

Olla
Podrída

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OLLA PODRIDA 1972

This book may seem, as others have before it,
A needless record of prosaic fact;
Some will accept it, others will deplore it
For what it's overdone and what it's lacked.

We trust that memory will last forever,
Although on every hand we see it fade
In father, teacher, friend once quick and clever—
No need, we say, of books for memory's aid.

We err, though with a young and generous error:
The present, now sharp-focussed, will recede,
Slowly and gently, not with shock and terror,
But softly, with no signals we can heed.

Then books which summon up the past are welcome,
Rescued at length from high and dusty shelves;
Some like the echoes of a college bell come
To mind us of our young unbroken selves.

And this is one of those—at least it should be—
If eye and pen and camera are well used;
It bears the promise of the things that could be
If work and wisdom should not be refused.

Here are the games, the girls, the wine-and-roses,
The faces of the friends who never failed;
Here are the arms entwined in silly poses
And scenes of disappointments that assailed.

Put it on that high shelf, and think it banished,
Holding the beautiful, the gay, the odd,
The sudden hope that on the morrow vanished—
All that was Wesleyan, here in *OLLA POD*.

Lay it aside for now: perhaps a daughter,
Perhaps a son, even perhaps a wife,
Will scan the page with eyes that quickly water
In mirth—or pity—at our college life.

Richard Leighton Greene
Wilbur Fisk Osborne Professor
of English

April 8, 1972

I found myself unqualifiedly, proudly praising Wesleyan again the other day—this time to a class at Wethersfield High School. Frequently critical of our direction, I am puzzled by this. A senior expressed the same discomfort. When I complained that so many students seemed terribly dissatisfied with, even bitter at, Wesleyan, he observed that they are insufferable braggards about this place when off campus, among parents and friends.

My friend's discomfort and mine mirror truth. At Wesleyan our scholarship falls far short of our potential. We are forever "making Wesleyan the real world," while enjoying the comfort of great wealth, embarrassingly easy lives, and unreal rulelessness. Our politics are mostly posturing, mixed generously with intolerance in the cause of freedom and psychological assaults labeled love.

But our impulse to praise is not whimsical. It wells up from occasional scholarly brilliance in many in Wesleyan, and from the enduring intellectual lustre of a few. From the exceptional talents one is always discovering among his acquaintances here. From the incredible maturity in one-to-one relations between many faculty and students.

Wesleyan's impulse for freedom looses these contradictions, for the relaxing of formal restraints that is a precondition of freedom is also an invitation to self-indulgence. This has been the tension in Wesleyan during the five years I have been here—and I suppose long before. How does a University feed the aspiration for freedom, having abandoned formal restrictions, and stave off the retrograde tendencies that so quickly and easily set in?

Wesleyan has not yet answered that question, nor has it set upon a clear course toward its resolution. Many of us who care deeply about Wesleyan, and who yearn to see freedom in the academy succeed, now leave that issue, still very much in doubt, in the hands of others—some our friends, some just successors—to whom we lovingly bid good fortune in the search.

David Adamany



In a Hortatory Mood

Why, some of my best friends are members of the Class of 1972! They are doubters, self-doubters and us-doubters. They are confused heads and potheads, ingenuous in their cynicism and sophisticated in their idealism, studiously hedonistic and wantonly austere—mirrors to the nature of contemporary complexity and

to the very nature of man. These who drop out into counter-culture, cop out of society into selfhood, contract far out to an altered state of consciousness are, I am persuaded, the real spirit of '72, not those many others moving on obedient to the inertia of '52 or '22.

One wrote similarly to the Class of 1970.



These of this year may be that year's strike's last heirs, straggling, struggling in isolation, fragments, remnants of the community then raised up.

