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NOT

THE COLLEGE

April 2, 1981
Vol. IV, No. 15

VOICE

Connecticut College's Weekly Newspaper

Nixon Summons Korry to New York; Gives Formal Apology

By ALLENDE

While you were at Cro, former President Richard M. Nixon was summoning Edward Korry, Connecticut College professor, and former U.S. Ambassador to Chile from 1967 to 1971, to New York City.

Nixon invited Korry to his plush upper East side apartment so that he could apologize to Korry for having deceived him into believing that the Trac II plan code name for the disposable razors given CIA agents, by Nixon, in order to prevent the inauguration of Dr. Salvadore Allende, was not actually taking place.

All of this was happening while you were at Cro.

Korry had not been informed that CIA members were infiltrating the Chilean government and cutting the throats of Allende's men with Trac II razors. Since 1972, however, Korry has been publicly accused of having full knowledge of and participating in Trac II.

"I never shaved during my White House days," claimed Korry. "It was utterly ridiculous for the press, or anyone, to think that I was capable of manipulating a Trac II razor."

Korry had assumed that Nixon and Kissinger were merely sending razors so that



Korry before the Trac II incident.



Korry after the Trac II incident.

the Chileans could, "Get all that potentially scuzzy communist hair off of their greasy foreign faces."

Korry had warned Nixon against the employment of such a "cut-throat" operation as Trac II, and had assumed that U.S. exports were rising because of the sale of so many razors.

Nixon broke down in tears after greeting Korry in New York and discovering that Korry had been forced to teach at Connecticut College.

"I'm teaching at Connecticut College," Korry said.

"U. Conn. That's a fine school," Nixon replied.

"No, Connecticut College in New London," Korry emphasized.

"You mean Conn. College for women?" Nixon quipped.

"NO, Conn. College for women and boys," Korry reiterated very, very, emphatically.

Nixon once again apologized for all the trouble that the scandal had caused Korry, and offered him a job as his doorman as a way of expressing his regrets.

Korry had himself been mistaken as a member of Allende's regime, and as a result his head was shaved by a CIA agent in 1971. Nixon

stated that the agent would suffer the Trac penalty in N.Y. state and would have to face the electric razor.

Korry says that he made three suggestions to Nixon in 1969, all of which were ignored. They were to: 1) Sell 2000 Trac II razors to Allende. 2) Sell 2000 cans of Trac II shaving cream to Allende. 3) Give Allende 2000 complimentary bottles of after shave. Nixon failed to heed his advice, however.

Meanwhile, while you were at Cro, the Soviets were allegedly supporting the Chilean government during the crisis by supplying them with 2000 band-aids.

Korry was deeply upset at having to fly to New York to meet with Nixon, but after he talked with the former president he said he was delighted to get back to Conn.

Nixon gave Korry the grand tour of New York. They went to Nathan's for lunch, took the IRT subway to the South Bronx, then went to the Palladium for an evening concert. After this Korry quickly boarded a plane back to New London.

"I won't have Dick Nixon to kick me around anymore," said Korry upon arriving at Conn.

Ulysses Holds Students Captive

While you spent Spring Break wasting gas or eating your parents food, some of us were actually learning. A group of dedicated English majors spent the two weeks locked up in Buck Lodge. Their purpose? To read *Ulysses* by James Joyce. "It's a dirty job," says the head of the program, Professor John ("Wish I was in Dublin") Gordon. I know it's not fair to the students, but someone has to read *Ulysses*.

The program was devised to help confused students in Gordon's Joyce course. Said one such student, "The way I figure it, Joyce either spent five years on acid or got paid by the syllable. There was no way I could have stomachached this thing unless I read it under pressure."

The special springbreak program worked on pressure. The students would wake at six, begin reading at 6:15, and finish at midnight. The progress rates were, according to Gordon, "Remarkable. Some students managed to get through ten pages a day."

As in any program, some of the budding Joyceans were

more attentive than others. Several students were shot trying to break out of Buck Lodge. The first punishment devised to enhance learning was to make reluctant students stand in the Arboretum Pond with sacks over their heads. But this punishment was stopped as many students felt it preferable to the text.

One student had doubts about the "classic" status of the book. "Is this classic?" asked the youthful coed. "I mean, would you actually go out of your way to read something like this? 'yes because he never did a thing like that before to ask to get his breakfast in bed with a couple of eggs since the City Arms Hotel when he used to be pretending to be laid up with a sick voice doing his highness to make himself interesting to that old Faggot Mrs. Riordan that he thought he had a great leg of and she never left us a farthing all for masses for herself and her soul greatest miser ever was actually afraid to lay out 4d for her methylated spirit telling me all her ailments she had too much chat in her about politics and ear-

thquakes and the end of the world let us have a bit of fun first help the world if all the women were her sort down on bathingsuits and low necks of course nobody....' Would you actually WANT to read 800 pages of that?"

Professor Gordon feels that the trouble involved in reading *Ulysses* is well worth it. Gordon, winner of the Joyce's Quarterly's "Why I like Sunny Jim" essay contest, spent three years in solitary confinement reading *Ulysses* twenty five times. "It's not a book you read," says Gordon, "it's a book you re-read."

The spacious housing offered by Buck Lodge satisfied the students. "I didn't mind sleeping on the floor; I especially like the way Buck Lodge smells. Like wet newspaper in a mildewed sock. I couldn't think of a place more fitting to read this book."

To break up the monotony, students were treated to guest lectures from members of the English Department. Professor Bleeth hosted a day long symposium in which he read the complete "Canterbury Tales" in olde English; Professor Evans showed a film on scissor

imagry in "Rape of the Locke"; Professor Seng read from his book, "The Uncensored Story of 'Paradise Lost.'"; What Milton Dared Not Say."

