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### Pundit Vol. 54 No. 17

Connecticut College

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## Rally in Chapel Features Assorted Peacenicks

by Mary Ann Sill

Harkness Chapel harbored the first of this spring's peace rallies last Tuesday night. The atmosphere was rather reserved and quite somber as compared with last year; the few who chose to attend were extremely quiet and subdued by the entire mess, yet the mood was one of painful concern.

J. Barrie Shepherd stressed that the rally was not intended to be a form of entertainment, but a means to action. Known to all as "a peacenick in the highest sense of the word," he outlined several workshops that are currently getting under way.

A voter registration drive is being designed to register not only 18-year-olds but those in the community who have never registered. Certain community events are also being organized, such as a Vietnam memorial service at a church in New London. A G.I. coffeehouse similar to the one in Cro during the strike will be resumed as well as a drive to get the People's Peace Treaty signed.

The first speaker introduced was a well-known radical-liberal-leftist, Joe Duffey. He merely stressed the "tragedy and immorality of U.S. policy in Vietnam" and urged all to encourage representatives in Washington to support the Vietnam Disengagement Act. He noted the importance of uniting the students with people in the community and especially with labor union members. "It is possible to add 25 million voters to the registers by 1972," he explained, as only 60% of

all labor union members are registered to vote, and there are many new young voters to be registered.

Mrs. Mims Butterworth, a Conn College graduate and a member of the People's Delegation to the Paris Peace Talks was introduced by George Daughan, local activist. She related many of her experiences in Paris and reiterated the main obstacles to fruitful negotiations in Paris. She emphasized the economic aspects of the war as motives of the U.S. government which cannot be overlooked.

peace and declares himself a pacifist." He also called attention to the tactical crisis for the non-violent movement since it has been inculcated in our society that any dissent is equivalent to violence. "Violence by the state is proper by definition."

At that point Jay Levin, local Marxist-extremist and imperial wizard, rose to introduce Peter Clark, former G.I. Levin's introduction was accompanied by a curious occurrence, however, for as he spoke his shadow was projected onto the curved wall at his side and

## "... And Skim Milk Often Masquerades As Cream..."

by Emmett K. Grogan

It was late in February when Ellis D. Goodfellow first noticed the symptoms of his disease. He was eating in Harris refectory, talking to several friends and pausing to curse the dullness of the knife with which he was trying to cut his mashed potatoes. Suddenly he dropped his knife and fork, jerked to his feet and fell, unconscious, onto the table. No one looked surprised.

Barely a week later Ellis emitted a terrifying shriek, turned completely white and passed out in the middle of his Psychology class. Taking this as a simple but necessary primal scream, both the class and the professor ignored him.

By this time, however, Ellis was becoming slightly upset about his physical condition. He was having frequent pains in both his stomach and his throat and he fought off waves of nausea almost constantly. He discussed his condition with friends and faculty. He gave up sex, wine and dope for two weeks, but all to no avail. Finally he had no alternative but to go to the Infirmary.

Ellis arrived at the Infirmary late on a Thursday afternoon. He was told that he would have to stand in a short waiting line before he would speak to anyone in authority. So wait he did.

By noon on Friday Ellis knew he was about to pass out again. He pushed his way to the front of the line, demanding to be taken care of. A discreet whisper from a starched white uniform inquired of him, "Does this pertain to contraceptives?" He replied that it did not and the routinely mechanical voice said, "I'm sorry . . . you'll have to go to the end of the line, sir." Ellis proceeded to collapse on the floor.

He awoke to find himself stretched out on a table somewhere within that Temple of Healing which he had feared for so long. A plastic, tableside-manner smile greeted his return to consciousness.

"Good afternoon," the figure said, "I'm Dr. Sal Monella. What seems to be your problem?"

"Uh . . . bloating of the stomach, acute abdominal pains, nausea, fainting, things like that, sir," Ellis responded.

"Ah, I see . . . Hm . . . Nurse, give this lad a half-dozen Darvon. You'll be fine in a day or so, son." The doctor flashed his smile, patted Ellis' shoulder and disappeared through a side door.

Two nurses helped Ellis to his feet and showed him the way out.

A week later Ellis had a severe choking fit and passed out during lunch. He returned to the Infirmary, where he was given six more Darvon, three throat lozenges and a bottle of cough syrup. When he threw up during breakfast the next morning he was close to the point of absolute frustration. It appeared that even the wonders of modern medicine couldn't help him.

While Ellis was home in Pleasantville, Ark., though, he had another seizure. His parents immediately took him to the Pleasantville-Burke's Falls-Granite Spur Hospital for diagnosis and treatment. After an hour of testing, the doctor came out to speak to the Goodfellows.

