

Connecticut College

Digital Commons @ Connecticut College

1981-1982

Student Newspapers

5-14-1982

College Voice Vol. 5 No. 18

Connecticut College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews_1981_1982

Recommended Citation

Connecticut College, "College Voice Vol. 5 No. 18" (1982). *1981-1982*. 10.
https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews_1981_1982/10

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Newspapers at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in 1981-1982 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact bpancier@conncoll.edu.
The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

THE COLLEGE VOICE

Connecticut College's Weekly Newspaper

14
May 7, 1982

18
Vol. V, No. 47

Trustees

By Lee Ann Christiano

"The Board of Trustees at Connecticut College determines the philosophy and direction of the College, oversees the process by which goals appropriate thereto are established, and reviews on a regular basis progress towards achieving those goals. Thus it provides direction, oversight, and regular review; it does not administer. The Board has custody of the College's property and bears final responsibility for its prudent management. Each trustee is expected to assume Board responsibilities commensurate with his/her knowledge and experience." This excerpt is taken from the letter sent

to members of the Class of 1982 from the Office of the President.

For many, the Board of Trustees is regarded as that mysterious group of V.I.P.'s seen on campus every now and then. Upon closer examination the mystery of the alumni's personality and function disappear.

Kenny Abrahms has been announced as the Young Alumni Trustee Class of 1982, although the votes for this office weren't counted along with the other offices. Jane Bredeson, secretary of the College, says that it is traditional for the votes in that position to be counted in the Office of the Secretary of the

College.

"The Young Alumni Trustee has a unique opportunity to provide the College's Board with insight into the current student body's perspective on a variety of issues" she says. "It is crucial for the Young Alumni Trustee to maintain and cultivate contacts within the current student body during his/her tenure to ensure open and thorough communication concerning student activities and concerns. As a full member of the Board, however, the Young Alumni Trustee is not a spokesperson for the student body, replacing established communication channels between students and the College's administration and faculty."

Regarding the process of announcing the Young Alumni Trustee, Peter Capalbo, Class of '80 Young Alumni Trustee, stated that it is merely a formality—the actual decision is made by members of the senior class. Concerning the actual election procedure, Capalbo expressed his dislike of the campaign, and his desire to see a change in the election process, whereby Trustees would have the opportunity

to talk to those students interested in the position. Having spoken to Brian Elowe, Class of '81 Young Alumni Trustee, Capalbo expressed his belief that this briefing helped Brian to learn what to expect as a Board member.

The Board of Trustees is composed of corporate heads, and mainstream alumni. Mr. Capalbo states that different trustees assume different roles. As a member of the Board, he has assumed a role of high visibility to the students, claiming that the Board highly values student opinion. CCF comes up at every meeting, 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, ConnPIRG 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 ConnPIRG, he stated that the Trustees are against it.

Fullbright Scholar

By Maria Wyckoff

As the academic year comes to a close, some students' efforts are duly rewarded—as in the case of John Faulkner, '82. His double major in Economics and Chinese has been granted a prestigious Fulbright Scholarship Award, which he will use for a year of study in South Korea.

"They look for someone who will most benefit from going overseas and familiarizing themselves with foreign culture and foreign thinking," Faulkner says about the award's focus.

Faulkner, who leaves for Korea immediately after graduation, will enroll in Seoul National University, where he will study Korean language, history, culture, and economic development.

"I want to look at things from a South Korean point of view, by learning about their economics, philosophy, and art" says Faulkner, "I would like to find out why their economic development experience has varied so much from that of other countries. I hope to arrive at an understanding of Korean culture. Also, I want to enjoy myself."

Faulkner is grateful to his girlfriend, Soun Choi, and to Mr. Charles Chu, professor of Chinese, for initially getting him interested in the study of the Far East.

"Mr. Chu has given me lots of encouragement. I'm very grateful for all of the support he has given me during the three years I've taken Chinese. He's been a prime motivator, along with Mr. Kuo." Mr. Henry Kuo is an associate professor of Chinese.

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. Conn 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."

Besides the Fulbright Award, Faulkner has received several other awards while at Conn. In his sophomore year, he won the Marjorie Wells Lybott award for excellence in first year Chinese. He has also been awarded a Phi Beta Kappa Graduate Scholarship Award, which he will use when he attends the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University in the fall of 1983. Faulkner adds that twenty years from now, he would like to be the American ambassador to South Korea.

"The award hasn't hit me yet! I've been too busy. I think it's going to be a great opportunity to take a year off, go overseas, grow, learn, and expose myself to different ideas and new ways of thinking."



Vandalizing the Cube

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 Laib Ulin 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 once 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 Oakes Ames, Smalley commented on the unfavorable impression created by the present state of the piece. He feels that the longer the piece remains unfixed, 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.

quarto 378.746
C762 Q60
V.5, no. 18 C.2. C.C.

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 members of S.G.A., and particularly important for the future of this college.

The establishment of a "multi-purpose" room in Crozier Williams will, once and for all, provide students with a permanent space that can be used for parties, gatherings, functions, etc. As it stands now, there are two sites where all-campus parties can be held: Harris and Hamilton Basement. Harris is fine, except that it can only be utilized once a month. Hamilton Basement is totally unacceptable, as everyone knows, and is no longer a viable option. We need another location where social functions can be held, and we need it immediately! The proposed multi-

purpose room in Cro will be able to comfortably accommodate all-campus parties, 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 (very roughly estimated 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 resulted in Hamilton Basement, one which *must* eventually be solved.
2. An attractive facility for 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 the move; it is economically feasible, it is necessary (for the social well-being of this campus), and the benefits for the future of 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.

Dorm Stories

By Aron Abrams

HARKNESS—

Designed by Thomas Jefferson. "It's everything I wanted to do with Monticello, but I didn't get it right until I built Harkness." The dorm was built as a homage to Mary Harkness, Jefferson's first and greatest love. Mary was so impressed that she asked Tom to design

dorms for her two best friends, Jane Adams and Louisa Freeman. Jefferson hated Jane and Louisa because they were always hanging around, so as punishment, he built their dorms with slanting ceilings on the fourth floor and made various little cubby-hole rooms which couldn't be used for anything. This offended Mary no little deal, so she

Continued on Page 9

LETTERS

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

Dear President Ames:

I am a senior economics major at Connecticut College and will be graduated as a Winthrop Scholar (junior year Phi Beta Kappa) in May. I am very interested in the future of Connecticut College and wish to express my concerns about the school's future. I believe the school's future depends on C.C. alumni, and part of the alumni's success and career direction is shaped by the Career Counseling and Placement Office.

Since my Freshman year I have frequented the Placement Office to receive guidance in order to find a summer job. However, much to my dismay, the office personnel was unable to give me the assistance I expected. Nevertheless, I was able to obtain jobs in a bank for two summers and a position in a brokerage house last summer. Although I was disturbed at the lack of assistance I was given, I felt that perhaps the office was more accustomed to handling the needs of upperclassmen, especially seniors. As a senior, facing the job market, and interested in banking, I find the same problems with the Career Counseling and Placement Office this year that I found as a freshman. I see the office suffering from lack of positive change and innovation in programs, services, and personnel. The same companies have come to Conn to recruit for years and the results have been abysmal. Last year 17 students were placed out of 537 interviews with 41 recruiters. 161 seniors saw one or more recruiters. Many of the recruiters are not interested in hiring Connecticut College graduates. A company I interviewed with on campus intends to hire one student this year. I think having recruiters come to campus with these intentions is worthless. I believe it makes more sense to try and have recruiters come who are seriously interested in hiring Connecticut College graduates. Additionally, I feel a more aggressive policy of recruiting recruiters should be implemented.

However, not all of the office's problems are self-inflicted. I think one part-time and two full-time counselors and one secretary are not enough personnel to handle the student body's career concerns and graduate school applications as well as all pertinent alumni correspondence. Likewise, the office lacks room to keep a satisfactory library of annual reports, career guidance books, and graduate school catalogs. Nevertheless, I do feel it is the

responsibility of the office to keep up-to-date information of companies and their programs, especially those recruiting on campus.