Although two students died and five others dropped out due to the course, most of the students were glad they stayed.

"It really stirred my consciousness," said a new scholar. "I'm getting all new insight, and I'm asking all kinds of questions I never thought I could ask. Like, did Joyce type all this himself? And, if Joyce was so great, why was he blind?"



One of the *Ulysses* victims after dropping dead in the Arboretum.

EDITORIALS

Cro Snack Shop Run by Mafia

What is one to think when one is charged three cents for a paper cup or plate at Cro snack shop? That the price of paper cups and plates has risen? Heck NO! One can only assume that the Mafia is raking it in with a vast paper cup and plate racket. How else do you think they could afford those new plants, and that "No smoking during meals in this section" sign? Three cents sounds like nothing, but when you got those little old ladies breaking their ass to push paper cups and plates, you know there's more to it. Upon buying an apple I was asked if I needed a plate to rest it on, and a cup to spit the seeds in. These ladies are obviously being programmed by Mafia big-wig Jimmy the "Weasel."

Now we students pay over eight grand to go here, so when I am forced to fork over another three cents every time I want a milk shake or a grilled cheese, well, hell, I just wanna stop a minute and say, hey wait a minute. Now we could stop eating at Cro altogether but that might put those nice ladies behind the counter out of a job. So what we at the VOICE propose, is to take this problem in the hands. That's right, next time you order a shake and the lady is about to pour it in a cup, just cup your hands and say, "Fill 'er up honey." So next time you're asked to pay through the nose, make Jimmy the "Weasel" put it in your hands.

Picking up the Seat is a Pain in the Ass

If you are a male at Conn. you are well aware of the fact that there is not a single urinal in this entire place. Well, it's about time that we males stood up for our rights. We're all stalled out. Females complain about the lack of "men" on campus, well, how the hell are we supposed to feel like men when we're forced to bend over and pick up the seat, just when all hell is about to break loose. Now when I was a boy, my mommy always told me to leave the seat down when I was done so that if a lady were to use the bathroom after me she wouldn't fall in. Well, I'm not a boy anymore, and I think I speak for the rest of my gender by wanting to be treated like a man. The whole situation has us men pretty pissed off. By installing urinals in all of the "Men's" rooms, not only would the men be happier, but the women would benefit from the men feeling more like men. Now, we can change the signs on the "MEN'S" rooms to read "WOMEN," and we can leave the seats down and get sticky buns, OR we can install some URINALS in the "MEN'S" rooms. If the shoe fits, wear it. Well, the little oval shaped shoes with the holes in them don't fit, and we refuse to wear them any longer.

LETTERS

To the Editor:

Last Thursday, uh, I mean Friday, I accidentally summoned Mr. Burlingame to my office for what I assumed to be a confidential chat between two ex-lovers. It is too bad that such importance should arise out of his accidental visit to my office. At no point did I ever instruct him to get his sniffling little liberal nose out of the ConnPIRG ordeal, and to stop advising the little "kiddies." I asked him in a pleasant way, and it is too bad that he should interpret my request to stay out of ConnPIRG as a literal statement. Mr. Burlingame should well know by now, having lived with me in Buck Lodge for three summers, that I always speak in double entendres and euphemisms and never say what I mean. I hope this can be cleared up.

Sincerely,

Dean Alice Johnson

To the Editor:

On Tuesday of last week I was forced at gun point by Jane Bredeson and Robert Rhyme to appear at Buck Lodge in the arboretum at midnight, in a bathrobe and jockey shorts, in order to meet with Dean Johnson. Whip in hand, Dean Johnson threatened me to stop telling the "kiddies" that ConnPIRG was really beneficial, because one of our trustees, who happens to donate the most money to the school every year, works for a local chemical corporation.

Sincerely,

Michael Burlingame

To the Editor:

To those of you who have been reading our letters, you're probably wondering about the discrepancies. For those of you who doubt my statements I want to suggest two questions:

- 1) Is Dean Johnson a Dean?
- 2) Is Dean Johnson a short woman who always wears a silly looking hat?

As a footnote, I would like to say that Dean Johnson has never been, nor ever will be my lover. And as to those three summers in Buck Lodge, well, heck, nobody's perfect.

Sincerely,

Michael Burlingame

To the Editor:

Hi. My name is Melvin. I work over at the gas station on Hodges Square. You know the Getty station. Well I would like to clear up some confusion about the Burlingame and Dean Johnson affair. The truth in the matter is that, me Melvin, the gas station attendant, am both Burlingame's ex-lover, and GODMOTHER to his children. They're already making a movie about us called Melvin and Michael and it stars me, Melvin, and Jason Robards as Mr. Burlingame.

Sincerely,
Melvin

To the Editor:

I am fed up with the publication of anonymous letters. It is a sign of shabby journalism which enables

people to say things like, "Conn. College sucks," and "Let's get some more MEN on this campus," and "shit," and "caca," without being responsible for it. If you've got something worth saying, it's worth it to put your name on it.

Sincerely,
Anne Onymous '82

To the Editor:

Printing "Anne's" letter proves how stupid you people are. Any fool could tell that Anne Onymous was a code name for anonymous. Wake Up!!!