"Is he going to be all right, Doctor Nicely?" Mrs. Goodfellow

(Continued on Page 6, Col 5)

The following is the agenda for Parents' Weekend which will be held from Friday, April 30, through Sunday, May 2. The events scheduled attempt to give parents a sampling of the academic and social experiences which their sons and daughters are having at Connecticut College.

### Friday, April 30

Horse Show  
Mounted Drill by Sabre and Spur  
Theatre One  
Swim Show by "C" Synchers

Riding Ring, Williams St.  
6:30 p.m.  
Palmer Auditorium  
8:00 p.m.  
Crozier-Williams  
8:30 p.m.

### Saturday, May 1

Coffee and Registration  
President's Assembly  
Talk Sessions  
Luncheon for Parents and Students  
Recreational Activities  
International Folk Dance Group  
Gymnastics Exhibition  
Continuation of morning Talk Sessions  
Conn Chords and Schwiffs

Dormitories  
9:00-11:00 a.m.  
Palmer Auditorium  
10:00 a.m.  
Scheduled Dorms and Classrooms  
11:00 a.m.-12:15 p.m.  
Dormitories  
12:30 p.m.  
Crozier-Williams  
Dance Studio, Crozier-Williams  
1:30 p.m.  
Gym, Crozier-Williams  
2:00 p.m.  
Oliva Hall  
2:00-3:30 p.m.  
Dana Hall  
2:30 p.m.  
Palmer Auditorium  
3:15 p.m.  
College Green West of  
Palmer  
4:00 p.m.  
Dana Hall  
4:30 p.m.  
Crozier-Williams  
8:30 p.m.  
Palmer Auditorium  
8:30 p.m.  
Crozier-Williams  
10:00 p.m.-12:30 a.m.

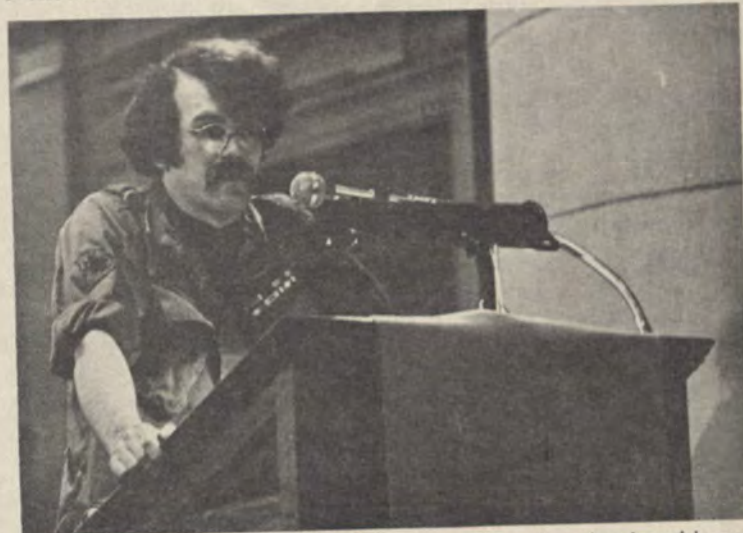
History and old films of the College  
President and Mrs. Shain, members of the Faculty and Staff welcome students and their guests  
Connecticut College Chorus  
Swim Show by "C" Synchers

Connecticut College—Wesleyan Dance Group  
"Spring Fling"

### Sunday, May 2

Chapel Service  
Rev. J. Barrie Shepherd  
"An Interpretative Arboretum Walk"  
Dr. Richard H. Goodwin  
Mrs. Sally L. Taylor

Harkness Chapel  
11:00 a.m.  
Arboretum Entrance  
1:00-2:30 p.m.



Mr. William Stringfellow, attorney, social critic, writer and sometime-theologian, was next to address the rally; the text of his statement was a letter he had written to Dan and Philip Berrigan in prison. He noted that America has created a society which is afraid of its own members. In the case of the Berrigan brothers, "pacifists have been accused of terrorism while Nixon invades Laos in the name of

his profile and modest beard bore a refreshing likeness to Abraham Lincoln. Peter Clark, a Vietnam Veteran Against the War described the Vietnam Veterans' march on Washington through the use of colorful anecdotes. He emphasized that these veterans "feel betrayed by the government" and are experiencing a certain "desperation in trying to make the government listen to them."