I feel the inadequacy of the Career Counseling and Placement Office is a major concern of the student body. If we are successful in achieving our career goals and/or our academic pursuits, we will feel that Connecticut College has made a significant contribution to our success. Then we will 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 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 school improve. If there is something 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.

Marilyn Sternlieb '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 it did "The Gallery," the editorial staff, or Tom Curtis and Peter Engelman justice. While everyone involved does sincerely hope that "The Gallery" will be long-lived and become as permanent a part of Connecticut College as *Koine* and the *Voice*, it's not all we think about. Peter and Tom are literate, intelligent, and very capable Editors-in-Chief, and they deserve much praise for having put together a journal of quality, depth, and scope in such a short time and with limited funds. Last week's article made Tom and Peter appear a bit like Heckel and Jeckel, and the journal consequently had the aura of a Mickey Rooney-Judy Garland "Let's get the kids together and put on a show" musical. "The Gallery" is a serious and important addition to the Connecticut College campus; it contains works by the recipients of the

Benjamin T. Marshall Prize, the Charles B. Palmer Prize of the Academy of American Poets, and the Hamilton M. Smyser Prize. With so many talented writers on campus, it would be a shame if "The Gallery" were to perish like its predecessors, but we've set our sights on the years to come, and feel sure that this is only the beginning of a brand new Connecticut College fixture.

—Kaci Kinne
Staff Editor, "The Gallery"

ED NOTE—We are surprised by the complaints voiced by Miss Kinne. Last week's article by John McLoughlin was highly laudatory toward The Gallery, applauding the efforts of the staff to successfully publish the journal. The *Voice* welcomes critical "letters to the editor," but Miss Kinne's is merely giving The Gallery another "plug."

Letter to the Editor

It is discouraging to think that the people who kept the campus awake on the night of April 29 are the future leaders of our society.

The students at Conn's Children's School show more maturity and consideration for others than do these students. If throwing eggs, breaking glass, and in general making a lot of extra work for the already, overworked janitors and maids is their idea of a good time, I think it's time we take an honest look at our future.

Connecticut College supposedly represents a part of the "cream of the crop" which our society proudly produces. If we should be impressed that these people will graduate and subsequently spread out over the country and rise to levels of prominence and affluence, then something is very wrong with our priorities and values. "Disgusted" is a better word than "impressed" in this case. Whether or not these people end up at Howard Law School or Wall Street won't impress me, for I doubt if they'll become better people because of it. Obviously, their years at Connecticut College—a bastion of liberal thinking, hasn't helped any.

Sadly enough, these people represent the selfishness that is so prevalent in our society today. As George Bernard Shaw wrote:

The society that spends money on champagne before it has provided enough milk for its babies... is a badly managed, vain, stupid, and ignorant society, and will go to the

bad in the long run, no matter how hard it tries to conceal its conditions from itself.

Perhaps the unthinking, immature, and inconsiderate students who are responsible for that night's "activities" won't change; some people never grow up. However, it is up to the rest of us to make sure that this doesn't happen again. If these students compose only a minority of the people here, then there is no reason for their actions to continue to be imposed on the rest of us!

James M. Gravel

Letter to the Editor

After two and a half years as a student here at Conn, several things still puzzle me. Why is it that people here do things they would never dream of doing in their own homes? The general attitude seems to be: "Well, it's not my property, so who cares?" This is especially noticeable in dormitory bathrooms by Sunday night. We have maids, so who cares where we throw the garbage? They get paid to pick it up. 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'm done with my newspaper so I'll just throw it on the floor in the laundry room. The janitor can get it on Monday. Why should I throw it in the basket? 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 blatant vandalism and the little acts of disrespect. Why can't people think a bit before they act? How hard is it to find a trash can that isn't overflowing? Or God forbid, wait until morning when the janitor gets a chance to empty it?

I wish people could remember that there are other people around them—other students, janitorial workers, cafeteria workers—and just be a bit more considerate. A bumper sticker I saw the other day says it all: "A little courtesy won't kill you."

Martha J. Moulton '83

THE COLLEGE VOICE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Aron Abrams

MANAGING EDITOR
Linda Rich

SENIOR EDITOR
Michael Sladden

SENIOR WRITER
Seth Stone

NEWS EDITOR
Lee Ann Christiano

ARTS AND LEISURE EDITORS
Julia Stahlgren
Robin Lynn Waxenberg

SPORTS EDITORS
Rob Ingram
Steve Lau

OFF THE TRACK EDITORS
Allen Moore
Daisy Smith

BUSINESS MANAGER
Doug Smith

ADVERTISING ASSISTANT
Steve Sacks

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR
Virginia Pasternak

ART EDITOR
Karen Bachelder

SECRETARY
Barbara Lupocy

LAYOUT ASSISTANTS
Tracy Fitch
Ted Hansen
Jennifer Price

ADVISOR
Thom Lamond

The College Voice is an editorially independent news magazine published weekly during the academic year. All copy is student-written unless specifically noted. Unsolicited material is welcome but the editor does not assume responsibility and will return only material accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. All copy represents the opinion of the author unless stated otherwise. The College Voice is a student-run, non-profit organization.

Editorial offices are located in Room 212, Crozier-Williams Student Center. Mailing address: Box 1351, Connecticut College, New London, CT 06320. Phone: (203) 447-1911, Ext. 7236 or 7397.



Cecelia

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

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 Neil Young. She smiled; this led to that and, after a while, we were going out.

The highlight of that early period was having champagne and strawberries on the roof 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 out. Fizzing was her word; she used it for "fizz-head", "fizz-brain", "in a state of fizz." I still went to her coffeehouses, 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 punching. 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 so for the rest of that year (my junior, her sophomore), we wouldn't even say hi 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've paved paradise and they put up a parking lot."

As luck would have it, my senior year, 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 that and, for a while, we were going out again. Kind of. No sex at all. Not that I minded all that much, but it was the symbolism that hurt.

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

"Fine, just 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 there.

All of my senior year romances wound up dying, but I didn't mourn for them. Cecelia knew about all five and she'd click her tongue, asking why her and why not this other, cuter girl.

"What can I say?" I'd say.

One night, when I was between engagements, Cecelia asked me to play backgammon. While playing, she told me that her life was in a state of fizz. She was lonely, depressed, hateful—everything. I told her "Me, too. As long as we're both here, why not do it together?" She sweetly told me "of course not" and went to sleep while I watched her T.V. When I left, I could have kissed her goodnight or made some type of advance, but for what it's worth, all I did was unplug her hot-pot.

There was one more romance at the end of my senior year. The girl and I held hands a lot. One day Cecelia told me she thought the girl was a fizz-bird; we broke up shortly afterwards.

"Another one bites the dust," I told Cecelia.

"I don't know why you attract losers," she said while playing her guitar. She had a coffeehouse the next night.

"I'm a loser," I said with genuine self pity.

"The night before graduation, let's have champagne and strawberries on the hockey rink roof," she said. Then she gave me a platonic, sister's kiss, but it was fine anyway. So, the night before graduation, we were on the roof. I was discussing my future—Peace Corps; probably Ghana. And Cecelia was finally going to be out of the Plex and in the Quad.

"If I'm in Ghana, I probably won't see a lot of you in the next 60 years," I said.

"Probably not," said Cecelia.

"I know it's too late to ask, but during our college years, how come we never got together with anybody for good?"

"Why do little children skin their knees?" A pause. then "Have a good life."

Another platonic kiss and we carefully climbed down the roof. Then I graduated.

"You can't be twenty
On sugar mountain.
Because you're leaving there too soon.
You're leaving there too soon."

—A.A.

A Parting Trilogy

PLANTING IVY JUST WON'T DO IT

Some among us lie awake nights, staring into the ceiling at the brutish demographics:

—O.K., just relax... make a list: we're all wearing the right clothes; we've got a rink, stone dorms, the hippy dorm. What's missing! What's the *je ne sais quoi* about the big boys?

