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# THE COLLEGE VOICE

April 24, 1981

Vol. IV, No. 18

Connecticut College's Weekly Newspaper

## Voices Against Nuclear Armament

By HEIDI HAAS

It is difficult to imagine a world without nuclear weapons, but it is even harder to imagine a world after nuclear war. To Freeze the Arms Race is not simply an argument of technical information or statistics but what moral commitments and cultural assumptions lie behind our way of seeing this issue.

An April 15, 1981 the following speakers spoke for a freeze in the U.S.-USSR arms race: David Robb, our college chaplain; Marta Daniels and Alison Oldham, representatives of American Friends Service Committee; and Fred Hooen, Class of '82. Marta Daniels presented a brief summary on what the freeze implies. SALT II is a preparation for the arms freeze. This treaty implies that neither could win in an all-out nuclear war. Therefore, both sides should stop where they are before technology advances continue which would inevitably unbalance the two nations. There is fear that technology is moving in a direction which

is virtually unknown. If and when we realize the dangers of this advance, it may be too late to back off. SALT II requires a bilateral freeze on testing, deployment, and production, including the MX missile, and Trident nuclear submarine. Ms. Daniels said, that it is quite a sad commentary on our nation if our national security is defined by the numbers of weapons we possess. In reality, "the increasing numbers of nuclear weapons are merely the means to the end of this myth of security" stressed Ms. Daniels. Now is a critical time in the arms race.

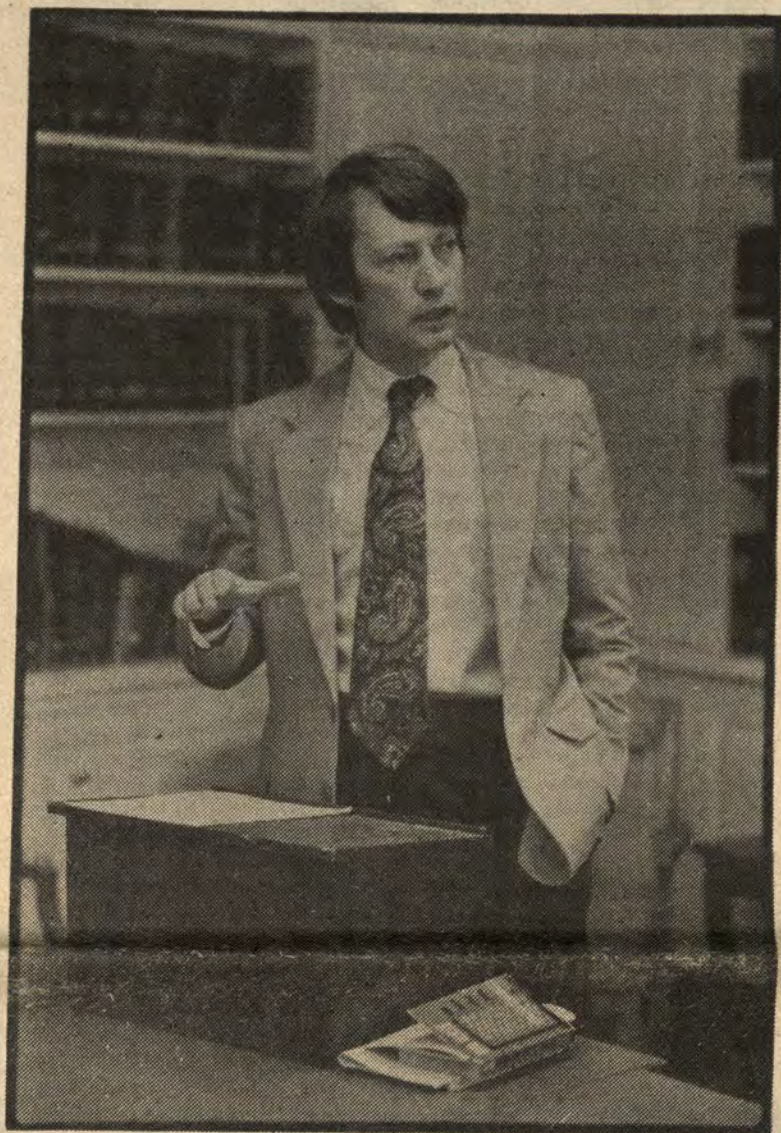
The evening began with David Robb presenting the moral implications of a nuclear arms freeze. He stressed that "our national interests are threatened, but we must decide what is appropriate in confronting this threat." Our government has chosen nuclear weapons and we are bombarded with information about these weapons; their costs, military capacities, technical advances, etc. Yet, as Mr. Robb pointed out, the average person cannot grasp what all this information means. Unlike others, USSR, Hiroshima, etc. the U.S. has no first hand experience with this horror and destruction. Since we are left with abstractions, the majority have bought the cultural assumptions that these nuclear weapons are important for our national security, employment, curbing inflation, and the morale of this country. Those working for a nuclear arms freeze are in the minority because they refuse to accept these myths. To see in new ways means cutting through the cultural assumptions, but this different way is crucial. To really understand what we are taking about is to "see feelingly," to question what we are told and discover a new way of grasping this issue.

Following Mr. Robb, Marta Daniels offered the politics of the arms freeze. Why would the USSR be interested and willing in this freeze with the US? "Although we can't be convinced of theirs or our secret intentions, we should look at their self-interests. What would motivate them? No country will comply if it is not in their self-interest," explained Ms. Daniels. She then presented four possible reasons. The U.S. is now five years technologically ahead the USSR. This leaves them vulnerable until they develop to their capacity. Once both sides start, it is difficult to stop. Besides feeling vulnerable, there is a great military imbalance. All

weapons not belonging to the USSR or her allies, are aimed at the USSR. Since this society has tasted the horrors of war after three invasions in the twentieth century, the people are sensitive to war. This imbalance only increases their fears. The third possible reason involves China. Reducing the output of nuclear weapons to the West, allows them to focus on the more imminent threat from China. The fourth, and most compelling, motivating factor is the USSR's economy. As Ms. Daniels explained, "the arms race is bleeding them dry." With a freeze on nuclear arms, they could attack more immediate problems in their own country. After elaborating on these four, the issue of trust arose. Can we trust the USSR? "We do trust their leaders to be rational and not push the buttons," asserted Ms. Daniels. Since 1959 the USSR's compliance on the 14 arms treaties has been good to excellent according to the State Department. There is no reason why we should seek this freeze in Ms. Daniels opinion. Instead of perpetuating the nuclear arms race, we must learn how to survive. This has become a race between awareness and catastrophe.

Alison Oldham emphasized the economics around the nuclear arms race. Connecticut is the most defense dependent state, with approximately 3.9 billion dollars in defense contracts. She stated, "we have to realize people's jobs are important for their self-image. People are judged and identified by their job." So, when one perceives one's job is threatened, there is more at stake than dollars. Like Mr. Robb, Ms. Oldham stressed that most are "living in a fool's paradise" because the arms race is remote to their daily existence. Yet, if one mentions closing a place like Electric Boat, home of the Trident nuclear submarine, people are outraged and feel their jobs are threatened. "It is hard to get beyond the fear," she stated, "but it is important for them to understand that more jobs can be created by other means." Economic conversion should be stressed and military expenditures be reduced. By transferring approximately 14.3 billion dollars from defense to mass transit, energy, etc. where skills and machinery already exist, 770,000 jobs can be created every year. Once we all understand how the arms race affects our lives, we will be able to communicate with each other and hopefully alter

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## Empty Nests and Empty Desks

By ALINE BERNSTEIN

Echoes of the "baby boom" are beginning to worry the Connecticut College administration. This college, as well as many other institutions of higher education, underwent rapid expansion in the 1960s and 1970s, not foreseeing the sharp dropoff in the 1980s of college-bound Northeasterners. This pool of potential candidates, a major one for any New England college, will be reduced by almost 40 percent from 1979 to 1994, says Dr. Scott Warren, chairman of the recently established Committee on Connecticut's Future. The committee has been meeting weekly since the beginning of the semester and has two goals: one, to ascertain the exact nature of the threat; two, to advise the Board of Trustees in their plan to cope with it.

The problem is not a simple one, says Dr. Warren. The committee, consisting of some 20 persons including: faculty, deans, students, and College President Oakes Ames, is divided into four sub-committees: Admissions and Demographics, Academic Resources, student life, and non-academic Resources and Development. The first of these is most active now, assimilating data in the hope of simplifying the problem

and identifying alternatives. However, says Dr. Warren, all work is as yet not fit for publication.

President Ames is hopeful about the role of the committee in the future of the college. He stresses the importance of recognizing the trend of deflation in the applicant pool from which Connecticut has drawn in the past. Failure to do so, he says, would probably result in the necessity to choose between two harsh alternatives: one, to reduce the actual size of the college by admitting only those students who would ordinarily meet admissions standards; two, to admit a greater percentage of the applicants in order to maintain class size. The President, like the committee, does not have a ready formula, but he hopes that a combination of measures will alleviate the tensions ahead. For example, increasing Connecticut's competitive appeal would increase the number of applicants; Connecticut's strong Alumni Association can reach out to high schools, and questionnaires to students in high schools and the college itself could help Connecticut to show visitors its best side. In addition, some cuts may be necessary; however, say Ames and Warren, faculty and services

are not as easily reduced as they are increased.

The Committee on Connecticut's Future is yet far from being able to give specific advice to the Board of Trustees, says Dr. Warren. Because negative population growth is an unprecedented development in the history of higher education, the committee must carefully calculate a quantitative description of the applications situation as it will become in the years ahead. As it progresses, the committee will be contacting students and faculty, both to keep them informed, and perhaps to solicit their aid. Dr. Warren expects to send an introductory communication to the college community this semester, but projects next fall as the beginning of activity in earnest. President Ames feels that Connecticut is getting the jump on many competitors and smaller colleges by going to meet the challenge before it gains enough force to direct the course of the college. Once the committee has given the Board of Trustees a "framework" upon which to build, he says, the Board can "be imaginative" in finding ways to reconcile the changing applicant pool with adjustments in the school itself.



## NEWS

## Mr. Cibes Goes to Town

By MARK W. HALL

On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 10:20 a.m. and even earlier Tuesdays and Thursdays, Bill Cibes's form can be seen to emerge from the little door of the main building of Connecticut College. A student often at his elbow, he picks his way through the morning crowds to the campus post office, checks his box, then swings back to a rather battered 1968 Chevy strewn with political stickers. Into the back, he eases his briefcase next to some rather formidable-looking government papers. Having got his car started another day, Mr. Cibes rolls down the hill onto the well-worn highway to another job and another world. He is the 39th District's professor-legislator.

In the classroom, Mr. Cibes can teach anything from judicial affairs to international treaties, although his specialty is constitutional law. His popularity at the college for good instruction remains unabated despite his nascent political career. In fact, according to student evaluations, Mr. Cibes's performance may even have improved by the use of practical examples in theoretical discussion. His lecture can easily incorporate property disputes over a local shopping center, fishing rights between countries, or the regulation of war. In fact, last summer, Mr. Cibes shot off a 100-plus page report to a state official regarding a proposed shopping center, and now thinks of using it in some form as scholarly research. Similarly, the politician profits from his educational calling when on the local school board or legislative committees, again successfully combining academic with operational. The two seem to exist side by side, like two bedfellows nurturing one another.

Connecticut's 39th legislative area comprises most of New London, an old, somewhat seedy municipality of 32,000 trying to effect a "come-back." In another time, a whaling port reigned here, but now the local economy depends on nuclear submarines and a naval base for sustenance. A shell of a Democratic machine remains among the older ethnics, progressively enfeebled by incoming blacks and Puerto Ricans. Since the divisive 1960's, there has been some ill-feeling toward the "school on the hill," Connecticut College.

Such was the local picture Democrat Cibes faced in mapping out a strategy for 1978. He had taught at Conn. since 1969, had served as Chairman of the education board, and had already lost one bid for legislator due to a poor Democratic turnout. The 1978 struggle saw him pitted against not only the Republican incumbent, but a rather curious coalition of the fiscally concerned called the Alternatives Party. To win, Mr. Cibes had to strike a prudent balance between groups, so often true of Democratic coalition-building. Students at school



remembered his liberalism, the newer minorities were courted for their potential vote; ethnic party lever-pulles stayed in line by Cibes's fiscalism. Campaign literature hardly mentioned his professorship, so as to smooth over any "town-gown" vulnerabilities. Election day saw Mr. Cibes win handsomely as he did again in 1980. The diverse and still potent Democratic, urban tradition had paid off. Run a non-strident campaign, keep a low profile, sweep in on the "coat-tail" pull of higher-ups. The district's only paper endorsed him both times. As for the "town-gown" problem, the 1978 victor declared his election "ought to lay to rest the whole thing about this college not being accepted in New London."

