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### College Voice Vol. 5 No. 5

Connecticut College

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# THE COLLEGE VOICE

Connecticut College's Weekly Newspaper

16?  
October 30, 1981

Vol. V, No. 5

## A Face in the Shroud

By Robin Lynn Waxenberg

*Is the Shroud of Turin actually displayed here on campus?*

*Is the image on the cloth an authentic image of Jesus of Nazareth?*

These were the two most common questions circulating among students at the Shroud of Turin Symposium at Connecticut College on the weekend of October 9, 10, and 11. The answer to the first question is no—the actual Shroud is still in Turin, though an accurate replica is displayed at the Shroud Exhibition at Branford House in Groton's Avery Point. The answer to the second question still remains a mystery to religious and scientific scholars, as it has for centuries.

If we look at the Shroud it appears to be an image of a man who many assume to be Christ. While religious scholars are concerned with the authenticity of the image of Christ, the 30 scientists who gathered in Palmer Auditorium for the symposium are interested in the scientific explanation of the image on the cloth. As STRP (Shroud of Turin Research Project, Inc.) member John Heller stated, "we are trying to understand the nature of the image and the process by which it was formed."

In October of 1978, the Project group traveled to Turin and conducted every form of non-destructive examination on the Shroud. Using modern technology

and working solidly for 120 hours the group accumulated the largest mass of information ever gathered by Shroud investigations. The result is the Branford House Exhibition at U.Conn/Avery Point featuring photographs, documents of the investigation, specially enhanced photography, computer processed and photomicroscopic images, and a replica of the Shroud. In the last 400 years, the Shroud itself has been publicly displayed only eight times.

The group's examination consisted of

a number of highly complex scientific tests: spectroscopy, x-ray fluoroscopy, x-ray radiography, infrared thermography, high resolution color photography, photomicrography, body to image mapping and direct microscopic observation. These methods were all attempts to carefully analyze the items, stains and image on the cloth in order to understand its chemical and physical composition. Sticky tape samples were taken to examine fibers and dust from the cloth for chemical

and botanical analysis. Computer image enhancements and a device called VP-8 image analyzer show that the "image has unique three-dimensional information encoded in it," according to the researchers. By using computer enhancements and the analyzer, the scientists were able to convert the image density into vertical relief: a three dimensional pattern and sculpture model. The result was an "amazing three dimensional brightness surface of the image."

The scientists now know the chemistry of the Shroud. They conclude that "no pigments, paints, dyes or stains have been found on the fibrils," that is, the thread of the cloth. Thus, as suggested by the evidence supporting the three dimensional coding of the image, it is not a painting or photograph. The image, according to STRP is "that of a real human form of a scourged, crucified man." It was produced by "something which resulted in oxidation and dehydration" of materials on the linen. "A similar change in the linen can be obtained by sulfuric acid or heat." But the type of heat, or radiation, that caused the image, from a physics perspective, still remains a mystery. The group states "there are no chemical or physical methods known which can account for the totality of the image,



Rachel Younce

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## Should the Bookstore Go Co-op?

By Michael Schoenwald

A committee has been set up by the Student Government Association to look into the possibilities of turning the Connecticut College bookstore into a co-operative. The SGA claims the bookstore is making excessive profit from the students while the bookstore claims the contrary.

According to Bill Butterly, House President of KB and a leader in the effort for a co-operative bookstore, the SGA "felt that the bookstore was making a profit on books to offset other costs in the general school budget." Butterly says that students believe that this was unreasonable because of the amount of tuition they were already paying at Conn. Additionally, says Butterly, some students did not have books for as long as two weeks into a course because the bookstore did not order sufficient amounts. SGA stated one reason for the shortage of books was that the bookstore feared it would not be able to return unsold books to the publisher. Butterly says that the Co-op would be for used books only and would work in conjunction with the existing bookstore.

The Connecticut College bookstore

makes little, if any, profit on textbook sales, says bookstore manager Mrs. Dorothy Riley. She said that the bookstore lost \$6,000 last year, and attributed some of this loss to the increasing short discount books and increased postal costs.

The bookstore pays the salaries of its employees, their medical insurance, and gives them a retirement fund, says Mrs. Riley. The bookstore must also pay 5% of its gross sales to the college for rent, heat and lights. Mrs. Riley says she sometimes puts in an 108-hour work week and her employees 37½ hours. Mrs. Riley does not think that students can put in the time to run the bookstore, and she emphasizes that a lot of knowledge and experience are needed to properly run a bookstore. She thinks less experienced people would precipitate an even greater loss than is presently being incurred.

In response to the occasional inadequate supply of books, Mrs. Riley cites a variety of reasons: First, the registrar has no actual figure of how many freshmen will take a certain course, so estimates must be made on the previous semester's enrollment; some book companies give discounts, others

do not. Mrs. Riley states that in the stockroom of the bookstore, sit about 2,000 books, unable to be sent back to the publisher.

"Some publishers do not take back any books at all," says Mrs. Riley. "If a course is cancelled, we are stuck with the books. We are forced to under-order in some cases because of strict return rules made by the publishers. If you can't return books to the publishers, what do you do with them? We try to order the amount of books we think will be bought. This year's freshman Chemistry course had an expected enrollment of 60. The actual enrollment was 103."

In some cases students at other colleges and universities pay extra fees on the books they buy. Not so at Connecticut, according to Mrs. Riley. "Students at Connecticut College are lucky to be paying the price they are for our books. At Yale, for example, 50¢ is added on to the cost of course books to pay postage costs. This is also the case at Brown and some other schools. We do not charge extra for books."

Mrs. Riley thinks students at Connecticut College prefer to buy new rather than used books. She does not think that students here care about a

difference of one or two dollars when buying new books. The manager feels that at a state university this situation would be different because of the economic background of the students. Mrs. Riley is appreciative of the students here and feels that "if the students want to buy all used books next semester we will get as many used books as we can and not buy new ones."

David Gleason, Chairman of Social Board and a member of SGA, thinks that a used book co-op is highly feasible. "If the SGA could put together a book co-op, 1/3 to 1/2 would be saved on the price of a new book. I think there are a large number of wealthy students at Connecticut College but there are a great deal of poorer students as well. Many of the wealthy students probably prefer to buy new books but for anyone a few hundred dollars a year is difficult. If I had the opportunity I would definitely buy used books."

Dave sees the bookstore as something of a singular entity on campus. "Although the bookstore does cater to the needs of the students very well, they don't have any competition. It is easy to react by thinking they are overcharging."

# Derelicts

"I love the night life. I've got to boogie. Disco all the time, yeah."

Yeah.

Walking along in the city with a college buddy, passing the derelict street festivals. Some blind guy singing the Beatles' "You've Got to Hide Your Love Away," accompanying himself on a zither that's missing strings. I give him a quarter. My college buddy keeps walking.

We're discussing his post-graduate plans.

"My Law Advisor says it ought to be easy for me to get into Stanford Law. And, after that, it would be impossible for me not to make at least thirty grand my first year. When I finish there, I'm going to Hollywood. That's where the legal action will be. The media is blooming and lawyers who are trained in Communications work will be needed. We're talking a lot of money."

Walking along and around, we wind up passing a derelict who looked like a rag doll that was left in the mud. He had about five months worth of dandruff in his hair.

This guy—I don't know—it looked like the derelict was

drinking sterno. I heard stories that, in Vietnam, the natives would sell Coca-Cola mixed with battery acid, to the American soldiers. I heard that some of the soldiers knew this, but they drank it anyway.

As we pass, the derelict asks for change. His voice is like wind going through broken glass. I give him a quarter. Maybe it was the weather but, silly me, I couldn't help being bothered.

"Why do derelicts have to drink sterno?" I ask my friend. "Don't they know when they're becoming derelicts and, if they do, why can't they stop?"

"Who knows?" my friend says. "But a good thing about Stanford is that if you stay during the summer, you can get your M.A. in just two years ..." And my friend kept talking.

Ah, kid. It's one thing saying you can't help the derelicts; it's another thing saying you don't care. But I've only got so many quarters. Besides, how much does twenty-five cents help a derelict anyway?

—A.A.

