By Maria Wyckoff

The vandalism of the cube in night of Friday, April 23. As of this time, Mr. Smalley said he is unaware of any votes in connection with the cube. The College’s administration and faculty are conducting a search for the vandalism from Judiciary Board, and the Board hears about vandalism from Judiciary Board. Regarding Conn, Capalbo stated that the group hasn’t attempted to get on the Trustees’ agenda. The Trustees suggested that the group go on its own, although they would lose access to national research records. As far as funding goes, ConnPIRC has $10,000 for funding, says Capalbo, and he believes this amount is too large, relative to the number of students involved in the organization. When asked about the Board of Trustees’ general opinion of ConnPIRC, he stated that the Trustees are against it.

Fullbright Scholar

Faulkner’s opinion of Connecticut College is very positive. Coming from the town of Quincy, Mass., he describes his college education as being “an eye-opening experience.” “I love it. I’ve come here and have grown tremendously. Connecticut College has opened me up to things I never would have done otherwise, such as studying Chinese.”

Faulkner adds that with the encouragement of Mr. Chu and others, he went to Taiwan and Korea during the summer between his sophomore and junior years. “Open yourself up to professors and to things that are new and different,” advises Faulkner to upcoming scholars. “I didn’t plan to take Chinese here. If I hadn’t, I never would have become acquainted with the Far East.”

By Linda Hughes

A defacement of sentiment is how art professor David Smalley described the vandalism of the cube in front of Cummings. The “costly and valuable” piece of sculpture was spray-painted the night of Friday, April 23. As of this time, Mr. Smalley said he is unaware of any investigation into the matter. The cube is the work of Bernard Rosenthal, who Smalley called “a first rate American sculptor.” A memorial piece, dedicated to Dene Lath Ultn of the Class of 1952, it is the model for a larger cube which stands in Cooper Square in New York City. Smalley noted that the Cooper Square cube is vandalized so often, the artist has it cleaned each week.

The cube here was damaged before, in 1979. At that time, it cost $400 for Physical Plant to repair the sculpture. Smalley estimates that it will require two man-days to restore the cube to its proper state this time. It needs to be sanded down and then repainted.

At the time of this interview, Smalley had received no cooperation from the administration regarding the restoration of the cube. In a letter to Oaken Ames, Smalley commented on the unfavorable impression created by the present state of the piece. He feels that the longer the piece remains unfinished, the greater the appearance will be that the College condones this action.

“The College has a real responsibility to its gifts,” observes Smalley. “The cube is meant to be seen black. When a piece of sculpture is altered, in an artistic sense, it becomes almost useless because it is no longer expressing what the artist wishes to convey.” Mr. Smalley and much of the campus community express the desire to see a prompt return of the sculpture to its original beauty.
The Need For
A Multi-Purpose Room

By Herb Holtz

I would like to draw to the attention of the student body a proposal now being considered by the college administration. It is of great concern to me, as well as many others, and it is an important subject for the future of this college.

The establishment of a "multi-purpose" room in Crozier Williams will, once and for all, provide a permanent solution to the problem of space that has plagued us for various functions, etc. As it stands now, there are two sites where all-campus parties can be held: Harriman Student Center/Basement, Harris is fine, except that it can only be utilized once a month. Harriman Student Center is unacceptable, as everyone knows, and is in no way a longer viable option. We need a permanent location where all campus functions can be held, and we need it immediately! The proposed multi-purpose room in Cro will be able to comfortably accommodate all campus functions, plus other types of social gatherings.

The project would entail the combination of the book annex and weight rooms into one large room by knocking out the dividing wall, and raising the false ceiling in the annex. Dance classes would be held in a renovated Cro main lounge (the fireplace would be removed), and the weight room would be moved into the girls' locker room, which has ample space.

All parties involved (e.g., dance students, administration) seem to agree that this is a practical solution to the problem. There is just one factor that is blocking summer construction: cost (the school estimates it at over $100,000.)

I think the administration, however, ought to consider the future benefits (financial and otherwise) of this proposal, as well as the initial overhead involved. These benefits are:

1. A permanent solution to a problem which exists in Hamilton basement, one which must eventually be solved.
2. An attraction for outside the College, that will help Conn compete with other small colleges in the coming years, as applications to such schools continue to decrease.
3. A site which will not only hold all-campus parties, but one which will also accommodate gatherings, business meetings, and other miscellaneous functions.