As Mr. Smith had gone to Washington, so Mr. Cibes now goes to Hartford. His classes in the morning, legislature for the afternoon, he travels from one setting to another. An hour's trek brings forth the colossal statehouse, in which Mr. Cibes has a tiny open cubicle for an office. One grey, surly April day seemed typically routine, as he whisked off for a rendezvous with the president of U-Conn before taking his seat on the floor.

The session that day meant to be exciting without being so. Discussion of the public budget never came about as planned. Instead controversy swirled around a proposal to do away with liquor monopolies and minimum prices accorded wholesalers some twenty years ago. A case-study in special interest politics presented itself, as those affected cluttered the galleries, scarlet badges on patterned shirts proclaiming "Minimum Markup." The assembled delegates however wouldn't budge. With sun starting to shine through the stain-glassed windows, members voted away favoritism, and then stood in prayer for a deceased litter commissioner. The wholesalers stomped out. Tallying was performed by electronic wizardry. The Polish, Irish, Italian and Spanish names on the board attesting to the great diversity of the state. Such hubbub prevailed in the chamber that the silver-tongued Speaker frequently chastised the assemblage back into civility. Mr. Cibes listened, joked,

lobbied, but seldom spoke to the body. Liquor was not his specialty and though he rallied with the majority, he seemed more interested in finding out who was cutting funds for vocational education.

Garbed in either collegiate corduroy or sporting polyester, Mr. Cibes mixes as easily in capitol corridors as in academic ones. He is a large and genial man, with an intellect that seemingly inhales information. One campus rumour claims his familiarity with almost every Supreme Court case heard, not dared substantiated by this writer. Other legislators respect his good humour and work. Connecticut magazine

rated him in the upper third of representatives, not bad for one of only three years. Although certainly less than flamboyant, Mr. Cibes does project an image of solid, dogged effort, and becomes very impassioned and absorbed as concerns his causes. He feels increasingly emboldened to speak out against the leadership, which, he laments, has become all too necessary. Surprisingly, the 38-year old legislator gives few hometown speeches, as a more ambitious figure might, but attends a sufficient number of Irish wakes. Except for a newspaper column, very little constituency toil tugs on one's time at this level, freeing Mr. Cibes in a way less common for more powerful politicians.

One reason Mr. Cibes's balance of electoral forces in N. London works may be due to his moderate ideology. The formula of social liberalism and pecuniary prudence claims many adherents today. Although concern for individual rights only awakened in him during the 1960's, Mr. Cibes's thriftiness may have deeper roots. Born of German ancestry in rural Kansas, young William Joseph Cibes learned the limits of finance and farm-life. "Money spent ought to be wisely spent" was firmly inculcated at home by conservative "hardshell"

Lutheran then Baptists parents. His role-models were teachers, and to that profession he gravitated; but it was only an arduous course at Kansas State that really interested him in constitutional law. (Mr. Cibes seems to have learned little since then, as his own classes are hardly less than strenuous.) The Kennedy assassination and Goldwater nomination turned his head to social justice; graduate school in N.J. (Princeton) offered encounters with other ethnic groups. When Mr. Cibes switched parties, converted to the Catholicism of his wife, and spoke out against Vietnam, a total turnabout with the past and Eisenhower philosophy of family seemed nigh. Yet the old fiscally-cautious streak crept in anew when the professor was brought face-to-face with N. London's school budgets. This streak is not the fanatically slashing zeal currently rampaging through Washington, but rather more of a belief that, yes, money, should be spent, but done so wisely. One recalls the philosophy of former Senator Muskie when chairman of the budget committee and his "sunset" legislation.

More pronounced than any ideology however is Mr. Cibes's fidelity to the cause of N. London and cities in

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## Tales of The Survivors

By ARON ABRAMS

"To speak or not to speak? When we discuss the Holocaust, should we try to bring to light the darkness of man, to explain the unexplainable? Words are inadequate to describe the events of this period, this kingdom of night. Words are merely an echo."

This question is raised by Elie Wiesel, a survivor of the Holocaust who has written books on the subject. Wiesel obviously feels that the Holocaust must be discussed, or the subject will fade into history, thus becoming easier to accept and easier to forget. According to Wiesel, this cannot be allowed to happen. The lesson of the Holocaust must be remembered.

Dana Klein has heard and recorded the tales of survivors of the Nazi era. Ms. Klein, who received her M.A. from Connecticut College, has interviewed twenty one Jews who suffered during the Nazi domination of Europe. Working for the Oral History Department of the University of Connecticut and the Center for Contemporary Jewish Studies, Ms. Klein recorded her conversations with citizens from the towns of Norwich, New London, Hartford, New Haven, and Waterford.

Ms. Klein played four of these recordings April 21 in the Haines Room of the Library.

"I was given the list of people from a rabbi," says

Ms. Klein. "Most of them had the desire to speak as they'd never spoken before. A month after I interviewed her, one woman wrote to thank me. She said that, in all these years, I was the only person who listened to what she had to say about the period."

The people Ms. Klein interviewed had different backgrounds. Some were never sent to concentration camps. Others survived only by, in the words of one person, "trying to remember to stay alive." The recorded memories were informative, captivating and, most importantly, chilling.

One man remembered how close he came to being "relocated," the euphemism Nazis used for extermination. This man, Joseph S., was born in Berlin in 1938. He was three years old when his father was sent away. From that time on, Joseph spent his days playing in the family's windowless apartment. Joseph, his mother, and his sister devised a hiding place out of a walk-in closet and hid themselves behind a panel. At night, his mother would warn him to keep absolutely still if he heard a "crashing noise," for that would mean the Germans had found them.

"One night," says Joseph, "I heard the crashing noise. The Germans were here. My mother got out of bed and held the panel tight and still. The Nazis shined a flashlight under the crack of the panel and it lit the room like sun-

shine. Outside the panel, we could hear the neighbors tell the Nazis that they were sure we were around, that they should check outside the apartment and look for us.

"We thought we heard the Nazis leave and my sister wanted to go out of the room and tell our neighbors we alive. But my mother told her not to, for the Nazis would often wait ten minutes after leaving and then enter and search again. They did, and, again I heard the crashing noise.

"The Nazis left and, when we were sure they were gone, my mother came out. The neighbors were surprised and they asked where we had been and didn't we know the Nazis had been here. My mother thanked them for being such 'good neighbors.'"

Joseph spent the remainder of the war living with peasant farmers. His sister lived with nuns and his mother hid in the coal bin of family friends. Eventually, Joseph came to New York and became an engineer.

An interview with a Rabbi who survived Buchenwald was also heard. Since 1933, the Rabbi noted, conditions for the Jews had rapidly deteriorated. Jewish children were forced to go to separate schools; the Nazis enforced a nation-wide boycott of Jewish businesses; temples were failing. Despite this, the Rabbi refused to leave Germany for he did not

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# EDITORIALS

## The Connecticut College Corpse

We're dead.

The student body is now the student cadaver, and anyone with a stomach for the autopsy will find that, beneath the blood-bruise of the three unopposed student government candidates, a malignancy of mistrust, confusion and despair gorged itself full of our most vital tissues.

Terminal is the only word to describe the present absence of a unified student interest in student affairs. The corpse still kicks -- there is a J-Board, a paper, a government, a radio station, even a select few on committees -- but it's involuntary motion, and it goes away eventually. The corpse is surrounded and saturated by issues. Issues of student self-determination and protection, important questions about the cryptic decision-making machine: "they." No college has it so good that student representation is unnecessary, no college elects its representatives simply by indifference.

How has this happened? Not a death with dignity, certainly, but something pulled the plugs. Neither is it an indictment of the three elect. They have held to

beliefs everyone else apparently has given up on; it is as much their challenge and duty to lead the Student Government Association as if they had won a tight race. There is no cause to question ability. The cadaver remains the question: what killed what, so that only half the populace elected unopposed challengers.

Apathy is an easy and suitably ghastly word. It is not the answer. In this community of 1800, more than three people are qualified and compelled to leadership. There is a wealth of best and brightest here. The 'me generation' attitude doesn't catch either. Responsibility and power fuel selfish fires just as well as introversion.

The basic difference between those who "ran" and the rest of us is the experience candidates perpetually jaw about. Veterans of other student groups and organizations, their experience is that the system works when the game is played by all the rules. Most students don't see that angle, and many of them have stretched their necks so far to see it that they've gotten clobbered by the reality that representation is so often a

bad joke at this school. Some of our best potential leaders test the water as house presidents, or even dorm social chairmen, and pull back shivering with dread over procedure and hierarchy, shivering devoid of support, permanently touched by the palpable sense of uselessness and unrewarded effort which characterizes grass roots Conn. politics.

A sad problem, but there are problems for this year's



Illustration by Chris Harford

"winners" as well. In that only half of us cared to vote, the elect have no real sense of responsibility to a trusting

constituency: the concept of representation is out the window. More importantly, through our lack of confidence, they have no solid mandate to justify their stands, to protect their flank when dealing with the "grown-ups." The strange duality of winning, and yet never competing, is bound to be as negative a feeling as positive and if ever there were a person who should not feel negative about representation, it is the head of the student government.

The students move on, still feeling resentful toward a system they don't understand, and can't get a break from; still with a subliminal disdain for the representatives, who they see as party to the madness. The candidates move into their tenure: the students obviously don't care; this becomes in inverted logic a new kind of mandate, to do whatever is easiest, most profitable -- "no one out there questions anything we do, so we must be doing great."

Who can say if there is any reviving The Victim. Someday the inverted mandate will snap back hard, and what a mess that will be: "We had to destroy student government to save it."

The students can make the representatives responsible, give them their mandate by forcing them to lead, to listen. The disgruntled best and brightest's criticism, detached and steady, can keep things honest, could lead a general move toward a new kind of accountability. O.K., so you're in the big chairs, let's see you use them for us, or else catch hell for a whole year from the masses...artificial resuscitation.

M.S.

## LETTERS

To the Editor:

In reading last week's Voice (dated April 17, 1981), I couldn't help but be pleased at the two letters written in response to the articles concerning abortion that Pat Kennedy and I wrote for the April 10th issue of the Voice. The object of the debate in which Mr. Kennedy and I are participating is two-fold: first, we wish to inform the student body about the important issues facing the public today, and second we are trying to generate some kind of discussion about them. Reading the two letters, written by Charlene DiCagilliaro, et. al., and Terry Greene, I can be satisfied at having fulfilled, at least in part, the second half of our goal.

Our discussions will continue in the future, and may become a regular or semi-regular aspect of the College Voice. While I don't expect everyone to agree with the viewpoints held by Mr. Kennedy or myself, I hope everyone will read the articles and respond, mentally, vocally or in writing. These types of discussion are important, and I hope we can be a catalyst for them.

Again, I applaud the students who responded to our efforts.

Sincerely,  
William Field '83

To the Editor:

I am pleased that the issue of poor campus security has finally been made public. In addition to the complaints listed in Meredith Drake's article, there are several others. At the November all-campus party, I approached one of the uniformed officers and asked him to please patrol the many doors which lead to Harris green. His response was, "You have girls in your dorm doing that, I don't need to." An additional complaint about student patrol was that one of them maintained that he was required to accompany the dorm treasurer to her room to watch her count the money. This is not a requirement.

As these people are employees, in a sense, when hired by my dorm to keep control of a party, they should also face the possibility of not being paid for services poorly done. It seems ironic that students who are supposed to be learning about being responsible adults certainly cannot use these irresponsible people as examples. The Director of Campus Security, Joseph Bianchi, will not accept the fact that his men can do any wrong.

Since we lost money on the party due to lax security the payment for these officers was taken out of the dorm treasury even after I refused to pay them. Our large debt

was, of course, covered by dorm dues. It is very frustrating to have to reason with those dorm members who covered the debt with their \$10.00 and will get nothing from it and those in the majority who refuse to pay dues for the same reason.