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## Crushing Dissidence—Film at 11

The words Weather Underground sent a flash through the US media last week that even eclipsed Senator Cranston's Awacs trump. Despite the pitifully obvious disparity, the networks and presses barely broke stride between Anwar Sadat's assassination and the arrests of Kathy Boudin and Judith Clark, fugitives for a decade, as they fled the Brink's robbery failure. Once again the FBI had accidentally thwarted the forces of chaos, and as the agency launched into its subsequent round-up, apparently of anyone who comments on the weather, the cameras begin to whirr. The Big Story was taking shape.

"Tonight's Wide World of News comes to you from the sleepy little town of Nyack, New York . . ."; the blood on the sidewalk was given a close-up; 'eyewitnesses' stuttered 'I seen em' (thereby validating the event); the truck photographed from all angles; and now back to our studios for a look at the getaway route, the roadblock (more blood), blah blah more arrests soon blah blah liberals, affluent parents, Sixties, Columbia, beautiful, intelligent, bomb factory in posh Village townhouse, midnight escape, blah blah.

It made great news. There was plenty of money, guns, bombs, background, people to interview, and an easily tripped memory-impulse to the violent anti-war hooliganism of the Sixties.

This week, as the enforcement community begins what it calls a "massive investigation", which translates quickly into an expensive Chinese fire drill, dozens of 'potential troublemakers' will be arrested or questioned. The historical fact that Weather never involved more than a dozen members doesn't seem to impress the news people anymore

than the FBI. But while it may be said that the Bureau, having found a rationale, will now use Weather to net a disparate group of threats, the press cannot claim a consciousness of its Weather-frenzy consequences.

The few Weathermen who still linger concentrated during the Sixties on the power of implied violence, via the press. Attention, though it proved fatal this time, is nevertheless attention. Certainly, this short-sighted egotism is a trademark of violent outbursts and terrorism. The IRA exemplifies this fatalistic obsession; John Hinkley wanted attention from an actress. The media, by not only granting large amounts of attention, but embellishing it with historical stereotype, merely excites an entire audience which already senses that displays of violence equal attention; an audience which will use this fact to a tragic degree.

To these people, even negative attention is attention, all that they really want. Thin rhetoric and fancy radical names aren't the substance of political dynamics; why does the press respond as though they are. The answer may lie in the misconception that it just plain sells ads. Especially on television news, competition as a matter of money and pride has led journalists down this dangerous path. The revolutionary broadcaster Ted Turner testified to a subcommittee last week that the three major networks should be shut down for violent programming. He certainly didn't mean news violence, because his station is all-news; unconsciousness of the problem perpetrates a violence all its own.

—M.S.

## Life in a Bubble

By Rich Allen

During the recently concluded October Break, eighty percent of the student body departed campus, venturing back to their comfortable homes in suburban communities throughout New England and the Eastern Seaboard. Back at home in places such as Newton, Greenwich, and Bronxville, we assumed the roles of natives, for we were in familiar and receptive surroundings, amongst family and friends. We slipped back into our old niches, if only for a few days. Our interest in and enthusiasm for community news and events, particularly concerning politics, economics, and culture were rekindled. There are numerous reasons for the re-igniting of such impulses toward the places of our origins: curiosity due to absence; genuine community spirit; the sense of heritage; the feeling of belonging; the perception that since our past and perhaps our future are both enmeshed with these communities, that therefore we have more of a stake, more of a role in the health and dynamism of these communities.

Now that we are back in an insulated collegiate setting, our lives have become much more fragmented and circumscribed. We once again are college students, living transitory and often illusory existences at arms-length from the "real world." The community spirit and feeling of belonging which were at the forefront of our consciousness during October Break have dissipated, shoved back into the corners of our mind. Instead, a distinctly collegiate attitude, one of stale self-centeredness, shapes our view of reality.

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## LETTER

Dear Editor:

I was totally disgusted to find in the previous issue of this newspaper the complete distortion and mutilation of my conversation with Victoria Howe, ("Studying French Abroad," Oct. 9) which led to the defamation of my character. A seemingly innocent interview concerning my activities in France last semester has been turned into a blatant attack. Not only did Ms. Howe state that I was "lazy" but she also implied that I am:

1. Ignorant,
2. Less knowledgeable than the average student,
3. Uninterested in a demanding education, and
4. Unworthy of attending Connecticut College.

It would be to the overall benefit of the entire Connecticut College community if Ms. Howe and the Voice would attempt to upgrade their writing and reporting.

There is no logical explanation for these blatant misrepresentations, but possibly my outward appearance caused Mademoiselle Howe to leap to such outlandish conclusions regarding my character, but as they say in France: "C'est dommage" (That's a shame).

—Michael Braswell

(Editor's Note: THE COLLEGE VOICE sincerely regrets this incident. But Ms. Howe maintains that she bore no malice to Mr. Braswell, nor did she intend to slander him, and that errors which might have been committed were due to misunderstanding, not prejudice).

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# The Joffrey Effect: A Right-Hand Column

The October 9th Campus Communicator's "Left-hand Column" was devoted to a few safe, sweet paragraphs about the Joffrey II Dancers Benefit on October 3. The piece was a tidy bit of PR work but it was a cover up, a meek way of trying to convince all who had attended the benefit that they had not been cheated; that the evening had been delightful. But what disappointed patron (whether a \$10 or \$100 audience member) was really convinced by the "Left-hand Column"?

The Communicator's trite comments about the performance made me sneer. When I stopped to wonder why, I had to reconsider my own review of the performance, and realized that in my careful, perhaps too conscientious critique, I had ignored a very potent, important aspect of that evening. My review was, I think, a fair, honest analysis of the performance and its shortcomings. However, the audience is an integral part of any performance and I never took the time to consider the probable anger and sense of waste that many of the audience members felt; maybe for the gruesome, simple reason that I, as a member of "THE PRESS" did not pay for my ticket.

The performance by the Joffrey II Dancers was not worth \$10, much less \$100. Yet, Palmer was quite full that Saturday night. I seriously doubt whether the majority of the audience really knew the difference between the Joffrey II Dancers and the Joffrey Ballet before entering Palmer on October 3. Both companies are commonly referred to as the Joffrey. Besides, promotion certainly stresses the supposed professionalism of the Joffrey II rather than the more accurate "farm team" quality of the company. Since this group does do nationwide, paid, reviewed performances, it can be classified as professional, but anyone who attended the benefit knows categories like that are not always accurate.

Yes, the process of promoting and perpetuating the Connecticut College community is an important one. It was certainly beneficial to bring everyone together, and fitting to do it in Palmer that we might all admire the redecorated auditorium. Yet, while rewarding and saluting the interest and support of our community with promises of a vigorous, exceptional evening of dance, the same faithful, hopeful supporters were insulted by a shoddy, unprofessional show—a sorry reward. Was it assumed that the audience would not know the difference?

The evening was a benefit. I know that all those \$10, \$15, \$25, \$50, and \$100 tickets were donations to the cost of renovating Palmer. But I wonder how many of the "donors" would have chosen to send in a check and make other plans for that evening had they honestly known who and what the Joffrey II is. Money aside, how many of the donors felt they had wasted a good deal of time that night?

I understand that this performance was donated, and have heard the saying, "You can't look a gift horse in the mouth". However, the college should have entered and executed this project more responsibly. Should not the dance department have been sought out for advice and input on the project? Could not the college have promoted the Joffrey II as the students they are (a very relevant connection could have been drawn to the learning which takes place here), even if the company's national PR is more glamor, professional-oriented? That way the audience could have set their sights at a more appropriate level and felt interested, supportive rather than gravely disappointed.

I also must question whether the direction and goals of the Joffrey II Dancers are healthy and productive. The company must make a significant amount of money and the dancers get to be on stage frequently, but what is being sacrificed for the sake of raking in that money, hammering out those performances, and being first to present certain new choreography? As I concluded in my review, the Joffrey II Dancers are not ready to be performing so often, so many different pieces, for they are lacking in some essential basics which will not be made up for by interesting lights, unusual costumes or unique choreography. These young dancers are gaining an incomplete sense of performance, are being encouraged to follow a thorny trail with a machete to slash a temporary path instead of gloves and a hoe to weed and clear the trail once and for all. They are protected from the thorns. They have armor in their big name, big reputation, and the approval of father, Robert Joffrey—but how many people like watching armored figures dance, especially for good money?