In 1940 my valedictory cried woefully, "Peace at any price!" Despite Commencement rhetoric sounding forth, echo of violence

abounding, Nixonian and vastly other, some *will* pay the prices of personal peace, even if it be to confinement on a brave new world's reservation. To them, one by one, not fearful of presumption: "Nobler Savage, *Salute*—love in Christ from one to another 'pilgrim and stranger who can tarry but a night'"

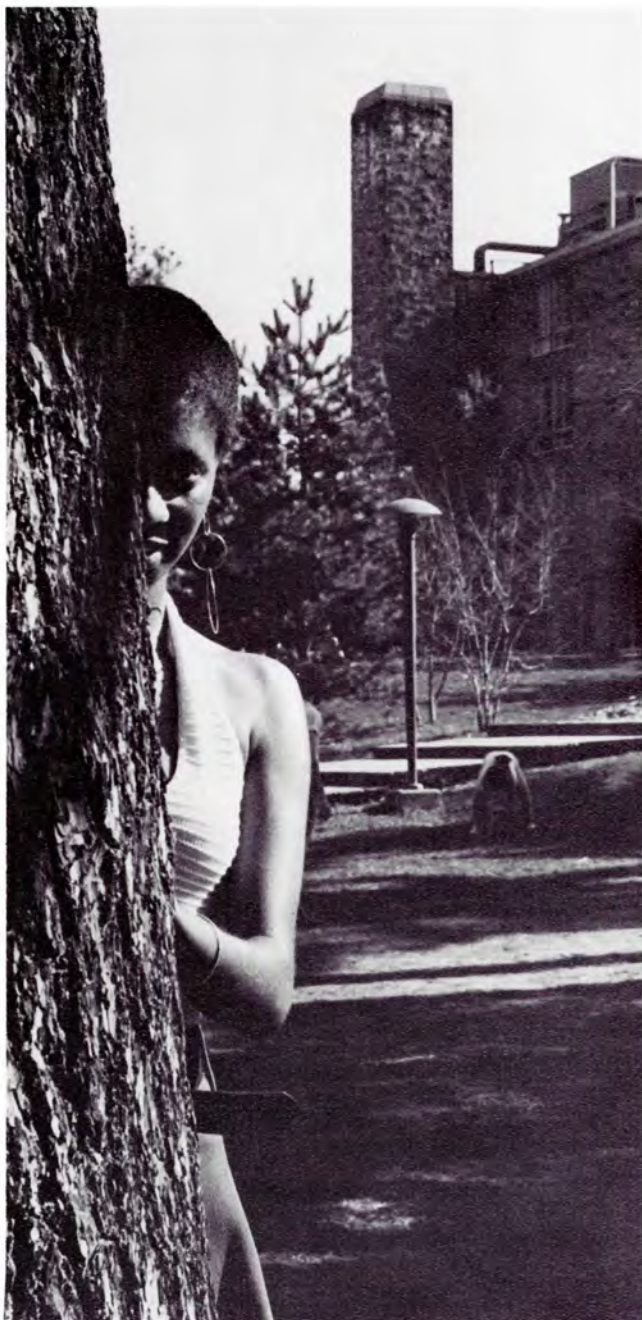
Michael Millen



Although the face-book pages were made grimy again this year as upperclassmen looked over the new "flock," and the semi-circular seating at McConaughy still predominates—allowing the ample viewing of the amply endowed (and others)—things really have improved for women at Wesleyan. The question this year is, "Who are you?" instead of "Which one are you?" Though the actual male-female ratio is still poor, you could swear that half the

students you see are female. Downey House stocks creme rinse, there are at least two functioning Kotex machines on campus, and the Chemistry department went so far as to suggest in the handbook to prospective majors that "He or she could . . ." I guess that means we've finally arrived.

The effect is in many ways heartening. When one coed tries to convince a male professor that female staff are needed, he can scoff and con-



sider her a neurotic, or on the radical fringe. Somehow another female nodding her head in agreement lends credence to the argument.

Being a woman is rapidly fading as the determining characteristic of a female student's experience. Differences in experience vary more on an intra-sex basis, and can perhaps be better understood in terms of personality types rather than sex types.

This is not to say that there are no problems

which are not accentuated or created by being female, here, now. However, most of the difficulties can be understood on a relative scale—there are few problems males do not also share, at least on some level, in some way. Few are sex specific. Both sexes suffer from loneliness, the greatest complaint and tragedy of Wesleyan. However, this problem is accentuated for girls as there are so relatively fewer females with which to find common interests. This is not to



suggest that there do not exist male-female friendships, that one cannot view as potential confidantes the entire University population. There are problems, however, in maintaining relationships as "just friends." One warm glance or shared joke too many is likely to bring him, all smiles and city manners, calling at your door for a date (you both know he didn't really lose the assignment). Besides, even some of the females like and/or need girlfriends. Indeed, one of the most interesting phenomena is that Commons Club, an all female residence, is one



of the most bid for living units. This is hardly the kind of behavior leeringly predicted about "the kind of girls that wanted to come to a boy's school."