Sincerely,
Alan Onymous '83

To the Editor:

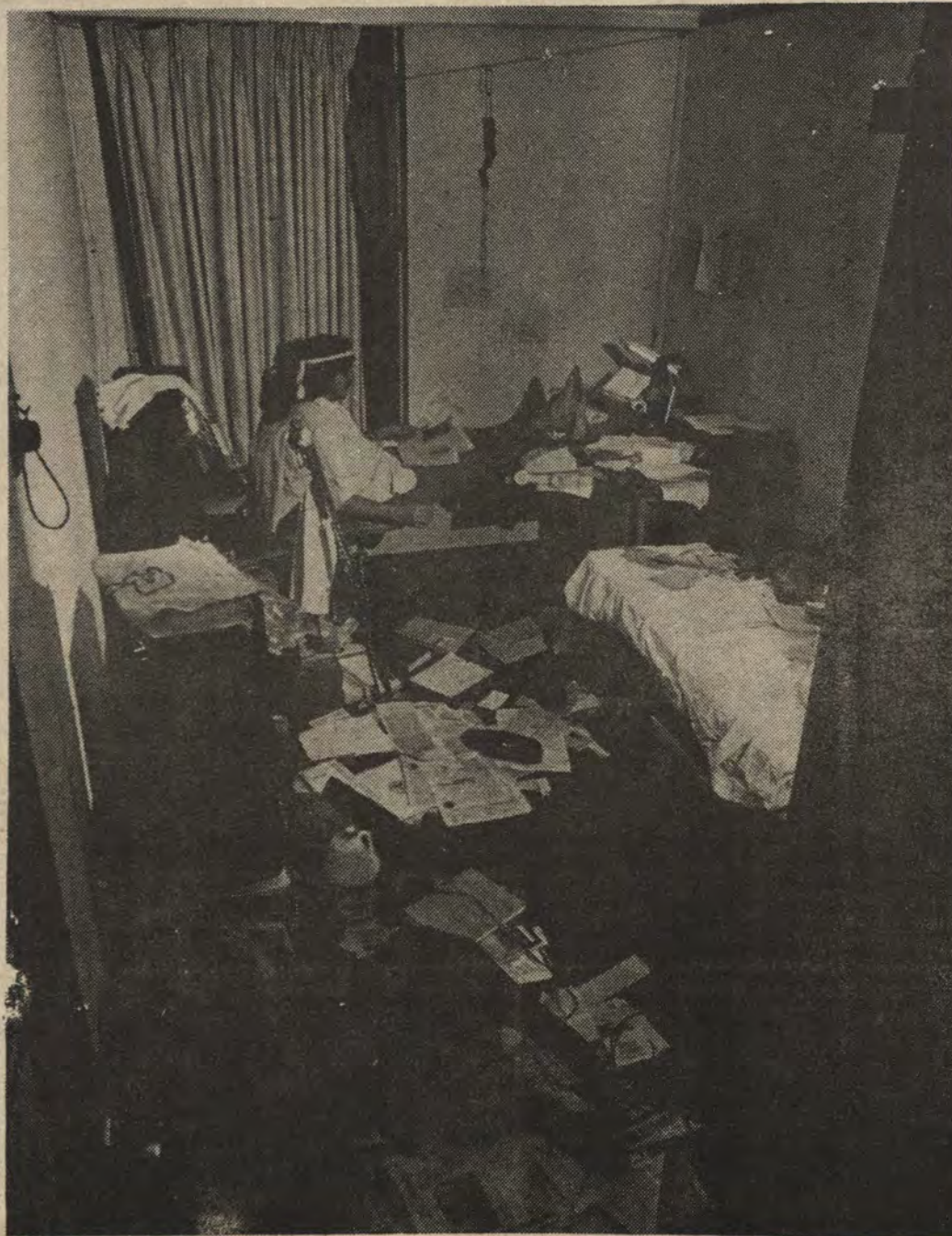
In response to your editorial entitled: "Picking Up the Seat is a Pain in the Ass," I would like to correct you on a matter of fact. There is one urinal located in the "Men's" room in the Crozier Williams Student Center.

Sincerely,
Mary Jane Geiger-Residence Dept.

From the Editor:

We "Stand" corrected Ms. Geiger. But we wonder how you knew that. Anyone with information as to this interesting revelation please send it to: The College VOICE Cro "Men's" Room, Urinal No. 1, New London, Conn. 06320.

VOICE Photograph Reveals Hostage Conditions



While vacationing in Iran over Christmas break, a VOICE photographer was able to infiltrate the guards, posing as an Iranian student, and capture (on film) a view of the conditions that the 53 hostages were forced to cope with.

"The conditions were much harsher than we had expected," remarked former President Carter upon seeing the photograph.

It seems that the hostages were not blindfolded and thrown into cramped quarters as had been expected, but were locked in 8 by 12 rooms, made up of cinder blocks, and forced to read the New York Times and to write papers. The hostages were also forced to listen to music of their choice on a nine-hundred dollar sound system. They were also forced to look through windows at other hostages across the way. Most of the hostages reported that they closed their shades to avoid the nauseating sight.

"The mattresses were soft and mushy," complained one of the hostages after his arrival in the United States.

"We were given telephones and told to call our friends in the U.S. And then they had the nerve, those slimy bastards, to make us pay for our phone bills," said another former hostage.

"If I had known about these conditions earlier," said Mr. Carter, "I would have nuked the entire country immediately."

Most of the hostages are reportedly having great difficulty finding jobs because of the damage done to their minds while living in captivity.

Not The College Voice

Not the Editor
Buddy Harris

Not the Writers
(in alphabetical order)
Aron Abrams
Buddy Harris
Sam Rush

Not the Photographer
(for most of the photos)
Carolyn Blackmar

Not the Layout Editor
Liddy Rich

Not the Editorial
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Kenny Abrahams
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Not Involved in any Way
Sally Barrett

Not The College Voice is an editorially independent newspaper published annually and once a year, and is translated from an original Latin text. We assume no responsibility for anything printed herein, in fact, we didn't even write it, we bought it from National Lampoon for \$9.99. Not The College Voice is student written by white upper class liberals seeking impressive titles for their resumes, and is a profit organization, so send your tax deductible donations to Not The College Voice, New London, Conn. 06320. The last line of one of the articles in this paper, if read backwards, spells out "Paul is dead." If you can figure out which article it belongs to, you will win a year's subscription to Not The College Voice. Daed si lup

Head of Millstone to Speak at Commencement



Gunther Greenwald, chairman of the board at Millstone, has just accepted the invitation to speak at commencement ceremonies on May 24. Mr. Greenwald, who has been drinking local tap water and living in the New London area for the past three years, was pleased to hear of his invitation.