To hell with the costs. The College can afford it, and it is economically feasible, it is necessary (for the social well-being of this campus), and the benefactors of the Connecticut College will be enormous.

I urge the members of the student body to voice their support of this proposal, along with S.G.A., to the administration.

ED NOTE—Ms. Sterlinhe forwarded this letter to The College Voice.

Dear President Ames:

I am a senior economics major at Connecticut College, having graduated as a Winthrop Scholar (junior year Phi Beta Kappa) in May. I am very interested in the future of Conn and wish to express my concerns about the school's future. I believe the career counseling and placement office is a major concern of the student body. If we do not reach our career goals and/or our academic pursuits, we will feel that Connecticut College has failed our students in their pursuit of our success. Then will we be proud of our alma mater and will support it in any way we can. However, if we are unable to reach our desired career goals we will be less likely to help meet the needs of the College. If the career counseling and placement is improved, the possibility of our success could be enhanced.

As we look at the current campaign, it becomes important to have alumni who are willing and able to contribute to the school. This is an issue I believe those who decide the school's future should address. I would appreciate it if you would get back to me regarding the group's discussion and decision. I am a concerned student who is willing to help the College improve, I believe I can do to help the situation I will be happy to do so.

I look forward to hearing from you. Thank you for your time and consideration.

Marielle Sterlinhe '82

Letter to the Editor

Having just read the article on "The Gallery" in last week's Voice, I feel I must write this to set the record straight.

While John McLoughlin's piece was accurate in factual detail, all things being equal, I really don't feel I did "The Gallery" as of yet. The Second Arts and Peter Engelman, while everyone involved does sincerely hope that "The Gallery" will, in fact, become a permanent part of Connecticut College as Kinne and the Voice, it is not all we think about. Peter and I are literally surrounded by two very capable Editors-in-chief, and they deserve much praise for having put together a journal of quality, depth, and breadth, this week's article by John McLoughlin was highly laudatory toward "The Gallery." The Voice consequently spread out over the trash can that isn't overflowing. Or God forbid, until morning when the janitor can get it on Monday, should I think about it. After all, I pay tuition. These aren't even the outright acts of vandalism—but they do contribute to the general atmosphere of apathy which exists at this school.

I wonder if people derive some sort of pleasure from such behavior—both The Connecticutian vandalism and the little acts of disrespect. Why can't people think a bit before they act? How hard is it to point out the errors at this school. My parents taught me to I think I'll sweep out my room. I just leave the pile of crap in the hall for the janitor—he has nothing better to do. I've done with my newspaper so I'll just throw it on the floor in the laundry room. The janitor can get it on Monday, should I think about it. After all, I pay tuition. These aren't even the outright acts of vandalism—but they do contribute to the general atmosphere of apathy which exists at this school.

I wonder if people derive some sort of pleasure from such behavior—both The Connecticutian vandalism and the little acts of disrespect. Why can't people think a bit before they act? How hard is it to point out the errors at this school. My parents taught me to...
**EDITORIALS**

**Cecelia**

"Oh, to live on sugar mountain. With the barkers and the bright ballboys. Oh, to live on sugar mountain. But you have to leave too soon.

Yes, you hurried me."

Cecelia sang that at her first coffeehouse. A few days later, I stood next to her in Harris and I told her that I also liked puns. York. I missed this. I told her that and, after a while, we were going out again. The highlight of that early period was having champagne and writing our names on some of the hockey rink one Sunday morning. I'd asked her if she wanted to, as a joke, and she said "No boy has ever kissed me on the roof of a hockey rink!" So I did. That was when I was a sophomore and she was a freshman, which was quite a while ago.

Her sophomore year, my junior year, things started fizzing. Fizzing here, quaffing there. She used her "fizz-brain," "fizz-brain," "in a state of fizz." I still went to her coffeehouse, although I always hated soft rock. And she still typed my papers, but... We were kidding around one night, perhaps not so much kidding as pushing. She made fun of my nose; I made fun of her chipped tooth. And for some reason, I threw in a crack about her brother who killed himself on her birthday. Two hours later, she put the flower I gave her that morning in an envelope, wrote "I hate you" on the back of it and slipped it under my door. I couldn't explain why I said it for so the rest of that year (my junior, her sophomore), we wouldn't even say in the post office.

"Don't it always seem to go,

That you don't know what you've got till it's gone?

They're paved paradise and they're put up a parking lot.