## Looking Ahead

by Suzanne Zolper

Thinking about living off campus? Fed up with lotteries, noisy dorms, or those with morgue-ish tendencies? Would you like to face the world on your own? If so, you're not alone. Many juniors and seniors are now contemplating this very idea. Looking for a place to start? Try Fanning Information Bulletin Board or a New London newspaper, and if all else fails, try the following list:

### • Unfurnished Apartments

College Heights  
52 Hawthorne Dr.  
443-2381  
one to three bedrooms  
\$140 — \$205/month  
utilities included  
twelve Conn co-eds now there  
location: behind 2 Guys  
possible to walk

Georgetown Village Apt.  
85 Niles Hill Rd.  
442-2800  
one bedroom — \$160/month  
two bedrooms — \$180/month  
three bedrooms — \$215/month  
all utilities save electricity included  
location: Garden Ave., six blocks from beach  
car necessary

### Furnished Apartments

Apt. Rental Agency  
443-5130  
\$75—\$175/month  
one bedroom, bath, kitchen  
utilities included  
location: commercial district  
car necessary

College Heights  
economic plan  
one room — castroconvertible  
\$140/month, utilities included

Melville Apt.  
33 Granite Ave  
443-2161  
one bedroom  
\$45/week or \$170/month  
security deposit  
21 years of age or parental signature

Share an apartment with a friend. The cost will be about the same as the residence fee at Conn. Plus, it will be an invaluable experience.

Spring has sprung,  
The grass is riz,  
I wonder where  
The protest is. . .



# EDITORIAL

Last week this newspaper found a large number of faculty members guilty of a lack of concern for the environment by driving from place to place on campus instead of walking. It would be unfair, though, to fail to point the finger at the many students who are guilty of the same sin. A girl who lives in Larrabee, for instance, told us without a trace of guilt that she sometimes drives to the library.

That such healthy, and supposedly intelligent people should be so totally without awareness for environmental problems is indeed unfortunate. Unless a very large number of people are willing to make a few small sacrifices for the sake of the earth, the enormous environmental problems facing us may never be solved.

The efforts of one individual may seem insignificant when placed against the national problem, but without individual efforts, the problem is bound to remain a large one. We ask you, then, to take the following steps:

—Don't drive unless you have to. There are very few reasons for driving from your dorm to the library, or even the arts center.

—Cooperate with the efforts of Survival to recycle paper and glass. There are collection points in several dorms.

—Be stingy in your use of paper. Mr. Ingersoll says that four truckloads of trash are hauled from the campus to the incinerator every day.

—Use as few cans as possible. Soft drinks make you fat a lot faster than water.

—Turn off your lights when you leave your room.

—Take only what you will eat. Miss Vorhees is convinced that if students were more careful in serving themselves, substantial savings would result.

—Buy biodegradable detergent. Don't use the stuff offered by the school.

We Americans have the dubious distinction of producing more crap per capita than anyone else in the world. Let's move back in the ratings, before we drown in our own excretions.

In the crush of spring and closing activities, many important activities and proceedings will receive less than enough attention. We would like to take this opportunity to mention one such proceeding, the election of the new House Presidents.

House Presidents serve in the Student Assembly, the main liaison between the dormitories and the administration. As an elected representative body, it serves to represent the students and help coordinate all sorts of campus activity. Its chief function is essentially communication. Since we are in the communications business ourselves, we hope that in selecting new House Presidents that students will elect those who have a good interest in effective communication. A House President should also qualify as one who is efficient in running the many house meetings that occur during the year.

We encourage students to run, especially those who have some dynamism and ideas. Elections are next Monday evening at 6:30. Poor or mediocre representation will only result in bad communication and general confusion. We all owe it to ourselves and to those who live with us to have innovative and effective leadership.

## To the Editor:

Two Chinese proverbs say: "When the melon is ripe, it falls off the stalk" and "Where water runs there forms the stream." These are the natural ways of development. No one could have imagined, a few years back, that a ping pong ball could start the wheels of diplomacy rolling. Now this has happened. It is high time for the people of China to ping and the American people to pong in response. The show of sportmanship on ping pong tables can be reflected in sportmanship at the diplomatic table. When this happens, the dark clouds of fear and suspicion may gradually lift and a new day of hope will shine.

Our Connecticut men and women can now begin to prepare themselves for sojourns or more study in a country where culture is still deeply rooted in the soul of the people. I, for one, am ready to give "guided tours" to those who first must learn a bit of the language. (If this be considered an advertisement for the Chinese Department, make the most of it!)

Charles Chu

## To the Editors:

The fact that the old **Satyagraha** was a sub-par newspaper has not been a much debated topic on campus this year. The factors behind this mediocrity, as well as the deletion of the name **Satyagraha**, were never so apparent as they were in the "newspaper without a name" of April 20.

A cursory examination of the newspaper would reveal flaws that a cub reporter on a newspaper would be ashamed to make. Aside from technical errors in composition, the paper consistently breaks, or shatters, two cardinal rules of good journalism: (1) Never, ever, editorialize anywhere in the newspaper, but on the editorial page and signed columns. (2) Report all news relevant to the readers of the publication.

