alien to us, and in fearful terms, so Miss Tucker

gave us a vision that is not alien at all, and rendered in a merry, allusive idiom (with a barrellful of literary references that, I hazard to say, one does not have to have sat through Miss Tuve's Renaissance to identify, although that may have helped). Here were Plato and Aristophanes, Marlowe and Shakespeare, and plenty of moderns, Giraudoux, Wilder, Williams, Saroyan, Henry Miller, Salinger, and, above all, and very appropriately in the pastiche, T. S. Eliot. The play begins with a murder in Madame Chailot's basement, takes us in time past (same as time future) back to the murder of a cave-man (for love), up to the murder of Socrates (for money) and on to the murder of a psychiatrist (by a Tennessee Williams a la Giraudoux mad woman), and then back to the basement, where everybody is lovingly paired up, and that's it. A bumbling stage-manager wanders on and off, helps out a Greek chorus, substitutes for the dead body, and forgets to dim lights and pull curtains; the same people play different characters in time—poor Miss Dargeon was murdered often—and it is all a good deal of fun, riotously funny for Friday night's audience.

The trouble is that the play really seems to be much more than this: it makes a good deal of sense, and it is more than funny. Possibly the cast caught the meaning of the play; certainly not all of the audience did, I think, and if it did not, the fault is the cast's. In any case, only Miss Barbara Zamborsky played her two parts with the exacting discipline that the Ionesco-type will require. Her performances were the two most polished and perfect ones in all of the competitive plays, but it was only in her Pierrot that *Shepherd's Clock* reached its operative level: comedy and pathos were equally present. She set a very high mark. For the temptation here was to do what Miss Siegel and Miss Farinola in *The Maids* never dreamed of doing: to play the audience for all it was worth, in fact, to slip into vaudeville, to the topical Class Day Farce, where, to some extent, the audience actually controls the actors. That may sound like a good idea, but when it happens the audience exacts its toll: we are willing to laugh, but we are not so willing to be struck deeply, and serious possibilities are then lost. The Athenian chorus (Deborah Higgins, Elizabeth McGuire, Susan Rogers) were a model of choral speaking, but lacked discipline in their deportment—the shift from Chorus to lithe Jazz-Bugs was not sharp, and here, as elsewhere, a smile or two won a laugh but lost the play. Miss Jill

Manes' Cave Woman and Miss Jill Dargeon's murdered men were very nearly correct—Miss Dargeon's Doctor almost matched the magnificent Zamborsky; Miss Denise Boitel, as the Shepherd ("Come live with me and be my love") furthermore turned in a fetching performance, especially in the pre-curtain soliloquy. Miss Linda Marean as the shepherdess was pleasant. But most of the cast, at one time or another (and perhaps quite understandably), remembered us, remembered its lines, remembered the Competition, and forgot the play. Miss Marcia Silverman should certainly be remembered the next time that anyone plans a farce—her Stage Manager never appeared without the funniest results; but he was too often near the ad lib, too casual, too obedient to our demands to satisfy those of Miss Tucker's script.

And Miss Tucker herself. One almost hopes that she will bequeath production rights of her play to those who come after her on the hill, for another production of the *Shepherd's Clock* should help not only to tighten it but to prove—before a more varied and less intimate audience—that it is not quite the gay, ephemeral, witty bit that it seems to be, but a fresh statement, one that speaks in some humble measure for Miss Tucker's generation.

Students' UN Trip Proves Profitable; Problems Discussed

Under the sponsorship of the American Association of University Women, representatives of Connecticut and Smith met at United Nations headquarters in New York City for a two-day seminar. The students attended a series of lectures concerning the role of the United Nations and the American Mission, and the functions of various United Nations organs.

Although the speakers dealt with seemingly unrelated topics, one major theme remained apparent: the absolute necessity of nations to combine their efforts in order to maintain international peace and security. This primary aim of the U.N. is reiterated throughout the different agencies of this international organization, and is embodied in the first article of the charter.