As a hack would have to leave too soon, we were both in the same dorm. I was in 209; she was in 309. The first day back, I left her a note: "Yo, 309. 209's sorry." Again, this led to this and, for a while, we were going out. Before Kinsey.

No sex at all. Not that I minded all that much, but it was the symbolism that hurt.

"Just wouldn't be good any more," she said. "It would ruin us..."

"Fine, fine," I said. "But our friendship's gonna suck without it..."

"We'll see," she said.

I started looking elsewhere. It wasn't just me; she didn't go out with anybody. I stopped visiting Cecelia. Some nights, I'd come back from the bar and I'd see her light shining, but I'd never go up... Stir; pour over "lost youth" and apprehension; light the mixture and drink without spilling on lips. -M.S.

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**PLANTING IVY JUST WON'T DO IT**

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**A PARTING TRILOGY**

Pillman, like I am IBM. Incredible Binge-Meister. Let's twist it up a moist, crisis-death-dead of sense, and de-program you a little. You're a hurtin' toast-puppy.

Good night, Frank.

Later, Pillman. What a bummer, hmmm. Hey Pillman! good buddy? What's your real name?

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**A SENIOR CHECKLIST**

1. Start walking around the campus just for the scenery; go into classrooms you've never been in before.

2. Make conciliatory remarks about people you've despised for all four years; find your freshman roommate; absolve the Pinky's for all their heinous crimes.

3. Make a lot of appointments with professors and deans; have long talks about LIFE, and education. Maybe get drunk with one.

4. Gentlemen: get extreme haircuts and laugh about them; vow constantly never to grow up, and wrestle each other a lot. Call home for some senior week money; check daily with the "pharmacist"; start snacking that freshman/sophomore-middle year you've been watching all year.

5. Grindess: put shoes away for duration; breed flowers in hair; sun yourself conspicuously. Cry about how you'll cry at graduation. Definitely let all your inhibitions evaporate. What the hell.

6. Grinders: cut classes and say things like "who cares" a lot. Try dope on the last day of classes; wreck Toasters: realize you may not graduate if you don't hand in the paper: drink to forget: smoke the remainder. Fre all day, write all night. See a dean at the last second and fix it up. Get told you're a good egg anyway. Go back to lunch and laugh and cry, then go to your room and alone and thank God.

7. Be sure to let your room get messy or clean, whichever is least like you. Criticize someone for vandalism 7. Be sure to let your room get messy or clean, whichever is least like you. Criticize someone for vandalism

8. Venture into the alumni and placement offices. Put yourself on lists; fantasize about giving a dorm someday.

9. Tell stories about the "wild times" until even you are sick of the story. Try to come up somewhere illegal and be noticed; wear sunglasses constantly; alienate undergraduates in general.

10. If you name scribbled somewhere, hide a trinket to find at your fifth reunion. Take rolls of pictures... of everything and anything; dryclean your formalwear, Prepare yourself really for That Day... mix cyanism with hysterical laughter and nostalgia, add a dash of realization, stir; pour over "lost youth" and apprehension; light the mixture and drink without spilling on lips. -M.S.
By Elise de Fuccio

Revelations and Other Voices, a faculty dance concert was presented May 6 and 7 at Pulitzer Auditorium. It was a concert with a great deal of diversity employing live music, poetry, and the fashion of modern jazz and African styles of dance.

The concert opened with Peter Di Marco’s “Gifts.” This piece had elements that broke the usual audience/performance barrier. The dancers entered through the audience, took off their shoes, climbed on stage, interrupted each other’s careful counting of steps, and smiled and embraced, drawing the audience in. A climax in the piece occurred when the curtain at the back of the stage opened revealing a brick wall. The lyrical music of Pachabel was danced to as if from behind it. “Temple” by Michell Bach was a powerful, dynamic piece. Using the drum music of Dwight Baldwin, Merle Baldwin and Charles Pritchett, a ritual was presented. A chorus dressed in black carried in a fair She in a long, pale blue dress. The chorus’ voice was used to emphasize the recitation of a poem by the Shamans. Following an explosion and flash of light the Night Bird appeared dressed in feathers and a drum. The music crescendoed with the chorus surrounding Night Bird and She, the feathers of Night Bird contrasting with the long, silky, blonde hair of She. It was as if She had been possessed by the drum beat of the Night Bird. “She listed for what she’d never known” and “begged for one sweet taste.” The piece ended with a flash of light, a drum beat and She falling into the arms of the chorus. The performances of Dwight Baldwin (Night Bird) and Cynthia Williams (She) highlighted the piece. They presented two opposites that were emphasized by Michelle Bach (Shamans) and the chorus.