The opportunities for female involvement in many sexually segregated activities are limited. These activities are not established, they have to be created. One woman doesn't constitute a field hockey team; extra energy and initiative are necessary to establish rather than join a program. Further, at least last year 8% of the female population had to be convinced to go out for the sport in order to fill the team positions.

Upper-class coeds are sadly lacking, as are fe-

male professors. Although hardly causing the discomfort of no girls bathrooms, or difficulties comparable to those created by class scheduling impossibilities (everything meets T-Th 1:10-2:30), this void does act to make life more difficult. It would be nice to know some female just a little older, just a little wiser, whose door could be knocked on during innumerable minor criere. RA's fill this place, but only for some. The relative absence of adult (vs. student) role models also has a negative effect. Females are not provided with the same diversity of types to model themselves by as are males—and, alas, not everyone wants to be Sheila Tobias.



Some females, too, encounter difficulty in being taken seriously by professors, particularly if they are attractive coeds. The "cop-out" looms ominously: Every male math student is a potential computer designer or statistician, every female math student is a potential suburban housewife, not utilizing her calculus in the productive work of the salaried labor force.

In all fairness, females do receive a number of breaks and considerations not given to their male counterparts. Departments are eager to have at least their fair share of female majors. However, female tokenism is a de-personalizing, de-humanizing experience. It's hard to

be flattered by a selection or honor when it is stated, "Well, we needed a girl." Any girl, it seems, would do. Thanks a lot.

Basically, girls here are still girls at a boy's school, rather than coeds at an institution. This has its rewards; this has its trials.

Life here is hard but not impossible. It's tough for both males and females. The sex-specific differences are diminishing—what remain are the problems of being a young adult attempting to make the way through undergraduate life.

It is a lot better than last year. I'm even beginning to like the place . . .

Karla Bell '74

From the *Argus*' standpoint, which is mostly underground and very late at night, the school year has been an interesting one, despite what a lot of people have to say about it. There was the Admissions Squabble, the Battle to save Downey House from MacDonalds, the Biology 201 and the Government 252 controversies, and the proposals to revise the Honor Code and the structure and composition of the University Senate.

The most interesting aspect of the way things are happening at Wesleyan is the state of mind of the place. The uncertainty of the future weighs heavily on all, from the President to the freshman. Deciding to cut an academic program may seem a lot heavier than trying to decide whether to take Humanities or one of the Freshmen English seminars, but whoever made or makes these decisions takes a large amount of time in so doing.

It could be that this year saw the birth of a Wesleyan that can be best described as introspective. After the golden years of the sixties, when everything looked amazingly rosy, the new Wesleyan is trying to come to grips with herself, her faculty, her administration, and her students. Trying to cope with the enormous problems of keeping the cost of a college education to a level where her cherished diversity of students can be maintained, she is also searching for some way to continue to move forward in the educational field. However, the days when one simply said, "Let's do this," seem to be past. Now, people say, "Wouldn't it be nice if we could do this? What will it entail? How much will it cost? Can it be done a different way?" People at Wesleyan tend to investigate problems until their eyes fall out. Then they start the whole process again.

Charley Blaine
Managing Editor,
the *Argus*

COMMENCEMENT

Remarks by Colin G. Campbell

May 24, 1972

The emphasis of this Commencement day has been on celebration and on ceremony. The celebration has reflected the music, fellowship, and informality which have marked your years at Wesleyan. The ceremony has served as a reminder that a venerable institution has pro-

vided the setting for the free development of your skills, your personal styles, and your sense of purpose.

Just as there are contrasts in the activities of this day, there have been contrasts in your University experience.

Although it would be more than a little pretentious to say that "you have seen it all," you surely have witnessed, and experienced, dramatic shifts in mood—from *anger*, rooted in the knowledge of pervasive injustices evident to anyone who is able to see our society for what it



is; to *hope*, nurtured by a spirit of community, a coming together to help erase those injustices; to *frustration*, brought on by a seeming inability to make any progress in improving the human condition.