"Umma ramfa, rouaroua," he said over the phone in a telephone interview. Mr. Greenwald could not be reached in person and was interviewed over the phone. The topic of his speech will be: Millstone or a Face-lift, Which is Cheaper?

A New Way to Exercise



By CAPTAIN SPALDING

In a rare photograph, an unknown Conn. College student attempts to exercise a Spalding basketball from the neck of another Conn. co-ed while Beth Offenhartz, housefellow of Larrabee dormitory looks on in amazement.

"It was absolutely incredible" said Beth, "This girl just said a few words in Latin, and this other girl was just screaming and clutching at the ball. It wasn't a very pretty sight. All of a sudden these lightning bolts shot out on-oh- girl, I was really scared!"

Tuition Goes up for 81-82 School Year; Students Thrilled

The College's Board of Trustees announced on Feb. 25th that tuition for the coming academic year will increase by 15.1 percent, an increase of 1,220 dollars to students living on campus.

"Heck, they're thrilled to death," said a smiling Oakes Ames when asked about the increase. "They love it so

much here they are willing to pay through the nose," Ames added laughingly.

According to various reports, the student body reacted with gleeful cries and numerous jumps of joy. "Gosh" said Mr. Ames, "they were so happy about the news we are probably going to raise it again next year."

Co-ed K.O.'s Lover at All Campus Party

By PINKERTON NEWS SERVICE

Leslie Kilpatrick was held on a charge of assault and battery Saturday night after attacking and rendering unconscious Richard Klemmer, Ms. Kilpatrick's lover.

"Well, he was dancing with some Jap bitch," screamed Ms. Kilpatrick as authorities attempted to calm her down. Klemmer was taken to the

college infirmary where he is being held for two weeks for observation. "You can never be too sure," said Dr. McKeenan, director of health services, "We took a blood test and throat culture just to cover all our bases, there's a lot of strep going around." Klemmer is due for release from the infirmary on Friday.



VIEWPOINT

QUESTION: Which do you prefer,
Stove Top Stuffing or Potatoes?



Shaun Kiev '84: Stove Top Stuffing



Dick Gregory: Potatoes



Ethel Gurnstein '83: Stove Top Stuffing.



Yvette Gurnstein '83: Stove Top Stuffing.



Margaret and George Greenberg '84 and '81: Potatoes-Stove Top Stuffing.



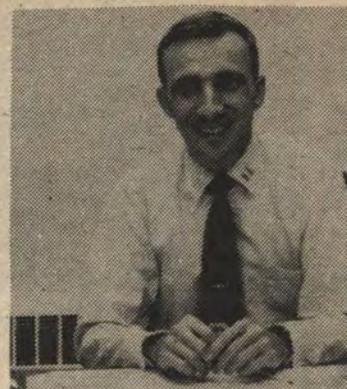
"Rock" Derringer '81: Potatoes



Paul "freckle-head" Lehman: Stove Top Stuffing



Patrick O'Goody-Leprauchan exchange student '82: Potatoes



Sherman Peabody: Potatoes.



"Slick" Williams '84: STOVE TOP STUFFING!!!!

C.C.G.C. and C.C.G.C. Come Together to Form C.C.G.C.G.C.

The Conn. College Gay Community and the Conn. College Golf Club joined hands last night to form the Conn. College Gay Community Golf Club.

The merger will hopefully bring about a bigger budget since the clubs will combine funds. The merger will enable the two clubs to

meet in one place, thus saving space. The first meeting will be held next Saturday morning on the first green of Norwich Country Club.

To become a member, just show up at the meeting with your putter and balls. The new club hopes to attract many new members.

C.C.G.C.G.C. Merges with C.C.G.C.G.C.

The Conn. College Gay Community Golf Club merged with the Coast Guard Gay Community Golf Club to form the Conn. College Coast Guard Gay Community Golf Club. The C.C.C.G.C.G.C. for short.



Vinnie Barbarino '82: Potatoes.

SCIENCE VOICE

Zoology Department to Coordinate Collaborations One

By MR. ED

Since the Arts Departments were unable to book enough events, the Zoology department has taken over full responsibility for Collaborations One.

"This event will be like a zoo with all the cages open," said Dr. Kent of the Zoology department.

The highlights of Collaborations One include a race between a swan and horses. It will be a two out of three heats with the first race taking place in the water, the second on land, and the third in the air.

"The horses should take the land event, and the swans should take the air event," Dr. Kent said, "So it will be probably be decided in the water."

Other highlights include a praying mantis who will lead an ecumenical service in Harkness Chapel on Sunday morning.

"The Ten Commandments don't say anything about buggery, so we're glad to have such a special guest," said David Robb the college chaplain.

There will be a singing dog

who will perform with a guitar duo.

"I saw her perform at a kennel once, she sings like a bitch," said Thomas Stoner of the Music Department.

The Dance department is especially excited about the tap dancing centipede.

"He's really fast on his feet," said Martha Meyers of the Dance department.

Animals get bored always doing the same thing all day, so Collaborations One was designed to let animals experiment in other fields. People also get bored watching animals do the same damn thing, so Collaborations One will provide a festive occasion for the audiences as well.

Other highlights include a flying cow. A flying cow? this reporter asked.