“Bedtime in Bedlam,” performed and choreographed by Della Cowall was a somewhat ambiguous piece. Use of a lamp, a chair, and a recording of a child’s voice presented interesting elements. However, the piece was stationary and did not climax. Movements of running in place, leaping and getting nowhere, of pulling a rope or trying to climb stairs seemed to represent the bedlam. The end of the piece was confusing. Della Cowall sat in the chair by the lamp and appeared to be resigned to “bedtime” except that her leg twitched nervously.

Fred Benjamin’s “After the Rain” employed a large group of dancers that were all together on stage only at the beginning and end of the piece. The piece began with flashes of lightning, the sound of rain and bodies covering the stage floor. Costumes of earth colors and clean, lyrical movements suggested this freshness after a rain. Various groupings of dancers alternated with changes in the music. The first music change was emphasized by a diagonal line of dancers leaping and rolling across the stage, the second by an empty stage. The piece was drawn together as all the dancers assembled on stage and facing the back of the stage. Yellow lights came on to represent the sun coming out and the dancers rolled to their opening random grouping on the floor. Movement throughout the piece was varied incorporating head and finger movements, and arms that were bird-like at times.

Material explored by the Music and Dance class directed by Aria Fitzgerald and Wall Matthews was used in the piece “Cross Purposes.” This was a fun piece to watch. Its dancers dressed in black and white were used continuously throughout the piece and were never overwhelming in their number. Catchy music composed by Wall Matthews was sung and played by the group. Everyday movements such as finger pointing, head shaking, saying no and running made the piece very accessible.

“An Autobiography in Five Chapters” choreographed and performed by Carolyn Coles presented the progression in her life. It was compared to walking down the street and falling in a hole in the sidewalk. In the first three chapters Carolyn Coles falls in the hole but takes advantage of the situation. The fourth chapter was a little long with too much time between pieces, but it was an enjoyable, well-presented evening of entertainment.

Dance Scapes: Works by Junior and Senior Dance Majors

By Carmen Fernandez

On a scale from one to ten... Thank heavens they haven’t introduced that rage into the arts—yet!

The evening opened with a piece by Nancy farquhar, “Pulling It All Together.” This image made me smile when I went over the program, and my smile became bigger when I realized that the “pulling” was carried through into the choreography. The music pretty much dictated the movement, but successfully so; (it is interesting to know that the choice of music was made only a week before the performance). There was a nice variety of movement and shapes of dancers. Tamara Brown and Katherine Lane, were well tuned into each other. Light, fresh, entertaining, pleasant.

Molly Kolb’s “Liar’s Lullaby” was set in a totally different mood. The music created a self-contained space which the dance maintained consistently throughout. Amy Condren’s strength as a performer balanced the power of the music. Amy has that marvellous talent of losing herself when she dances. By this I mean that she gives herself fully and totally; she is not Amy on stage—she is who she dances.

The sequence of pieces in the concert was sometimes unfortunate. The next piece was “Essence” by Lisa M. Putala. The mood was much the same as in Molly’s piece, and the opening movement—a slow, rocking back and forth—although in itself beautiful, reminded the previous dance’s opening. The duet was well performed by Noreen Daly and Daniel M. Joseph. However, the choreography seemed largely on cliches. There was nothing new, not in theme, nor in movement. Furthermore, the piece never revealed its significance, at least not to me. The music was beautiful and marvelously performed by Jan Henkelman.

Next was “Rejuvenation” by Nino Wesberd, and my expectations of this piece were fulfilled. The dancers, Valerie Swirtwich, Ellen Lindas, and Hilary Lerner, dearly loved to be in Nina’s dance. They smiled at us, at each other, at the musicians, and at the others. The dance was basically a rhythmic communication between dancers and musicians. The movement was mostly confined to a basic theme, which happened simultaneously or as a round. This piece was so happy. The only sad thing about it was the audience wasn’t supposed to join the round.

Tina Marshall’s “Fellowship” followed interruption, combining movement and vocals. I admired Valerie Swirtwich and Beth Rubenstein’s performance, but I find it hard to be a good sport in this style of movement, because that is exactly what it is to me—a style, self-conscious and self-indulgent.