It is evident that the duties of campus security should be re-evaluated. Anyone who has had problems like these, (and I know Wright dorm is far from being the first) should bring these issues into the open. Maybe we could save money in various areas with some re-evaluation.

Out in the "real world" refusing to pay for services not rendered is usually an option. In this case of campus security, it is not.

Holly Hubbard '82  
Wright Social Chairperson

Thanks  
to a great  
staff!  
SB

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## NEWS

# Human Rights: A Necessary Policy

By WILLIAM FIELD

Following President Carter's election in 1976, human rights considerations, until that time only an idea for judgment, became a central pillar of the foreign policy decision-making process. Backing human rights and pushing for greater political freedom in foreign countries became a policy goal for the Carter Administration. Those countries who "grossly violated" the rights of their citizens, like Chile, Argentina, Vietnam, South Africa and the USSR, were not treated in the same way as those with good human rights records. Assistance programs, both economic, and especially military, were tied to the human rights record in each recipient country. As a result, such countries as South Korea, the Philippines, Brazil, Nicaragua, and, to lesser extent, Iran, did not get all the aid they requested. Additional aid was tied to improving such individual freedoms as lessening imprisonments, tortures, etc.

The results of this concentration of attention on one specific aspect of a country's policy were, of course, mixed. In the USSR, for example, many dissidents were allowed to leave the country or go free as a result of American involvement. In South Korea, opposition leader Kim Dae Jung, convicted on trumped up charges of treason and sentenced to death, was not executed, but instead given life imprisonment with hope for eventual pardon, due to President Carter's intervention. And in the Philippines, President Marcos reestablished civilian law after eight years of martial law and governmental repression. Because of the dependence of these governments on American support, this emphasis on improving the lot of the citizens had tangible results. The cause of freedom was advanced and the image of the United States in the world improved.

President Reagan is out to change all that. He has withdrawn this regard for human rights in allocating aid to other countries. In returning to the folly of unequivocally supporting our right-wing "friends" who can stay in control only through repression, President Reagan is inviting another Iran, another Nicaragua, another Vietnam.

It is time he saw the inconsistency of this position. We proclaim ourselves as the champions of freedom, and yet, with our military and economic aid to repressive regimes, we are working directly to undermine and destroy the very causes for which we stand.

Some people may argue we cannot legislate the morals of other nations, or that we must not interfere in the domestic policies of foreign governments. We must seek friends wherever we can find them. In response, let me offer this analogy: If there was a person whom you did not like, with whose morals and actions you did not agree, would you befriend that individual

unconditionally? Of course not. If you befriended him at all, it would be with reservations and not on an intimate basis. If you were the individual's version of the "arsenal of democracy," you would work to stop the person's aggressive actions and try to convert him, as it were, into a decent member of society.

The same applies to the international arena. Whether we like it or not, many of our "friends" are right-wing military dictatorships, moderate but repressive regimes, and the like. We give them money and weapons, thereby legitimizing the governments' repressive policies and alienating the populations. What would you do if a friend fell into a familial situation where he was exercising his authority in repressive ways? Of course, if you were the individual referred to above, you would try to help to improve the situation. The same criteria and obligations apply to the United States on the international scale. We have a duty to pick our friends, and to improve them as friends, by whatever means we have.

International relations are not very different from interpersonal relations. The morals that guide the individual in a democratic society also guide the society as a whole. While I am not advocating ignoring and ostracizing countries with deplorable human rights records, we must differentiate between our real friends and those who are simply currying our favor to gain the means by which to remain in power. Our real friends are those countries with established democracies and those which are working toward some form of participatory system. Those regimes which cannot survive without American-sanctioned and -supported repression, as in Somoza's Nicaragua and Park's Korea, are not our true friends; in fact, they are enemies in disguise. As we support a repressive, uniformly unpopular regime, we alienate the general population. In the short run, a "friendly" government may remain in power, but in the long run that regime will almost certainly be overthrown, and a regime much less favorably disposed to the Western democracies will be created. The Ayatollah's Iran is a case in point.

When we tie assistance to a human rights stance, we are not interfering in domestic politics any more than if we gave a repressive regime aid, carte blanche. Unrestricted aid gives the regime an aura of legitimacy it may not ordinarily have, and helps that regime retain its control despite its unpopularity. Controlling this aid and ending repression does two things. Domestically, it actually increases the acceptability of a regime bordering on legitimacy. Ending or restricting repression raises the regime's esteem, and the aid helps the population and the regime. For a regime that is not legitimate, it causes (or

helps to cause) a political change to install a legitimate system. Internationally, supporting human rights increases the stature of the American government and ends our hypocritical stand. How can one advocate freedom and democracy while at the same time actively supporting the repression practised by Pinochet in Chile, Zia in Pakistan and Choon in South Korea?

Many people argue we cannot impose our morals on other cultures. We are not imposing our morals on them at all; we are choosing our friends on the basis of our morals (as we must do, given our history and culture); is that a ridiculous stand to take? If another nation does not wish to be judged by our morals, fine. They had better not expect any aid from us, though. Using our morals to determine the direction of our assistance programs is a sound policy. If the potential recipient does not wish to abide by them, then I see no reason to actively use our economy, military, etc. to endorse their repugnant practices.

The "struggle against communism" is not solely a military affair. Without an unpopular system against which to rally the general population, leftist revolutionaries cannot succeed in their struggle. The role of the United States should be, and must be, for our own survival, a progressive one of advancing the cause of democracy: toleration of dissenting ideas, and freedom. It must not be a reactionary position of supporting right-wing dictatorships with no regard to the will of the general population. If regimes wish to violate the human rights of their subjects, they may do so at their own peril; they must not have American backing for their repressive policies and reactionary programs.

## Feminism Forum

An informal panel-type discussion was sponsored this week by Chapel Board. In an attempt to "try to start things happening on campus between faculty of different disciplines," the Chapel Board has set up four Faculty Forums.

This week's topic was "Men's Views on Feminism" with Michael Burlingame from the history department, Carolyn Coles from dance, and Harold Juli from anthropology. The discussion began with each professor's basic views on feminism.

Burlingame sees women's liberation as equal to men's liberation. "Men are tyrannized by their careers and are out of touch with their emotions. Women have done them a great service by launching the liberation movement."

# Floralia to Blossom May 3

By PUTNAM GOODWIN

Floralia is one of the things at Conn. College that is done up right every year. Very seldom will you hear complaints from any member of the student body that attends this May festival, even though around 7:00 p.m. someone from Groton usually dispatches a policeman up to the campus to quiet things down. Floralia is a May festival started five years ago. A stage is set up in the library amphitheater, and for the entire day there is music, dancing, clowning, eating, drinking, juggling, and general revelry. The area abounds in balloons, and flowers. It is really a chance to blow off a little steam before the final exam crush. It is one of the best attended of all events at Conn., and certainly the most lavish.

Heading up the Floralia committee this year is Kenny Abrahams, the same leader as last year. Kenny did last years as an independent study, and was responsible for much of the activities of the day, including emceeing the event (resplendent in his white tails). This year the executive board of social board is spreading the responsibility among themselves. With Kenny's experience, and the enthusiasm, and efficiency of the new hands, Floralia will

be better than ever.

First of all, it is essential that everyone be praying for sunshine on May 3, (the day) all four floralias have been held in the sun. If it rains the whole thing will have to go inside, and it just wouldn't be Floralia inside. Secondly, you may hear some grumbles about Floralia being on parents weekend. This is due to bad luck. The scheduling of the two events was unavoidable.

The emphasis on this year's Floralia will be color. Colors, bright colors will be everywhere, on the stage, on the library, and among the crowd. There will be musical offerings from five bands, featuring such acts as J.B. Hutto, an amazingly energetic blues guitarist. There will also be Reggae, two jazz bands, and bluegrass, as well as a juggling, and tumbling vaudeville troupe, and a dance created by members of Conn's dance department.

Don't miss Floralia at any cost. It is a real chance to celebrate with a large number of Conn. students unified, and happy. You're not going to be able to work in the library that day, and you'll find on Monday that you'll be ready to face the last two weeks of school a little bit better.



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Coles looks for a change in society and a word to replace "ladies" that does not carry so many female expectations.

Harold Juli remarked that "feminism is proper to our modern society, but it is practically difficult to break constraints. There is no question that it will continue to mature, but it will be slow."

Does feminism put a limitation on relationships? All agreed that compromises are necessary to make such relationships work.

Juli added his feelings that many people are still living in or are returning to a more traditional family situation. Addressing the fact that both women and men in the job market are often discriminated against because of feminism, he suggested that "any move

towards equality at one time or another disenfranchises someone."

Students joined in to question, challenge, and add to what the faculty members said. Over all, the group covered a wide range of topics in a somewhat general fashion. In the brief time allowed, discussion touched on child care, homosexuality, marriage, and the pace of the anticipated change.

To conclude, Burlingame emphasized the need for persistence. "Change doesn't have to take time, but we need to find that change in society — such as how corporations treat employees with children and their need to throttle back a career for a family."

Next week, the third Faculty Forum will discuss "Sexual Ethics" on Tuesday night at 7 in KB living room.



## Pippin: The Magic is Back

They've got magic to do, and it's just for us. The cast and crew of **Pippin** are waiting in the wings to show the school what they've been doing all semester. All signs indicate that when the Master of Ceremonies takes us into the world of Charlemagne and his confused son, **Pippin** will prove to be well worth the wait.

**Pippin** is the major theatre production this semester. According to Nancy Kerr, the director of the show, **Pippin** has "a great and real commitment by the crew and the cast. There are eighteen positions in the cast, and this is the kind of show where everyone can bring what they know to it. We've got actors who, in addition to singing and dancing, also mime, do gymnastics, and even make baby cries. This is a flexible script, so it leaves us room to work this all in."

The flexibility of **Pippin** seems natural, given the show's plot. Basically, it the story of Pippin,

Charlemagne's son, and his search for happiness - his own "corner in the sky." To aid Pippin in this quest are a troupe of traveling actors. They show Pippin various types of lives - the warrior, the lover, the family man - all of which could be his. But each experience leaves the hero as confused as before. The show is vaudeville, a fantasy, a romance, but mainly a story of the identity crisis that any thinking person suffers.

Collaboration is the key to any successful show, and **Pippin** is no exception. Kerr, choreographer Rick Rose, music director Phil Craft have been working hard to fuse all elements of this technically complex show into a flowing body of art, in which none of the factors draw too much attention to itself.

"The tech crews and designers are amazing," says Kerr. "The whole show is just filled with color and excitement and, technically, it



will be a very pretty show. The show came together about a week ago, and, right now, we're just working on getting a balance between the actors and the technicians."

A balance was also struck between the director and cast.

"Nancy Kerr is caring and attentive," says Kip Hashagen, who plays Charlemagne. "She has an idea of what the show should be like, but is still receptive to everyone's ideas."

"Pippin," himself, Chris Fascione, says "Nancy lets the actor find for himself what works. She gives directions, channels and taps our resources to the point of helping us, or me at least, open up and take risks."

Fascione worked with Kerr on the Penny Ante Children's theater, as did co-star Carol Jones. Both Chris and Carol are theatre majors who have been in several major productions in their three years at Connecticut. Carol, who spent last semester at the National Theatre Institute, and Chris are

currently studying drama with Morris Carnovsky.

The cast also features Dan Joseph and Lisa Lee May. Joseph plays the Lead Player who guides Pippin on the tour of his possible futures. And Lisa is Pippin's sprightly grandmother who just might be the only one in the play who understands what life is all about. Chris Remignanti, Heather Stewart, and Bart Hoskins are also prominently featured in a cast which includes Psychology, History, and English majors as well as theatre and dance.

**Pippin** opened to great reviews in the early seventies. It made stars of Jill Clayburgh, Ben Vereen, and John Rubenstein, as well as winning Director-Choreographer Bob Fosse a Tony. New London is sure far from Broadway, but the magic might still be there.

(**Pippin**, with book by Roger Hirson and music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, will be presented in Palmer Auditorium on April 23, 24, and 25 at 8:00).

## Renaissance

By DONNA FELIX

On Wednesday, April 29, at 8:00 in the Harkness Chapel there will be a performance of Renaissance music. The program will consist of dances, fantasias and songs from the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods and will be played on authentic instruments of the time. The performing groups will be the Ars Nova Consort from New London and the Jacobean Consort from New Haven. Their instruments include recorders, viols, voice and percussion.