"Haven't you ever heard of the cow who jumped over the moon," said Ms. Sheridan of the Child Development department.

Opera singer Beverly Sills will collaborate with a frog. The title of the concert will be: "A Frog in My Throat."

The Science department at



Swans and Horses swimming neck and neck for Collaborations One.

M.I.T. is presenting a rain storm with cats and dogs, according to David Fenton of the Physics department. Fenton warns students to stay indoors during the performance there is the

danger of stepping in a poodle.

Dr. Doolittle and Old MacDonald will be on hand for the opening ceremony in which a thousand termites

will attempt to eat as much of the arboretum as possible in an hour. The two men will also be on a panel during a forum entitled: The Future of Zoological Collaborations in a Liberal Arts Education.



Guitar duo and singing dog harmonize for Collaborations One.



Camel collaborates with bike.



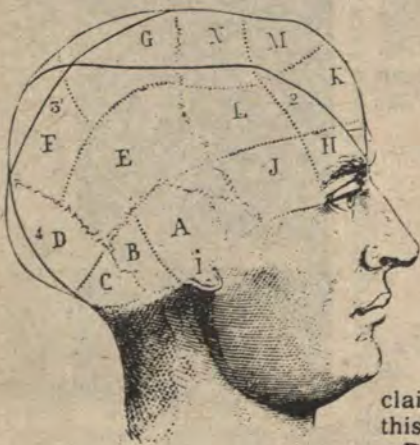
Praying mantis to lead Sunday Chapel service.

Psychology Department Uncovers

Male Motivation

by Examining

Student's Brain



By SALLY CEREBRUM

"The right side of the brain does not control creativity, and the left side is not analytic in the average Conn. College male. He doesn't even have an analytic side," said Otello Desiderato of the Psychology Department, refuting all previously known popular beliefs.

"The male brain can be analyzed from a side view on the right side," Desiderato

claimed while staring down this reporter's blouse.

Desiderato is publishing his results for the first time, in the VOICE.

Each section of the brain performs a different function, and each letter corresponds to a different function.

- A) Drinking beer.
- B) Going to Cro parties.
- C) Puking.
- D) Listening to the "Dead."
- E) Scoping and fantasizing.
- F) Sleeping late.
- G) Getting extensions.
- H) Playing "hoops."
- I) Eating cheeseburgers.
- J) Driving a car at 55 miles per hour past Cro.
- K) Looking at the pictures

in the VOICE.

L) Ripping up the VOICE.

M) Saying "Whatsup?"

N) Saying "Seeyalata."

"This is not a pretty picture," said Desiderato, ripping up a VOICE and eating a cheeseburger, since I interviewed him during his lunch hour.

As a result of the study, Desiderato refuses to accept male students in his Psych. classes. When I asked several males what they thought of this, one replied by saying, "Whatsup."

As I left Desiderato's office after the interview he yelled after me. "Seeyalata," he said.

Woman Strangled by Man Eating Tree; Arboretum Closed Down



Art Model Thrown Into Kiln By Accident; Memorial Exhibit to be Held in Cummings



While you were at Cro, an art model, while posing in the nude, was accidentally thrown into a kiln. It was not until the students, who were drawing the model, had looked up and found her gone that they noticed something was wrong.

"I heard a muffled voice say 'Ooooooh it's hot in here,' but by the time I had gone to the kiln and opened it, the

model had been transformed," said Mr. Smalley the professor for the class.

Three students are being held suspect, and the statue is being searched for fingerprints. Meanwhile, a memorial exhibit will be held in Cummings as a tribute to the model's work. This will be the only piece in the exhibit which is entitled: Is There Art After Life?



Oakes Jokes by Oakes Ames

1) What is the best medicine for a pig with a sprained ankle?
Oinkment.

I think this one is especially funny. I always start laughing way before I even come to the punch line.

2) What is worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?
A centipede with fallen arches.

I told this one at a Board of Trustees meeting and they couldn't stop laughing for hours. Thanks to this joke the Trustees donated thousands more dollars.

3) What do you call a knight with a rotary engine?
Don Quixote de la Mazda.

I told this one at a Spanish club meeting and they couldn't stop laughing for hours. "No mas, no mas," they all shouted; I felt honored.

4) What do you call a grocery clerk in Peking?
A Chinese checker.

I told this one at an Asian studies meeting and they all loved it. I tell you I have jokes for every occasion. I never fail to make people laugh wherever I go.

5) What gets wetter the more it dries?
A towel.

I told this one in the locker room at half-time during a basketball game and they loved it. We ended up losing the game because the players couldn't stop laughing. So now I'm banned from the locker room. Can't win 'em all. Anyway, if you want to be the life of the party like me send 9,000 dollars to: Oakes Jokes, c-o Oakes Ames, Conn. College, New London, Conn. 06320.



"The Yellow Jackets" Boat People Form Rock Group

"Who slays Amelica isn't land of opportunity?" quips Lao Chang, the lead singer of the Yellow Jackets, a rock group composed of four Cambodian boat refugees. The group members: Lao Chang, Tai "sticks" Chou, Mao Ling, and Jack Rogers fled Cambodia in an effort to find a better life here in the U.S. "Life is gleat, we love lock and loll" adds Tai, "No mo' problems, we jus' bloogy down now."

Since having their papers processed in San Diego the foreign four have embarked on a nationwide tour to promote their first album, "Yellow Fever." Already their singles "You're just

another chink in the wall" and "Amelican Joe, he's O.K." have made the top forty charts in most cities. When asked what they planned to do with all the money they are now making they responded, "Open a lestaulant and bloogy down!"

Already plans are in the works for a second album and a possible film. Calvin Weintropp, an executive for Capital records has nothing but praise for the Jackets. "I think those lil' guys are gonna go somewhere" said Weintropp, "Them Cambodian people ain't as worthless as I thought and they sure can cook!"