A second goal of member nations is to achieve a solution to economic, social, and political problems while respecting human rights and individual freedom. It was made evident, how-

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Students Attend Reading by E. E. Cummings; Lack of Contact With Audience Unfortunate

On Monday night we found ourselves pushing through swarms of—there weren't very many older people there; we thought it was a night class at the New School—notebook toters, bearded shepherds, Junior Leaguers, Barnardians, angry youth. We mounted many stairs to the higher regions and found ourselves in the Hall of Knowledge. Dark panelled wood, names of immortal figures in gold, formed the majestic molding. An excited buzz of anticipation filled the room; we were surprised to find Mr. Anthony Hecht, late of Connecticut College, presenting the introductory remarks. He noted Mr. Cummings' ubiquity, especially in numerous experimental magazines, and his ability to portray the "most exalted moods of the exasperation of love." We were impressed by his acknowledgement of the presence of "wisps, tufts, and women" in Mr. Cummings' work.

Expecting a demigod, we were disappointed when Mr. Hecht was followed by a bald, lean, small, meek man dressed conservatively in a green jacket, blue shirt, green tie, gray pants. He sat down at a table, put on his glasses, coughed, announced that he would read from some of his favorite poets for one-half of the program, and immediately commenced to do so. His selections

included readings from Dante, Swinburne, Firth, and Donne; we were exceedingly unmoved by his uninspiring French, Italian and German accents. After a fifteen-minute intermission we returned, hopeful that the rest of the program would greatly surpass that which had just elapsed. Now Mr. Cummings began to read from his own poetry, choosing for the most part unpublished works. He enunciated clearly and seemed better able to understand the text, but unfortunately there was a lack of contact with his audience; Mr. Cummings rarely lifted his eyes from the printed page. Yet his reading did have the advantage of making it easy to comprehend his irregular poetic lines as meaningful sentences. There was also the fascination of watching the little things; the way he tapped his foot to mark rhythms, his Presidential dignity, the manner in which he used his hands, the angle at which his head was cocked.

The poems which Mr. Cummings read were not his most familiar ones; we found it difficult to comprehend their full meaning and to criticize them not having seen their form (Mr. Cummings is one of the few poets for whom this is necessary). "of Ever-Ever land i speak" was well-received; he cleverly and realistically depicted the modern pre-

dicament in which religion is only "fuss" and where only "sameness is normal." "Thanksgiving 1956," treating the danger of war, was read with sarcasm, a most fitting tone, but we felt that this is not the area in which Mr. Cummings' most meaningful expressions are made. "My father moved through dooms of love" was perhaps the most outstanding poem which he read; its beauty, sensitivity, optimism, and personal involvement were made evident. "Little silent Christmas tree" reminded us strongly of Mr. Cummings' intense feeling for nature; it illustrated his ability to perceive a spiritual experience in a common occurrence and his ability to project himself into an inanimate object.

As we descended amid the angrier youth, we couldn't help reflecting that a poet should not have to manifest his personality through public appearances, but rather through his work. Some poets are not actors and should not have to prove themselves as such. We admired, and still do admire, Mr. Cummings' poetic ability and uncanny perception, but see now that we demanded too much from his reading. If a little child should be "seen and not heard," Mr. Cummings should be read and not seen.

P.P. and M.S.

Ionesco's New Play Is Superbly Acted; Applaud Director

by Linda Siegel
and Alice Katz '62

Laughter emanates from the Longacre Theatre in New York as the audience attending Eugene Ionesco's **Rhinoceros** views one of the funniest, and yet most perceptive, of this season's plays. **Rhinoceros** treats the urgent predicament in which modern man finds himself, yet in such a way so that everyone is able to comprehend, and thereby benefit from, the playwright's message.