—We've got ourselves enough in debt; owe money on the new library, on all our loans. We're edging the tuition up nicely, got it past 10k without must hassle. The parents like it. "If I'm paying 10k a year you'd better study like it!" Good spin-off academics from that, if we're lucky.

—I guess the Campaign was the perfect idea. Build a jock center, the word'll get out. Actually, the faculty'll love it; take their kids. All the big guns faculty are sports nuts. Old players from prep and Navy. Probably should get some squash here. The riding stable needs more p.r.

—We need frats, darn it! And a real song. What can you do with "caaaaa-melllls". Put 'em on knit shirts, I guess. It's a start. Better make a list of traditions too. Let's see...

—If only the students were smarter...

—Have a three-day Floralia? Make it like winter carnival; we need a lampoon. Why don't those crew people beef up their image?

—Maybe if we just planted some of the stuff around...

FAREWELL TO AN IDIOM

Yo, man! T-sup? C'mere and pound lagers!
Hello, Frank. May I sit down?
Frank? Man, you're twisted. It's Bingeman, good buddy; here, quaff.

Thank you, Frank. I could use a beer this evening.
Toast! Tooaaasst!!
Please Frank...

T-snew? D'year Dooman luded out last night at the senior toast? Booted everywhere. Unbelievable. Hey, drinky-uppy. No, thanks. One's plenty.

Man, you must be skyin! Shrooms? I could tell. But those rags... you think a jacket and tie is gonna hide it? Negative, twister!

I'm not taking drugs anymore, Frank. I have an important career decision upcoming... a meeting with representatives of Pfizer corporation, and...

Hey man, what's all this fruity accent? No drugs? Pfizer's a drug company man! Where's the old Pillman binger we all know. Let me see your eyes. Yo dudes! Pillman's twisting out. Better stand clear, he may snap and blow lunch...

For goodness sake, Frank. Stop your nonsense.
Wha?

You're a senior. This is it. When are you going to grow up? Do you want to talk and act like this when you get out of here, when you're working for IBM?

Pillman, like I am IBM. Incredible Binge-Meister. Let's twist up a moist, crispy death-dart of sensy, 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?

A SENIOR CHECKLIST

1. Start walking around the campus just for the scenery; go into buildings you've never set foot in.
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 snaking that freshman/sophomore/junior you've been watching all year.
5. Ladies: put shoes away for duration; braid 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; wretch. Toasters: realize you may not graduate if you don't hand in that paper; drink to forget; smoke to remember. Fret 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 at Fanning, then go to your room alone and thank God...
7. Be sure to let your room get messy or clean, whichever is least like you. Criticize someone for vandalism if you're known for it. Try some if you're not.
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 them; try to climb up somewhere illegal and be noticed; wear sunglasses constantly; alienate underclassmen in general.
10. Leave your name scribbled somewhere; hide a trinket to find at your fifth reunion. Take rolls of pictures... of everything and anyone; dryclean your formalwear. Prepare yourself mentally for *That Day*: mix cynicism 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.

Revelations and Other Voices

By Elise de Fuccio

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

The concert opened with Peter Di Muro's "Gifts". This piece had elements that broke the usual audience/performer 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 Pachelbel was danced to as if performing to another audience beyond the brick wall. This culminated in the sounds of applause and a bow to the brick wall. The gift given to us was the opportunity to be drawn into the performance by seeing the combinations counted out and taught, seeing the embraces and smiles and viewing the performance 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 Shaman. 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 lusted 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 (Shaman) 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 the 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 sat 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 Ara Fitzgerald and Wall Matthews was used in the piece "Cross Purposes". This was a fun piece to watch. Its thirty 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

less and less time to get out of it. Movement was unflattering when it began and Coles had a lost expression on her face. By the fourth chapter the hole was not fallen into. Movement was lighter, happier and more flattering to the dancer. She looked happier and confident. In the fifth chapter she walked down another street. In the dark we could hear her open a door and walk out of the theater. The progression in the chapters of life were symbolized by removing an article of clothing between each chapter and by a change in the music. The music composed and performed by Charles Frink began as fragments of phrases and gradually became whole passages of entertaining jazz music.

Gerri Houlihan's "Cityscapes" began with three chords of piano music, each one accompanied by a spotlight shining on a dancer. The piece explored partnering, lifts, and small subsets of the entire group performing, alternating with short sequences of the entire group doing contractions or jumps successively or in unison. It ended with the three opening dancers standing surrounded by the rest of the group on the floor. This piece was pleasant to watch and presented a landscape of movement to observe. It did not require a change or thought process of its audience.

The concert 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 Farguhar, "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 shape. The 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 marvelous 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, echoed the previous dance's opening. The duet was well performed by Noreen Daly and Daniel M. Joseph. However, the choreography depended largely on clichés. There was nothing new, not in theme, nor in movement. Furthermore, the title never revealed its significance, at least not to me. The music was beautiful and marvelously performed by

Jan Henkelman.

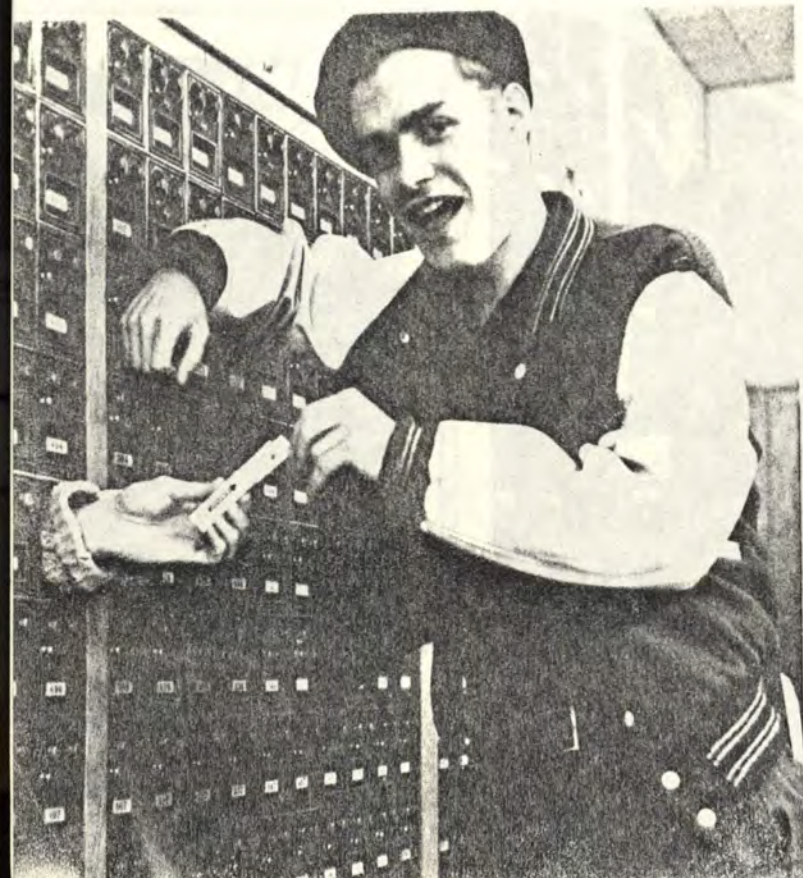
Next was "Rejuvenation" by Nina Weisbord, and my expectations of this piece were fulfilled. The dancers, Valerie Sutwirth, Ellen Landis, and Hilary Lower, dearly loved to be in Nina's dance. They smiled at us, at each other, at the musicians, and at the others. The dance was basically a rhythmic communication 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 party.

Tina Marshall's "Fellowship" followed intermission, combining movement and vocals. I admired Valerie Sutwirth 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 mannerisms. 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 Landis' "Wilddelore". 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 Kercher, Nancy Minnides,

Continued on Page 5



The Blanket

By Ali Moore

Nathan sat on somebody's bed in the dusk. He looked to the far wall. A lamp, on a table, spilled light out of its paper shade. Light lay on the table and against the windows, and went up to the ceiling where it faded across in a darkening wash. Branch tips tapped the windows. Wind chilled the panes, and Nathan remembered fingering them, scraping up sparkles of frost. Outside, fingertips still tapped. And beyond, dark leave-less limbs swayed. Somewhere, about a ten minute's walk away, surrounded by limbs, a small pond lay. Little waves slapped the windward shore, leaving a white ice. Brook trout swam under the churning surface. A little one circled his water home, and kept eyes open. But here lay the bed. Its blanket wrapped over and tucked under the mattress.

