

Neil's Memories

Neil Cramer spent three semesters at Wesleyan, freshman year 1973-74 in Harriman Hall and Fall 1974 at Eclectic. These are his memories of his time here, told to Bill Ritchie in Sept 2025.

"I remember you were really good at frisbee and although I don't remember if you could go the full length of Harriman, it was pretty close. I believe there was also a game with a lacrosse ball that always ended with a broken window. Also remember coming on to the hall and finding it crawling with lobsters. I think there were 93. I think I remember throwing joints out of Harriman down on to the lobster bake and everyone looking up and laughing. I remember it was a great time, even though Marianne Diorio would not have sex with me (or even consider it). I remember catching one of your really long frisbee throws and when I went back up to Harriman, Bob Scanlon told me I would never be an athlete. I remember Bob Bischoff destroying the chair by the pay phone when Lisa broke up with him. I remember all of us going to get that big couch... and everyone but me carrying it up the stairs. I think I was holding everyone's jackets. Or maybe not. I remember Ruf. I remember the axle falling off of the borrowed car (in Scotland, CT) on our way back from Sammy Eskinazi. I remember you dancing in the cafeteria during Minnie Ripperton's sound check. I remember Bob Bischoff punching me in the nose when I refused to climb a tree with him during an acid trip... the same trip in which he ate my Stevie Wonder record. I remember James Helfer telling us that thinking was an experience. I remember sleeping in the car in the fog on some West Virginia back road, only to discover in the morning that we were half parked in the road. Also remember throwing my last 35 cents out the window as we got back to Middletown after the Derby. I remember inviting the townies up to party in Harriman and they stole that guys camera... and coincidentally someone had tied together two doors on opposite sides of the hall (one door being Herb's) and the guy whose camera was stolen ran out to chase the townies and fell over the rope... but I may have imagined that last part. I remember enjoying the moment that Freddie Van Brunt blew out one of his speakers... but I also enjoyed it when we played that stereo out the window, throwing a frisbee and listening to Pharaoh Sanders while the sun set over the hill. I remember you and Bob smuggling Ruf into the infirmary when I was sick... which was a different infirmary experience when I took hog tranquilizer and someone closed a car door on my finger (Dave somebody's car... the same Dave who picked us up in Scotland, CT (and was in on the lobster poaching)... so I couldn't go the quarry but instead crawled across the lawn to the infirmary until a nurse found me slumped against the door... and after that I was laying down on the Hill and Marianne Diorio found me and took me to the cafeteria except, I am guessing, did not consider sleeping with me. I remember Amy Breslow looking out the window of eclectic, surrounded by ivy waving in the breeze, and we (or maybe just me) deciding she was Amy, Queen of the World. I remember Harriman Hall matchbooks. And of course, playing Mystery State.