Briefly, the plot concerns what occurs when, in a modern small town, the inhabitants are suddenly faced with the appearance of one, then several, rhinoceroses. At first they are viewed as freaks, but before long comes the realization that they are actually the townspeople themselves, and soon all desire to become animals. The townspeople, including Zero Mostel as a "big boss" and Ann Jackson as a nondescript secretary, eventually experience the transformation to the bestial state; the one remaining human being is Eli Wallach, an insignificant clerk. Since the rhinoceros symbolizes the most beastly aspect of man, we see not only the condition in our society that makes man desire such an end, but also the startling fact that the one person who is able to maintain his individuality must do so by alienating himself from all others. Even the clerk's love for the secretary is lost, as in the end she, too, succumbs to uniformity.

Ionesco's vision of the state of society is hardly optimistic. We see that it is impossible for the individual to assert his true Self and yet remain a part of society. It is almost an existential solution in that man must break all personal and business ties before he can experience true freedom, yet here the one remaining human being has such a nebulous personality that we wonder if this is the only alternative to a beastly existence.

The actors in this production are all superb. Since Ionesco, as a playwright in the "avant-garde" tradition, writes in a style which includes plays on words and disjointed narrative, he could easily be misrepresented by less talented performers. However, under the direction of Joseph Anthony, his true meaning is brilliantly shown. The only criticism that we can give to the performance is that, especially in certain scenes in the second and third acts, the play seems almost distorted where it has been padded for Broadway production.

As we leave the theatre, the laughter has turned to thoughtfulness; we realize that the hilar-

See "Rhinoceros"—Page 6

Judy Collins, Folk Singer, Very Successful Stage Presence, Variety of Songs Praised

by Carol Gordon '62

Last Sunday, March 5, at 2:00, Judy Collins, a folk-singer from Colorado, gave a concert in the Crozier-Williams Lounge. Judy had just come from the Golden Vanity in Boston, and will appear at Yale this coming Saturday. The crowd at Conn. was unfortunately small, but the performance was a huge success.

An attractive girl, wearing a blue dress and heels, Judy showed her two most positive assets: versatility and expressiveness. She walked onto the stage and set the tone of the opening song (and all of those following) by the expression on her face. First Judy sang some songs by herself, and then she played "Lolly Toodum De" and invited the audience to join in on the "nonsense verse." Her husky voice was true and well-sustained whether she was singing a sad, romantic or gay song. "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" showed this husky quality at its best. All the horror and irony of the song was

exhibited in the expression of her face, the dynamics of her voice, and the change in strums on the guitar.

Judy's stage presence was also admirable. We heard that she had closed the night before, at the Golden Vanity in Boston, and was hoarse from singing blues all that evening. In her rendition of "I Never Will Marry" she had trouble reaching the high notes. She carried this off beautifully, though, simply by changing the melody to fit her range. She gave no apology, showed no embarrassment, and received extra applause.

Some of the arrangements which she used were quite new. The popular folk songs were changed so that they needed to be particularly good to be accepted. We received her version of "Mary Hamilton" with delight. Many of the verses were new to us, as were some of those in "I Never Will Marry." The accompaniment to "I Know Where I'm Going" was one we had not heard

before, and Judy handled her specially-made guitar skillfully here, as she did throughout the concert. She also sang several songs that were not well-known. "The Cumberland Mine Disaster" and "Tim Evans" were two worthy of special note. Both were tragic ballads and Judy's voice and strong strum were moving.

Judy's collection of songs was well-balanced and exciting. We were pleasantly surprised by ballads, and group singing, as well as the traditional folk songs. The concert ended with Miss Collins' theme song, "This Land."

After the concert, Judy talked and played informally for a short while. She was warm and responsive, perhaps because she knew many of the students here, from Colorado and elsewhere. We discovered that this was her first solo concert in the East, and we are looking forward to more.