Nathan hovered his palms across the green wool of thick dark blanket.

He stood. And he pulled the blanket out from its tuck to let it hang. The edge drooped two inches off the floor. Nathan thought to take extra care while moving the bed from the wall. A coaster had fallen off a leg. He lifted that end of the bed, then swung it out, and swung the other end out, too. And his hands slid under the mattress to pull out the blanket. "No," he said when he saw the edge hanging six inches from the floor. Quickly, he righted the blanket: four inches between edge and floor. And not soon enough he tucked in the blanket to make sure it stayed even.

The sheets felt too wintry and too fresh. Nathan cuddled his feet together to warm them. Toenails scraped skin. His snuggling feet felt dumb, sluggish as if they belonged to an idiot. Already he had propped his head on the pillow. He could see everything in the room. Davie, a little bundle under blanket, showed only a splotch of auburn hair. It rested on his pillow, and slow sniffles and sighs came from close to it. Ma had put him to bed an hour ago. Mr. Henshaw had snuck between their beds, through the door, into his room, while Nathan brushed his teeth. He remembered the hurried footsteps and the door shutting. White lines of light fringed the door which could only be five, maybe six, steps away.

Ma was coming. Her tall shoes with the skinny heels went crik crik crik on the wooden stairs. She stepped into the lamp light. Once the mailman said to her, "Where's your mother?" She said, "I am the mother." She looked young and pretty but her face didn't have any light on it when she walked over.

"Sleepy, Nathan?" she asked.

He closed his eyes and yawned loudly.

"How's Davie sleeping?" she asked.

"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 queer, 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 squinted 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 damped on her neck in the bathroom. White lines still fringed the door.

"Mr. Henshaw says you're a crack with the flyrod," 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 smelt 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 leaves."

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

"When you don't live near ponds, lawns make good practice," 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 popopopop. 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 leant 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 scalp 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 bedsprings 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 devious, and the choreography on the edge of being boring, I thought it was a marvelous duet. The idea to include self-made portraits which echoed their opening shape was a very nice one.

Eve Chilton's "Heroics" threw us into a totally different world. Leaving a

"Goodnight," he said.

"Sweet dreams," Ma said.

The air cooled. Ma looked down at him, then over to the light. Her eyes moved around. Maybe she thought about something else. Ma turned, crik crik crik, opened the door, slid into a flash of white, and shut the door. A clear cool stillness took over the room. No voices came from inside Mr. Henshaw's room, not even a murmur. Davie sniffled and sighed, and he could hear himself, but everything else stood quiet and still. No, not everything else. Fingers tapped the panes, calling him. Did pheasants sleep during the night or did they feed, plumping for winter?

The blanket turns from red to blue to orange to brown and when it falls to Ma's side I pull on the other edge to even it but when I pull it comes so fast it touches Pop's side and I run to the other side and pull and it slides over too far it touches the floor something huge

Continued on Page 9

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 dancers—Carolyn Crosson, Diane Sozomba, Valerie Sutwirth, 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

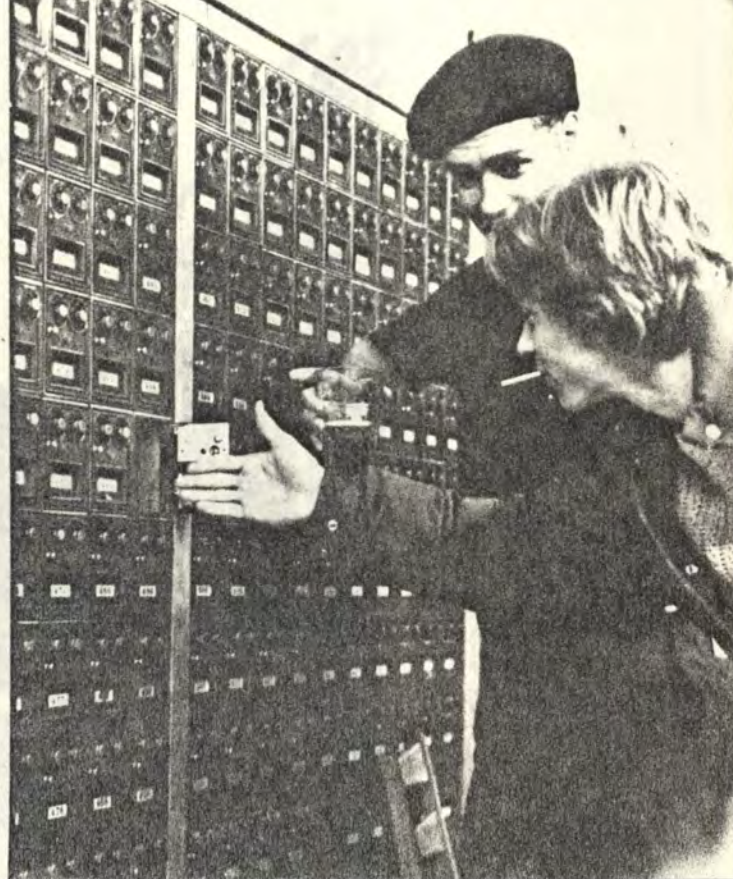
—Liz Swinton

A contemptible tiny creature invading fast within the zones, He's abusive and destructive While he chills amongst the bones, He takes pleasure in affecting the frightened and the shy, He appears at any moment; Denying it's a lie.

He does not reach cessation, Until he's found his match, This opposer of wrong doings will cause him to unlatch.

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

Yet, the question left unanswered is: why does he appear? Through experience the victim learns: Do not trust your peer. Caution and denial keep feeding him his meal, and everytime the victim doubts, He turns his cunning wheels.



GAY LIFE AT CONN

EDITOR'S NOTE:

These QUESTIONS WERE SENT to the G.L.C. (Gay/Lesbian Community). It's Another Editor's Note: L.G.C.

The questions are:

1. What is it like being gay at Conn? Is it easier or more difficult than at other places?
2. Do any 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 making 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. People just assume that because you're coming out you're going to try and seduce everyone. Not true! I just want to be accepted for who I am, not rejected because of who I have sex with.

2. Sorry, no anecdotes!

Peter: 3. First off, 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 feel it is necessary to be in the closet (for me) because I know how many of my friends feel about gays. 2) 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 #1.

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

5. No comment!

By Ken Lankin

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 that dribbled "trash-truck juice" on our stickball field in the summer. Yet after finals last spring, I broke my time-honored trash taboo when I noticed a silk-lined London Fog raincoat lying on the dumpster outside of my dorm. The coat was a little too small and it wasn't exactly my style, but my curiosity was piqued. I opened the dumpster.

Expecting to find garbage, I discovered a yard sale: shoes, shirts, pants, a deck 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

D:

1. "Being gay at Conn." The one unfortunate part of being gay at Conn is the relative lack of community; i.e., other gays being out and around as a sort of support group. Most of us on campus—there are lots—don't feel comfortable enough in this devastatingly republican atmosphere; we have to be comfortable with ourselves first, though comfortable enough to say "Fuck you" and laugh good naturedly.

D: 2. The absence of incidents is both good and bad, healthy and troubling.

D: 3. "Choosing" is not the right word, "lifestyle" is equally poor. It's kind of like accepting a nose that's too large, or a God-given talent. You (we) simply say "yes" and go on to other things—some related to sexuality, some not.

D: 4. Dealing at an early age (hopefully) with ourselves, our bodies and needs, our pains and joys, and for some the ability to "not conform." (People who see our sexuality as chic or fashionable aren't involving themselves with being gay, they're just seeking another means to an end.)