These emotions—and in recent weeks particularly, the sense of frustration—have been experienced by many of us. But for me your ceremony ends with a feeling of optimism—confidence that there are enough of you, and enough others like you, who will not give up. You have shown, through your scholarly

achievement, your service activities, and your creative energies that you have the capacity and the will to move society. Your total experience at Wesleyan permits us to look to you for sustained effort toward the resolution of seemingly insoluble problems. Your open, searching minds, generosity of spirit, and keen intellect make all of us—your parents, your colleagues in learning—proud and hopeful. And we wish you well.

COLIN G. CAMPBELL

PRESIDENT

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT

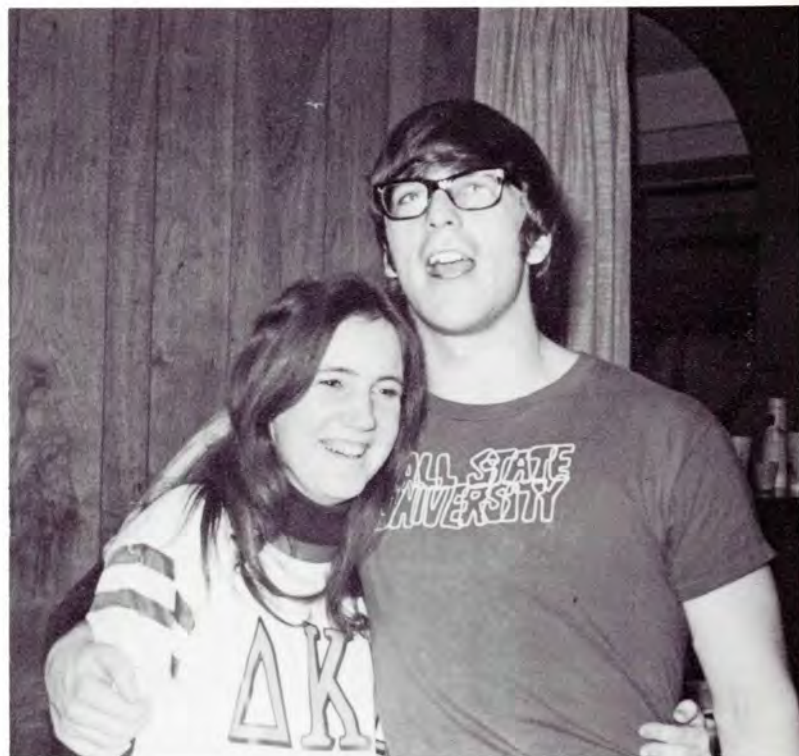




When asked to write about social life at Wes Tech, my mind wanders back in time to an earlier age when hoards of eager freshmen piled into three busses for a big frosh mixer at Cro of Conn. College. Memories linger with thoughts of that first girl, asking her up for the next weekend, then getting the royal shaft during the ensuing Bowdoin football game.

Everyone knows that dear old Wes has undergone a vital change. Sometimes it seems scary as places as well as people change. Instead of staring at any female seen Wednesday night at McConaughy, now there's the Coins any night of the week; no more Fall House or Spring Prom, lost in the haze of McLaughlins and Sha Na Nas and Byrds and Hot Tunas; a donut concession has become the new meeting point for bleary-eyed students, replacing the beloved booths of Rookies (which hasn't been quite the same without Vinnie). Fred's Package Store folded but the horror of no more liquor gave way to greater ingenuity. (After all, Wes goes after brains now!) No one knows what