The viol (also known as the viola da gamba) was the favored string instrument of Renaissance and Baroque courts, including that of Elizabeth I and James I. They have six strings and are fretted like the guitar, but are held vertically like the modern cello. There are three sizes of viols, each with a larger range than its modern counterpart (violin, viola, or cello). The recorder, an early wind instrument was often used in combination with viols. It has 7 fingerholes, a thumbhole, a whistle mouthpiece and is held vertically (unlike the modern flute which is held horizontally). New listeners will be amazed by the variety and subtlety of musical expression in these instruments.

A wealth of music was written for small ensembles of these instruments, better known as consorts. The Ars Nova Consort and the Jacobean Consort will be performing works by the composers Ward, Lawes, Dowland, Morley, and Praetorius. The featured soloist will be Judith Jones, soprano, a Masters candidate from Yale. Other performers include Anita TeHennepe, Joyce Goldberg and Donna Felix. Come and enjoy a Renaissance musical experience.



Photos by Carolyn Blackmar

## Library Leads Support of Student Photography

By MICHAEL SLADDEN

The annual student art show, and a special library exhibit, are at long last giving deserved recognition to serious College photographers. Prints from independent study projects hang with other work in the Cummings galleries, and in the Library, shows by Stuart Gamble '83 and Karen Cortell '84 offer worthwhile diversion from study.

The Library exhibit is particularly encouraging to photographers at Connecticut. With a highly successful Fall show of Jill Kremenz's portraits as precedent, and a recent Collaborations exhibit of photographed television images by Gregor Goethels, librarian Brain Rogers is demonstrating a commitment to photography. Accepting student work for

this exhibit is evidence of his further commitment to student art.

The presentation is clean and professional. Miss Cortell is displaying recent Polaroids under the title "The Extended Image." Mr. Gamble is showing black and white prints from a large format camera. Both mediums are known for their sharpness, and the students' work reflects their fluency with light and silver.

This student exhibit certainly commands equal attention with its professional predecessors, a tribute to both to the photographers, and to their mentor, Ted Hendrickson. As more photographic artists emerge at the College, they will be encouraged at the prospect of recognition from the Library and the art department.

## 'Cool Wave:'

## Riding the Tides of Success

Six Connecticut College dance students will perform a piece choreographed by college senior Lynn Lesniak at the National College Dance Festival at the John F. Kennedy Center for the performing arts in Washington, D.C. May 14, 15, and 16.

Adjudicators of the American College Dance Festival in Boston chose the piece as one of nine works for performance at the National Festival next month.

Entitled "Cool Wave," the new wave punk funk dance number is Ms. Lesniak's senior major project, under the direction of Carolyn Coles, a dance faculty

member. The piece received the additional honor of being placed last on the program.

Performers for the work are freshman Diane Gozomba, Hilary Lower, sophomores Bob Newbold and Nat Thompson, and seniors JoHanne Siff and Shane O'Keefe.

On the basis of her adjudicated dance festival entry, **Dance Magazine** awarded Ms. Lesniak, a resident of Wayne, N.J., a scholarship for choreographic potential to further her creative work in dance. She will receive the scholarship during the dance festival at the Kennedy Center in May.



## Crew's News

By ELIZABETH GREENE

The Women's crew team headed for Worcester April 11 with fire in their eyes. They were to race two top-notch crews, Williams and Boston University. The original scheduled race for that day was supposed to be Conn versus Williams in a dual meet. During the weeks preceeding the race however, B.U. called up Williams and asked if they would care to race them on the scheduled Conn-Williams race day. Williams jumped at this opportunity, and tried to drop Conn from their racing schedule. Since Williams has beaten Conn in the past couple of years their heads seemed to have swelled a little and they didn't see Conn as much of a challenge. Due to the persistence of Conn's womens coach, Fred Schoch, Williams had to stick to the original schedule and B.U. would simply be included in a tri-meet.

The novices started the races that day and ended up beating Williams by a number of seconds and losing to B.U. by just a few. One Williams boat beaten. The junior varsity lined up next and had an extremely close race with Williams, losing by just half a second. Not enough of a challenge for Williams...Hah!

The women's varsity rowed to the starting line, B.U. on the left and Williams on the right. Williams was supposedly racing the tougher competitor B.U. and vice versa, but in reality Conn proved to be the competition. At the finish line Conn had Williams by a length and beat them by a safe margin. B.U. was the victor, but Conn had proven what they had come to prove, they are a threat to any school on the water.



Better luck to Williams next year and may they always be challenged.

In the meantime the varsity men were just as successful, rowing right through Williams and Worcester Polytech. The freshmen men

had a close race, losing to Williams by a mere two seconds. The men will return again to Worcester April 18th for some more racing action as the women head up to Providence to show Brown their racing power.

## Celtics and Sixers...Again!

By Goeffrey Joyce

After defeating the Milwaukee Bucks 4 games to 3 in the Eastern Conference semifinals of the N.B.A., the Philadelphia 76ers travel to the Boston Garden for another showdown with the Celtics. This confrontation has become the most heated rivalry in professional basketball and this series should be nothing shy of a classic. The Celtics feature an awesome front line, led by the indescribable Larry Bird. It is Bird who makes the Celtics go, and how well the Celts will fare in this series depends heavily on how inhuman Bird will play. In the Celts four game sweep of Chicago, he did just about everything. However, against the Sixers, Bird will most likely be guarded by 7'1" Caldwell Jones. It was a year ago that Sixer's coach Billy Cunningham decided to put Caldwell, rather than Erving or Bobby Jones on Bird, and this strategy played an important role in the Sixer's series victory. If anyone is to keep the Birdman from flying, it may just be Caldwell Jones. However, unlike last year, the Celts have a more balanced scoring attack up front. With the aquisition scorers who can take some offensive pressure off Bird in crucial situations.

The Sixers themselves are an improved team over last years finalists. Although Daryll Dawkins remains painfully inconsistent, the Doctor is still the Doctor. With the exception perhaps of Abdul-Jabbar, no one can get two points quicker than Erving, and in playoff competition, this point is critical. In addition to the fine Doctor, the Sixer's have developed the deepest backcourt in the league. Maurice Cheeks has evolved into a superb point guard, who plays exemplary defense. Lionel Hollins is a streaky

shooter, but a great playoff performer. Then there is Andrew Toney. The Sixer's first round pick in last years N.B.A. draft has burned the Celtics all season long. He is a pure shooter who can score points in bundles. Just how well the Celts can control the Sixer's backcourt potential will be a key in this series.

Both teams have seen enough of each other in the past two seasons to know what each other wants to do. The Sixers must establish an inside game which includes center Daryll Dawkins. In the words of Celtic head coach Bill Fitch, when Dawkins plays well, the Sixers are virtually unbeatable. Fortunately for the Sixer's opponents, Dawkins does not play good basketball nearly as frequently as he should. In fact, it is at the center position that the Celtics matchup most favorably. Robert Parish has exceeded all expectations since his arrival in Boston at the beginning of the season, and the Celts must do everything possible to keep their seven-footer out of foul trouble. When Parish sits, Boston is most vulnerable to Philly's frontcourt.

Looking past the center position, one finds plenty of first class forwards on both teams. The Sixer's have the Doctor, and no more need be said about Julius Erving. In addition, Caldwell Jones is the teams best rebounder and an intimidating shot blocker. When these two forwards sit, either Bobby Jones or Steve Mix will enter. It is Bobby Jones who will most hurt the Celts, for his team play and all around skills can hurt you in a number of ways. There are very few teams in the N.B.A. that Bobby Jones would not start for. As good as the Sixer's forwards are, they may not match their

Continued on page 7.

## Sailing Club Moves Toward Team Status

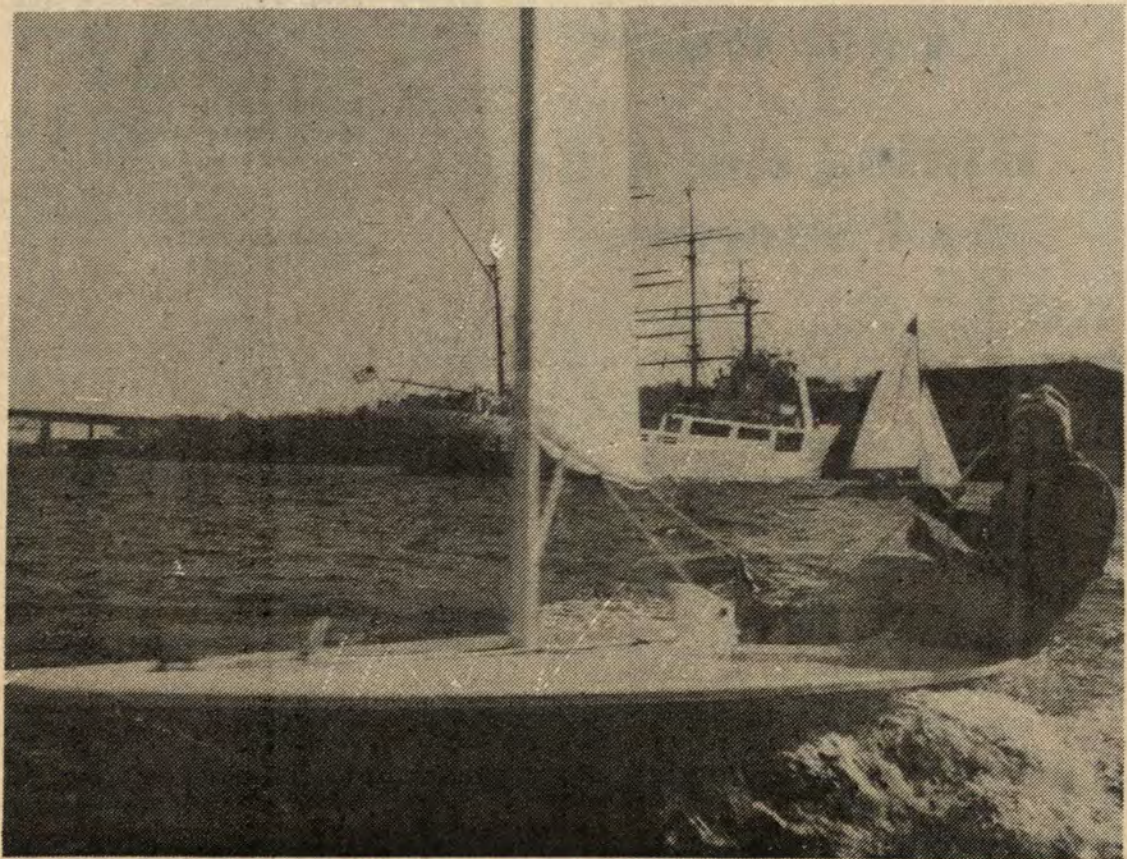


Photo by Michael Sladden

The Sailing Club kicked off its spring, 1981 season shortly after March break, and with enough enthusiasm to melt the loose ice on the Thames. The new season is the first step towards varsity status for the squad. Its parent conference, the New England Intercollegiate Sailing Association, having last Fall granted Conn. Sailing full membership, has this Spring scheduled Conn. into more prestigious and demanding regattas. The move is designed to prepare Connecticut Sailing for stiffer competition, and to show faith in the present student organization, thereby encouraging the College to grant varsity status.

One consequence of the new schedule is a shift in Connecticut's expectations. The theme here is still 'sail fast and win,' but racing now among the best college sailors in the world, several of them already Olympic stars, the Connecticut sub-motto is now 'train harder than ever, and learn what you can from the big guns.'

Far from sobering the club, admittedly high off a commanding associate member season in 1980, new adversity has bred renewed determination. After a valiant performance at the coveted Boston Dinghy Cup at MIT, skippers Peter Shope and Rob Hitchcock are training toward the Admirals' Cup, held in early May.

Connecticut will also be hosting its first regatta, for fifteen schools, at Yale Corinthian Yacht Club, May second. Yale and Connecticut have become close friends in sailing since 1978, and the thoroughbred Ivy team is steadily encouraging Conn. to participate in NEISA's center ring.

With commitments from themselves and sailing friends, the Club now looks to the necessary College backing to go varsity. By all gauges, the sailing squad could become as solid a sports foundation as hockey or lacrosse, and without additional strain on the '81-82 athletic budget.