Lisa:

1. It's a little isolated, mainly because there is not a large number of people who participate in the LGC (Lesbian and Gay Community). Since I am bisexual I have had a slightly different experience. When I first "came out" (of the closet), there were people in the LGC who didn't accept or support me. But after a while they did; I helped to make them aware of the special situation of bisexuals.

Being "out" here is sometimes more difficult than being "out" at other places (such as Boston), only because it's like a small town; you can't be anonymous. But I've never lost a friend at Conn because of my sexual orientation, and I think that says something positive about people here. At the beginning of this year, at Club Night, I was sitting at our table when someone came up to me and asked "Why do you need to advertise your sexuality? Why do you need to have a group at all?" I replied that we weren't advertising our sexuality anymore than a heterosexual couple who were necking on the stairs. I also said that the group existed mainly for peer support, and for the purpose of educating the college community. There

would be no need for a group, and for interviews like this if there was no discrimination towards sexual minorities.

Though this is not a specific incident, I'd like to talk about it anyway. When I was named a Winthrop Scholar last semester, I wondered what people who respected me for my academic achievement would think if they knew about my sexual orientation. It's not that I'm worried about what people think of me; I am worried about people's hypocrisy however, and about their prejudices against gay or bisexual people.

3. I don't think it's correct to use the word "choose" when you are talking about sexual orientation.

Nobody—whether they are straight, bi, or gay—chooses their sexual orientations. They may choose to be something they aren't, but that doesn't change their true orientation. I have no regrets at all. It was a wonderful feeling when I finally understood my sexuality—a feeling of being whole. My only regret is that "society" persists in discriminating against us. In other words, it's not our problem, it's everyone else's problem.

4. There are some big advantages. I am glad that I understand myself. I feel capable of helping other people because I am comfortable with myself. I can also identify and sympathize with other minorities and oppressed groups—blacks, Hispanics, and the handicapped, for instance.

Understanding sexual orientation also helped me to understand my oppression as a woman, because as I was "socialized" into the lesbian and gay culture, I met women who found their identities through other women, not through men, and who could see very clearly the sexism in our society.

5. This is the fourth academic year that the LGC has met. This is the first year that we have not sponsored a campus event of some sort. The first year (before I was out even) Barbara Cuttings, a lesbian, activist from New York, gave a lecture entitled: "Gay Rights: What Every Heterosexual Should Know." The second year we showed the movie "Word Is Out," which contains interviews with twenty-six lesbians and gay men. Last year Jonathan Katz, author of the *Gay American History*, lectured on "Sodomitical Sins and Abominable Sinners in the Early Colonies."

The group has traditionally functioned as a support group for people questioning their sexuality, for people just coming out, and for people who just want the company of other gays, away from the atmosphere of the gay bars.

6. One of the most common myths about homosexuals is that they are terribly promiscuous. It's no more true about homosexuals than it is about heterosexuals. The point is: being gay, lesbian, or bisexual is just one part of all of our lives. We are also students, music lovers, runners, men, women, and all sorts of other things. We simply are capable of loving people emotionally, physically, etc., of our own sex, rather than people of the opposite sex.

Amy:

1. Yes, it's more difficult being gay at Conn than at other places because there aren't many people willing to come out and talk about being gay. Because there are so few people willing to come out, being gay on campus is a non-issue. We aren't hassled because people don't have to think about the fact that gay people exist here.

2. A former member of the gay community became a born-again Christian and decided that homosexuality was wrong, not only for this person but for everyone. When this person told me that, I felt that we could no longer be friends. We disagreed on something that was very basic to both of us. I could not stop being gay anymore than my friend could stop being a Christian. That was one of the hardest decisions I ever had to make.

I put a sign up on the laundry room door, which is next to my room, asking people not to do their wash at unreasonable hours, because it makes noise. Several days later, underneath the sign appeared a comment that said: "So do you," with an arrow pointing to my room, and under that in parentheses it said: "CCGC." I decided that I wasn't going to remove it, but several days later I noticed that the graffiti was crossed out, and later still it was torn off. I thought that the person who tore off the graffiti was offended by it, and thus showed sensitivity to the issue.

3. I didn't choose to be gay, and I don't think my lifestyle is any different from anyone else's. I get up in the morning, take a shower, go to classes, panic over papers, and drink beer just like other students here.

4. Lesbianism means never having to say "I'm pregnant."

Good Garbage

unopened; and mechanical items only if they were in working order. here is an abbreviated list of that inventory:

woman's Timex watch
unholstered chair
several rugs
cork 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 outlet adapter
2 100% wool hats
2 packages Corrasable typing paper
plastic mug
Cliff notes to *Pride and Prejudice*
Tupperware container
sewing kit
box of paper clips
"Re-rite" typewriter cartridge
Harbrace College Handbook
bottle of Elmer's glue
Liquid Paper

leather belt
2 large candles
bed sheets and covers
2 pairs of clogs
turtleneck shirt
sweatpants
running trunks
14 pre-stamped envelopes
painter's cap
cookie tin
12 markers
14 pencils
16 pens
89¢ (11- Canadian)
\$5.85 in bottles and cans
9 brand new guitar strings
Duncan yo-yo
Slinky in perfect condition
1 pepper shaker
6 salt shakers
7 cans of tennis balls
a book check out from Coast Guard Library

Actually I know I'm not the first nor the only person that has made such a discovery at Connecticut College. I talked with a girl from J.A. last year who found a perfectly good blow dryer and a professor who found an IBM selectric typewriter. The typewriter was

damaged (apparently from the impact of throwing it in the trash), but the parts were valuable so the professor was able to trade it in for a brand new manual typewriter.

Now nobody needs another lecture about the starving children in India, but let's face it. We are the affluent elite of an affluent country. We use more of the world's resources than anybody else. As educated people we ought to be more thoughtful about conservation.

Obviously, there are some questions of practicability. However I'm not suggesting that you lug a box of half-used toiletries if you have to take a plane home to California, nor am I suggesting that we should recycle staples. There are a number of sensible alternatives. For those of you who are industrious you can try to sell your extra rug, table, or lamp. For those of you who are altruistic, you can donate your extra clothing to Goodwill or the Salvation Army. For those of you who are tired and just want to get the hell out of here at the end of the semester (like myself), you can simply leave your extra belongings in the hallway for someone else who might be able to use them.

George Blahun

By Robin Lynn Waxenberg

When George Blahun graduated high school in 1939 during the Depression, he 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 Moiches, 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 string bass, tuba 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.

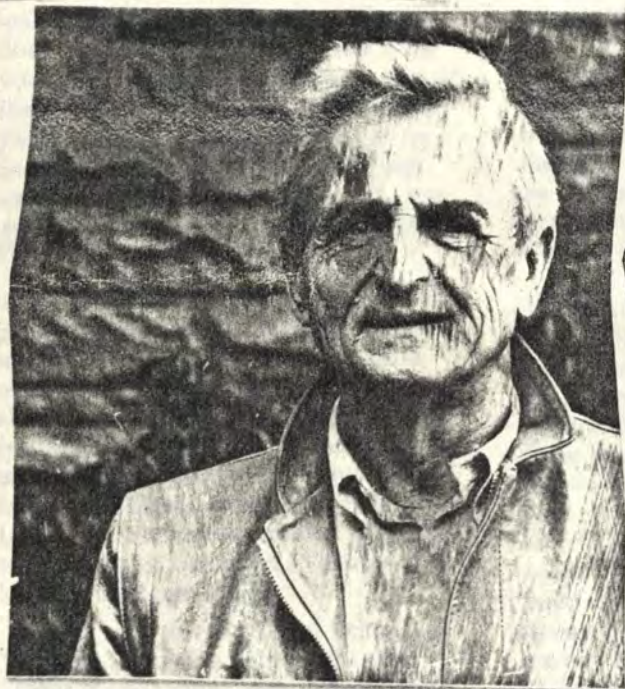
Once accustomed to wearing military regalia, Blahun was collegiately dressed in a crew neck sweater, tan pants and a button-down shirt during the interview. His grayish-white straight, short hair was parted on the side, the back just reaching the top of his shirt collar. The Connecticut College ring 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 performed in front of every United 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."