The upper half of the front page of the April 20 newspaper managed to break both rules with one fell swoop. Not only is the poster of the anti-war poster flagrant editorialization, but the accompanying article on "National Plans Against War" does not even relate the proposed anti-war rally with Connecticut College until the next to the last paragraph.

By this attack, I am not condemning the role of anti-war groups in the United States, I only question why the article was written in such a manner explaining the role of these organizations and the activities of Conn College students.

If the article finds justification in being printed in a newspaper that should deal with news of the campus community, why was it given such extensive space on the most important page of a newspaper, when topics such as Spring Weekend, candidates running for class officers, parents weekend, Theatre One productions, Glee Club concerts, and proposed Hunger Strikes were passed up entirely, receiving no coverage whatever.

The reporting of articles of this nature is the primary role of a newspaper serving a college community, not the reporting of a schedule of what will happen at a Washington protest rally. These facts are available in every newspaper and TV news show in the nation. Yet the editors of the college paper saw fit to perform this service while other articles that more directly affect the students in their roles at the college were not printed.

Also on the front page of that

issue was an article on traffic congestion at Crozier-Williams Center. Quite frankly, I don't think many, if any, students on this campus actually care how many teachers drive to lunch, let alone read an account of the traffic that reads like an excerpt from a detective's notebook.

Page 3 of the April 20 issue was no better. Half of this page was filled with advertisements, the other half of the page was a petition calling for peace in Vietnam. I seriously doubt that a substantial number of students actually signed the petition and mailed it in. Probably more support could be raised by an on-campus student organization soliciting signatures. Again the editors saw fit not to inform the students of affairs that directly affecting the students on the campus, not to mention that this petition had no right to be sponsored by the editors of the newspaper. Again, I am expressing my displeasure with the expressed ideals of that article, when in fact I support them. If the paper does find justification in printing petitions, why couldn't it have been in support of the Hunger Strike of May 4. At least this is being organized by Conn students. It is sad that the campus newspaper cannot maintain standards found in most every high school newspaper.

The deletion of the name **Satyagraha** appeared to be an attempt to give the newspaper a new image separate from past futility. Instead we now have a nameless newspaper, and a staff of editors that is considering renaming the newspaper, among other things, Conn Fusion, The Rag, and Conn Vikt. It is not the name of the paper that upgrades the quality of it, what matters is how well the newspaper meets its obligations to report the news of the campus to the college community. The fact that the editors do not realize this, and are actually considering renaming the paper with one of the previously mentioned names, is an insult to the intelligence of the students of this school. The fact that editors are actually telling the students which issues are more relevant is appalling.

If the newspaper is to wallow in futility, it would be better to disband the newspaper and reallocate funds to a more worthwhile cause, or better yet, establish the **Satyagraha** Political Forum.

The issue of April 20 was nameless and is justified in being so. The students of Connecticut College deserve more.

Peter M. Paris '74

## To the Editor:

I am writing you to inform you of the fact that the most important piece of architecture in New London, namely Union Station designed by H.H. Richardson, is in imminent peril of demolition by the redevelopment agency of your city. I am hoping that you will encourage your readership to undertake measures to help the rescue of this great building.

No one could ever doubt the architectural value of the building. It is Richardson's last and largest railroad station. The subtle use of brick detailing gracefully enhances the impressive massing. In terms of the urban setting, the railroad station is indispensable, acting as a stopping agent to the axis and space of State Street and serving as an effective foil for the Civil War monument. Without it, the area would be uncontrolled and undefined. As for the needs of the city, it is hard to believe that any

urban center in America has an excess of sheltered space. What government can afford to throw away a serviceable, solid structure?

The urban redeveloper maintains that demolition of this building is necessary to his project. This just is not true, and never has been in any other redevelopment situation. One has only to look at the acres of land in cities where buildings have been torn down in the name of progress and nothing at all has been built to replace them. The redeveloper maintains that he has tried to incorporate the building into his new plans. Newspapers testify that from the beginning the railroad station was slated to go. Lastly, the intention of destroying the building in order to open a vista to the river, which at that point is not very attractive, must rank as one of the most absurd reasons for ruining a city environment.

At a hearing at the Connecticut Historical Commission on April 15, in Hartford, the Southeastern Connecticut Arts Council requested time in order to conduct a feasibility study for the conversion of the building into an arts-dance-drama center on the upper stories and a transportation ticket center on the first floor. This is just the kind of adaptive use which the city of New London cannot afford to ignore.