## Women's Tennis Looking Toward Winning Season

By MARILYN STERNLIEB

The Women's Tennis team is off to a fine start this season with a record of 2-2. They defeated Simmon's College and Thames Valley but lost to URI and Yale's JV.

The team, which is in division three, began its spring season with a tough match against a division one team, URI. The doubles teams won their matches; however, the singles players lost theirs. The final team score of 3-6 does not reflect the fine play of the team. Four out of the six singles matches went to three sets and all were very close. One match went into a tie breaker in the third set. The match could have gone either way and coach Sheryl Yeary believes that in future close matches Connecticut will triumph. She also feels that this was the first match of the season and the girls play will improve as the season progresses.

The teams next opponent was Simmons College. Although the match was rained out the Camelettes easily won all four matches they played. They won all the matches in two sets and felt very confident about their performance.

Yale's womens Varsity tennis team is number one in New England. Their Junior Varsity is very strong as well and plays teams including Dartmouth's Varsity team and University of Connecticut's Varsity team.

Connecticut College was added to their list of opponents for the first time this year. This match was played at Lymes Racket Club because of rain, and allowed the women to play under ideal conditions. Yale defeated the Conn team; however, Conn played well and gave their opponents tough matches.

The womens next match was a scrimmage against Thames Valley's men's team. The Conn women soundly defeated them by a score of 8-2. Even though the match was played on a windy day which was an advantage to the men as they usually are more powerful and have stronger serves, the women's consistency and concentration triumphed.

According to coach Sheryl Yeary, "the team is very young and has a lot to learn." She emphasizes that there are nine freshman on the team. Although some of them come from competitive high school backgrounds, they have not had college experience. Coach Yeary believes that by next year the close ones will be going in favor of Connecticut College. She feels that the spirit and the attitude of the players is excellent. She is confident that the team will have a winning season. The team is looking forward to facing strong opponents including Providence College, MIT, and The University of Connecticut, in the next two weeks.

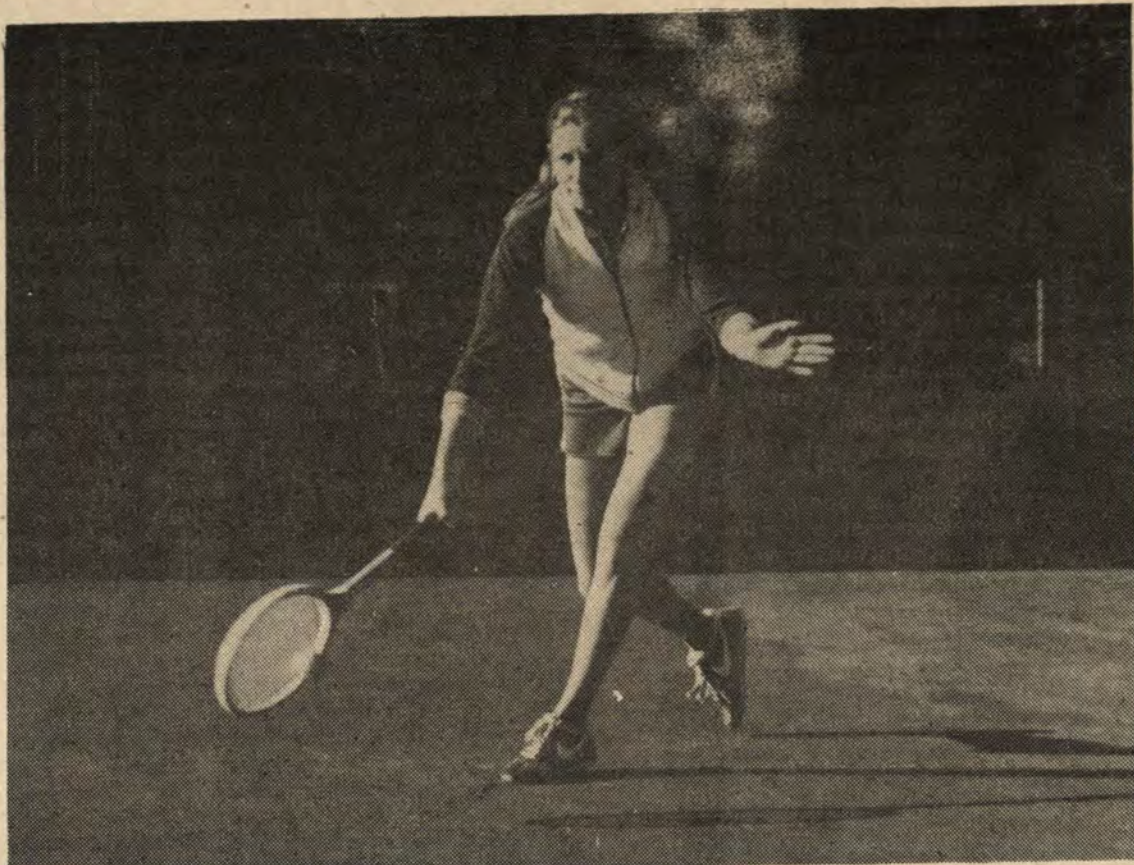


Photo by Ginny Pasternak

## Celtics and Sixers, Again!

Celtic counterparts. In this author's opinion, there is no better basketball player than Larry Bird. Yes, Bird can score, rebound, pass, and play intelligent defense, but what truly distinguishes Bird from the others is that he makes each teammate that much better. Simply, Bird has brought to Boston the philosophy of looking to pass first, rather than shoot. This philosophy is contagious among his teammates and consequently the Celtics are the best passing team in basketball. Bird is complemented at the forward spot by Cedric "Cornbread"

Maxwell. Max's ability to work down low is essential to the Boston offense, for it allows both Bird and Parish to play outside. Off the bench, the Celts will counter with their prize rookie, Kevin McHale. For a first year player, McHale has shown extreme poise in the late stages of the game. He has a soft touch for a 6'10" forward, and he gives the Celtics added muscle up front.

This series is a dream come true for the avid basketball fan. Philly has perhaps more talent than the Celtics, especially in the backcourt, but the Celtics have the home

court advantage and clear visions of revenge for last years playoff defeat. What the Sixers did so well in defeating Milwaukee this year and the Celts last season was to win every odd-numbered game of the series. These are the more critical games and the team that can take the majority of these games is at a distinct advantage. In conclusion, the single biggest factor in the series must be the play of Daryll Dawkins. If he plays well, expect to see the Sixer's triumph. If not, then the COLLEGE VOICE betting line is the Celtics in seven.



Co-captain Eric "Zipper" Carlson was one point away from the season's greatest upset against Wesleyan University. A bad call turned the tide and Carlson fell 2-6, 7-6, 6-2. Wesleyan won the match 7-2.

Photo by Barbara Horowitz

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# OFF THE TRACK

## Daniel's Song

By ARON ABRAMS

"This is the next best thing to Liverpool," Daniel said. We were onstage, waiting for the lights to go on and be introduced.

In the twilight zone, where I could see the audience but they couldn't see me, I didn't find anyone who looked like a talent scout. We were at The Circus, a club in North Jersey which pays amateurs twenty five dollars for a half-hour's worth of songs. It was rumoured that it was easy to go from The Circus to CBGB's, but I had my doubts. I was happy just to tell girls I was a musician and let them think I might be talented. But Daniel was obsessed with actually getting somewhere.

The announcer said "And here are the Glasgow brothers." The lights went on, we played five cover tunes and six originals. The people clapped well enough, the waitresses smiled at us, and nothing went wrong with the amps. Therefore, I considered the evening a critical success.

Afterwards, when we were putting the music in folders and packing up the amps, I defined the value of music.

"Getting paid and getting laid - that's all I expect from music," I said, aiming for the cynicism of a roadie philosopher.

"Nope," Daniel said. Then, like an old man telling a fortune, he whispered, "Brother, we're going to own the eighties. Three years from now, we're going to be hosting Saturday Night Live."

Then we went out, had a few beers, and toasted the Who, Stones, Otis Redding, and, of course, the Beatles. This was before Belushi and Ackroyd left Saturday Night Live, before Daniel sold his guitar, and before Lennon was shot.

The night it happened, Daniel and I were in the basement, working on this song I wrote, "Mountain Dew."

"It's just a simple country thing," I explained. Then I sang, "I like my mountain dew when I'm thirsty. I like my mountain dew when I'm dry. I like my mountain dew even more than I like you. I like my mountain dew. Yes I do."

We sang that, both of us strumming along. I forgot the third verse and just sang "Mountain Dew, mountain dew, mountain dew." Daniel sang along and the "mountain dews" faded into "American Pie."

"I knew that if I had my chance, I could make those people dance, and maybe they'd be happy for a while," Daniel sang. "Ahhh, the future."

I went upstairs to make some eggs. I turned on the eleven o'clock news.

Daniel was writing verses for "Mountain Dew" when I told him.

"Someone shot Lennon in New York. He was dead on arrival." If I had struck a sword through his chest, I could not have hurt my brother more.

Like a piece of paper in a giant's hand, Daniel crumpled. I told him it wasn't all that horrible, Lennon's music

would live on, they'd catch the murderer. He asked me to be quiet, for there was nothing intelligent to say.

That night, Daniel and I wrote a new verse for "American Pie."

"And the news cracked like thunder.

Lighting my blood, making me wonder.

Lennon's people crying.

Woodstock finally dying.

The candles burning from now till then.

Asking who could make such men.

We've lost our innocence once again.

The day the music died."

We sang it softly in our basement. I went to sleep at two o'clock. Daniel didn't pass out until five thirty that morning. He skipped work and spent the day in his room.

In the middle of January, we came so close to getting into CBGB's. But Daniel said he wasn't up for it. They didn't invite us again.

"You're taking this whole thing far too seriously," I said to him in February. "It's

been two months already. You think Lennon would have wanted you just to mope around?"

He gave me a look which said that, in my over-eagerness to explain everything, I'd missed the point totally.

"I'm not trying to win any martyr medals," he said. "This is how I feel, and that's that. You can't change a gut feeling."

"You know, his death hurt me too," I said. "But this is ridiculous. We haven't written anything for two months."

Daniel looked like a professional mourner.

"Before Lennon was shot," I said, "I used to have a great pick-up line. I'd go up to girls and, out of nowhere, I'd say 'Hey, Too bad the Beatles broke up, huh?' They'd look at me because it was such a dumb thing to say. They'd broken up over ten years ago. But we'd start talking about how great the Beatles were and how everybody loved them. Now I can't say that anymore."

"There's a lot more involved here than getting laid," he said.

After a while, I asked him what he'd prefer - a hair shirt or sack cloth and ashes.

Shortly afterwards, Daniel quit his job and decided to go to Oregon.

"It's different out there," he said. "Everything sucks in the East."

"What's bothering you?" I asked. "What in particular?"

"Everything."

"Like what?"

"Like life sucks."

"Like what in particular?"

"Like Penthouse runs this feature on Marilyn Monroe," Daniel said. "A long lost stag film of hers. She was chubby, the film's grainy, and she's playing with a dildo. Yet they run it, saying it's a tribute to her memory."

"Yeah, well..." I said.

"Another thing....in a Canadian gay bathhouse, 300 men were arrested, made to face the wall, and numbers were drawn on their backs. They were arrested without even finding out why..."

He filled his empty shot glass.

"But you're not gay," I said. "What's the big deal?"

"Shit, hell, and damnation. Whether a boy gives you head, a girl gives you head, or a goat gives you head, what the hell difference does it make? Does it hurt anybody?"

He raised a finger in the air and said "Fuck it. We're all flesh, and if monkeys have the right to do what they want without hurting anybody, why can't people? I think it's a lot more important how someone feels about gun control than who they kiss good night. But does anyone else give a good g-damn? No."

Then, with finality, Daniel declared, "The world bites."

"So what are you going to do?" I asked. "Light yourself on fire in protest?"

"I've just got to get out of here. When things stink, you leave. That's all I can do."

I gave Daniel a book right before he got on the bus. It was a gravel guide to Portland, saying where to stay and how to find a job, etc. On the inside cover, I tried to sum everything up.