By 1960 Blahun continued touring with the band, but his responsibilities had changed. He was made Public Affairs Director at the Academy, conducted band auditions and super-



John Knowlton

By Michael Schoenwald

For John Knowlton, as for many college students today, a career choice in college was/is not necessarily ordered by the future. Mr. Knowlton, Professor of Art History at Connecticut College, entered Dartmouth College in 1932 with the intention of becoming a lawyer, but instead took up painting. He eventually chose art history as "an academic spin-off of painting."

Mr. Knowlton, now 68 years old, has been teaching at Connecticut College since 1967, but the road to this professorship has been long and not always easy. After graduating from Dartmouth in 1936 he entered the New York University Institute of Fine Arts. He left N.Y.U. in 1941 to serve in the Navy during World War II, spending the next five years of his life on different ships in the Pacific. He returned in 1951 to finish his degree at N.Y.U. From 1951 to 1957 Mr. Knowlton taught in the graduate school of the University of Iowa. For the next four years he again studied painting, but as things went "it did not prove economically viable to become a painter."

The next stop was a teaching position at Finch College, a women's school in

New York City. After that he was New London bound, and he has been here ever since. The Art History Department, he says, "has grown deeper and richer and become more developed since I arrived here."

Why should an art history professor teach film? The reason, states Mr. Knowlton, is more than just the fact that movies are pleasing to the eye: "I have always been interested in film and when the opportunity came to teach the course I took it. I am interested in the relationship of art to film."

Mr. Knowlton, who also teaches Baroque Art and does representational painting as a hobby, had a few words of wisdom to those interested in the study of art history: "I would never discourage anyone from studying the history of art but I think they need to realize the liabilities of the field, that there are not many jobs around. But when you compare unemployment today to when I got out of college in the Great Depression, today is like a paradise."

"Connecticut College students are as good students as I have had anywhere that I have taught, but I don't think they are always argumentative enough in class." For John Knowlton, surely, teaching is not just another film.

For the past eight years, Minnie Pinch has helped brighten the morning hours of many a plex dweller. Her greetings and daily weather reports have warmed hearts campus. With her departure at the close of this year, is losing one of its best assets.

Minnie is retiring because she says "there comes a when you have to leave". But she quickly adds, "I have enjoyed every year. This job has been such a pleasure. It is heartbreaking to leave because the kids are really something special."

Helen Wilmot, Head Dormitory Dietitian, has nothing but praise for Minnie. "She loves her job, and it shows in her cheerfulness, loyalty, and dedication. She was very anxious to work with teenagers. I think it helps her keep young."

Minnie plans to increase her volunteer work at New London Hospital next year. She was recently given an award in appreciation of over 1000 hours of service. Minnie also occupies her time by bowling, card-playing, and taking care of her little poodle dog. In response to a comment that she will be missed, Minnie said, "I don't live very far away. I'll be coming around for lots of visits."

Madeline Chu

By Rachel Youree

Every weekday morning at 10:32 I run up the stairs to the fourth floor of Fanning. Catching my breath, I turn the handle and slowly open the door of room 417.

As I walk into the Chinese Seminar room, Mrs. Madeline Chu looks up from her text and my eight classmates turn around. "Dzau," I say to them, which in Chinese is a greeting that means "early."

By the time class is over an hour later, and some of us have to scramble to get to other places, we'll have read several pages of a story written in Chinese characters. Some of these stories are from a little green book which we often refer to as the "propaganda book", and another has twentieth-century plays from which we learn things about Chinese society that one would never suspect. Prejudices get washed away and some new ones form, but reading is anything but dull.

In Chinese 202 we respectfully call our teacher, a small and quite beautiful woman, Chu Taitai. Whether she is reading from our books, or explaining some abstract use of the word "ben jr" (intrinsic quality) we listen and watch attentively. In the class Chu Taitai is alive and quick, and if we're too slow, well too bad, missed that one.

Outside of class we'll discuss personal matters over lunch at Knowlton and on Harkness green we play softball—Chu Taitai can bat pretty well. It is because of these things that I love this department. To learn Chinese, we have discovered, takes all our senses. It takes over not just our tongues, but meets us in our dreams. It has become a way of life and sometimes it seems that all else exists around it.

One day after class I asked Mrs. Chu some questions in Chinese, but she answered me in English because I can't write Chinese that fast. And besides, the Voice readers wouldn't understand.

Madeline Chu was born in Xian (Sian), on the mainland of China, which

was a cultural center for several dynasties. It is now a famous tourist area. When the Communists took over in 1949, Madeline and her family left the mainland and eventually settled in Taiwan. She hasn't been back since, but she says emphatically, she would like to.

In Taiwan she went to the best schools and at Taiwan University she studied traditional Chinese literature (Junggwo wensywe). Madeline Chu was married and had two children, and in America at the University of Arizona she received her Ph.D. in language and literature.

I asked her what she had wanted to be when she was a little girl, and she said "the wife of a famous person, to stay at home and raise children." Chu Taitai is married with children, but since 1980 she has come to Connecticut College in the rain and snow to teach us Chinese.

I asked her "Wei shemma ni syihwan Connecticut Dasywe?" (Why do you like Conn?) "The College puts a strong emphasis on quality teaching," Mrs. Chu said. And the students? "Attentive, responsive and they study seriously."

I may have chuckled a bit, but I could see that she was serious. I remembered many times when I couldn't answer a question and would just say "So bu jr dau, wo shr yiwei hen bende ren." (I dunno, I'm stupid). Now was my chance to find out what she really thought. She told me she understood how difficult learning Chinese is, after all she went through the same deal learning English. Wow, I thought, teachers really do understand.

I decided to go one step further: "Why do you teach Chinese, do you really like it?" Chu Taitai told me teaching is a passion, and that it pleases her very much when she sees progress, and then she added, "I had a mission feeling to spread Chinese culture."

I felt very happy after this talk, but I didn't want to leave yet. We must have talked for another half hour just about things. I don't even remember if we spoke English or Chinese.

Continued from Page 7

vised the school's public relations activities.

During one of those activities, the country's bicentennial celebration in New York, Blahun remembers meeting Walter Cronkite. The newscaster desperately needed a band to provide background music during his public reading of the Declaration of Independence. The original musical accompaniment, provided by the New York Philharmonic, had been unexpectedly cancelled. With no time for rehearsals, the Coast Guard Band began to repeatedly play the Battle Hymn of the Republic as Cronkite

spoke. Their performance was a success.

With the hope of ultimately returning to school, Blahun took advantage of the Academy band tours to visit university campuses. "I went everywhere when we had time off," he said. "I'd go to the various colleges and check out various schools."

The Quaker Hill resident had never considered Connecticut College until a friend suggested he consider the school. Ironically, his wife Dorothy worked—and continues to work—in the College bookstore.

"I talked to different professors and students," Blahun said. "I made my

decision and it's probably the best decision I've ever made."

Blahun retired in September, 1975, and in 1976 began taking courses at the College. He described his 29-year-old daughter, Diane and 31-year-old son, George as enthusiastic about his return to school. Dorothy, he recalled, was supportive, patient and understanding.

"I thought it was great," said Dorothy, assistant to the manager of the Connecticut College bookstore. "It's something he always wanted to do. When he decided, I thought it was wonderful."

Blahun began taking courses part-time

and within a year became a full-time student. He declared himself a sociology major after taking a course with Dr. Robert Hampton, assistant professor of sociology, later Blahun's academic advisor and "guiding light."

"George has always been willing to share his life experiences with the class," Hampton said of his student. "He would be provocative. He could be creative. He wasn't afraid to present new ideas."

Blahun, who Hampton described as conscientious and enthusiastic, received the 1982 Ruby Jo Reeves Kennedy Memorial Award, given to a senior sociology major for an outstanding sociology record.

"I felt a little uneasy and awkward," he said. "I never thought I'd be getting that award. It was a pleasant surprise."