Characterized by heavy breathing and struggle, it typified Conn College memoriamers. Yes, breathing is essential in dance, and struggle is a part of our daily lives, but it always was. This concert grew out of a composition seminar, and that clarifies a lot. “Schools” can be dangerous as far as individual creativity and personality is concerned, unless the artist can transcend what the school has given him or her. The majors’ concerts are usually filled with “heavy stuff”—at least it claims to be so on the surface. But the essence seems to be lost, maybe because it just is not there.

I gladly welcomed Ellen Lindas’ “Wildfire.” It was a beautiful work, a meaningful metaphor of life, portrayed through not only the choreography, but the colors of the costumes and the music as well. The four seasons, the times of day, the ages of man. The dancers, Caroline Kehrer, Nancy Minnides, and clean, lyrical movements suggested...
The Blanket

By All Moore

"OK," he said. She patted Davie, then came to sit on Nathan's bed. He could just see her through his almost shut eyelids. Rose silver lips glimmered softly. The color made Nathan think of a few years back when Ma had let him hold the bathroom sink and watch her draw on rose-silver lips. She puckered in front of the mirror after finishing. Sometimes Ma put blue on her eyelids. In that bright light, she looked over, too colorful. But, here, Ma looked fine.

"Still thinking about your trout?" she asked.

"No. I'm pretending to sleep," he said.

"And not doing a very good job of it," Ma said.

Her fingers nuzzled his cheek. The hand, then, settled on his shoulder. It felt heavy and warm.

"Davie's sleeping well," Ma said.

"Mmm," he said.

She squired a bit to give him the what's wrong look. Nathan kept his lids half-closed and looked away from her, towards the door. He smelled that smell Ma had dumped on her neck in the bathroom. White lines still fringed the door.

"Mr. Henshaw says you're a crack with the Byrd's," Ma said. "You caught more than anybody has this month."

It smelled sweet, too clean in the cool air. Ma's hand felt warm. Mostly, Ma smelled like girls, very warm. But it took away that smell. She didn't want to be a girl.

"All that practice in the backyard really paid off," Ma said. "The neighbors thought you were fishing for leave.

She squeezed his shoulder, then let her fingers go limp.

"When you don't live near ponds, lawns make good practices," Nathan said.

"It's a lovely house, don't you think?" Ma said.

"It's OK," he said.

"Just OK?" Ma said.

"It's all right," he said.

"But what about those pheasants? Davie and you had such fun flushing them."

Nathan thought of the seven pheasants. Never had he found so large a covey. He saw a big cock, then another, and a hen. Andrew whooped.

"They flushed. TATHU popopopopop. Big birds with whirring wings flew over the pine trees, away. He couldn't move. "They were OK," Nathan said.

"You'll have to tell your father about them," Ma said.

"Yes," he said. "Next time I visit Pop in the city."

Behind the door, Mr. Henshaw probably lay in bed, peering at it, wondering if Ma would come in; she hadn't last night. Nathan quickly looked away from the door to Ma.

"I'm pretty sleepy," he said.

"That's my Nathan," Ma said as she leaned down. Her hair swished against his cheeks. Nathan closed his eyes. Don't hug her. But Ma's breath felt warm. And somewhere in her new smell, her girl smell came. He felt her look at him. And her fine breath wished in and out.

"Good Nathan," Ma said, and laid her head on his chest. He tried not to move a bit. All he heard was her wishing and his own which wished like it did when he dunked under bathtub water and listened. Ma kept her heavy head there. A blurred line of scale marked her part. Ma's heaviness and heat felt good.

Slowly the weight eased off his chest. "Goodnight, Nathan," she said. Ma looked sleepy. A few wisps of hair dangled before her face. The bedprings creaked as she stood.

Continued from Page 4

Maryellen Potts, and Nancy Resoff are all non-majors, and they did a remarkable job.

Jan Henkelman and Julia Stahlgren choreographed and performed their dance "A Wild Patience Has Taken Me This Far!" Although the title may have been a bit too obvious, and the choreography on the edge of being boring, I thought it was a marvelous duel. The idea to include self-made portraits which echoed their opening shape was a very nice one.

Eve Chilton's "Heroces" threw us into a totally different world. Leaving a children's bedroom, we became observers of scenes from war (World War III) Eve's inventiveness and power as a choreographer astounds me. Her piece was a very strong and personal statement, especially at the end, when she does not glorify the army but rather has us face the reality of dead or dying soldiers. Of all the dances—Carolyn Crosson, Diane Stenbom, Valerie Sweitch, and Hilary Lower—I felt that Hilary's performance was outstanding because of her presence on stage. She is an amazing dancer; fluid and strong in her movement, she captures one's attention from beginning to end.