Clearly then, there are several important moral issues involved, not the greatest of which is the discrepancy between what was promised and what was delivered for the sake of money making. My opponents will accuse me of being too idealistic. The politics, I know. Nothing is free from it and I cannot get rid of it by editorializing. But just as I feel the college should have been more responsible about the event, I have become conscious that my critique's responsibility was not just to the Joffrey II Dancers, but also to the audience. I think it is tremendously important that the community members who attended that performance, and left feeling somewhat bad, be assured that they were not alone; that it was wonderful for them to attend and understandable if they were disappointed. They should not be dealt condescending, meek remarks such as in the "Left-hand Column", which are meant to cover and scare off any ill feelings. To anyone who was irked—you had good reason and you were not alone and your contributions are greatly appreciated.

—JAS

## Bus Stop

By Ruby Turner Morris  
SEAT Secretary

**Going Shopping or to the Railroad Terminal**—Your best bus is No. 1 plying between Norwich and New London every 1½ hours on Williams Street. It passes Chapel Gate, Admissions, etc., and stops anywhere when flagged. It passes Chapel Gate at approximately 6:56, 8:26, 9:56, 11:26, 12:56, 2:26, 3:56, and 5:26. (No Saturday 6:56 a.m. bus.) Arrives RR depot in five minutes.

**Second Best Bus**—Bus 13 comes from the RR down Crystal and you can pick it up at the corner of Williams and Briggs by walking downhill. It goes to both New London Malls, and then downtown. It is hourly, going by the corner 7:48 - 5:48, Monday through Friday, and Saturday starting at 8:48. It arrives at the RR depot at 15 minutes past the hour.

**Third Best Bus**—Bus 12 comes from the Malls and goes down through Hodges Square to the RR depot. Walk downhill, pass the corner of Briggs and Williams Streets, cross over Rt. 32 and pick up bus next to stop light. It passes there hourly at 8:32 through 5:32 (no bus at 4:32).

### Coming Back to your Point of Origin

Your Best Bus: No. 1 leaves the RR Depot for Norwich at 8:45, 10:15, 11:45, 1:15, 2:45, 4:15, and last bus at 5:45 (Daily Monday through Saturday.) Goes up Williams Street.

Your Second Best Bus—Bus 13 leaving the RR hourly at 45 minutes past the hour; 7:45 - 5:45. Saturdays it starts at 8:45. It lets you off at the corner of Briggs and Williams Streets, and you can walk to your destination from there.

### General Information

There is no Sunday service.

Fare for College students and adults is 60¢. Students with ID cards in grades up to 12 pay 40¢; elderly pay 25¢. Exact change is required.

You can get a transfer on entering the bus within city limits, and shift at the Depot to buses which take you to Ocean Beach, restaurants, such as fast-food places on Colman Street, and off Montauk Avenue. Ask the driver for directions. You may go with a transfer

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## Student Runs for Local Education Board

By Scott Wilson

On Nov. 3 there is a municipal election in New London. Connecticut College students have often been involved in these elections; duties have ranged from soliciting votes over the telephone to being election officials. This year, however, Conn students have more responsibilities. Robert Gardner and Bill Butterly (both seniors) are campaign managers for a candidate pursuing the job of Board of Education. It is fascinating that two Conn College students are actually organizing a political campaign. What is more interesting is that the candidate for Board of Education is Alan Spalter, a junior at Connecticut College.

Spalter, as of June 1981, had few political aspirations. He was involved in politics on a college and city level. As the Connecticut State Finance Director for College Republicans, Co-Director of New England's College Republicans, and later a member of the New London Republican Town Committee, Spalter felt he was satisfied with the demands and educational edification of the jobs.

As a result of Spalter's accomplishments, one of the New London Town Committee members nominated him for the Republican candidate for the Board of Education. Initially, Spalter declined the nomination, but, because of coaxing from the town Chairman, Spalter was given a week to reconsider.

"It was during that week I made my

decision" said Spalter. He reviewed the record of the current Board of Education and found many inconsistent and quite disturbing facts. For example, expenditures increased by 12 percent; total enrollment decreased by 215 students, and yet, test scores remained the same—30 points below the national average. The candidate wants to discontinue the educational experiments and return to the basics: reading, writing and arithmetic.

His campaign is being conducted in a very professional manner. The assistance of Butterly and Gardner have produced a campaign similar to a campaign for a city council seat. You have probably heard some of the radio commercials on WNLC, WTYD, WSUB or Q105. Or maybe you have seen newspaper ads, press releases, or articles in the local newspapers. If you have missed any of the publicity (including the abundance of posters), you might have gone to one of the twenty or so candidate nights or speeches within the last month.

The opportunity for overthrowing the popular Democrats is slim. The Democrats have over two-thirds majority in this city. Spalter, however responded to the unfavorable odds by attaining endorsements from both the Republicans and from the Alternative (or Independent) party. This was a political move made by the Republicans. Spalter's name will appear twice on the ballot as a result of the two endorsements.

## The Search for an All-American

The Scholastic All-American Search has begun, but nobody seems to know about it.

According to President Mark A. Anderson, not one single Conn College student has submitted an application for the fall 1981 class.

"In fairness to each school and to its students, it is our policy to accept members from each of this country's 1,500 schools," he said. The honor society is a small, nonprofit organization comprised of undergraduate and graduate students from all fifty states and several foreign countries.

"We started out with only six members, but our 'All-American' appeal

forced us into a nationwide organization," according to Anderson.

The goal of the annual Scholastic All-American Search is to admit top students from each community college, junior college, undergraduate, and graduate school in the country. The organization has no local chapters, instead seeks intellectually mature students on a national level. Students are chosen on the basis of their leadership abilities, physical vigor, and intellectual prowess.

Students wishing further information are asked to send a stamped self-addressed envelope to the Scholastic All-American Honor Society, Post Office Box 237, Clinton, New York 13323.

## Of Bucks and Books

By Jane Higgins

In these times when most books cost a student an average of ten dollars or more, it's refreshing to know that one can purchase a paperback for a mere ten cents! These books, donated by people from the Greater New London area, could be found in the old Palmer Library on October 10-12.

Six years ago, an RTC alumna, Mrs. Roland Johnson, former editor of the Alumnae Bulletin and recent recipient of the honorable Agnes Leahy Award, conceived of the book sale idea and enlisted the aid of interested area alumnae. The Book Sale has since become an annual event. Perhaps the best measure of the sale's popularity according to Mrs. Oakes Ames, the chairperson, is that six years ago, they had to advertise; now six years later, people ask when the Book Sale is going to be held.

Although the Book Sale spanned only three days, it required eight months of preparation. According to librarian,

Brian Rogers, a member of the large volunteer committee, the biggest job is sorting the books—extracting the "junk" and categorizing what is left. This remainder totalled approximately 40,000, of which an estimated half was sold.

To clear out some of these leftovers, the Book Sale reopened on October 23, offering a whole bag of books for a dollar. Non-profit organizations are invited on October 26 to select whatever books they want from the remainders. The process does not stop here, however—nothing is wasted. The covers will then be torn off the rest of the books and the paper will be recycled.

If you missed the opportunity to cash in on some of the bargains, you really should make a special effort to attend next year. After all, it is a worthy cause: the \$13,300 profit will be used to purchase books for the Connecticut College library. Your small donation could in turn benefit you in a very big way.

# Dear John...

(These notices were written on loose-leaf paper and taped on the door to the women's bathroom of the fourth floor of Freeman Dormitory. The signs appeared in the following order. —Ed.)

1. TO THE SLOBS THAT USE THE 4TH FLOOR BATHROOM: There are enough diseases to catch around here! I don't need any from the rolls of toilet paper that you lazy people put on the floor. STOP WASTING IT! Place it in the holder provided or on the top of the tank. THE 4TH FLOOR LOOKS LIKE A PIG PEN!

—Anonymous

2. Yeah. She's right! Athlete's ass is a real bitch! Clean it up!

—Anonymous

3. To the Plaintiff: Yours is a simple message: "Please don't leave toilet paper on the floor." Your presentation, however, is offensive and nasty. Addressing people as "slobs" and "lazy" is no way to get them to do your bidding. How about a little respect?