However, besides this intelligent plan for a solution, there must be a show of local support at the next meeting of the Connecticut Historical Commission. Letterwriting to Senators, Representatives, public officials, newspapers and citizens of the town asking them to write the Commission in behalf of saving the station and to attend the May 20 meeting is the way in which the faculty and students of Connecticut College could help stop urban maniacy. Mr. Eric Hatch, the state liaison officer, must have evidence of local support before he can make any recommendations to Washington. I should hope that all art history students could be exempted from an exam in order to attend the hearing, certainly any exam in a modern architecture course.

Here is the chance to do something about your endangered urban environment!

Channing Blake  
New York City

## STUDENT-FACULTY COMMITTEES

There will be a meeting of all those interested in serving on next year's student-faculty committees on Wednesday afternoon at 4:20 in Cro. At that time, representatives from this year's committees will speak on their work and answer questions about their specific duties. For those wishing to run, sign up sheets will be available. Any candidate who would like to publish a brief statement about his or her candidacy is welcome to submit one to the newspaper office or Box 1351 for publication in the May 4th issue. Voting is on May 6th. Students may petition the nominating committee for a place on the ballot up to May 5th, but are encouraged to sign up beforehand in order to be on the original slate, which will be made up May 3rd.

## Pundit

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE

ESTABLISHED IN 1916 AND PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF CONNECTICUT COLLEGE EVERY TUESDAY WHILE THE COLLEGE IS IN SESSION EXCEPT DURING EXAMINATION AND VACATION PERIODS. SECOND CLASS ENTRY AUTHORIZED AT NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

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Patricia Strong '72

Mary Ann Sill '73

### ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Allen Carroll '73

Dave Clark '73

News & Feature Editor ..... Wendy Dolliver '73  
Book-Review Editor ..... Lynn Gorsey '72  
Sports Editor ..... Nancy Diesel '72  
Advertising ..... Lynn Cole '74  
Circulation ..... Reva Korim '71  
Business Manager ..... Peggy Muschell '72  
Make-Up ..... Patti Biggins '72

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## Topic of Candor

by Patricia Strong

I was completely appalled and disgusted upon reading the Letter to the Editor of Peter Paris '74. As a three-year veteran of this newspaper, and the present Co-Editor, I have worked in several capacities and with many sincere, dedicated people who have given their time every week to ensure that a newspaper would appear every Tuesday.

Some of our journalistic attempts have been unquestionably more successful than others. What Mr. Paris does not seem to realize, however, is that the members of this staff are students subject to the same academic pressures and workloads of every other student here.

The goal of putting together a paper of consistently good journalistic quality has not been a realistic one for us, unfortunately. To do so requires a large group of creative, talented people who are willing to give their time and to sacrifice other activities. A look at the staff list will reveal the fact that we do not have a large group of people. Many people have expressed an interest in working for the newspaper; but for various reasons, they have produced no concrete results in terms of articles or technical assistance. In spite of our limited numbers, I see no need to defend or to apologize for the efforts of the present staff.

In a community dedicated to learning and inquiry, I find Peter Paris' flippant attitude and summary condemnation of the

newspaper repugnant to the intellectual tradition on this campus. Since we have received many comments from armchair critics in the past, the advent of Mr. Paris' letter affords an excellent opportunity to confront this attitude.

Peter Paris ends his letter with the statement, "The students of Connecticut College deserve more." This sentence is indicative of the malaise which has permeated much of the campus in my three years here. Instead of becoming actively involved in making this campus a dynamic, exciting one, students sit back and say, "Here I am — teach me, entertain me." Why not say, "I wish to learn, show me how."

Every student organization has suffered from the effects of this attitude. The yearbook is on the verge of collapse from lack of support by the campus, as Charlotte Parker pointed out in a previous Letter to the Editor. The Junior Class could not muster one candidate to run for Student Government President. Social Board is in sad condition; because while students complain that there is nothing to do here, they strangely enough do not attend the events which are sponsored.

I have heard endless words on what this campus needs. Words are meaningless if they are not accompanied by action. What this campus really needs is a good shot of adrenaline. I would revise your final statement, Peter Paris, to read: The students of Connecticut College deserve nothing more than what we can create through our own action.



## The J. Geils Band. In Search Of A Sound

(ED. Note: This article was written three Aprils ago...)

by Sam Pillsbury

While others venture in search of the perfect wave, a million dollars, the universal solvent or the ideal mate, the J. Geils Band wanders in search of a sound. I spent a few days with the band to find out how this Boston group is making such a search and what drove them to quit college, live in near poverty, and run the risk of the draft, for music.

Four of the quintet dropped out of college. J. Geils, from New York City, "Magic Dick," and Danny Klein, from Hillsdale, New Jersey all dropped out of Worcester Tech. in 1967. Peter Wolf, from the Bronx, New York, dropped out of the Museum of Fine Arts School in New York after a year.