Though Blahun had enough credits to graduate in December, he's continued taking courses this semester in areas he had not yet studied. After graduation he hopes to audit one course a semester.

"I'm going to make the time just so I can stay in touch with the youth. The young people have a lot to offer," he said.

Blahun has no definite work plans yet, but is interested in the arts and has been quite active with a dinner theater near his second home in 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 Pace

There is a refreshing breeze of sanity and hopefulness blowing across Europe today. From sun-parched 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 mankind. There are over 12,000 nuclear weapons deployed in Europe. This deadly stockpile of nuclear weapons in both East and West Europe now exceeds 50,000 megatons of explosive power. 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 East-West confrontation is more direct and dangerous than any other part of the globe. The never-ceasing 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 denuclearization of Europe.

Nuclear weapons were introduced to Europe by the U.S. in the early 1950's as a sign of allegiance against Soviet aspirations on Western Europe. A defense that includes large numbers of nuclear weapons is economically less expensive than maintaining a large army. Former Secretary of State John Dulles in 1954 described the policy best: "More bang for the buck."

With the advantage of hindsight, NATO's introduction and reliance on an escalation of nuclear weapons, instead of a buildup of its conventional forces, has had an ominous outcome decades later. The Soviets were forced to accerbate its nuclear forces to match NATO's numbers. Thus, by the 1960's, 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 in Europe. 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 24-hour alert that can be sent off to its predestined target within minutes. What's more, there is a real possibility that nuclear war could be set off accidentally. There have been hundreds of recorded malfunctions in the complex computer system that controls the nuclear forces. On numerous occasions nuclear weapons have been close to being launched because of computer or human error.

The vulnerability to a first strike attack increases the possibilities of warfare. If one side feels an attack is imminent they will send off its nuclear fleet to knock out the

opposition'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 2½ million people demonstrated last fall, have been spurred on by the distinctly cool relations between the Soviet Union and the U.S. "The Era of Detente" and high expectations has given way to inflexible cold war ramblings, reminiscent of the 1950's. President Reagan's bellicose, inane, and just plain stupid remarks on European nuclear war have frightened many Europeans. His "high noon" cowboy comments on a winnable nuclear war and a demonstrationary 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.' verbal fumbblings and have presented themselves as the more reasonable, less pugnacious "European" superpower. Clearly, the U.S. has done something wrong if the Soviets can come over as the more peace-minded and amicable of the two superpowers.

The increasing perils of nuclear weapons escalation in Europe has lately received several intelligent proposals to help desensitize the area. Proposals such as a nuclear freeze, the zero option, and no first use of nuclear weapons are all positive options, but the proposal that goes to the heart of the matter is George Kennan's. Some policy-makers have dismissed this as simplistic and impractical. But deep cuts are very practical and they can be negotiated because they are in the best interests of both parties.

The plan would work as follows: both the Soviets and the U.S. will turn in equal numbers of nuclear weapons and they choose what weapons they wish to turn in. Each weapon would count the same, whether they be missiles, warheads, bombs, or artillery shells. This solves the problem of verification since each weapon is uniquely identifiable.

Self-interest will make each side bring in its most vulnerable weapons. It is logical that both the U.S. and the Soviet Union will retain their most invulnerable weapons. Thus the temptations of either side firing first in a time of crisis, lest it lose its weapons to an enemy with the capability of striking back, will be reduced. This eliminates the most dangerous aspects of nuclear forces, the "hair trigger" characteristic in which one side might attempt to strike the other on impulse.

The weapons would probably be handed over to a joint Soviet-American commission established for the purpose of acting as a referee. Weapons would be converted to nuclear power for civilian purposes. Uranium 238, the main element of nuclear weapons can be diluted into Uranium 235, a level of concentration suitable for nuclear energy but not for bombs.

The effects of deep cuts would be extraordinary. Reduction in American and Soviet nuclear weapons would demonstrate the superpower's sincere willingness to put an end to the senseless overhaul of the nuclear arms race. Weapons would no longer be available for a first strike scenario and only relatively invulnerable components of strategic forces would remain. Furthermore, the chances of accidental or unauthorized nuclear firing will be greatly reduced. Now is the time to make it perfectly clear to the political leaders of the globe that the majority of world opinion strongly supports a nuclear disarmament.

Greetings

from

THE GONDOLIER

Go With Klingerman

FREE issuing of airline tickets
FREE American Express Travelers checks
FREE passport pictures
FREE flight bag and luggage tags on all foreign tours

Plus the friendly advice and service of the most experienced travel agent in the area



11 Bank St. New London, Ct. 06455
900 Boston Rd. Old Saybrook, Ct. 06474



27 Bank St., New London, CT
Big savings on all your collegiate needs
A Million & One Items of Stationery & Office Supplies

Wolff Moves to St. Bonaventure

By Seth Stone

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 goal. Just four years ago, the 27-year-old Wolff was completing his college career as a guard for LSU (2 years) and UConn (2 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 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 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 as an ace recruiter. When he was to go after his first head 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 his full attention to being athletic director, he needed a special type of coach to move in. 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 willing 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. During the Bantams last trip to Cro Gym in the '79-'80 season, Wolff learned from Luce that the coaching position would be available at Conn the following season. Wolff was a young coach, willing to work hard to

build a winner. What better way to build a reputation than by starting from scratch and building a viable team. During May 1980 Wolff and Luce shook hands on a deal, sealed by a written contract a few days later. Dennis Wolff was to become a 25-year-old head coach, replacing Charles Luce as mentor of the Connecticut College Camels.

Wolff worked himself hard and he worked his players hard. He was bringing a new feeling to the courts at Conn. Basketball was still fun, but it was also work. To succeed, Wolff told his team that they would have to make the necessary sacrifices. Wolff knew the challenge that faced him, and that the odds were stacked against him. But, the coach beat the odds in leading Conn to a 16-8 record during his first season. He had assembled troops who had both talent and spirit, and like Wolff, hungry for success.

Despite having just a few weeks to attract players to the Camel campus, Wolff convinced stars Peter Dorfman, Tom Fleming, and Doug Kirk to sign aboard. Two historic firsts were accomplished during Wolff's first year at the reins of the young squad. For the first time ever, Conn was able to win its own Whaling City Ford Invitational Tournament, beating WPI and Coast Guard in exciting matches. The high-point of the season came in February. Conn 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 Dorfman's complete domination of the talented Carl Rapp. Against the all-New England center, the freshman hit for 30 points and 16 rebounds. In just one season, good things had happened under Wolff.

Wolff's sophomore season had begun with more talent raids. The coach pulled a pair of coups by attracting John Bartolomei and Jeff Wiener to Conn, as the cornerstones of a young team. The schedule became more ambitious, as Conn dropped "sure wins" Yeshiva and Salve Regina. Replacing these schools were such powerful foes as Amherst, Williams, and Eastern Connecticut. As a young squad, the Camels made rookie mistakes this season. They squandered

games that they should have won to Wesleyan, Coast Guard, and Eastern.

It was a disappointment when Conn dropped its last two games to finish at 14-10, when a victory would have led to post-season play. But, in the cosmic order of basketball life, the disappointment may be more imagined than real. The Camels were a young squad, starting just one upper-classman (senior co-captain Chris Bergan), and the team fought in 24 games, and proved themselves older than their years. When Conn played a perfect second half to defeat Wesleyan, for the first time ever, 55-53, Conn fans were treated to a glimpse of the future. The future is now at Connecticut, and unlike George Allen did with the Washington Redskins, Dennis Wolff did not mortgage the future to bring it about.

Luce knew he had a hot item in his hands with Wolff, and realized that it was only a matter of time until he was gone. It had always been a whispered rumor that when Wolff's good friend, UConn assistant Jimmy O'Brien got a position as head coach, he would take Wolff with him. The whispers got louder when O'Brien interviewed for the job at Boston College. And, when O'Brien took the position at St. Bonaventure, the rumor became fact.