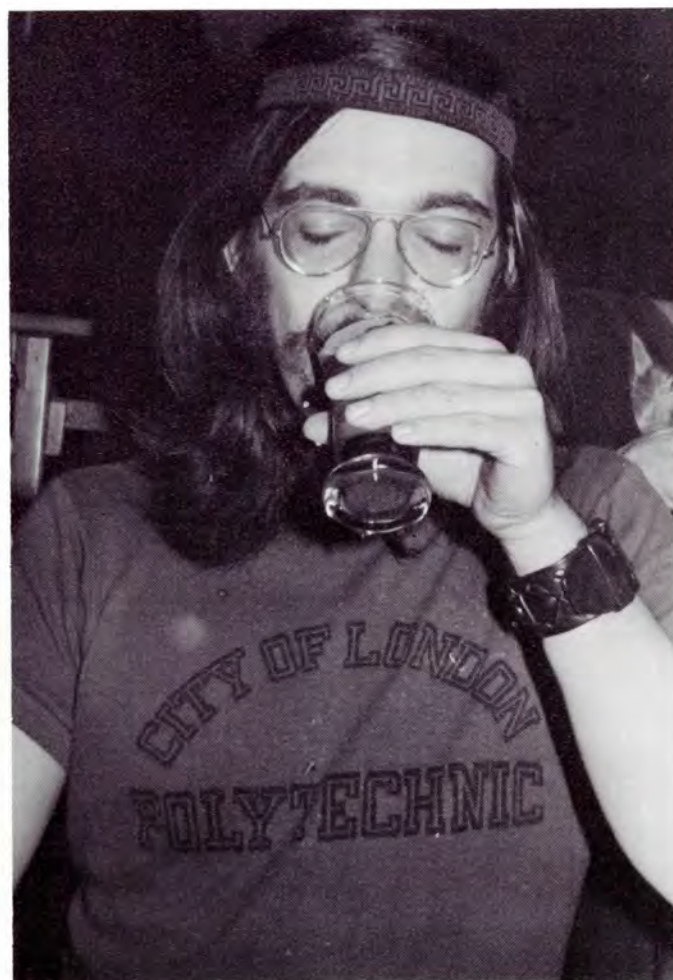


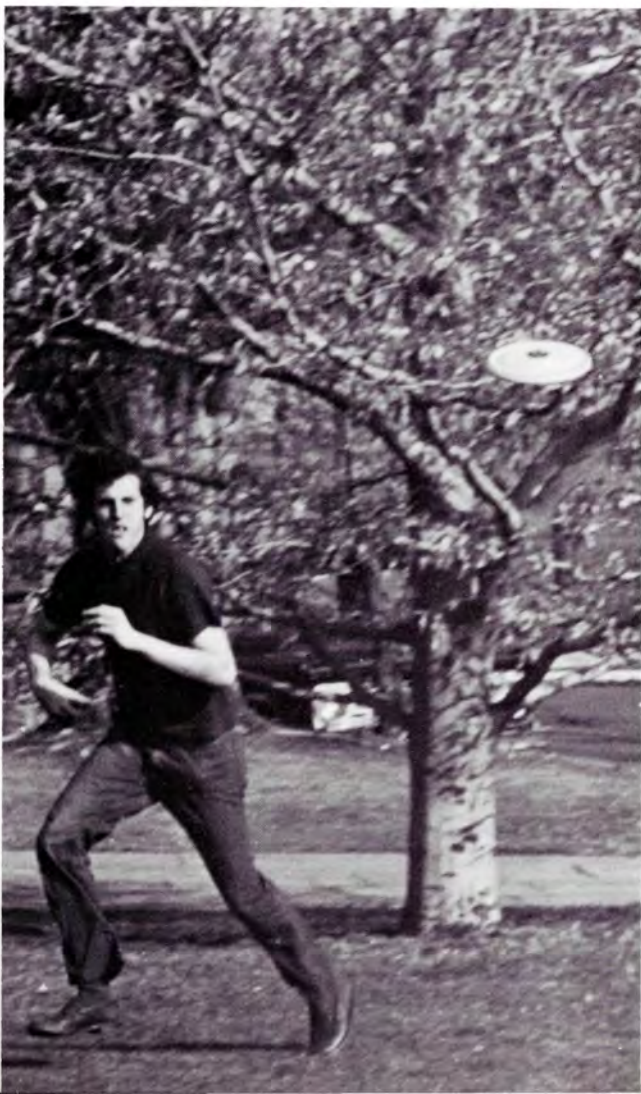
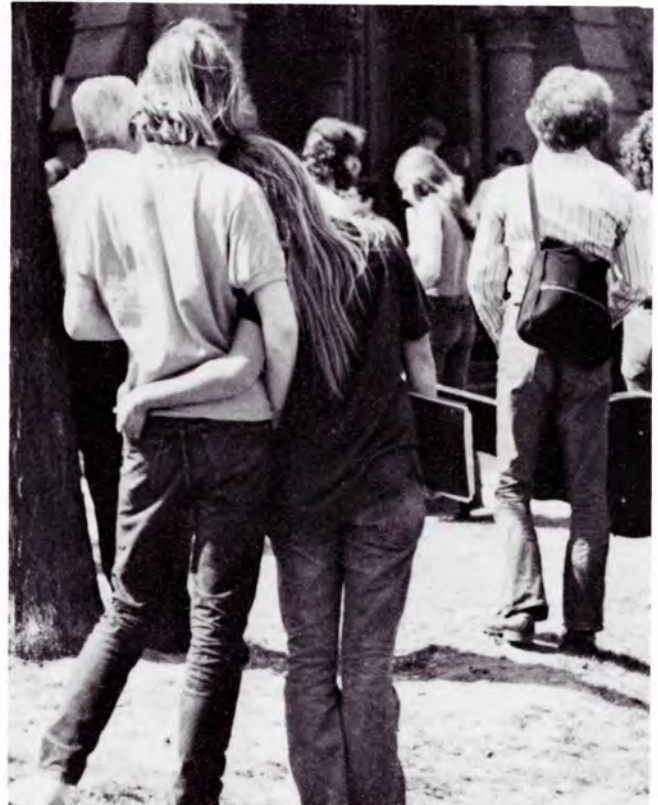
happened to Carl Russo the cleaner but, wherever he is, I'll bet he's wearing a wash 'n' wear shirt!