When I first called J. Geils, I was greeted by a groggy voice, hoarse with sleep. The next day at 2 P.M. I woke him up again by plowing into his cluttered bedroom. It wasn't until I had spent an entire night with the band that I could understand how he could sleep until 2 P.M.

Pictures of BB King, Buddy Guy, Mike Bloomfield, and other blues guitarists hung on the wall over Jay's bed. The carefully hung pictures contrasted with the clutter of the room. Jay's Gibson Les Paul guitar leaned against a bureau in its case. A high practice stool stood in the middle of the room. Large phonograph speakers dominated the small room.

Jay stumbled out of bed, put on

an old pair of levis, pushed his long stringy hair out of his face and sat down on his bed. Without a cup of coffee, he rapped enthusiastically about his band and his music for over an hour.

The J. Geils Band was originally a jug band. From the fall of '66 through the spring of '67, Jay played acoustic guitar and banjo, Danny "Big House" Klein played washtub bass and "Magic Dick" played harp (harmonica) and kazoo. A fourth member, who left for the Navy, sang and played mandolin.

"Meanwhile," Jay said, "Dick and I had already had our ears opened up to like Little Walter and Sonny Boy Williamson and we were starting to listen to Chicago amplified blues. Even as a jug band we were playing mostly blues tunes."

Jay added, "In March '67, this other fella had to leave, so Dick and I decided well, we'd form an amplified band. I was able to teach Danny how to play electric bass—Dick just added a microphone to the harp, you know—and I bought myself an electric guitar and we started. We were pretty green for a long time."

Stephen Bladd and Peter Wolf left the Hallucinations, a South Shore blues-rock group, to join Jay, Dick, and Danny to form the J. Geils Blues Band. The name has since been changed to the J. Geils Band.

The members of the band are now "paying their dues." They are scraping out a living while undergoing a process of development. Jay said, "That whole year from June

'67 through June '68, you know, we were literally starving—trying to make out. We worked at the Unicorn for seven weeks that summer and no pay for the first three and \$200 a week for the whole band and at the same time we all had factory jobs—from like eight in the morning until five, and that's what it's all about. You gotta want to have to play that bad and lemme tell you man, that was just hell."

"We all quit factory jobs, you know," Jay continued, "And none of us have had any, like, straight jobs, if you want to call them that, since, and we just kind of scuffled with what we made with the music, and we were able to make enough."

While gathering their own material, the band is consciously looking for its own style or sound. Jay explained the direction their music is taking. "There are so many spade and white blues bands, you know, that just kind of stand there—a good example is Charley Musselwhite—and play really well, but they have let the music do all the communication."

"The average person, even if he's a little into the blues," Jay said, "is just gonna shrug his shoulder to it. So that is why we have tried to incorporate an almost R & B (rhythm and blues) show kind of delivery. It goes with the music anyway. We just dig doin' it. We just have so much fun doin' it. We do a couple of R & B tunes. It gives the fringe area listeners something more to identify with. It's a means to turn people on to the music."

Geils said that Wolf, (singer for the band), turned the band on to R & B. Today's modern blues is rhythm and blues. According to Jay, "Wilson Pickett is a blues singer. Otis Redding is a blues singer. You have to realize that the form has changed slightly but the communication is still the same. If you open up your view a little, you'll realize that they're all laying down the same message whether it's a shuffle beat, you know, in Muddy's playing the harp and says, 'My baby ain't here tonight,' or when Little Johnny Taylor says, 'Who's making love to your old lady when you're out making love?'"

Geils continued, "We've always felt, myself, Wolf and Stephen that if we could play as well as we could and have like a visual thing too to carry it across, we would immediately get a lot more fans than just like the blues-freak audience which is all like a blues band can cater to."

"You oughta be able to pick up and turn on people without

(Continued on Page 5, Col. 1)



## Controversy

A new organization, the Anthropology Club, is forming for students interested in ethnology, linguistics, archaeology, physical anthropology, etc. We're planning to sponsor lectures, field trips, films and discussions, and we'll alert the administration, faculty and student body to the amount of interest in Anthropology at Connecticut College.

The large enrollment in Anthropology courses and the favorable responses to the questionnaire indicate a need for more Anthropology courses. This semester 2 courses—Personality in Culture and Latin American Cultures—are being offered and well attended. Last semester, 198 students enrolled in the 3 courses offered: Introduction to Anthro., Cultures of S.E. Asia and the Seminar—that only 2 professors were teaching. How does this compare with our established

departments' student-teacher ratios?