Dancer Wets Pants in "Dance of Defecation"

A capacity crowd at Palmer auditorium was shocked last Saturday night when, during a performance of a dance entitled "Dance of Defecation" the dancer accidentally wet her pants.

"I was just so nervous," the dancer (who asked to be unidentified) said. "I mean it was my first time ever on stage."

The dancer was rushed to the infirmary where testes were done.

"Nervousness my foot," said Dr. McKeehan. "This girl has been drinking too

much Tab. I asked her if she ever heard of Roberto Duran but she just started crying."

A cleaning crew was rushed in during the intermission to dispose of the mess.

"The dance was flowing so well until 'it' happened," a disappointed viewer said.

The dancer said she is worried about her career because of the episode.

"I'll have to forget about trying out for the gymnastics team," she added.

"Can you imagine what might happen on the uneven parallel bars?"

MOVIE REVIEWS

By D. ROMAN POLANSKI

"Stir Crazy" — stars a team of two funny men, one white one black, who work at Harris kitchen. The plot revolves around the men's inability to stop stirring the soup. Overall, it's boring and tasteless.

"Raging Bull" — stars Dean Alice Johnson as famed boxer Jacqueline La Motta. The movie traces the fighter's battle to become a Dean from her early high school days to the present. The movie is fast-paced and the photography is vivid. It should get an award for best costumes thanks to La Motta's cap.

"Altered States" — stars the Marshall boys. Led by two marines, the boys jump into a submarine, entirely filled with beer, and drink until the submarine is dry. The boys then come out of the sub, and head for the Cro bar. After that they head for the nearest party. Finally in a smashing finale, the boys wind up in Marshall dorm and enact a scene that looks like something from "Apocalypse Now." A must for those of you who are bored with everyday college life.



A scene from Altered States

"Ordinary People" — this heartbreaker stars Oakes Ames and his family. Oakes' son suffers severe mental problems when he discovers that Oakes is his real father and that he is not adopted as he once assumed. He attempts to commit suicide, but Oakes stops him by hitting him over the head with one of the world famous Ames' shovels. Oakes' wife Louise plays a nagging shrew who keeps telling Oakes to raise tuition so that she can buy a new dress. Oakes' son finally comes to terms with his father when he is told that he will only have to pay for half of his tuition at Conn. The movie, like the family, is mundane and tiring. The title sums it up.

"Tess" — Great, fantastic, and super if you like staring at 17 year olds for four hours.

— FACES IN THE CROWD —

Freshmen Blind Date Ball a Real Eye-Opener



The Freshman Blind Date Ball was, by all accounts, primo-supreme!!!

"I always thought I was ugly and would never get a date," said one dog-faced boy. "When I'd go to parties, I'd always borrow one of mom's sweaters and put it over the back of the chair, so I could tell people my date was in the bathroom. But this time, there was a real live girl, not just a sweater. She didn't smile alot, and she left a couple of minutes after I met her, but she did say hello - that means she likes me, doesn't it? Maybe I'll go visit her."

Smiles adorned the pleased visages of the happy freshmen as they filled their plastic cups with watered-down soda.

"This is really great," one freshman Conn-ette told this reporter. "I was finally able to nail my roommate. I stuck the little prep with this scuzz-ball I found in Book-a-zine who was kissing the centerfolds. I told him that she

"I'm not too good at controlling my emotions," one young man said. "So, when I saw the sleeze my roommate fixed me up with, I asked her 'What is this? A joke?'" She started crying...she probably had a crush on me...and I told her she wasn't all that awful, but, hell...she looked like she'd had a fire on her face and tried to put it out with a fork. So I left her there. Life's tough, you know? It's not like I asked her to be born ugly or something."

"mating parties" that will be seen on the Crazy Conn Campus. The Senior Class is sponsoring a "Let's Hit the Hay" party where students will bring their mattresses to the Gym. Says one of the organizers, "This will save time and small talk. It's not really private, but everyone finds out soon enough anyway."

Other potential party themes are: "Go to Hell, Slime" where students will

doff their preppie outfits dress like bums and bag ladies, and drink wine out of naper bags and "Scope-a-thon," where each student will be given a score card during Dinner on Sunday night, and the student with the most sights reported wins a copy of "The Joy of Celibacy."

One of the more ambitious parties in the planning stage is "Battle of the Bicep" to be sponsored by the "Let's Take Advantage of the 70-30 Ratio club." The concept of this party, set for the Gym, is that the men will stand on one side, the women on the other and, when a whistle is blown, each will run after and try to drag away the mate they desire.

"The fun in this one," says one of the originators, "is that, naturally, it's not going to even out. Everyone's going to want everyone else's date. So we're going to make money selling hat pins and black jacks. It will be a good fund-raiser, plus it'll be something different to do on a Saturday night."



wanted to earn money on Bank Street and I told her that he was the manager of a modeling company. Can't wait until he sends my roommate on her first assignment."

Smiles and giggles filled Cro Main Lounge as the new lovers realized their dreams. Of course, there were some mishaps.

The organizers of the event considered the night a total success. "It's a great way to promote truth and honesty," said the Freshman class president. "It's hard to be objective about your own appearance and personality. You might think that you're in the same league as a smart, good looking kid. But your roommate spells it out for you with the date you got. It's like looking in a mirror. A lot of kids left early."

The Blind Date Ball is only the first in a number of



Local Legend Honored

"Many students go here," said Oakes Ames. "But only one has contributed as much or is as well-known as Paul Nerz. We feel the Connecticut College Community owes Paul something."

Saying thus, President Ames disclosed plans to comission two memorials to this outstanding junior. The first, a ten foot by thirty foot marble sculpture of the word "P. Nerz" will be placed in front of Crozier-Williams.