Co-education has taken hold of every facet of life at Wesleyan and I suppose the only way for a senior to recognize the situation is to think back to freshman year, the last days of Wesleyan as a bastion of male supremacy. We were a weekend school, no different from anyone else—but now everyone seems in search of the Ultimate Party.—Grapevines seem to have sprouted all over as the rumor mills feed on the increased activities among the sexes. Eyes seem to be everywhere, even in the remotest corner of the Science Center. To feed this greater activity, there are more movies, concerts, liquor, speakers and dope. Tastes have run the gamut from Butterfly back in '68 to an Mahavishnu in '72.

Enough already! The picture seems clear: Wes seems to run the gamut from Sodomon and Gomorrah to Bavarian Kreme, from "How would you like a back rub?" to "Want to see my waterbed?" to "How was your Chem. Lab?" A senior can only pack up his skateboard and try to make sense of it all.

S.G. '72





§ our years of Wesleyan have been an exciting, rewarding experience. This education was more a social-personal growth, through four years of interaction, than merely a classroom education. All students were affected regardless of their life styles. The military recruitment issue, student strike, racial problems, rise

in drugs, changing hair and clothes styles were all part of our four-year experience. The mere necessity to make decisions and interact on a campus of such high mental activity and awareness amongst many interesting faculty, administrators and students was the greatest teacher.

With as diversified and liberal a school as is

Wesleyan, there were too many paths for one person to pursue in only four years. We each chose our own route making friends along the way. Tedious lectures, being ill-prepared for seminars, "all-nighters", being academically behind, inane mixers and bad dates will be remembered as well as the stimulating classes and



teachers, the memorable social functions and successes that composed a "Wesleyan experience" that we were told about four years ago at freshmen orientation. Learning to give and take, become less naive, define and pursue goals, build self-confidence, judge character and build friendships were all essential elements of

this education. As each of us thus looks back on our years at Wesleyan, we will judge Wesleyan by what we made of it and not necessarily by the experiences we endured. Wesleyan helped us to grow and for this, we should all be grateful.

J.R. '72



It is difficult in a few lines to try to give my perspective on the four years of the Class of 1972 at Wesleyan.

As we all know, it was a very trying period for all of us. From an alumni relations standpoint it was probably one of the most difficult periods in Wesleyan's history because of the impact of campus tensions on alumni attitudes. However, the resolution of some very difficult problems on campus and the general change in attitude during the past year has had a very positive effect. I have been especially pleased with the warm and friendly response of alumni all over the country to President Campbell's leadership. One of the most gratifying recollections I have of the past four years has been the reaction of alumni to the series of "rap" sessions which we inaugurated last year in an effort to improve understanding between undergraduates and alumni. Several members of the Class of '72





have participated in these sessions and I have been delighted with the impact they have made on our alumni.

What has probably been one of the most encouraging aspects of our alumni relations in recent years has been the fact that our recent graduates, despite the tension-filled days of their undergraduate period, have turned out to be very interested and involved alumni. In telethons, at alumni club meetings, and campus meetings of Alumni Council Committees, the young alumna and alumnus has been very much in evidence and participating. My own contacts with members of the Class of '72 suggests that this trend will continue, and makes me realize that the "Wesleyan of recent years" may leave as strong a legacy of attachment between the alumni and their college as was the case in some of Wesleyan's quieter years.