The Anthropology Questionnaire which 308 students returned revealed the following: 236 would take more anthro courses if they were offered and 70 would not; 35 students are potential majors and 253 are not, although some students indicate that they would have been majors, but they are now juniors or seniors; 256 feel that we had an Anthro. Dept. and 28 feel we do not; 67 are interested in forming a club and 201 were not interested.

The courses most desired are: more Cultural Anthropology—79; Archaeology—77; Linguistics—50; and Physical Anthropology—41. Of these courses, Archaeology is not offered annually by Wesleyan.

We hope that this response from students will promote study on possible solutions or compromises and lead to an earlier settlement of the anthropology situation.

Apart from student interest, Conn is well-situated for Anthropology study. We are near the Human Relations Area Files (at Yale), needed for cross-cultural research. We are also close to an Indian Reservation—an ideal place for an archaeological dig.

At the moment, students interested in concentrating in Anthropology must supplement our few anthro courses with Wesleyan courses. They run through tedious processes of declaring interdepartmental majors, working through the Twelve College Exchange Program, transferring, double majoring or majoring in Sociology.

These alternatives are disadvantageous because anthropology is an eclectic discipline with methods and theory related to, but distinct from other social sciences. Without a separate department and more advisors, prospective majors are

discouraged from going into this field.

We realize that creating an Anthropology Department would be too expensive an undertaking for the immediate future, however, there are practical compromises. One possibility is an official revision of course requirements for the Sociology major so that students could fulfill sociology requirements, yet concentrate on anthropology courses. Also, a part-time anthropologist or anthropology graduate student could be added to the Sociology Department.

A reasonable compromise can and should be found. We need more anthropology courses (even one addition would help) and eventually we need a department.

Let's work for it!

Fay Tovian '73 Jeane Christie '71

Isa Nieves '72 Ellen Lipp '74

Ellen Hermanson '74







GEILS BAND

(Continued from Page 3, Col 5)

compromising your music," Geils said, "turn them on to what you're doing. So we've sort of installed this thing where we work out and Wolf does his thing. You know, it's really groovy and I think it has helped. It's a thing I would like to see more bands do."

Peter Wolf likes the rhythm and blues approach because, as he said, "You can get a little more insane. You can get a little closer to the people.....I just dig dancing. I just like the jungle thing about it."

Jay said that groups like the Cream were so cool and so into the music that they did nothing but stand dully up on stage while playing. "That's fine but I think it kind of turned a lot of people off to the music whereas the spade approach has always been, you know, a little more showmanship and still playing your ass off—you know, somebody like Junior Wells or Buddy Guy."

Jay said, "To my way of thinking it shows that you're even more into your music if you can play really well and have a lot of other things together at the same time, you know. To me, that gives the impression of really being together with your axe (guitar) or whatever."

Who would Jay like to play like? "An obvious answer to that would be BB King, but like, he's already doing his thing." Jay said that most modern blues guitarists owe some of their style to BB King. King introduced the electric guitar style of using the power of the amplifier to sustain notes. Also, he developed, "a certain way of fretting the guitar."

Jay added, "But what I'm looking for and what I think we're all looking for in the band is to come up with something, in my case, as groovy as what BB King has done or Buddy Guy but have it identifiable as myself, or in Dick's case, something as groovy as Little Walter or Junior Wells or Sonny Boy (Williamson), known for their harp playing. Somebody would be able to listen to it and say, 'well, that's Magic Dick' or something like that."

The band is looking for a sound, "halfway between Chicago blues and R & B." Jay said, "Just exactly what this is going to be we don't know. The kind of things we've gotten so far in this direction are like the R & B—Memphis kind of rhythms like you hear on Sam and Dave and Booker T and the MG's."

A breakthrough for the band towards their own sound is a tune called, "She's Looking Good," an old Rodge Martin tune, redone by Wilson Pickett. In this song Magic Dick plays a horn part on the amplified harp. Jay called it a, "whole different sound," unlike Chicago blues, unlike R & B. "It sounds like something wholly other. But we want it to sound groovy too—I mean, so many groups, just for the sake of being original have played shit whereas we want our thing to sound groovy."

On a rainy April night, I drove out to a small bar—nightclub in Worcester called Tammany Hall to hear the band. Soon after my arrival they played "She's Looking Good," the song that Jay had called a breakthrough. Harp and guitar repeated a light riff behind the verses of the

song.

"You got that little somethin'  
Make a man loose his mind  
You got that little thing baby  
Make me know that you're mine.  
Momma get your mojo  
Papa get your gun  
You got that little somethin'  
Gonna be your son."

The music was happy and lively, the lyrics nonsensical and naughty. The drummer, Stephen, took a break with an intense beat. Wolf's gritty voice chanted a verse. The unamplified voices of the band yelled the verses in return while the audience hooted, yelled, and clapped.