—Allison

4. I second this, although I must say that the first approach was effective. Anger is useful, but it must be tempered with thought. In other words, you've got to realize that some people are not as enlightened as you are. So proceed with patience! (I'm preaching to myself as much as I am to you). Thanks.

—Giz

5. It seems to me that all of you who took offense must be the culprits, otherwise you would not make such a fuss. P.S. I agree with letter number one. Besides, after that note, I've noticed that the bathroom is a lot cleaner.

—Kim

6. NO! The message is fine and legitimate; it's just the rhetoric and approach. Besides, this is getting slightly out of hand. I'm not in this dorm, but I'm concerned.

—Susie

7. When making public comments, please have the courtesy to sign them.

—Amy

8. Does anyone mind if I submit this "Tribute to Floor Communication" to the College Voice?

—Lynn

9. If the bathroom is now clean, why not start a written discussion about something else? For instance, is there life during unconsciousness?

—Edith

10. Since the bathroom is clean, let's bring up a new topic. Is there life after a clean bathroom?

—Lisa



# Theatre-by-the-Sea

For the first time in its known history, New London, Connecticut will have its own professional, resident legitimate theatre company. Tommy Brent, Producer of the Theatre-by-the-Sea in Matunuck, Rhode Island, announced today that he has leased the historic Garde Theatre and will bring his Theatre-by-the-Sea company to New London this winter, opening on Friday,

November 20, with the Gilbert and Sullivan musical, "The Pirates of Penzance," which is currently packing them in on Broadway. It will play through December 6. This will be followed by "Brigadoon," December 8 through 20. "West Side Story" will open on December 22 and play through January 3. Thereafter, a new production will be presented every two weeks from

January to May, and will include a variety of plays and musicals, many just recently seen on Broadway.

In June, the company will be back in Rhode Island for its summer season of musicals and then return the following winter to New London.

This event is causing quite a bit of excitement all over Southeastern Connecticut. It is the first time the Theatre-by-the-Sea, now in its 48th year, has ever had a winter season. Their theater in Matunuck, Rhode Island is one of the original barn summer theaters and has been placed on the Historical Register in Washington, D.C., as a National Historic Landmark. The barn theater does not have heat, however, and thus precludes the Company from producing there in the winter.

Brent was very enthusiastic about coming to New London. "This area is ideal for such a company as ours. There is a large theater-going audience to draw from. We know this because many of our summer theater patrons are from Connecticut. And we like the area, we like New London. There is that nice feeling of a small city, and the theater is just wonderful! It has a large stage that goes up about seventy-five feet and can handle our elaborate musical productions; comfortable dressing rooms, and the auditorium and acoustics are excellent. The theater has been completely refurbished with new seats in the orchestra section; it is clean and sparkling with new paint and many of the old art deco features have been restored. It is located at 325 Captain's Walk, across the street from the Court House, and only two minutes off Route 95. There is plenty of parking nearby and several restaurants in the area. Another amazing feature is that the theater is only a 3-block walk up the Captain's Walk from the train and bus stations and the ferry boat wharf. It is even possible to take a train from New York or Boston or stops enroute, see a matinee or evening show at the Garde Theatre, and return back home the same day or evening and without long waits due to the excellent train and bus schedules. This is especially helpful for those who do not drive."

Within the next few weeks a score of new faces will be seen about New London as actors, singers, dancers, musicians, directors, technical people and all the others who make up a resident professional theater company arrive to go into rehearsal and get ready for the grand opening of "The Pirates of Penzance" on November 20th.

"And what a production it is!" Tommy Brent exclaimed. "The three-week run in Matunuck this past summer was a complete sellout and we turned away scores of people nightly. It's quite a bargain too. Ticket prices on Broadway are \$30 per seat! Our's start at \$8.50."

Performances will be given Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8 p.m., Sundays at 7 p.m., and matinees on Wednesdays at 2 p.m. Ticket prices are: for weekday evenings: \$10.50, 9.50, 8.50; for Saturday evenings at 8 p.m.: \$11.50, 10.50, 9.50; and for Wednesday matinees: \$9.50 and 8.50. All seats are in the orchestra section. Visa and Master Charge are accepted. Children, under twelve, are one-half price on Tuesdays at 8 p.m., Sundays at 7 p.m., and the Wednesday matinees at 2 p.m.

Subscriptions (at a 10% discount) and single tickets are now on sale at the Box Office of the Garde Theatre which is currently open Monday through Saturday from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. or may be purchased by mail or phone. For further information phone (203) 442-9862 or write: Theatre-by-the-Sea, 325 Captain's Walk, New London, Connecticut 06320.

THEATRE-BY-THE-SEA, OPENING AT THE GARDE THEATRE IN NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT ON NOVEMBER 20TH, FOR A WINTER SEASON OF LEGITIMATE THEATER IS IN NEED OF VOLUNTEERS IN VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS—PUBLICITY, MAILING LIST AND SUBSCRIPTION CAMPAIGN, SCENERY, COSTUMES, TECHNICAL WORK AND BACKSTAGE WORKERS. ANYONE WISHING TO DONATE SOME TIME TO HELP THE THEATRE SHOULD CONTACT JIMMY PIZZO AT THE THEATRE: 325 CAPTAIN'S WALK, NEW LONDON, CT PHONE: 203/442-9862.

## Shroud

Continued from Page 1

nor can any combination of physical, chemical or medical circumstances explain the image adequately."

The Shroud is 14 feet long by 3 feet 7 inches wide. The microfibrils which make up the thread of the woven cloth are 1/2 to 1/100 of an inch in width. There are blood stains on the cloth as well as marks left from a 1532 fire. Two dark streaks run down the length of the linen with water stains and patches sewn on the cloth also visible.

It has been proven that the blood stains are whole blood—that of a live being. It has not been proven that the blood stains were derived from the apparent human image on the Shroud. The blood stains do contact the cloth before the body form does. The eye images on the Shroud resemble raised flat discs. STRP members Drs. Jackson and Jumper theorized that perhaps this suggested the placement of coins over the eyes. This would support the Hebrew burial custom of placing sherds or coins over the eyelids to keep them closed. If these "discs" were coins, then perhaps the date of the coins would reveal the age of the Shroud. There is no unanimity of agreement among the group on this theory, nor any way it can presently be proven. The only way to determine age is through a carbon 14 test. But this is a destructive process which would destroy the threads of the Shroud cloth.

The history of the Shroud can be traced back to the middle of the 14th century where it was in the possession of the de Charney family in France. The cloth was claimed to be the Shroud of Christ, through this was doubted by a Bishop Pierre D'Arcis, who had been so vocal that he was silenced by the Pope. The Duke of Savoy acquired it from the de Charney family in 1453. It was placed in St. Chapelle in Chambéry, where in 1532, it sustained disfiguring burns during a chapel fire. The Shroud

was brought to Turin in 1578 where it has been ever since, apart from the last war.

Shroud historian Ian Wilson, a non-STRP member, has created a theory dating the possible origin of the Shroud to the first century A.D. The Shroud, according to this theory, was lost until the 6th century B.C. At that time, Wilson notes a change in the depiction of Christ in paintings, from an Apollo-like, beardless man to a man resembling the image on the rediscovered cloth. If we accept his theory and assume the image on the Shroud is that of Christ, then Wilson concludes perhaps the Shroud is the first icon we have of Jesus of Nazareth as we perceive him today.

The international interest in the Shroud seems to derive from the question stated earlier: "Is this cloth an authentic image of Christ?" Science can never prove this; nor have scientists ever stated they could. The STRP members do believe they will eventually be able to identify what is now the appearance of a human body image as a human body image. Scientists seek to understand the process by which the image is produced on the cloth. Religious scholars question the authenticity of the image as Christ. Scientific evidence and religious theory cannot be combined. They involve two distinctly different fields of study and perspective; one of facts, the other of beliefs.

The image on the Shroud cloth certainly poses a question. Should we believe scientific evidence or religious theory? As one STRP member stated at the conclusion of the symposium, "we can believe in them both."