FEAR

Liz Swinton

The victim of this nightmare willFade amongst his hopes, looking for a savior though he pulls down all the ropes.

Yet, the question left unanswered: why does he appear? Through experience the victim learns: Do not trust your peer. Caution and denial keep feeding him his meal, and every time the victim doubts, he turns his cunning wheels.
The questions are:
1. What is it like being gay at Conn? Is it easier or more difficult than at other places?
2. Do you have specific incidents (or anecdotes) come to mind when thinking about gay life at Conn?
3. Do you have regrets about choosing the gay lifestyle?
4. What are the advantages of being gay?
5. Could you give a little history of the organization?
6. Anything else you would like to add?

Peter:
1. Being gay at Conn isn't easy for me because I know so few people. I seem to have a hard time finding close friends anyway, so I'm afraid to come out to the few friends I have in fear of losing them because I am gay. People don't understand that if you tell them you're gay, you're not making a pass at them. Just assuming that because you're coming out you're going to try and seduce everyone. Not true! I just want to be treated as a person, not rejected because of who I have sex with.

2. Sorry, no anecdotes!

Peter: First, I didn't choose to be gay. I am compelled to be gay. I didn't want to be this way, I just am. As to regrets, the two biggest regrets I have about being gay are: 1) The fact that I don't have a lover because I don't go to gay bars or come out to people because of regret #5.

3. The advantages of being gay? The best advantage is that you are happy. I am happy with myself. Being true to what I believe is the most important thing. I just wish I could be true to more people.

5. No comment!

By Ken Larkin
My mother always told me to stay away from the trash. It's filthy, disease-ridden, and you're liable to be bitten by a rat. I thought this was rather sound advice and followed it although I once rescued an old bicycle from the Goliath yellow truck which smelled "trash-truck-juice" on our stickball field in the summer. Yet after finals last spring, I brought the bicycle to the barn where I stored it and noticed that when I noticed a silk-lined London Fog raincoat lying on the dumpster outside the barn. The coat was a little too small and it wasn't exactly my style, but my curiosity was piqued. I opened the dump.

Expecting to find garbage, I discovered a yard sale: shoes, shirts, pants, a decal set of cards, a screwdriver, packages of typing paper, a desk organizer, envelopes, a stapler, a canvas book bag, a ceramic mug, books, tennis balls, lamps, tables, and even money. For the express purpose of writing this article I made an inventory of usable goods from two dorms that were thrown out. I only counted clothing if it was clean and in good condition; things in packages only if the packages were unopened; and mechanical items only if they were in working order. Here is an abridged list of that inventory:

- Woman's Timex watch
- Unhosted chair
- Several rugs
- Check bulletin board
- Bed comforter
- 5 pairs of corduroy pants
- Memorex record cleaner
- Tailored tweed coat
- 2 table lamps
- Closed cell camping mattress
- 4 unused notebooks
- First aid kit
- 2 packages of gift wrap
- Paperback novel
- Roll of Scotch tape
- Electric can opener
- 12 pencils
- 1 leather belt
- 2 large candles
- 2 pairs of gloves
- 100% wool gloves
- 2 packages Corrasable typing paper
- Plastic mug
- Cotswolds Pride and Providence Tupperware container
- Sewing kit
- Boos Gorge clips
- "Re-rate" typewriter cartridge
- Harbrace College Handbook book binder's glue
- Liquid Paper

The group has traditionally functioned as a support group for people questioning their sexuality, for people just coming out, for people who just want the company of other gays, away from the atmosphere of the gay bars. It is one of the most common myths about homosexuals that it is terribly precious. It's no more true of homosexuals than it is about heterosexuals. There is just one fact of our lives: We are also students, music lovers, writers, readers, lovers, and lovers of all sorts of other things. We simply are capable of loving emotionally, privately, in our own sets, rather than people of the opposite sex.

"I discovered a yard sale: shoes, shirts, pants, a decal set of cards, a screwdriver, packages of typing paper, a desk organizer, envelopes, a stapler, a canvas book bag, a ceramic mug, books, tennis balls, lamps, tables, and even money."
George Blahun

By Robin Lynn Waxenberg

When George Blahun graduated high school in 1939 during the Depression, he almost never dreamed of immediately going on to college.