This is not the normal story of a coach simply leaving one job to move on to another. In witnessing the rapid rise of Wolff, we could be seeing the rise of a coach destined for whatever heights he sets for himself. Wolff is still a young man at 27, yet he has already been an assistant coach for two years and a head coach for two years. And, not only has he built a winner; he has built a reputation. He took a program from virtual infancy to a young, growing entity. He added strength and direction to the basketball program at Connecticut, quite a legacy for a two-year coach.

St. Bonaventure is a Division I basketball team with a reputation and history behind it. Bob Lanier of the Milwaukee Bucks is its most famous alum. For Wolff, the jump to the "Bonnies" is a big step forward in his career. We at Connecticut should say with pride that this school had a lot to do with launching that career. We were lucky to have Dennis Wolff, and he will be missed.

Continued from Page 2

broke up with Tom and sent him back to Virginia. Years later, he became President. But, historians note, during his term, Jefferson never visited New London.

THE COMPLEX—

Sponsored by the firm of Morrisson, Lambdin and Hamilton. These budding young engineers, later joined by a group of contractors from Waterford, decided to start a low-rent district for those students who couldn't afford the baronial splendor of southern campus living. Accordingly, the plumbing is bad, the walls are thin and the bathrooms always reek. But, despite these hardships, many famous housefellows, campus politicians and other big-wigs have been born in the plex and, yet, have been able to lead happy lives.

WINDHAM—

Named after its builder, Fletcher Windham, an eccentric sea captain who used to love midnight dances on his balcony. After building the dorm, he went mad during dinner one night and, supposedly, his ghost still terrorizes Windhamites between the hours of five and seven each evening. For that reason, lunch is the only meal served in Windham.

KATHERINE BLUNT/LARRABEE—

Theirs is a tragic tale. Katherine Blunt, a shy, beautiful millionairess, wanted nothing more than to sit in her living room and play the violin. She was happy until she met Jake Larrabee, an indigent boxer who claimed to love her but only wanted the Blunt money so he could build a high rise mini-plex of his own. KayBee (as her friends called her) failed to see through the hoax. She gave Jake the money as well as the deed to her backyard, and the slum lord Larrabee quickly built a concrete mausoleum. The tragedy still endures for, to this day, the shy, gentle K.B. is tormented during the afternoon by the vicious sounds of punk music from the rooms of Larrabee.

THE QUAD—

Harry Plant, Joey Branford and Albert Blackstone, shoe salesmen from Beloit, Wisconsin, thought that building dorms would be a keen way to invest money. Originally, they were going to be joint partners with another shoe salesman, Izzy Lazrus, but the group had a falling-out; therefore, Lazrus moved to the other side of the campus. The dorms were first designed to be in a row but rumors spread that Albert embezzled from the shoe company's account. Harry and Joey vowed never to speak to Albert again, and that's why Branford and Plant have their backs turned to Blackstone.

Continued from Page 5

and black I don't know what but it has more strength than anything it wants the blanket to stay even but I can't keep it even and run from side to side pulling the edge always touches the floor and it changes colors so many times I lose count this something turns angry and moves closer I run and pull faster water wets my forehead it wanted to do something bad to me and I want to make that blanket even so much it moves closer I feel it closer it will do something to me worse than I can think the blanket keeps touching just Ma or just Pop. I can not fix it.

Nathan sat up. He saw light streams of grays, browns and greens. Blink. There, Davie slept. Where was he? Nathan looked at the bright lamp. Taps came from the window panes. He was in Mr. Henshaw's house.

Something hurt in the back of his neck. And he felt it all the way into his brain. Nathan rubbed his neck with his hand. The stringy muscles felt like taut strings tied to a balloon. He had to cut the strings to let his balloon brain float free. But the muscles stayed tight, and they pulled his mind down.

"I have a little bit of that thing inside me," he whispered.

Nathan tossed the covers back and slipped out of bed. The floor chilled his feet so he pulled on socks. No light shimmered around the door. Behind it,

Ma slept with Mr. Henshaw. She wore all that smell and color for him. Nathan peeked through the keyhole into darkness. He should have punched Mr. Henshaw after dinner when the man ruffled his hair. If only he could have stared at Mr. Henshaw when he walked through the beds into his room.

Nathan laid his hand on the door-knob. They'd drop dead if they saw him standing in the doorway, saying "Ma, Ma." He would be too much for Pop. He took his hand off the doorknob for Ma.

It had taken guts to turn on the light in the boot room. Nathan roamed in his sheepskin and found the right fly: a Mickey Finn. Orange and red hairs tied to silver sheathed hook. He slipped the fly into place. It hung off the hat and a little to the left. Perfect. Nathan felt his neck muscles loosen hold. The figure looked almost perfect. The boots of the big waders pidgeon-toed just as they did when Pop stood. A rod leant against Nathan's plaid shirt. Nathan had to change the fly on the rod because Pop'd never use a Cahill this late in the season. He had taught Nathan that much. And he always wore the same plaid shirt while fishing, only it was many sizes bigger than Nathan's. "Goodnight," Nathan said, and hugged him around the waist. The boy slipped back up to bed.

Jeez, No wonder I wuz limpin'



Ken found a doorknob in his shoe.

A&M SPIRITS SHOPPE

We Keep Your Spirits Alive

DOMESTIC & IMPORTED BEERS
KEG BEER AVAILABLE
LIQUORS AND WINES FOR MOST APPETITES

— FREE DELIVERY —

RIGHT DOWN THE HILL
469 WILLIAMS STREET
NEW LONDON, CONN. 06320

443-6371



HAPPY HOURS:
4 - 6 Mon.-Fri.
9 - 11 Thurs.
2 - 4 Sat.

**Take Out Orders
Complete Menu**

452 Williams St., 447-0400

Kitchen Open Daily 'till 1:00 a.m.

*There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.
Robert Service
The Men That Don't Fit In*



The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.



A one hundred proof potency that simmers just below the surface. Yet, it's so smooth and flavorful, it's unlike any Canadian liquor you have ever tasted. Straight, mixed, or on the rocks, Yukon Jack is truly a black sheep. A spirit unto itself.



Yukon Jack.

100 Proof. Strong and Smooth.

Grinders
Pitchers
Pizzas

THIS COUPON ENTITLES
THE BEARER TO A PITCHER
OF BUD WITH THE PURCHASE
OF 4 PIZZAS

OFFER
GOOD
MON-THURS.

This College Voice Coupon Valid
ANY DAY...ANY TIME
for... **ANY SANDWICH***

99¢ SALE

Offer Good through May 21, 1982

*Any Foot-Long Single Meat Sandwich

With this coupon you'll receive any
foot-long sandwich for 99¢ when you
purchase another of comparable value
at the usual listed price.

REDEEM AT: NEW LONDON/WATERFORD/GROTON



Famous Foot Long Sandwiches

NEW LONDON:
2 BANK ST.

WATERFORD:
113 BOSTON POST RD.

GROTON:
984 POQUONNOC RD.

DELIVERY FOR
\$10.00 OR MORE
5 P.M. - MIDNIGHT

PIZZA BARN
RESTAURANT

HAVING A
BIRTHDAY PARTY
THE CAKE'S ON US

PIZZA
COMPLETE
SEAFOOD
DINNERS



GRINDERS
FROSTY COLD
IMPORTED BEERS

206 Montauk Avenue New London... call 442-6969



JOIN US IN OUR OPEN HOUSE

May 7-May 14

AT

COUNTY BARTENDING SCHOOLS
170 Flanders Road, Niantic, Ct.

**EXPERIENCE THE EXCITEMENT OF BECOMING A PROFESSIONAL
BARTENDER**
— LEARN —

MIXOLOGY, BAR MANAGEMENT, BEVERAGE CONTROL

No need to leave your present job. Sat. & Evening classes available.
For more information about your new career call

739-8680

Est. 1959

Approved by
Ct. Commission
of Education



24 HOUR REPAIR SERVICE

MOTOBECANE
PEUGEOT
UNIVEGA

Racing, Touring, Commuting Equip., Free advice and Estimates

10 % DISCOUNT
On parts and access-
ories with College I.D.

420 Ocean Ave.
New London, CT

442-1688