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

THE SHROUD EXHIBIT AT BRANFORD HOUSE, AVERY POINT, GROTON, IS OPEN TO THE PUBLIC SEVEN DAYS A WEEK FROM 9:30 - 4:15 UNTIL DECEMBER 9. TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE THROUGH TICKETRON.

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# ARTS AND LEISURE

## Voice Reviews: The French Lieutenant's Woman

The College Voice, October 30, 1981

By Charley Taylor

Karek Reisz's film of John Fowles' *The French Lieutenant's Woman* is a good, if flawed, adaptation. But then did anyone really expect the novel to transfer to the screen with no problems?

On the simplest level, Fowles' novel is the love story between Charles Smithson, a young geologist, and a mysterious lady named Sarah Woodruff, known to the people of her English country town as the French Lieutenant's Woman. Charles becomes obsessed with this outcast, and begins to loathe the restrictions of his Victorian life, eventually breaking off his engagement to a pleasant, but plain young woman named Ernestina. But this story is just a frame on which Fowles hangs a comparison of twentieth century and Victorian societies, and weaves a discourse on the writing of fiction.

The main character of the novel is Fowles himself, who interrupts the plot to present data, make observations, and discuss the novel he is writing, once going so far as to put himself in a train compartment with Charles so he can observe the character he has created. The novel also contains two endings. Because of all of these things, a screen version seemed treacherous if not impossible.

Reisz and screenwriter Harold Pinter have not solved the problem of putting Fowles' commentary on the screen, rather they have chosen to replace it with a device of their own. Jeremy Irons and Meryl Streep, who play Charles and Sarah, also play Mike and Anna, two actors playing Charles and Sarah in a film of . . . *The French Lieutenant's*

*Woman*. The first shot alerts us that something is not quite right. Sarah stands beside the sea in Lyme Regis, and in the background we see a truck driving out of the frame. A clapboard appears in front of her face and a voice announces "take one." The film cuts between the period scenes of Charles and Sarah, and the on-location affair of Mike, who is engaged, and Anna, who has a French lover.

I do not think this device is as obtrusive as some have claimed, but I do not think that it adds a great deal to the picture either. Despite the obvious parallels, the modern scenes do not illuminate the period scenes that much, and most of the emphasis in the modern scenes is on the affair itself, rather than on how an actor often merges with his role. The period scenes work well, and are very faithful to Fowles, but as soon as they switch to modern we are in the land of lean, dry-ice dialogue replete with Pinter pauses. It is an interesting device but it never pays off as it was intended to. Ironically the device starts to make sense towards the end of the film when it also starts becoming more obtrusive.

The picture would have had more flow if Reisz and Pinter had stuck solely to the period scenes, but that would have seemed too unadventurous. It would look as if they had chosen to ignore the structure of the novel rather than run the risk of trying to adapt it. As uneven as the device is, Reisz and Pinter deserve credit for at least taking a chance.

The period scenes themselves have

some troubles especially towards the end when some of the scenes start getting impressionistic and a bit much (Charles approaching Sarah's house on a raft and peering through a telescope). Even though the period scenes are just the surface of Fowles' book, the thing that is admirable about *The French Lieutenant's Woman* is how much of the spirit of the book Reisz and Pinter manage to get into these scenes. This is not, as some have said, dry, Masterpiece Theatre cinema that wears its taste on its sleeve (though the bedroom scene is a bit lackluster). This is an entertaining, lush picture. There is a sly wit at work in the period scenes. They are often slightly heightened to give them an air of artificiality that emphasizes the conventions of the period. You get a nice sense of the repression of the era. You can feel Charles' growing dissatisfaction with the falseness of his life after he meets Sarah, a person who is not only not afraid to be out of her time, but is determined to be out of her time.

The movie was photographed by Freddie Francis, and as you would expect with a big budget costume drama, it is beautiful. But it never hits you over the head with its beauty. There is no elbow in your ribs saying, "Admire it, it's gorgeous!"

I first thought that Meryl Streep seemed a strange choice for Sarah, and so much has been written about her already that it is hard to know what to add. It is not the great performance that a lot of people are saying it is, she seems a bit out of sorts in the modern scenes. But as Sarah she is so close to Fowles'

conception of Sarah that it is eerie. When Mrs. Poulteney, her puritanistic employer confronts her, she is the perfect mixture of defiance and detached compliance. She often plays a scene looking down, only to end it by fixing whoever she is talking to with a stare that seems to come from a private land. Her triumph is turning an enigma into a character without losing the mystery.

The triumph of Jeremy Irons who plays Charles is maintaining our interest in a character who could easily turn into a somber prig. Charles is a very sincere young, Victorian man, but Irons is both amusing and engrossing as he makes the tremors that Charles is feeling real.

The rest of the cast, comprised mostly of British character actors is fine. I particularly liked the actor who plays Sam, Charles' valet, and the actress who plays Mrs. Poulteney, although regrettably I do not know their names. As Dr. Grogan, Leo McKern is, as always, a delight, and David Warner has a hilarious bit as a judge.

The accomplishments of this picture are considerable, considering the difficulty of the source. *The French Lieutenant's Woman* is one of the highlights of the fall season.

One last note. *The French Lieutenant's Woman* joins *Ordinary People*, *Manhattan*, and others in a growing list of films that are ridiculously R-rated. I do not know what false principle of decency the MPAA thinks it is upholding by keeping teenagers from hearing a four letter epithet they encounter every day with a good deal more viciousness in real life.

## Juilliard String Quartet



By Lisa Chernin

The Juilliard String Quartet returns to the Connecticut College Concert and Artist Series this season with a recital on November 4 in Palmer Auditorium. The Quartet, known as the "first family of chamber music," is celebrating its 35th anniversary this season, and will perform concerts in North America and Europe, including five complete Beethoven cycles.

Founded in 1936, with the cooperation of the Juilliard School President, William Schuman, the Quartet has championed the music of 20th century composers such as Bartok and Schoenberg, and premiered works by many American composers, as well as performing the classics, particularly Beethoven, to the lavish praise of reviewers everywhere.

The Juilliard Quartet has made over 100 recordings and it continues to record the entire gamut of string quartet

literature. Now recording for CBS Masterworks, the Quartet has also appeared on Epic and RCA labels. For its recordings of the complete Schoenberg quartets and the Debussy/Ravel quartets it won two coveted Grammy Awards. The first digital recording of all the Bartok string quartets was recently completed by the Quartet, and will be released soon.

All the members of the Juilliard Quartet are American born and American trained. The Quartet's first violinist, and the only member of the original quartet, Robert Mann, was born in Portland, Oregon, where he received his initial musical training. A Juilliard School alumnus, he studied violin with Edouard Dethier, in addition to composition. After winning a Naumburg Award, Mr. Mann made his recital debut in 1941. He still appears as a soloist, and has recorded a number of

solo works, among them the Bartok Sonata for Unaccompanied Violin. In acknowledgement of Mr. Mann's contribution to the high standards of the Quartet since it was established, last season Earlham College bestowed upon Mr. Mann the degree of Honorary Doctor of Humanities.

Second violinist Earl Carlyss, also a Juilliard School alumnus, is a native of Chicago. Carlyss graduated from Juilliard with the school's highest award of excellence, the Morris Loeb Memorial Prize for Strings. He made his professional debut with the Pasadena Symphony, toured Scandinavia twice and was concertmaster of the New York City Ballet Orchestra. In 1962 he made his recital debut in New York.

Violist Samuel Rhodes was born in New York City. He first studied with Sydney Beck and later with Walter Trampler. In addition to many summers' participation in the Marlboro Music Festival, he has been featured several times in the Music from Marlboro series at Town Hall and on tour and took a prominent role in Marlboro's State Department-sponsored tour of Europe and the Near East in the summer of 1965.

Joel Krosnick, cellist, is a native of Connecticut. His principal teachers were William D'Amato, Luigi Silva, Jens Nygaard and Claus Adam, whom he succeeded in the Juilliard Quartet. Active both as a performer and an educator, Mr. Krosnick, while holding academic positions, toured with the University of Iowa String Quartet and the New York Chamber Soloists, and performed frequently as soloist with orchestras. He has performed world and American premieres of works by Gyorgy Ligeti, Gerhard Samuel, Peter Maxwell Davies, Ralph Shapey, Milton Babbitt, William Karlin, and Morton Subotnick.