"People knew what it was like to be poor, hungry and cold," he said in a recent interview. "It would have been difficult to go to college and a sacrifice for my family." But on May 30, Blahun will be one of 24 graduating return to College seniors at Connecticut College.

"I've enjoyed Connecticut College so much," said the 61-year-old sociology major. "I've found the students amazing. They proved to me youth is a state of mind. I think they're tremendous.

Unlike so many of his school peers, Blahun has had a career which preceded his academic achievements. He was a member of the United States Coast Guard Band for almost 20 years and later the Academy's Public Affairs Director. Blahun began working in the Army Reserve in 1938 while still living at home in Center Moriches, Long Island, New York. A year after his high school graduation he decided to join the Coast Guard.

Though he had no professional musical experience, Blahun heard of an opening in the Coast Guard Band and traveled to New London for an audition.

He got the job and developed a versatile ability to play bass, trumpet and the French horn. This was quite an achievement for a man who auditioned on the flute and who had never taken a music lesson in his life.

Once accustomed to wearing military regalia, Blahun was colletively dressed in a crew neck sweater, tan pants and a button-down shirt during the interview. His grayish-white straight, short hair was parted on the side, the back just reaching the top of his shirt collar. The Connecticut College ring on his right hand was a surprise gift from his wife at Christmas time.

"We used to make trips once a month," he said, referring to the Academy's band schedule. One of his most exciting ventures was on the first cruise of the Coast Guard Eagle in 1947.

The boat stopped on various islands off the coast of Africa where Blahun and six band members, who named themselves "The Hungry Seven," played for the natives.

But domestic tours have been just as rewarding for the musician, who has served as president in front of the States President from Truman to Ford.

"It's so gratifying to go into small towns," he said. "The pleasure you get is the pleasure you see these people get from the concerts. Even from the cadets. You can't put a price on that!"

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There is a refreshing breeze of sanity and hopefulness blowing across Europe today. From sun-baked Sicily to the green shores of Scotland, European cities have recently been filled with people from all socio-economic backgrounds calling for peace and nuclear disarmament.

Europeans are well aware that they live on the most equipped battlefield in the history of warfare; an estimated 12,000 nuclear weapons deployed in Europe. This deadly stockpile of nuclear weapons in both East and West Europe has even led to a discussion on the feasibility of nuclear disarmament. During World War II, 50 million people were killed with only five megatons of conventional explosives. This means there are enough nuclear weapons in Europe to obliterate every man, woman, and child many times over. Have we forgotten that man, like all animals, must first and foremost be concerned with the survival of his species?

In Europe, the Western superpower is more direct and dangerous than any other part of the globe. The never-ending buildup of sophisticated nuclear weapons combined with ever-present border conflicts makes Europe the most likely region for a nuclear war. Europeans are well aware of the danger they live in. They know their homelands would be the initial battleground of a nuclear holocaust.

People from all sides have demanded a drastic alteration to the nuclear madness. Former U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union George Kennan has spearheaded this movement. He has proposed a 50% reduction in the nuclear armaments by the two superpowers and an eventual demilitarization of Europe.

Nuclear weapons were introduced to Europe by the U.S. in the early 1950s as a sign of allegiance against Soviet aggression. Because of Western Europe's dependence on these weapons, there are large numbers of nuclear weapons in Europe. This is economically less expensive than maintaining a large army. Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger in 1964 described the policy best: "More bang for the buck."

With the advantage of hindsight, NATO's introduction and accumulation of nuclear weapons, instead of a buildup of its conventional forces, has had an ominous outcome decades later. The Soviets were forced to accelerate its conventional forces to match the U.S. Thus, by the 1960s, Europe was a nuclear powder keg with over 12,000 nuclear weapons deployed.

Recently, the Reagan administration has tried to deceive the Western public with the idea of a "winnable" nuclear war. There are no grounds to support the idea of limited nuclear war and it is extremely dangerous to believe otherwise. The detonation of one nuclear weapon in Europe would be the beginning of unimaginable worldwide devastation. Both sides have hundreds of nuclear weapons on a constant alert. The nuclear warhead can be dropped on the target within minutes. What's more, there is a real possibility that a nuclear war could be set off accidentally. There have been hundreds of accidents in the compact computer system that controls the nuclear forces. On numerous occasions nuclear weapons have been close to being launched because of a mechanical or human error.