Bill Wasch—Alumni Relat.



Without being overly self-righteous, I believe that the Class of 1972 is unique in a way in which few classes of the recent past have been, or few classes of the near future will be. Every class has its own character, and to that degree it is unique, but every class has not been able to view a Wesleyan which has transformed itself as much as Wesleyan has in the four years of our stay here.

Although he was never "our president," we were and are familiar with Vic Butterfield. We know that, in the eyes of many, Wesleyan is

"the house that Butterfield built." Our freshman year, when Abe Ribicoff paid tribute to his grand old friend, "Vic Butterworth," we knew enough to react appropriately. We watched Ted Ethrington confront academic freedom and racism and then graduate to the sobering realities of the outside world. And we have been here while Colin Campbell has begun to shape his Wesleyan. In four years we have seen three Wesleyans, each struggling to retain the strengths of its predecessors and discard, if possible, the weaknesses.



Although prone to romanticizing, I also believe that the Class of 1972 is the last of a breed, in part a national one, but more so one nurtured in Middletown. The three classes preceding us created situations which we were compelled to accept or reject. Military recruitment was an issue which affected every student personally; one either occupied the president's office or one did not. There was no waiting room. The so-called racial tension of three years ago compelled everyone to be introspective: it was a tension which was productive. As a class

we have seen a psychedelic and sometimes psychotic Wesleyan. Some participated, others did not; but all were witnesses.

Finally, as a class we have observed the arrival of womankind. Although the seventeen women who were enrolled freshman year have multiplied many times over, many of us still look at Wesleyan as a male school. Every class experiences a different Wesleyan; ours has observed and participated in more changes than most.

Cyrus Quinn, Jr.



"The '72 Cardinal"

More action—more participants—more contests. These were the chief characteristics of this athletic year. Outstanding individual performances were matched by exciting and meaningful team achievements. Little Three Championships were won by the basketball and swimming teams as they both compiled excellent records. New teams represented Wesleyan in girls' field hockey, tennis and crew. The hockey team, in its first formal year of competition, had an impressive 12-7 record including a first Little Three win over Amherst. The comfort of the new rink and the excellent play of the team attracted large crowds of students, faculty and townspeople to home games. A most gratifying turnabout was made by the baseball team as it rebounded from three disastrous seasons to post a 10-5 record. Football, wrestling and lacrosse, despite an unusual number of injuries to regular participants, provided strong opposition to very talented opponents. Soccer and golf were very consistent in ranking high in New England ratings. The tennis team came within one match of winning its first Little Three title in twenty-five years as they ended in a three-way tie, after losing to Amherst 4-5 and defeating Williams 5-2. A larger track squad provided representation in all events but the lack of a super star who could insure 10-15 points was the major reason for a 1-5 record and the loss of the Little Three title. The squash team had a 5-12 record but one must consider it was one of the more ambitious schedules in recent history. The crew also engaged in a highly competitive schedule but slipped to second and third finishes. Rugby attracted some sixty competitors and a group of students engaged in four water polo matches.

The basketball team, its coaches and spectators received the "good sportsmanship" award for the New England area for the third year in a row as chosen and presented by the basketball officials.

Marion Stoj, '74, was named to the College Division All-American Soccer Team. Brian Hersey's fine play at center allowed him to retain his position for the third year on the All-New England Football Team. He was also named as a Scholar-Athlete Award Winner by the regional chapter of the Hall of Fame. Jim Akin was named to the All-New England Basketball team and played in the All-Star game; in addition, Jim was named to the All-American Academic team. Jim's fellow athletes voted him as the recipient of the Ahrens Award. John Gay received the Maynard Award as Wesleyan's top Scholar-Athlete. Dave Bong represented Wesleyan in the Nationals in wrestling, and Art Wein, Larry Mendelowitz, Glen Petersen and Bill Quigley competed in the NCAA swimming championships.

Jack Burns was a member of the Lacrosse All-Star Team, and Pete Hicks was one of the country's leading hitters in college baseball. Gary Burnett won the Connecticut College Golf Championship and played in the NCAA Tournament.

The Class of '72 has played a key role in the recent enjoyable athletic years at Wesleyan.

—Don Russell