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# Napoleon— An Epic Success

By Garry Bliss

Those of you that have heard fantastic things about Abel Gance's 1927 epic "Napoleon" have heard the truth. The reaction of audiences today is the same as that of audiences 54 years ago; cheering, standing ovations. The movie will be in Boston in November and if you have the chance (even if you don't), go see it.

"Napoleon" is the story of Napoleon Bonaparte's life, from childhood at a military school to his triumphant invasion of Italy. The story of Napoleon's life is also the story of the revolution. In the film we see the revolution start and are taken through The Terror of Robespierre, the threat from Royalists in October 1794, to the revolution, and the final triumph by Napoleon for the Revolution. There is also the love story of Napoleon and Josephine. But most of the story is the triumph and tragic life of a man who once wrote:

"All my life I have sacrificed everything, peace, happiness to my destiny."

"Napoleon" opened in Paris at the Theatre de l'Opera in 1927. Gance had originally intended to recreate Napoleon's entire life in six films. Gance was only able to do one film. Money was poured into sets, costumes, and for on location filming. "Napoleon" was visually revolutionary at a time when Hollywood was about to give birth to the talkies. Six months after "Napoleon" opened in Paris "The Jazz Singer" opened. MGM released a U.S. version of "Napoleon" cut from six hours to 80 minutes. It was poor, weak, and concentrated on the love story between Napoleon and Josephine. "Napoleon" was forgotten.

Kevin Brownlow, a British film archivist, saw the movie in the 1950's. He was a school boy at the time, but reconstructing "Napoleon" became a part-time occupation. Work accelerated after he made a documentary on Gance's work for the BBC and again after Gance

made a partially reconstructed "Napoleon" for the Napoleon bicentennial in 1971.

Brownlow continued to work on his version. Finally, after finding many more lost sections of the film, Brownlow felt his work was done in 1979. Francis Ford Coppola's Zoetrope Studios, commissioned Carmine Coppola to compose the music. The film was released.

"Napoleon" is as contemporary as tomorrow's movies. It is a silent movie in that it has no dialogue but the acting is not melodramatic, exaggerated or posed like most "silents". The acting is one of the most striking elements of the movie.

In Germany, at the time that "Napoleon" was being made, technicians were taking cameras off tripods and putting them on wheels. Gance went beyond the Germans' innovation. He strapped a camera to a horse for a chase scene on Corsica. He put a camera on wires like a cable car. To achieve the swelling effect in the pictures of the debate in the Convention, Gance attached a camera to a pendulum. Gance also used elevators and devised a primitive crane. The snowball fight best exhibits Gance's use of "rapid cutting". By the end of the scene the pace is so frenzied there is only one frame of Napoleon to two of the fight.

The climax of the movie uses three screens. Gance fit together the images of three screens for panoramic views. He also projected three different pictures on the screen. This technique, called Polyvision, pre-dated cinerama by 30 years!

The musical score composed by Carmine Coppola is amazing. It left people whistling the Marseilles as they left the theater.

In any movie of this length there are weak moments. The only time that I felt that it lagged was in the extended love affair between Napoleon and Josephine. But that was it. "Napoleon" is a fantastic experience that if possible should not be missed.

# Boston Museum Trio

By Eric F. Jacobson

This past Friday evening the rainy New London weather was relieved by the beautiful sonorities of the Boston Museum Trio in an all Bach program. The Trio performs on period instruments patterned after those of the Baroque. The use of original instruments is a recent development and has prompted new interest in the Baroque age. The performers—Daniel Stepner, baroque violin, Laura Jeppesen, viola da gamba, and John Gibbons, harpsichord, have performed together since 1973. The ensemble performs often in the New England area, especially in Boston.

The all Bach program offered the audience an interesting variety of textures and sonorities. The first two pieces, *Sonata for Violin and Basso Continuo in E Minor* and *Sonata for Viola da Gamba and Harpsichord in G Major*, seemed to lack an ease of performance. The violinist displayed a smooth legato and was moderately sensitive to the music. Unfortunately the da Gamba seemed to be obscured by the harpsichord and was perhaps a bit forced. It is sad that the acoustics of Dana Hall are so static; because of this a

warm sound is quite difficult to achieve.

The *Sonata for Violin and Harpsichord in A Major* proved one of more interesting and well played moments of the evening. Mr. Stepner and Mr. Gibbons showed a high degree of sensitivity to the music and demonstrated a fine sense of ensemble during this sonata. Gibbons also played well during the *Prelude and Fugue for Harpsichord in A Major* and *Adagio in G Major for Harpsichord*. Here he showed a clear and well articulated style, responsive to the interpretative demands of the music.

The final selection of the evening, *Trio Sonata in C Major*, was an enjoyable conclusion to the concert. The *Allegro* demonstrated a sense of enthusiasm and warmth; while the *Largo* was peaceful and gave solace to the daily cares of the student listener. The final *Allegro* concluded the concert on a cheerful note, full of hope. The concert was well attended by a somewhat enthusiastic audience; as in the past, few students were in attendance. Students should remember that they are granted special discounts on tickets for the concert series.

## Halloween

Halloween's pagan and religious origins are often overshadowed by the modern social attitudes reflected in the way we celebrate the holiday today, says Ivan Strenski, Associate Professor of Religious Studies at Connecticut College.

"Halloween began as one of the great ancient feast days," Strenski explains. October 31 marks the eve of All Saint's Day, November 1, which the Old English called "All Hallow's," hence the name Halloween.

Witches, ghosts and spirits became intertwined with Halloween through celebration of All Soul's Day, November 2, a time when the Old English believed the spirits of the dead rose from their graves.

"Religious ritual played a part in the early celebrations of Halloween," Strenski explains, "and ritual is still a part of contemporary observances of the holiday, although the emphasis has shifted."

Strenski points out that the celebrations today have little to do with the religious and historical origins of the holiday. "People today celebrate Halloween for other reasons," he states.

"Halloween is observed on two levels today," Strenski notes. "There's the upbeat, enthusiastic, outrageous group celebrations and there's the singular activity of trick or treating, which denotes the more somber, funereal

Continued on Page 11

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# SPORTS

The College Voice, October 30, 1981



## Camels Tie Trinity 2-2 Playoff Hopes Dim

By Peter Strand  
Fans of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde would certainly cherish the 1981 Connecticut College Varsity Soccer Team.

On some afternoons, the Camels have masqueraded as Dr. Jekyll, subduing such worthy foes as Wesleyan and the Coast Guard Academy, as well as soundly outplaying Division I powerhouse University of Rhode Island, despite coming out on the short end of a 2-0 score. Other matches would find Conn Hyde-like, falling prey to Sacred Heart (3-1) and the University of New Haven (1-0).

Will the REAL Connecticut College Soccer Squad kindly come forward and take a bow?

With three crucial contests remaining to ultimately resolve Conn's ECAC Division III Playoff fate, the performances of the Camels up to this point and time can best be described as a bouncing ball: up and down. The season began on a Las Vegas hot streak: three wins, a loss, and a tie in the Camels' first five outings. But Conn promptly followed this stretch of good fortune with a three week "I'm Broke" period which saw them wallow in a 2-3-2 mark.

It was thus with a 5-4-3 ledger that the Camels ventured to Hartford on Saturday morning, confident on strengthening their sliding playoff hand with an impressive conquest of Trinity College. Coach Bill Lessig's squad felt that with a handy win over Trinity and a triumph in next weekend's clash at powerful Middlebury, the Camels could secure one of the four New England Division III playoff berths.

The opening half against Trinity, though, proved to be an accurate microcosm of the rocky road the Camel's have pursued this year; a season full of frustration, misery, and woe abridged into forty-five minutes of action. Just twenty minutes into the game, Freshman Mark Lee ran onto a loose ball at the Camel eighteen yardline after Conn had redirected a Trinity free kick, and hit a hard curling shot which

just dipped enough to find a home inches under the crossbar in the upper righthand corner of the net. 1-0, Trinity.

For the Camels, it was a disheartening sense of deja-vu. Lee's tally signalled the tenth time in thirteen games that the opposition has drawn first blood against Conn. As Lessig noted, most of those goals have come in the early stages of play when the Camels were still trying to get a feel for the action.