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Rhinoceros

(Continued from Page Five)

ity has been directed at ourselves, and we question whether or not man is really as barbaric as Ionesco states. If so, wherein lies our hope for the future?



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Carol Williams to Report on Africa And Its Problems

No conscientious individual of intelligence today can overestimate the value of exercising his mental activities in the direction of World Affairs. The relegation of Isolationism to the history text and its subsequent disappearance from the modern idiom in vital policies is indicative of a new demand on the individual's participation in international efforts for co-existence. The Christian Citizenship Seminar, "Africa: Threat or Hope to the UN and the West," sponsored by the National Conference of the Methodist Student Movement, was just such an endeavor to inform and stimulate American Students with concern for the crucial situation in Africa today.

In Assembly on Wednesday, March 15, Carol Williams will speak on several of the interesting discoveries she made during her week of study with the seminar. Her discussions, formal and informal, with prominent Americans involved with African affairs, took her from the United Nations in New York to the Nation's Capitol in Washington and introduced her to men of such stature as Dr. James H. Robinson and Senator Frank Church. Carol will examine some of the present-day implications of the emergence of a complex primi-

tive society into modern civilization. She will cover current movements in Africa from the psychological, political, and sociological points of view. She will also discuss the Communist Threat which is perhaps the most important reason for individual involvement in international affairs.

Prominent Bishop Speaks on Sunday At Vesper Service

The Most Reverend Vincent J. Hines, Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Norwich will speak in chapel this Sunday night at seven o'clock.

He received his education at the New Haven High School and later went to France where he studied at the Seminaire St. Sulpice, also at the Pontifical Institute of Law of the Lateran University in Rome. In 1949 he received his doctorate in Canon Law. He was ordained at the Seninaire St. Sulpice.

During the war he served as a United States Army Chaplain at General Omar Bradley's headquarters in France and in Germany at Berlin, Wiesbaden and Frankfurt.

He received various Papal honors. In December, 1959, he was named Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Norwich. He was consecrated and enthroned at St. Patrick's Cathedral in Norwich on March 17, 1960.

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The Kroll Quartet Will Perform Here Tuesday, March 14

The Kroll Quartet, accompanied by pianist Boris Goldovsky, will perform in the fourth concert of the Connecticut College Chamber Music Series on Tuesday evening, March 14, in Palmer Auditorium.

For upwards of twenty years the Kroll Quartet has been in the front rank of chamber music in America. The Quartet, consisting of violinists William Kroll, its leader since 1945, and William Stone; David Mankovitz, who plays the viola, and Avron Twerdowsky, who plays the violincello, formerly appeared within the framework of the American Music Guild in New York. During the summer the quartet appears at the Berkshire Festival in Tanglewood, Massachusetts. Last year it was the featured chamber music ensemble at the Spoleto Festival in Italy.

The program will begin with Beethoven's "String Quartet in

C minor, Op. 18, No. 4." Movements featured will be "Allegro ma non tanto," "Scherzo," "Menuetto," and "Allegro." The second piece will be Schumann's "Quintet for Piano and Strings in E flat major, Op. 44," movements: "Allegro brillante," "In modo d'una marcia," "Scherzo: molto vivace," and "Allegro ma non troppo." The final piece is Brahms "Quintet for Piano and Strings in F minor, Op. 34."



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(play)

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Haya Harareet

UN Trip

(Continued from Page Four)

ever, that the success of these fundamental aims depends solely on the development of friendly relations and mutual respect among nations. Once the United Nations achieves a harmonious

viewpoint, common ends can be reached.

Questions of disarmament, of technical assistance, of financial aid, and of keeping up to date with interference in the Congo, can find their solution through peaceful means of arbitration and settlement. Whether the problem at hand is of political, economic, or social nature, international co-operation is essential.

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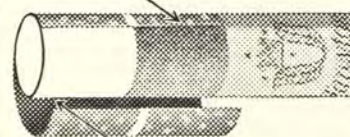
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