Says Oakes Ames, "Paul is Conn's strong point and we want people to know it. He deserves the recognition."

With a matching grant from the city of New London, a large illuminated sign spelling out the same word will be placed on top of the

Mohegan Hotel in downtown New London.

"Paul has helped us too," says Mayor Leo Jackson. "Without Paul, who knows where we'd be? The sign will work as a substitute for the lighthouse. Lost ships at sea will be saved by the beacon of light saying 'P. Nerz.' His name will become a symbol of security and safety."

When asked about the specific contributions of Mr. Nerz, President Ames seemed mystified and refused to comment.

"He's well known, isn't he? P. Nerz is something of a legend here. There are few of us who don't have the word 'P. Nerz' scribbled across our hearts."



Paul Nerz (right), the center of attention as always.

"Junior" Jones to Teach at Conn

By JOE JITSU

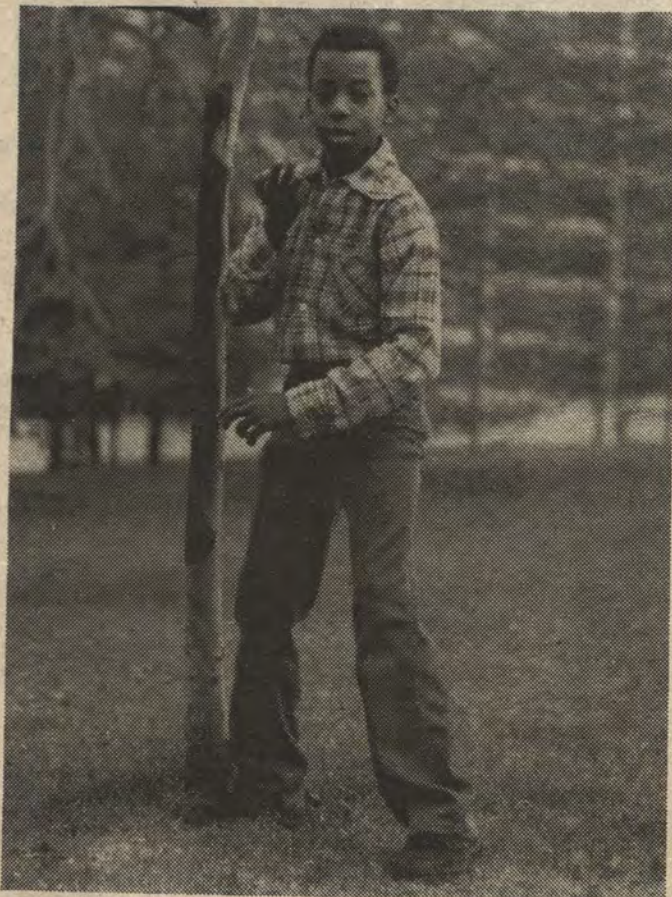
Junior Judo champion, "Junior" Jones has been hired to teach courses in Judo and Karate next fall.

"There's been a lot of assaults on campus," said Mr. Luce of the athletic department, "and by hiring 'Junior' we hope to protect the student body."

"Junior" has been on staff for President Reagan in the department of Agriculture, and has been touring the country and chopping down trees in order to make room for nuclear power plants and shopping malls. The VOICE tried to reach "Junior" for comment, but his mother said he had already gone to bed.

It has been said that "Junior" is upset with Mr. Reagan for various reasons, and would prefer to teach at a small white liberal middle class school for a change of pace.

So next time someone tells you not to be so defensive, just tell them you're getting ready for "Junior's" Judo course.



"Junior" Jones preparing to chop down a tree.

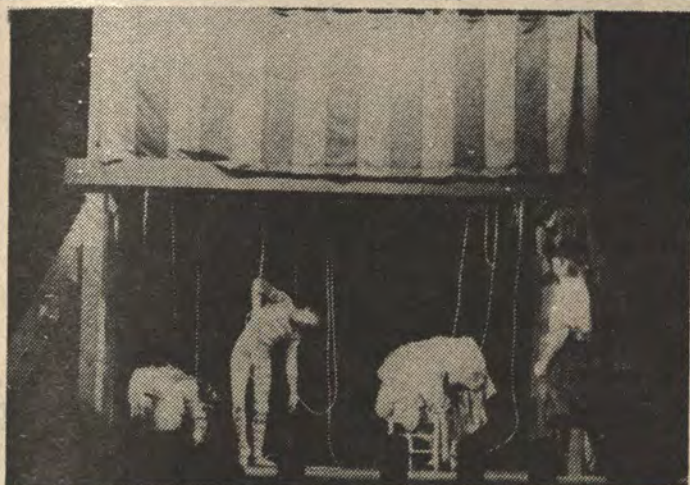
Poems to Read

A FUCKIN' GOOD POEM

A Conn. party on a Saturday night
is like...fuckin' intense;
The girls there are...like:
fuckin' gorgeous, like a molson
in the morning.
You get fuckin' toasted,
and hope you don't boot,
that girl in the corner is
starting to look cute.

UNTITLED

Safe energy, flowers, and brown rice;
No preservatives, wow, that's kinda nice.
Let's all sing songs and paint our faces
We can all live in Abbey and be total space cases.



Judiciary Board offenders suffers harsh penalty recently instituted. Victim (shown above) failed to show his yellow sticker at a meal.

Watching the Raindrops

At first, all I saw was rain.
The rain drops raced down
the window and I watched
them as they raced down the
window. Suddenly, an old
man came up to me and said
this.

"I spent my life watching
rain drops," said the old man.
"Don't be like me."