The obvious consequence of yielding so many "first game goals" is that it forces a team to play catch-up. When a team has as much trouble putting the ball into the net as Conn has this fall, that assignment becomes an even more unenviable task. The Camels have gone through a more severe scoring draught than the lack of rainfall which has plagued the countryside during the past year. On no occasion this year has Conn tallied more than two goals in a game, and they have achieved that number only four times. The name of the game is goals, and the Camels have not been able to reap a rich harvest of tallies.

As a result of Conn's lack of scoring punch, the defensive wall assumes added pressure, knowing that one mistake could mean the difference between victory and defeat. In this position, the defense has a tendency to play conservatively, and in attempting to carefully avoid the glaring mistake, actually heightens the chances for a miscue.

Such were the circumstances leading to Lee's goal. The Camels were controlling the action, wearing out a path in Trinity's half of the field. But the visitors could not come up with the proper chemistry to finish their offensive thrusts. Jim Santaniello broke free up the heart of the Trinity defense and fed Bert Czuchra who was breaking in alone on the right. But Trinity keeper, John Simons, parried Czuchra's rightfooted missile out of danger, and seconds later, Jim Brooks sent a low hard shot, inches off a flurry in front of the hosts' cage.

Continued on Page 9

## 26.2 Miles, 16,000 Runners, 2 Records

By Rob Ingram

Last year he had predicted a victory over some of the best marathoners in the world, including the American record-holder Bill Rodgers. The skinny 22-year-old Cuban-born American did just that in 2:09:45, a record for a first time marathoner. This year Alberto Salazar predicted a world record and a lot more people took him seriously. Allison Roe made no such claims but her results were the same.

Amidst all the hoopla and controversy over expenses and prize money given to the top "shamateur" participants, there was Salazar saying that he had really not been in top shape last year. He had come to do what no one had come close to doing since 1969. That was to break Derek Clayton's world record of 2:08:33. On the other hand, the New Zealander Allison Roe had kept her usual low profile. Just last April she had blazed past a startled Patti Cattalano at the 23 mile mark of the Boston Marathon. Her superior leg speed had enabled her to win easily, and her time was the second best women's time ever behind Grete Waitz's 2:25:45. This week however, Grete was suffering from terrible shin splints. The pain she showed when walking was enough to convince anyone that the three-time New York City Marathon champion might finally be dethroned.

As the mass of 16,000 runners was somehow miraculously assembled on the Verrazano Narrows Bridge, there was a common feeling of anxiety. Would Alberto fold under all the pressure he had created for himself? Could Grete run a competitive race? How would Frank Shorter fare after announcing that he would run at 7:30 the previous night? And would the thousands of first-timers ever make it to the Tavern on the Green in Central Park 26.2 miles later?

The race finally started, but without Bill Rodgers who had dropped out the night before because his sponsorship money was too low. Within four minutes a lead pack of 25 had sifted through the front of the crowd, and the race was really underway. They hit the first mile in 4:55 which was around record pace, but there was still 25 miles to go. Now attrition would be the determining factor as more and more runners were dropped from the lead pack. New York is one of those rare races where 2:16 marathoners look mediocre.

From miles 5-10 an Irishman tried to break away from the pack in a desperate attempt to run away with the whole thing. For this move he caught heavy criticism from Marty Liquori who was commentating for A.B.C. One had to wonder however, why Liquori praised Julie Brown for using exactly the same tactic in the women's race. She was passed by Allison Roe on the 59th Street Bridge right before the 16 mile mark.

From here on, it was merely a question of whether or not Roe could maintain her record pace. Brown had folded, and Grete Waitz had dropped out after gamely ignoring the pain for 17

miles. The excitement mounted as the more than 3 million spectators cheered her on. Many knew that Allison's best usually comes over the last few miles, and her fluid motion made it seem very possible. She wasn't tying up at all, and the men she passed made sure that no crazy spectators jumped in her way. The crowd went absolutely nuts as she picked the pace over the last mile and cruised home to a new women's world record. Everyone marvelled at how fresh she looked during her T.V. interview. After all, she had just run 26.2 miles at a very fast pace. Couldn't she at least breathe hard?

The men's race also turned into an individual struggle with the same excitement of a possible record. By 16 miles, the lead pack consisted of two Gomez's from Mexico, and Salazar. Soon it was just one Gomez and Salazar as the Mexican really picked up the pace down 1st Avenue. But Alberto ran the next mile in 4:33 and he was all alone. At about 20 miles he began to strain but his efficient stride was still intact.

Salazar has perfect marathon form because there is little wasted motion and hardly any knee lift. He is also extremely mentally tough as a result of more than 100 miles of quality running per week. But he had a very tough decision in front of him. He could either relax and win with less pain, or he could hold on to the record pace and pay the physical consequences. At that point, one could almost see him make the decision as he kept driving through Central Park. His 23rd mile was 5:04

Continued on Page 11

### FLAG FOOTBALL STANDINGS AS OF SUNDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1981

Team	W	L	T
Smith	4	0	0
Morrison	3	0	0
Larrabee - Off Campus	2	1	0
Windham	3	2	0
Park - Wright - Marshall	2	2	0
Lambdin - Hamilton	1	1	1
K.B. - Lazarus - Abbey	1	2	0
Branford - Blackstone	1	3	0
Harkness - J.A. - Freeman	0	2	0
Burdick - Plant	0	4	0



FUTURE STAR OF CONN. COLLEGE  
CAMEL FOOTBALL!

## Camels Tie Trinity

Continued from Page 8

Then, when there appeared to be a momentary pause in the action, the play shifted to the Camels' end; with the blink of an eyelid, lightning struck in the form of Lee's goal. The candle seemed to be flickering on Conn's playoff hopes as Trinity took their one goal cushion into the intermission.

But just as suddenly, the Camels got even. Nine minutes into the second half, the Trinity fullbacks got caught upfield and Jim Santaniello's beautiful through ball sent Senior Ali Moore away. Moore was playing rightwing in place of Charlie Griffiths who had moved to fullback, replacing the absent Steve Rotondo. Moore sped past two defenders who pleaded with the referee for offside, and with keeper Simons moving out of his goal to confront him,

made no mistake with his shot, firing a bullseye under Simons and into the righthand corner of the goal.

The Camels continued to control the action in the second half and came close to notching the go ahead goal on several opportunities. Senior Bob Gibb was stopped on a breakaway, and later, Simons smothered a hard shot from Santaniello. Meanwhile, Trinity did not record a shot on the Camel goal until more than twenty-five minutes had elapsed in the second half. Trinity came alive with ten minutes left and almost earned a victory in regulation time, but Colonel McKee's shot with seven minutes left merely dented the left post.

The first overtime session produced no goals, but plenty of excitement and chances. Steve Barnard volleyed a ball

off the goal line preventing a score, and in the final minute, Moore fired wide left.

It took Trinity just 57 seconds to garner a 2-1 edge in the final extra ten minute period. Captain Jamie Birmingham took a long throw-in from Dwight Corning in front of the Camel goal, and while on the run, flicked it past goalie Barry Stringfellow.

In a game of "Beat That", Conn needed only forty-one seconds in striking back with the equalizer. Brooks was fouled outside the Trinity penalty area, and the Camels were awarded a free kick from twenty yards away. Although soccer strategy does not employ as many set plays as basketball, there are many situations in which specific actions are patterned. Most

teams practice designated plays off of free kicks, but seldom does the execution work the way it does when it is written on the chalkboard with "x's" and "o's."

This free kick worked picture-perfectly. Rocco D'Amiano, Conn's master of free kicks, approached the ball and faked a right-footed shot to draw the goalkeeper off of his line. D'Amiano then toed a little pass across the mouth of the net to Santaniello, who raced in from the left, shadowed by two defenders. Santaniello, running full speed, did not even break stride. His right leg slammed into the ball, and as the black and white projectile sailed into the net earning the Camels a 2-2 tie, faint visions of a playoff berth danced dimly in Conn's heads.