"First off, you owe me \$4.50 for this book. Second, like Henry Blake said in MASH, there are two important rules. Rule number one: People die. Rule number two: You can't change rule number one. Thirdly, I hope you find a real nice, cheerfully buxom girl, one who will give you everything you need, because you're a hurting unit. Daniel, I also hope you stay innocent, because I've heard that the world's unfriendly out there. Don't take everything so much to heart. Because life is all small losses. Finally, remember: Oh bla-dee, Oh bla-dah, life goes on. La-la-how life goes on."

Daniel's been in Portland for two months now. He hasn't written any music that I know of, but he's working in a record store. If he ever does make a record, I'm sure he'll dedicate it to Lennon. I just hope Daniel has stopped bleeding by then.

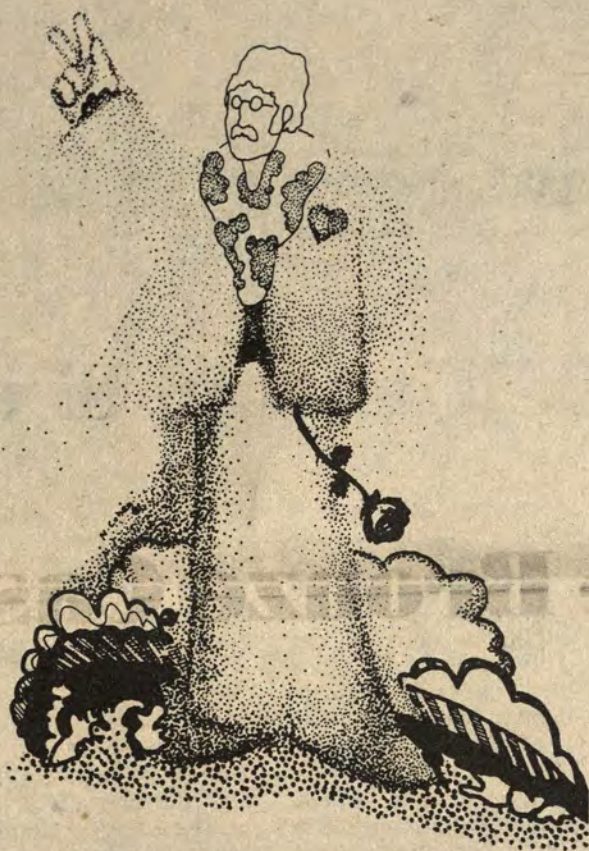


Illustration by Nat Cohen

## New England Grey and the Morte D'Arthur

By CHIP MAGUIRE

It was like a summer wind. But it wasn't summer because the air was cool and raspy. You can't sit too long in a Spring wind or you'll goose bumps and start to shiver. No, a Spring wind is always uncomfortable to sit in. Thank God it isn't windy today too. Then again it was sunny yesterday which almost compensated for the wind but not quite. I guess in the Spring it's either windy and sunny and cold, or cloudy, less windy and still cold. At least that's March just before April.

You can sit in the same place a day later and the temperature will be about the same but it'll be grey. New England grey. The color in the trees and rocks and high grass looks as though it's been sucked out of the scenery. The turtles that usually bask like clay sculptures out on the rock in

the middle of the pond aren't there on a cloudy day. They retire to their submerged caverns in the bottom of the pond, vanishing the way ghosts do at midnight. The tree frogs or peepers make half as much noise today. They had been in full chorus rhythmically beeping: cheep, cheep, endlessly, as if the Tuesday afternoon sun powered them, for as it became warmer they became louder and continued on until night.

But not today. No, today the trees stand like sentries guarding the pond. Tall and dark and impassive, they brood in the cold, watery wind, waiting for tomorrow. A slight mist hovers like an opaque shroud over the ground, gliding back and forth as if trapped. Tap, tap, tap drums out the rain on the leaves in monotonous droves. The rain is cold, more like a winter rain that stings as it

hits the skin. Summer will be here soon, though, or at least Spring, which is really just the beginning of Summer. But now it's just plain old New England grey. Even the pond is grey and sedentary. Dark ripples scurry across the surface and momentarily wrinkle the reflections as if the pond itself was a huge plastic mirror that somebody was shaking.

The kids were out Tuesday, too. They were feeding the ducks and falling down in the midst of games of tag and wrestling. Each would run crying but they would always come back. During our walk around the pond a few of them ran up and grabbed me around the leg and asked for a piggy-back ride. I refused but their disappointed expressions always made me give in. I would grab one and hoist him up and gallop along like a princely stallion. The others waited patiently. These were

the boys. The girls went over to Anne to talk and tell her secrets that boys or men will never know or understand. Anne smiled as they confided little tid-bits of girlish gossip and often told them stories of her own that would make them blush and giggle. Anne would laugh too.

Then we were walking together again. The wooded trail was short but sometimes, especially when the weather was sunny, it would take at least an hour before we'd circle the entire pond. For two years now this had been our refuge from other people. As it started out, we were good friends. Her folks lived and still do up on Pinewood Road in a big old house with a couple of helpers, as they called them, who lived in a small cottage in the back. There was one named Bensen who would always answer the door and

Continued on page 10.



# OFF THE TRACK

## Learning Qua Learning

By BUDDY HARRIS

"Memories may be beautiful, and yet, - What's too painful to remember, we simply choose to..."

from The Way We Were

Upon arriving here my freshman year on a hot September afternoon, my student adviser, a female in short shorts with an alligator on her t-shirt smiling at me, helped me unpack and make my bed. I could learn to like this place, I thought. She never saw my bed again, nor I hers. I had a lot of learning to do.

In my sophomore year I took a course called Adolescence which is listed under the Child Development category. I was the only guy in a class with about thirty girls. I learned a lot. And the course wasn't bad either.

In my junior year I took a course called Medieval Romance and learned that men had been trying to impress women for hundreds of years. Back then they pulled swords out of stones and received battle wounds with glee. Today they wear Brut and ask women for their phone numbers. Times change, but the games don't.

In my senior year I learned that when a girl says: "It's not you. I just don't want to go out with anyone right now," it means: "Take a hike, buddy."

In a course called Political Ideas I was told by some pessimist by the name of Hobbes, that life is nasty, brutish, and short. Surprisingly he never said anything about relationships at Conn. College.

In my freshman year I learned that when you ask a professor for an extension on the day a paper is due, he becomes nasty, brutish, and short.

In Macroeconomics I learned that supply falls in proportion to demand.

In my sophomore year I learned that the number of friends you have rises in direct proportion to the condition of your car.

In an Anthropology course I learned that when a priest says to his God, "I eat your shit," it is a Tikopia ritual revealing the priest's inferior status.

In my freshman year I learned that when you are dancing with a girl at a party and she says: "I have to go to the bathroom. I'll be back in a minute," it means, "Take a hike, buddy."

In a course in Modern Art I learned about an artist who covers women's naked bodies in paint, and then drags them across a canvas. I think they call it Painful Impressionism.

In my freshman year I learned that when you slow dance with a girl, she prefers you to the canvas.

In a course on the Vietnam War I learned that a lot of boys my age were killed in order to stop the spread of communism. The domino theory, I think they called it. That's where you line up a couple of thousand G.I.'s in a row and push over the one at the end. Ashes, ashes, they all fell down.

In my sophomore year I learned that dorm basketball really doesn't separate the men from the boys.

In a course on William Faulkner I learned that suppuration, nuptial, and effluvium are in fact real words with actual dictionary definitions.

In my sophomore year I learned that, "Deca, deca, deca," is Greek for, "Pay your check."

In a course on Philosophy, I learned that that which is just cannot be just, but must have traces of the unjust in it. Thus, to be just is not just to be not unjust.

In my junior year Jean-Paul Sartre died. I got word from him, and he says that eternal nothingness is about as exciting as waiting on line at the Cro bar on a Wednesday night.

In a course called Baby Physics, or Physics for Poets I watched the professor stand up on a chair and shoot a toy monkey with a toy gun to prove something about the velocity of a bullet.

In my freshman year I learned that drinking a six-pack of beer very rapidly causes your room to spin at the rate of ten revolutions per second, per second.

In a course called Political Ideas I learned that the right for someone to swing their fist ended where my face began.

In my freshman year, my roommate who was six foot seven inches tall, told me that his right to throw his fist at me began whenever he felt like it.

In a course on Modern China I learned that intellectuals could help ignite a revolution.

In my senior year at the Ming Garden restaurant on Route 1 in Groton, I learned that mustard sauce clears your sinuses better than sudafed.

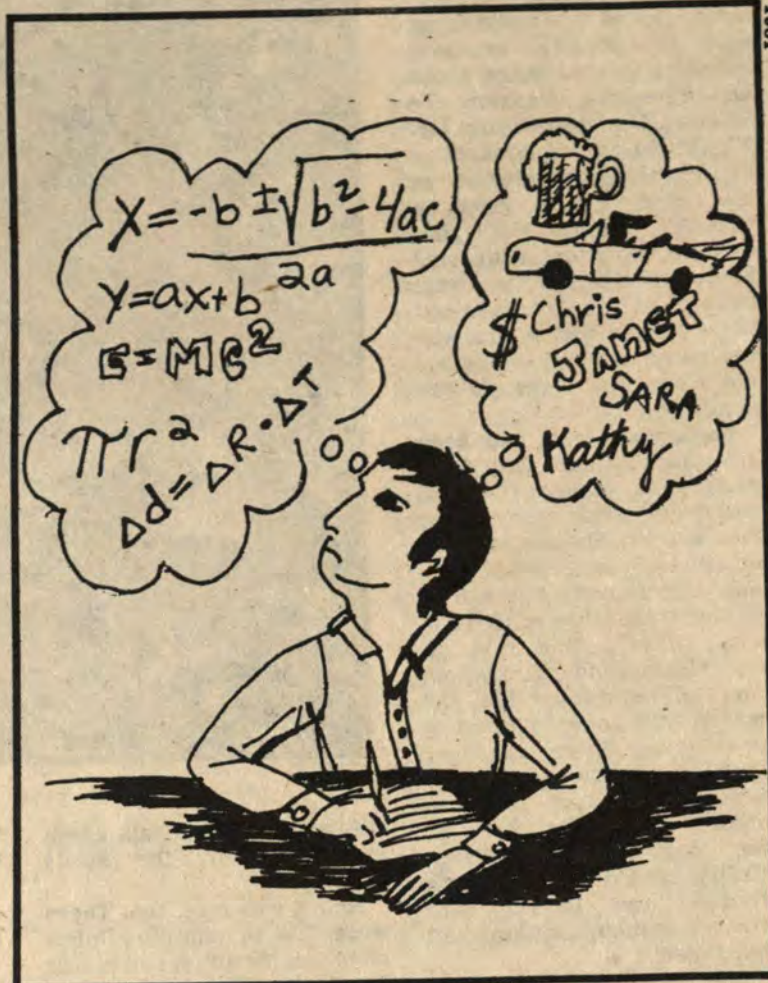
In a course on Contemporary American Politics I learned that the American people choose our president.

In my senior year I learned from Dick Gregory that the CIA chooses the president.

In a course in 20th Century American Literature I learned that Faulkner and Fitzgerald drank themselves to death, and that Hemingway shot himself.

In my junior year I decided to write, but not to drink or own a gun.

In a course on Creative Writing I learned that you can't write just anything and



get credit for it.

Upon writing this article I learned that you can write

anything, and get it printed in The Voice.

## The Bronze Casting

By THURSTON LADD

"Belying his origins and denying himself man has come to destroy the desperate pleasure of life. Through science and philosophy he has given up mere surviving and searches for something more. He slumps, staring upon his thin, muddled shadow borne of the enigmatic symbol of wisdom. In deep contemplation he fails to realize that the shadow could not live without him either. But as the sun draws above, the object of his contemplation disappears beneath his feet. He then stands above confusion, feeling the trembling power poised within his taut skin. Throwing his head back and baring himself he screams, 'This is me, all of me, and with this sickly body I shall destroy you'; calling for a resumption of the battle."