I looked at myself in the
window, I was still watching
the raindrops, and I hoped I
wouldn't be like the old man. I
realized that some people
spent their whole lives
unhappy and I hoped that I
wouldn't.

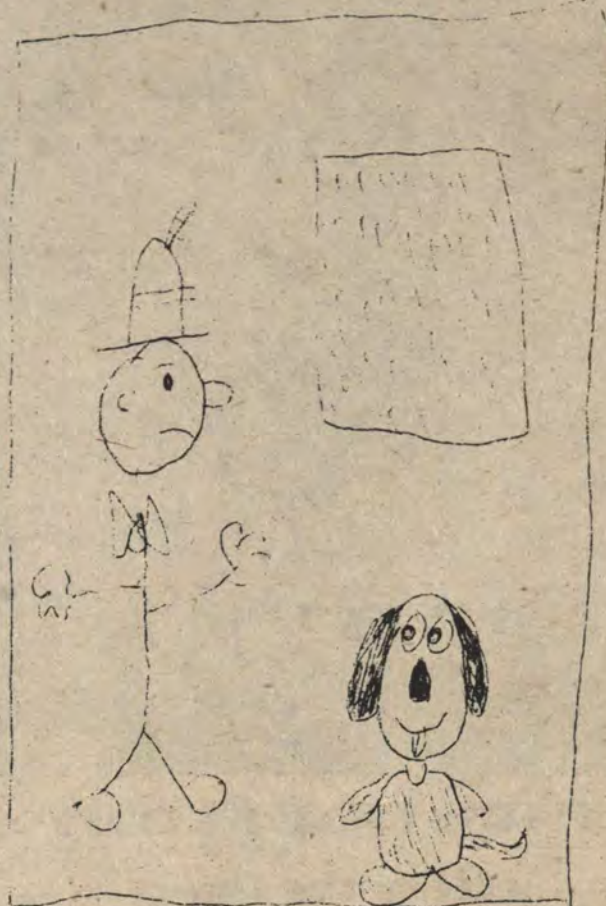
Suddenly, outside, I saw a
woman and a baby, holding
each other. "Help me," they
said. "We're getting rained
on all our lives." I was about
to say I couldn't, then a big
wave came along and took
them away.

That was another bad thing
that could happen, I thought.
It was still raining.

Eventually, it stopped
raining and I left. On the way
home, I saw some cars
crossing the road. I hoped
that none of them would hit
me. None of them did.

Then I decided that...

I
DIDN'T
WANT
TO
WATCH
THE
RAINDROPS.



"I... I... didn't WANT...
to watch the RAINDROPS!!!"

National Love-a-Garbage-Can Week



By STAN KANN

"Have you hugged your
garbage can today?" was the
slogan at the National love-a-
garbage-can week celebrated
this past week on the East
coast. Conn. College
celebrated the week by in-
stalling many new garbage
cans.

The new model was an
overwhelming success with
the students. Two out of every
three students preferred the
new ones.

"The new ones are smaller

and cuter. They're easier to
get your arms around," said
one student.

Most of the students ex-
pressed a real concern for the
support of loving garbage
cans. They said that they
often get lonely and find that
garbage cans make lovely
companions. They don't talk
back, and they don't follow
you around after you use
them.

The new style is preferred
by most since the old ones



were too big. You could open
up the side door of the old
ones and get inside, but you
lost your breath real quickly.
One student got carried away
and put her entire head inside
a new one. She said the
ventilation was far superior.

So if you're feeling lonely
and unloved remember that
maybe some garbage can
feels the same way. Hugging
a garbage can is not dirty like
your parents might have told
you.



Too Many Exits

By JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

Have you ever noticed how
many exit signs were in
Harris refectory? There must
be at least 50 of them. I mean
you'd have to be an idiot not
to be able to find your way out
of there. There's about five
exits for every door. Which

reminds me of a philosophy
joke. Descartes was on an
airplane and the stewardess
asked him if he wanted
coffee, tea, or Sanka. Descartes replied, "I think
not," and he disappeared. If
you don't get it, sign up for a
philosophy course.

Park Lane Eatery



PARK LANE EATERY
offers the finest
in edible attire.

**This week's special--
chocolate flavored gloves:
\$4.95**

**Also edible panties in cherry
vanilla, and grape falvors**

**So don't put your clothes in
the closet this spring--eat 'em**

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Bank Street
444-4444 ext. 444

CLASSIFIED ADS

Okay, um... okay... here
goes... golly! I'm nervous. I
want... okay... ummmm...
ohhhh this is tough.

I... want... a brain. Okay,
okay I said it, tee hee hee!!

signed,
any freshman girl

To the preppy girl wearing
the green sweater, white
turtle neck, and plaid skirt
standing in Harris line on Sat.
night whining about the food
and deciding whether or not
to go to the bar with Sally,
who by the way, according to
you is being such a bitch
because, because... well
because she is that's all:
GROW UP!

SEX SEX SEX. New that I
have your attention have you
heard the word of God.

WANTED:
Young attractive sophomore
male seeks long lasting
relationship with female
professor, preferably from
the psych dept. Send pictures
to Box 568.

For Sale
Sure fire method for picking
up women. It works, I swear.
Contact Dave Rabino.

WANTED:
Drugs....
drugs...DRUUUUUGS!
Contact Mark Tajima

The Shock Shop

**"It worked for me,"
says Randy Bangs,
Conn. College Student.**



**Dr. Izzy Bolderbod
offers shock therapy
treatments at special
college rates.**

\$20 First treatment

\$30 thereafter

The Shock Shop

1079 Williams Street

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MARSHALL DORM PARTY THIS WEEKEND

Price: \$2 All You Can Drink

Time: 9:00 p.m. -7 a.m.

Band: Blood Blood Sweat, and Tears