The vulnerability to a first strike attack increases the possibilities of warfare. If one side feels an attack is imminent they tend of off its alert flag to throw out the opponent's nuclear weapons. How have we allowed ourselves to be put in the position where in the matter of minutes, civilization as we know it will not exist?

The huge protests in Europe for disarmament, in which over 24 million people demonstrated last fall, have spurred on by the distinctly cool relations between the Soviet Union and the U.S. The "War of Detente," and high expectations have given way to increased nuclear war. It is reminiscent of the 1950s. President Reagan's bellicose, inane, and just plain stupid remarks on European nuclear war have frightened many Europeans. He has described U.S. nuclear forces as the "High School Band." Just this week, he comments on a winnable nuclear war and a demonstration nuclear blast on European soil has made many Europeans wary of U.S. intentions and has added fuel to the peace fire spreading across the continent. The Soviets have clearly won the propaganda war against the U.S. And, according to most experts, the U.S. has made the Peace Corps a nonentity in the West Palm Beach, Florida. He hopes to open a similar operation in Connecticut in the near future. He will also probably continue to swim a mile and to feed his birds daily, as he does now.

"This has prepared him for other things," Dorothy said about her husband's return to college. "I think he'll be choosy in what he does. It will have to be something he really enjoys."

Anthony Page
It was an impromptu announcement, made with little fanfare. Basketball coach Dennis Wolff had called his team together for a brief noontime meeting on April 19th, because he had wanted them to be the first to know. Effective at the end of the school year, Wolff will resign his head coaching position at Connecticut to become assistant coach at St. Bonaventure University.

Charles Luce, athletic director at Conn, had been preparing himself for this type of announcement since the day Wolff signed his contract almost two years ago. "The problem with hiring such talented young coaches as Dennis," explained Luce, "is that you know it is only a matter of time until they are tapped by bigger schools."

Wolff has made it no secret that his desire is to be a headcoach at a Division I college. What has been so surprising is the speed at which he is approaching his first championship. Only four years ago, the 27-year-old Wolff was completing his college career as a guard for LSU (2 years) and USM (4 years). An astute student of the game, Wolff moved right from his 1978 graduation from UConn to the campus of Trinity, where he became an assistant coach to Dan Doyle. He actively solicited work and challenges. In his first year as varsity assistant, he took over the head reins of the junior varsity squad. As a 25-year-old head coach, he led his first squad to a perfect 15-0 season. As Doyle's right hand man, Wolff had built a reputation on the varsity squad. Wolff used his connections in his native New York City to attract some blue chip prospects to the Bantams. Wolff quickly made himself a reputation as both a good leader from the bench and an ace recruiter. When he was again offered the job after his first coaching position, he would bring quite a resume to bear.

Conn has an academic reputation to rival that of Trinity's, but the athletic programs were far apart, as evidenced by the easy victories the Bantams had always run up against the Camels. When Charles Luce decided to step down as basketball coach, after a 4-19 season, to devote all his attention to being athletic director, he needed a qualified man to take the charge. The Camels lacked both reputation and facilities. The team had never been considered a winner, and nobody even seemed to care. In a sense, Luce was looking for a coach with a will to start from scratch. Conn needed a coach willing to work hard to build a winner.

Dennis Wolff had become familiar with the Conn program during his two years at Trinity. In the past two years he has accomplished his most and top-notch basketball. The University of Connecticut is to shock his sets for himself. Wolff is still a young coach, willing to work hard to Conn as head coach, after a 4-19 stacked against him. But, the coach beat at Connecticut, and unlike George Allen, who had never beaten Trinity, and in last season's first meeting, the Bantams humiliated Conn 95-62. The return engagement at Trinity was to shock New England, as the feisty Camels toppled Trinity 70-65. The total team effort had been highlighted by Peter Doyle's compete figures, including that of talented Carl Rap. Against the All-New England center, the freshman hit for 30 points and 16 rebounds. It had always been a whispered possibility that the 27-year-old Wolff would be to head coach, after a 4-19 stacked against him. But, the coach beat at Connecticut, and unlike George Allen, who had never beaten Trinity, and in last season's first meeting, the Bantams humiliated Conn 95-62. The return engagement at Trinity was to shock New England, as the feisty Camels toppled Trinity 70-65. The total team effort had been highlighted by Peter Doyle's compete figures, including that of talented Carl Rap. Against the All-New England center, the freshman hit for 30 points and 16 rebounds.

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