So the philosopher Aboulomenos tells us. He had no tendency to dilute his truths on the face of opposition, in fact, he tended to present as supporting evidence things he didn't believe. No one can fault him for this. However, this passion for ideas did lead him astray once or twice. Within his unpublished papers — withheld due to embarrassment — he speaks of virtue and nowhere admits of himself. An even greater oddity: nowhere does he speak of himself in the published editions either. Thus the confusion over his reported megalomania. A man speaks of himself according to how he values himself — his attendant could give us no help either. Men desire complexity and he was no different. He was once

overheard, after facing his anger over a neighbor's dog, to say, "I am more complex than this. Am I?" This one point he was unsure of though he had frequently argued using this as a given — obviously he was revered. In his favour however, he wasn't sure whether or not he should be thinking about his complexity. He, having gazed upon cities and citizens, concluded simplicity and felt that this was probably his fate also. Again; men desire complexity, not goodness. His reticence agrees. This he knew, and knew also that virtue was only a means by which priests simplified the public to increase their relative complexity. Thus his deathbed utterance:

"Yes, that final, most enviable of solitudes is near — blessed, cursed, forsaken. Who curses death? The Greeks? Romans? Christians? Buddhists? Masochists? Does it matter? Yes, there are quite a few question marks; symbols of fancy, curiosity. The most common of questions? That answered and promptly forgotten. But then there is suicide, a constant and soothing alternative of "in case"; a friend of the hopeful. The deed has been drawn — you were conceived, but his is merely a return trip. For all those who wish they were never "forever indebted" to two morons, well, here is the chance to be relieved by proxy; in most cases a pose in black and white, and a rarefied memory.

"Do you desire an immortal soul? Maybe you haven't thought about it. Does it matter? Of course it doesn't

if death is eternal. Perhaps a comfort to wish? I can't imagine why. Does it matter? Faust suffered from immortality — from the thought and the reality. Indeed that is why God may only be feared. Eternal bliss? What's bliss? Would God know any better than you? Stealth is the ability to duck the Sirens: loquacious Christians, and the rest of them for that matter; lots of noise and colored light. You may look, but do not note the stained glass. Perhaps you're some apparition of Tristan or Isolde and have fallen for the "ever-so-human", "ever-so-great" ideal of a suffering life: that is, perhaps you prefer a life in which you want to kill yourself and don't. Not because you can't, but because you can't think of why not. Does it matter?

"Well, what's left? Death, but that's always there. What have you borrowed? That's right, what have you taken? You will give it up. No it's not a matter of indebtedness, let's get that straight. You own nothing to anyone..."

Here the attendant's notes end, excepting a few unintelligible lines. He, as can easily be seen, felt no affinity for priests; because he desired the position. This is also apparent in two remarks borne of uncontrollable rage: "Common sense originated with the chitter-chatter of housewives and has been preserved by priests, psychologists, and art theoreticians," and "Christianity; shallow be thy name." He was a preacher. But why did he need to talk to others? Many have heard such comments as, "Only the

wisest, most violent, the Minotaurs, escape morality's labyrinth," and assumed he meant to "straighten out" the world. This is not true. He felt himself to be a nuisance when self-conversing. His thoughts only took form in front of a crowd. And it was on these wooden crates that he acknowledged to himself the truth of what he said and defended it ceaselessly. We must not be deceived by that famous line from his critique of Kant and Renan; "Tradition, who needs it!" On his lonely walks along the Nevsky Prospect question marks flourished. He lost all confidence, shivering before the brisk wind. As with waxen-winged Daedalus, he was uncertain of the power his ideas held. Indeed they drew masses; but this he learned to distrust from Socrates. A quote from his acclaimed essay *Plato's Henchmen*: Kant, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche is here most apt: "Like all underlings these three felt a certain affinity for crowds and died because of it." Suffice it to say; he knew better. Finally, it was under such pressure that the opening quote was conceived. He threw off all as unverifiable except death, and concluded that the only sane man was the insane — the one who fought only against death. Here the hopeless and absurd first appears, later to be reconsidered by Camus. Hence the letter to his close friend D.H. Lawrence:

"The fact is insanity — not an evil, but...well, nothing. Insanity; a man crushed by the world, literally crushed.

Continued on page 10.



# OFF THE TRACK

## New England, cont.

call out, "Miss Blackfield, Mr. Gibb is here again." When he pronounced 'Mr. Gibb,' it was on a descending note as though he was speaking in confidence about an impending disaster. To this day, I'm positive that Mr. Blackfield has no concept of my physical appearance. In his mind, I'm a voice, a squeaky, sheepish voice that ends its sentences with 'sir.' Mrs. Blackfield is best described as a worn-out beauty of an earlier era who makes no attempt to conceal the fact that she is an alcoholic.

Back then Anne had been adventurous and had fiery eyes that captivated and enthralled about every young man in town. She was slight in build and muscular. She moved delicately but with a firmness that showed that she was athletic. She was an equestrian and throughout most of her teenage life, she was always going to meets or practicing down at their stables. When she went across the country to ride in shows, she'd miss three or four days of school. Eventually she'd come back though and flutter into classes as though nothing had happened.

She doesn't even ride now. The thinness is more rounded but her eyes still have a crystal radiance. It is as if you are staring at a couple of perfectly set diamonds that could hypnotize you instantly. Her voice matches her face in youthfulness, except on Tuesday it had a horseness — perhaps a frog in her throat.

"David, you just don't understand. It's not you. It's me."

I don't even remember saying anything back. We were underneath the dogwoods. Little buds were starting to pop out on the end of each branch. A couple of bluejays made dive-bomber attacks at us, swishing upward and narrowly missing us. They nest in the pines, I guess. Around past the gazebo, the trail gets close to the water. We had sat down on the wet bank for a while watching the reflection of the willows as they swayed like mormon preachers. I was entranced by the twinkles of sunshine off the water surface. Leaning over onto Anne's shoulder, I grazed her neck a little. She pulled away and turned those glistening glass-like eyes at me again.

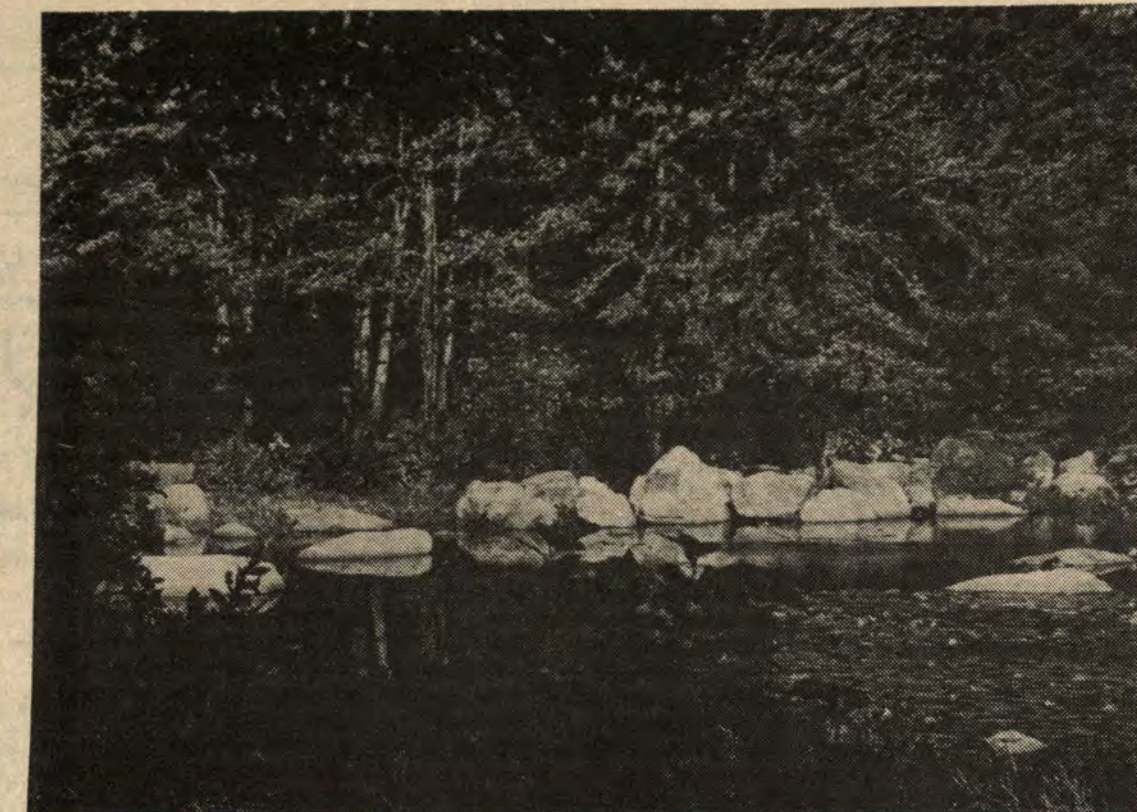
"You're not even listening to me, David. I'm serious. Godammit, you men are all alike."

"I'm sure we are, in your opinion."

She got up and went over to lean on a willow. I couldn't tell right away whether she was just resting on the tree or crying into her sweater. I discovered that it was the latter. I had been afraid of that. She didn't cry long. We continued our way around the pond. There was a certain crispness in the driving wind. Even though it lashed through my shirt sleeves, it was not painfully cold but temperate. She turned her head to me coyly.

"You certainly don't seem to think too much of me, not to even listen."

"It seems, Anne, that



mean but let's not talk about it now. Hell, the sun's shining."

And it was nice, too. There were lots of cumulo-nimbus clouds in the air. A storm was impending. The clouds looked like huge chunks of surgical cotton filled with helium, drifting lazily along on the swift air currents. I thought to myself that clouds have an easy life, hanging aloft, floating over the earth's surface, far away.

Seagulls spun overhead (Northfield county is mostly on the water) looking as if they might ascend up into the clouds but never actually getting that high. They didn't need to flap their wings, the air currents held them up, making them appear like miniature statues. She walked on ahead, and I called to her back.

"What about out on the Vineyard last July and those fires on the beach? You remember drinking rum and tonics and dancing like huffed-up formal idiots. I suppose that meant nothing." "Idiots! That's a good word. You and those old friends from high school. When are you going to grow up? You're twenty-two and you don't even have a decent job. You're a grown-up kid."

"Do you remember playing gin rummy till four, when you had me by a thousand points and then we went swimming over on South beach in the breakers and I damned near killed myself when I landed head first in the sand."

There was a warm flicker of remembrance and a little liveliness in eye-sparkle. Softly.

"You almost killed the both of us on the ride back in Hendersen's jeep. God, what a wreck. A nice wreck, though."

Our pace slowed as we swayed across the path gingerly.

"What ever happened to Eddy that night of the Forbes party when he took that clunker out on the beach. Did they ever find him?"

"He was always such a nuisance. He never could stay away from a bottle of beer for more than six hours."

"More like six minutes."

We both laughed a little. She blushed.

We were about three quarters of the way around the pond, coming up to the bridge. It was kind of a humped bridge that was always used for wedding photographs. It was surprising that nobody was getting married or at least having their reception in the park. I guess that Tuesdays, in the end of March, aren't exactly the ideal time for a wedding. It occurred to me then that that was when I would get married, or maybe just engaged. I looked at her but she was watching the ducks patrolling the pond coastline. I watched her back for a while.

... should write letters. Unless there's something wrong with writing letters."

She turned with a friendly

mom-like smile and half-lowered eyelids.

"I'd like it if you wrote. We can keep in touch that way, instead of you having to come over two thousand miles of the Atlantic. As soon as I get there I'll send you my address."

"You promise, then?"

"I can at least promise you that much."

"Shhh, do you hear that? Do you know what that is?" She looked dumbfounded as if something was about to jump out at her from the holly bush next to the bridge. "That's a yellow crested Finch, did you hear it?"

"I'm not sure." Her tone changed back. "Think about it, David. I'll send you pictures from the Luxembourg gardens, the Louvre, Notre Dame and flowers from the Tuilleries." "You should be

excited for me David. This is a big chance for me and you sit there and talk about birds. Isn't there anything more in life to you than birds."

"I suppose," and then silence for about thirty seconds, "not".

"Well, I hope you can at least understand why I can't make a commitment. Not right now. I'm too young and haven't seen anything of the world or accomplished anything. Christ...so you want me to turn out like my mother and have a bottle at breakfast, cocktails at lunch and asleep by dinner. At least father has money to keep her in silk blouses and Stolichnaya."

"There is a point when things become hopeless. In the Morte d'Arthur that brave knight falls. And if the truth be known, all knights fall eventually. They must accept the lance or the joust would be naught. But the lance is naught in comparison to Guenivere's dropping of the lace-embroidered kerchief. For that noble steel-clad knight must then get down on his knees and humbly, with graceful balance, pick it up and return it to her waiting hand."