A new song began. Jay Geils on guitar and Danny "Big House" Klein on bass repeated a simple boogie woogie wailing bass line. Peter Wolf interjected comments—something about Kansas City—the words were unimportant. His voice serve to complement the rhythm put down by husky mustachioed Stephen Bladd who drummed under a large painting of a fox.

"Ba-a-a-by—I said Ba-a-a-by  
Won't you bring it on home to me?"

"Magic Dick" punctuated each line of verse on the electrified harp (harmonica). Occasionally, he walked out into the audience, puffing into his instrument. Dick, Jay, and Danny wore a jacket and tie. While playing, Dick's face was almost invisible behind glasses, long curly hair, hands, microphone, and harmonica.

Wolf's entire body is involved with his music. His hands, feet and torso squirm, twist, and bounce. His whole body sings. Often, when he doesn't need his microphone, he stuffs it in his pants.

A solo by "Magic Dick" finished the set. I followed the band down to their "dressing room"—the cellar. They were soaked with sweat. Even I, a member of the audience, was sweaty. We salvaged enough old stools from the dusty recesses of the cellar to sit down.

Wolf, Jay, Stephen, and I listened to the songs that I had just taped.

Peter and I stayed in the makeshift dressing room directly under the band until it was time for him to go on stage. He talks with a mixture of Boston South Shore accent, the in-group language used by Boston bands and WBCN disk jockeys and New York accent. Peter is of medium height, thin, has long black hair, sideburns, sometimes wears patent leather shoes and purple shirts on stage. Peter and I yayed ime keshift dressig rom directly under the band until it was time for him to go on stage. He talks with a mixture of Boston South Shore accent, the in-group language used by Boston bands and WBCN disk jockeys and New York accent.

We were still involved with music, both of us moving, talking, and tapping our feet to a smooth instrumental solo dominated by harp and mellow guitar chords.

A major influence on Peter was the music he used to hear at the Apollo Theater in New York. He said, "There was something in that music. There was something in that beat in the music that really knocks me out."

"The thing that gets into me is

that I want to create something that I can respect." Peter said, "You know, I haven't done it yet and I might not do it but I'm not going to stop for a long while because that's the only way I can respect myself—until I do that."

Although Tammany Hall is not ideal, he enjoys playing there because audience response is so good. Playing isn't always so rewarding. "It's pure hassle," said Wolf, "if, like, the p.a.'s not good—if the instruments or the amplifiers are bad or if the club acoustics are bad—it's just terrible—sometimes you play and there's no satisfaction but every time you get up there, you try, you hope for it. What brings us satisfaction is you yourself, the band getting it, and the people getting it. The people in turn are clapping which reflects the whole thing—'Hey man, you cats are all right!'"

The band upstairs was into a third instrumental. A fluid harp solo burred and trilled, then screeched into the upper registers, leading into a frantic guitar solo accompanied by crashing cymbals and shouts of approval from the audience. Peter remarked, "You gotta keep it loose in the sense where everybody can sort of feel what they want to do—like this break that just happened upstairs (Jay's solo.) Now there's no calling for it. Jay just kept another one going because he felt it." Dick signalled and they went back into the song. He added, "They might go into three more verses. They might go into seventeen breaks. Everybody is loose but yet tight enough to know, hey, it's gonna end, it's gonna stop. It's never a stiff thing but it's got a structure to it."

In their search for a sound, the members of the J. Geils Band live on a diet of audience enthusiasm, self-satisfaction in playing, and the hope of making it in the music world. Their present style is an accumulation of styles of other musicians. Through imitation of other artists and through improvisation, they hope to cast off direct imitation and arrive at their own style or sound.

Peter Wolf explained it better. "The thing for me is just trying to get myself together and just keep working, hoping that some day it'll pay off. That's what the whole band is into. They all dig it—what they are all into."

## TONIGHT

Dr. John Kautsky, Professor of Political Science at Washington University, will speak to interested students and faculty at 7:00 at the Faculty Lounge in Burdick. He is the author of *Political Change in Underdeveloped Countries* and will speak on that topic.

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Professor Duane Lockard will speak on "The City in Crisis" as part of the Bernstein Lecture Series on Tuesday, May 4 at 8 p.m. Professor Lockard, chairman of the Department of Politics at Princeton University, was formerly a member of the government department at Connecticut College. He has served as a consultant to the state of New Jersey and to Mayor Kenneth Gibson of Newark. Professor Lockard's books and articles include a study of anti-discrimination laws, *The Perverted Priorities of American Politics*, and a recent scathing review of Banfield's *The Unheavenly City*.

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...AND SKIM MILK

(Continued from page 1, col. 2)

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