"You read too much. You know that?"

"I suppose," and again I looked in her eyes and hesitated on the last syllable, "so". At that point, it was over. We had finished walking around the pond and now we both knew that we had to say good-bye. She was shaking a bit, from the cold, I imagine.

"Well, David," She extended her hand as though we were old drinking buddies and this was only a short interlude until next Saturday. "It's getting a little cold."

"Mark Twain once said that if you don't like the weather in New England, wait a minute."

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## Bronze, cont.

Continued from page 9.

He is the only one who can feel gravity, feel it squeeze and mold him. He is the opposite of the man-god. But the crushing, it is pleasurable, immeasurably pleasurable...why? It's a duel — he, like Atlas, must hold the world or be smashed into oblivion. The latter is suicide, the former is ecstasy. His body shivers with rage as he alternately gives and pushes. Only he fights for and loves life, hating death. He considers death a loss. The only one to whom he may turn is himself — this frightens him; the thought of isolation. He will succumb to this apparent sign of weakness, consequently giving ground, but he will forget it, raging blindly for nothing but life. He does not know why. In fact the thought of it is the most frequent cause of weakness. It is this he must forget if he is to win. But to win is only not to lose. He is surrounded by absurdity, yet this occurs only to us. To him we are absurd. We are invalids incapable of passion. If one may assign characteristics to him he must start with passion and perhaps end with it. Isolation can, and always

will (though usually intermittantly), be a source of strength. He knows he can only win by fighting single-handedly, he also knows that this puts him at a great disadvantage (though it doesn't)...

Crushed by the thought of simplicity he tried to crush everything. One's virtues sum to a bronze casting of himself, which is conspicuously placed, intended as a conversation piece and object of reflection. He was never able to construct this, and in frustration, flung his martyred body against the stone smile of the public, following the path of the henchmen. He too knew better, but this bore no protection. In a moment of lucid passion he moaned:

"It would seem that fear, outright paranoia, is the bond between men, the force that molds society. Fear of himself, of his incompetence, his inability to live. He knows not how to live, why he lives, for what he lives. Those preaching equality most vividly betray this insecurity. Society is a mask over fear. Society must be fear's most sublime form, yet every word

and action bespeaks insecurity, bespeaks it openly. So long as he cares what another thinks he will be insecure. Perhaps society is the fear of fear, it doesn't matter, fear exists. Tradition, the credo of bonded men, is an acceptance of a way to live, but he knows not why. He tries to bury fear under an increasing heap of bodies — look alikes. Things wouldn't be so bad if he fully believed in his choices, but he doesn't he can't. Intellect is bane. The greatest men are those unbounded. Society does not reject them, it cannot see them, it sees only fear. Man must keep running to sweat and plug fear's infinite punctures. He must bleed to protect the purity of his vacuous self."

He diagnosed his own problem. He found complexity to be a lattice based on fear, but he couldn't blunt its shimmering attraction. All men know better than virtue, but not complexity. Simplicity is the realm of the insane, and for precisely this reason he destroyed himself; unlike most, he knew that all men know better. He cannot be considered unfortunate.



## Cibes, cont.

Continued from page 2.

general. His principle concern now lies in staving off Governor O'Neil's program cuts to urban areas. Additionally, Mr. Cibes fears his district might lose money in the Republican version of the Education Equalization bill an area combining his two legislative interests of education and the cities. It is a fallacy, the professor-legislator maintains, that poorer metropolises do not try to help themselves. Local revenues, in fact, are higher than elsewhere, and though spending is hardly extravagant, less seeps back to the taxpayer than in richer towns. Mr. Cibes's feathers begin to rustle when he recounts one haughty comment by a Greenwich lady to the effect that cities "waste" tax dollars. The payments from an average household never pay for that child's instruction, he retorts angrily, and furthermore, "Why should we have pumped bucks into the South and Southwest during the years people were in need there, and now turn our backs on the urban places?" Cities are instrumental for the Republic's health, he believes, and he has turned against party leadership if necessary, for his cause. Fortunately for Mr. Cibes, he was placed on the powerful Appropriations and Education Committees before the Democratic potents realized his possible waywardness. If anyone provides him inspiration, it was Justice John Harlan who served on the Supreme Court from 1877-1911. Justice Harlan frequently dissented with conservatives rulings on civil rights and the income tax despite tremendous public pressure. Yet by so carving out an identity, Mr. Cibes may be ruling himself

out for further political posts. One intimate noted that it might prove difficult should the representative try for state senator, a district including many rural interests besides New London. For now, Mr. Cibes insists, he is fully content with the present office.

In the meantime, speaking from the perspective of one who studies political behavior, Mr. Cibes has not found its practice much different from what he expected. Too many legislators, he's noticed, supplant their district's interests with their own prejudices; even if they even acted as trustees for the state as a whole or simply as party-men, nothing could be quite as bad as following personal whims. Moreover, some vote not on the merits of the case, but as a favor to the Speaker

or some friend who owns a liquor store. The former becomes especially crucial as the Speaker of the Conn. House exercises more of a grip than in the decentralized Congress. Perhaps not so surprisingly, Mr. Cibes also observed that state politics operates on a far more "rational" plane than its college faculty counterpart. In sum, his perception as a scholar has been immeasurably enlightened by participation, and he recommends it to other political students, even professors. If "public life makes for the more moral, the more complete being in the classical sense, then politics is worthy of everyone." Mr. Cibes as political animal seems to carry out that ideal.

(reprinted from "In Politics")

## Arms Race, cont.

Continued from page 1.

our priorities and realize how much better our lives would be.

Freeze the Arms Race is not a simple issue; it encompasses statistics, technology, billions of dollars, etc. More importantly, it touches upon a fundamental question of trust. Do we trust our government to decide what is appropriate for our national security? Or should we question the myths and cultural assumptions? Is it time to see things differently? As Fred Hooven stated, people who simply accept the arms race are "paralyzed, without knowing what to do. The only way I can handle it, is to refuse the race, and

refuse to live in these conditions." As a student, we must become more conscious of these issues, and talk to others in the dorms, classes, etc.

The evening ended with the following suggestions of what this strong and determined minority can do: Make this an issue, alert the media, write to your congressperson, sign the petition circulating around campus, and send money to organizations that are working for the freeze. On this campus, a rally to support this Freeze will be held on Friday April 24th at 4:00 outside the library. Speakers and music will help raise our consciousness. The rally will hopefully be as successful as the discussion in Cro.

## Survivors, cont.

Continued from page 2.

believe things were as bad as they seemed.

The anti-Semitic activities climaxed in 1938 on Kristelnacht. That night, Jewish businesses were destroyed, temples were dynamited, and Jews were beaten and killed in the streets.

Shortly afterwards, the Rabbi was sent to Buchenwald. At that point in time, it was customary to hold men captive in the concentration camps for only three to six weeks. After he was released, the Rabbi emigrated to Hartford and, for a time, sold Fuller Brushes. Eventually, the Rabbi and other concentration camp survivors who settled nearby formed a temple, the name of which translates to "New Hope." Explains the Rabbi, "We all had hopes for freedom."

The growth of anti-Semitism was chronicled by Rita B. She was in school the day the officials changed the morning prayers to "Heil Hitler." Rita and her sister were assigned seats in the back of the classroom. They were told that they would not have to study as hard as they did, for their homework would no longer be graded.

"Anti-Semitism became part of the curriculum," says Rita. "One day, the teacher asked me to stand in front of the class next to this blonde girl to illustrate the difference between the Arian and the Jew. The teacher said, that by looking at the size of our skulls, the students could see that the other girl had the more developed brain."

"It also entered into Geography. A map of Poland had the words 'Polluted by Jews' printed over the crowded areas."

Rita's father, Mr. B., escaped from a concentration camp two days after he arrived. Her father escaped merely by turning the other way and walking back to the entrance. All the while looking straight ahead, as if he had every right to go where he was going. He looked so positive, said Rita, that the guards assumed he was given permission to leave.

Mr. B. had passed two of three inspection gates when something unexpected happened. A guard who was carrying an old, frail Jew saw Mr. B. and told him to carry the old man on his way out. Mr. B. worried that carrying the old man would make it more difficult to pass the final gate. The old man had release papers and offered them to Mr. B., but rather than desert him, Mr. B. took the risk and kept walking.

Mr. B. and the old man got past the gate. Then, according to Rita, "My father noticed that the old man didn't look so old anymore. He didn't look as sick either, and he was no longer having trouble speaking or breathing. Shortly after they passed the gate, the old man looked the age of my father. My father stared at him as he walked along and then recognized him as the leading actor of the Jewish Theatre."

"Today," said the actor who was walking quicker than my father, "I played my best role ever."

The most poignant story was told by Isadore G. His was a story of concentration camp prisoners trying to celebrate Passover in 1943. The plans of the prisoners to have a Sedar seemed doomed, for the foods needed to celebrate obviously could not be found in the concentration camp kitchens.

Isadore and several of the other prisoners were assigned to sort the possessions of the murdered inmates. One of the men was going through a box of properties and discovered matzah and raisins wrapped in napkins. It was the property of murdered Jews who smuggled the food in to honor the holiday. Isadore and the others carefully made wine out of the raisins and, with the matzah, celebrated Passover very quietly.

According to Isadore, "Passover is the celebration of the Jews release from slavery in Egypt. Holiday tradition demands that each man, in every generation, must consider this historical release as if he personally was released from slavery. When I was in the concentration camp, I understood the holiday better than I ever did before."

"We found a twelve year old boy to ask the Four Questions (A Passover tradition which recounts the exodus). When the boy asked the first question, 'Why is this night different from all others?', we wept."

The effect of the recorded tales on the audience was seen at the conclusion of the talk. When Ms. Klein finished her presentation, she was greeted with silence, not the usual courtesy of applause. Someone started clapping, then the room broke into applause for both the speaker and the survivors.

## New England, cont.

Continued from page 10.

"No...I've really got to go. No more fooling around." She pecked my cheek lightly and turned and awkwardly tried to make her way across the muddy grass. Her shape swiveled with a high gate and quick stride and gradually became smaller as she again passed the frolicking children and smaller until she reached the road and her Jaguar. It sped away, leaving two blue clouds of smoke. That was Tuesday.

The cumulo-nimbus proved true. It's strange how quickly a storm can roll in. If Mark Twain was right, I'll only have to wait a minute. Not this time, though. The water droplets are getting heavier and it's time to go anyway.

The mist is almost white now on the pond and motionless. Occasionally, a slight crack in the silvery little water particles breaks and then there they are. Vaguely discernable across the smooth rain soaked pond, bespangled on the grey background are two misty orbs. Yup, those lost forever blue eyes.



When breezes are soft and skies are fair,  
I steal an hour from study and care,  
And hie me away to the woodland scene,  
Where wanders the stream with waters of green.

Words: William Cullen Bryant  
Photo: Ansel Adams

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10AM - 12noon

- "Central America: Overview and Background"  
Dr. Milton Jamail, University of Arizona

- "Who Controls the Land?"

Constance H. Cole, Instructor, Department of Government.

12noon - 1PM

- Lunch may be purchased in Crozier-Williams Center

1PM - 2:30PM

- "Christians and Marxists?"

Sister Betsy Flynn, Greater Hartford Community College  
Rev. Ulises Torres, United Methodist Church, New Bedford.  
Bob Molsberry, Yale Divinity School and Kip Hargrave.

2:30 - 2:45 Break

2:45 - 4:1500PM - "The View from Nicaragua"

Alejandro Bendana, Member, Nicaraguan UN Delegation

4:00 - 4:15PM Break

4:15 - 6:00PM

- "U.S. Policy: Options and Risks"

Sam Gejdenson, U.S. House of Representatives  
Edward M. Korry, Professor of Government and former U.S.  
Ambassador to Chile.

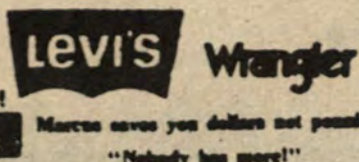
Each session will provide ample opportunity for questions from the audience. All members of the local and college communities are invited to attend and participate. The Open Forum is sponsored jointly by the departments of Government, Hispanic and Religious Studies, the Chapel Board, and the Committee on Faculty Discussions. For details and other questions contact Ivan Strenski, Department of Religious Studies, Connecticut College, Box 1578, or 447-1911, ext. 339.

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