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## Cat

By Daisy Smith

I set a blue bowl of gardenias on the mantle piece.  
 We sat on the couch listening to David Bowie and reading  
 French magazines, his feet up on the table.  
 When I got up to sweep the floor, he took a walk on the  
 beach  
 and brought in more sand when he returned.  
 "The neighbors have a new cat," he announced.  
 "I love cats," I said.  
 "I don't," he replied and went off to take a shower.  
 The next day I planted catnip in the garden.

By Allie Lyons

In this tiled room  
 I'm outnumbered by machines.  
 Some are purring, their bellies full  
 of detergent and warm water,  
 others silent, ready for the clinking  
 of three quarters and dirty clothes.  
 My big dryer's whirring and  
 through the porthole I watch  
 my just cleaned laundry,  
 a wave of bright colored cloth,  
 crashing around inside.

This is the last summer load,  
 the final tumble for these  
 cotton dresses and cut-offs.  
 Later, they'll be folded and stacked  
 in the bottom drawer until May.

Summer has faded fast into autumn.  
 Out on the street, sweated people walk,  
 their shoulders slightly tensed  
 in the crisp wind that blows  
 leaves and litter around.

Maybe I've come here  
 to this room with sweaty windows  
 and slumped, smoking Navy men,  
 to feel the closeness again,  
 the thick air, the wet on my skin.

The crashing cloth wave halts  
 in the middle of an ascension.  
 Laundry falls straight down and  
 I'm left hanging with an expectation  
 that there's got to be something more.  
 But the clothes are dry and  
 I'm out of quarters.  
 I head for the door with my fat bag,  
 and step out into cool, autumn weather.

By Patricia Daddona

When I was small  
 I used to take  
 White pussy willows  
 Like rabbits' tails—  
 Little live things—  
 In my hands,  
 Touching them  
 More carefully  
 Than any other thing  
 I ever took.

Unlike the buds  
 And seed-pods  
 That bulge with something  
 Hidden, and even unlike books,  
 With bindings to break  
 And pages to separate,  
 I never broke these  
 Fuzz-buds open,  
 Or plucked them  
 From their twigs.

I only drew my fingers  
 Round the oval catkins' fur  
 Then left them to the touch and  
 Sway of chill May breezes.



## Birth

Fluid moving rhythmically.  
 Warmth. Hypnotic consciousness.  
 Fists of liquid grasp me,  
 they play me as if  
 I am the canvas stretched over their drum.  
 Tumultuous morning. Shards of light.  
 It is white. Brilliant. Flavor  
 of steel. They break me from her.  
 My voice is a glinting knife.  
 I am in the world.

## The Understudy

By Daisy Smith

After the show,  
 after the curtain call,  
 after even the flowers,  
 the understudy sat  
 in her shared dressing room  
 wiping off her grease paint,  
 trance-like.  
 She sat among  
 the feather boas of chorus girls,  
 half-empty jars of cold cream,  
 and the typical chatter of stage hands  
 for whom this was an ordinary event.  
 It was not  
 an ordinary event  
 for the understudy.  
 Tonight she had replaced  
 the Star;  
 she had trespassed on  
 the Star's territory.  
 At home, in bed  
 the understudy relived  
 the evening  
 through her dreams  
 while her flowers  
 wilted in their wrapping,  
 forgotten on the dressing table.

## Halfway Within or Out of Sleep

By Carolyn Abbott

The blankets, warm around me are:  
 the smell of earth just turned over.  
 Deeper and deeper, dig to the core  
 where molten fluid cackles like crows  
 and threatens to rise up, black feathers  
 breaking, to overturn the world. But here,  
 on the surface there is just the clean  
 smell of rest and blankets.

In my half-conscious, periphery vision,  
 the plants—numinous in moonlight—  
 are violet whispers blown through  
 the open window.  
 The cat's whiskers against my cheek:  
 the cool hands of a spectral lover  
 at the base of my spine.

The shadows in the corner of my room  
 become snow-blind, hairy and greying men  
 of a lost expedition. Stumbling  
 in their thick boots, they wear  
 the untailed skins of animals, crisp  
 with ice.

Yes, the sound of shadows is of the shuffling  
 footsteps of lost old men and women. Halfway  
 within or out of sleep I am old, my feet  
 are shuffling, I am lost.

## Life in a Bubble

Continued from Page 3

The campus community, though making sincere and often spirited attempts at satisfying the political, social, cultural, and otherwise extra-curricular interests of the student body, as our hometowns do, frequently falls short. The logical complement to campus life in making students more fulfilled, well-rounded and ultimately content, is the life of the community in which the College is located.

In our particular situation, New London does not appear to be the kind of place that genteel, self-confident college students would care to become familiar with. Indeed, amongst the student body, New London is much-maligned, an object of derision and humor. Populated largely by working-class ethnics and minorities, New London seems hostile, even alien, to suburban-oriented, middle-class students.

Regrettably, the interaction between Connecticut College students and the surrounding communities is almost solely economically-based: banking, shopping, and dining. Such a relationship is too narrow and impersonal. As residents of New London, albeit temporary, we have an interest and

responsibility in becoming more active and vital members of it. New London has something to offer students from a wide variety of backgrounds and with a multiplicity of interests. In turn, students can make valued and needed contributions to the quality of life in New London by the application of their intellects, skills, and abilities. Students can utilize campus organizations such as the Office of Community Services, ConnPIRG, the Young Democrats and Young Republicans, Big Brothers/Big Sisters, Yves, and Learned House as vehicles for interaction with New London and surrounding towns. Until now, psychological barriers have existed between the student body and New London; we should shed our pretensions and misconceptions and strive to break down these barriers. Then we can begin to build bridges of creative and constructive endeavor. Ultimately, such efforts can only redound to the benefit of students, Connecticut College as an institution, and the Greater New London area.

—Rich Allen

## Halloween

Continued from Page 7

aspect of the holiday."

Strenski believes the 'trick or treating' ritual conducted by children most closely retains the original observances of Halloween. The scary costumes and harmless pranks used by children carry on a ritual begun hundreds of years ago.

"Halloween has become almost exclusively a children's holiday," Strenski says. Using a twentieth century psychological viewpoint, he interprets the yearly antics as an unconscious way for children to turn the tables on adults for just one day.

"Children are threatened by adults," he explains. "On Halloween they have a chance to dress up in costume and scare adults, reminding grown-ups that the world can be scary for a little child."

Strenski sees religious values in this one-day role reversal. "In addition to providing lessons in charity and proper

behavior, it's a communication between generations," he says.

"What we see in the celebration of Halloween today represents religious life outside the church," Strenski continues, noting that Halloween passes all religious boundaries. Jews as well as Christians take part in the rituals. "There's a fragmented religion expressed through these festivities."

Halloween began as a seasonal festival combining a harvest festival, the celebration of All Saints, and the celebration of the underworld with All Soul's Day. Today it represents a liminal period, a brief free-for-all between ordinary times."

October 31 is the date of an important street festival for the Gay Community. In San Francisco, where entire city blocks are closed off for parades and dances, this counter cultural celebration

offers a chance to throw the doors of the closet open as people not only parade their eccentricities, but brag about them. Strenski says, "People wear bizarre, radical costumes. It's almost a Mardi Gras atmosphere."

San Francisco's prostitutes chose Halloween as the date for their annual Hooker's Ball. The gala evening is held in a large auditorium, such as the Cow Palace, and people consider it chic to turn up there.

"Halloween is more than just an escape valve for kids to let off steam," Strenski stresses, "It's an upside-down night when people express their feelings of alienation about life."

"Historical perspective is important to Halloween," Strenski continues, "because the way the holiday has come to be celebrated, shows the direction in which our society is moving."

## 16,000 Runners

Continued from Page 8

and millions quickly calculated that he was still about 30 seconds ahead of world record pace. Many became concerned because he had been slowing but his 24th mile flew by in 4:53. He was actually maintaining an almost incomprehensible pace. As he kicked for the last minute everyone became aware that he would break a seemingly untouchable record. To do it, he had to average a 4:50 per mile the whole way.

As the thousands continued to stream in for the rest of the afternoon, the times 2:08:13 and 2:25:28 became more and more impressive. Roe and Salazar are still very young at 25 and 23 years of age, and one can't help thinking about their futures. They made the 1981 New York City Marathon a memorable one.

## Bus Stop

Continued from Page 3

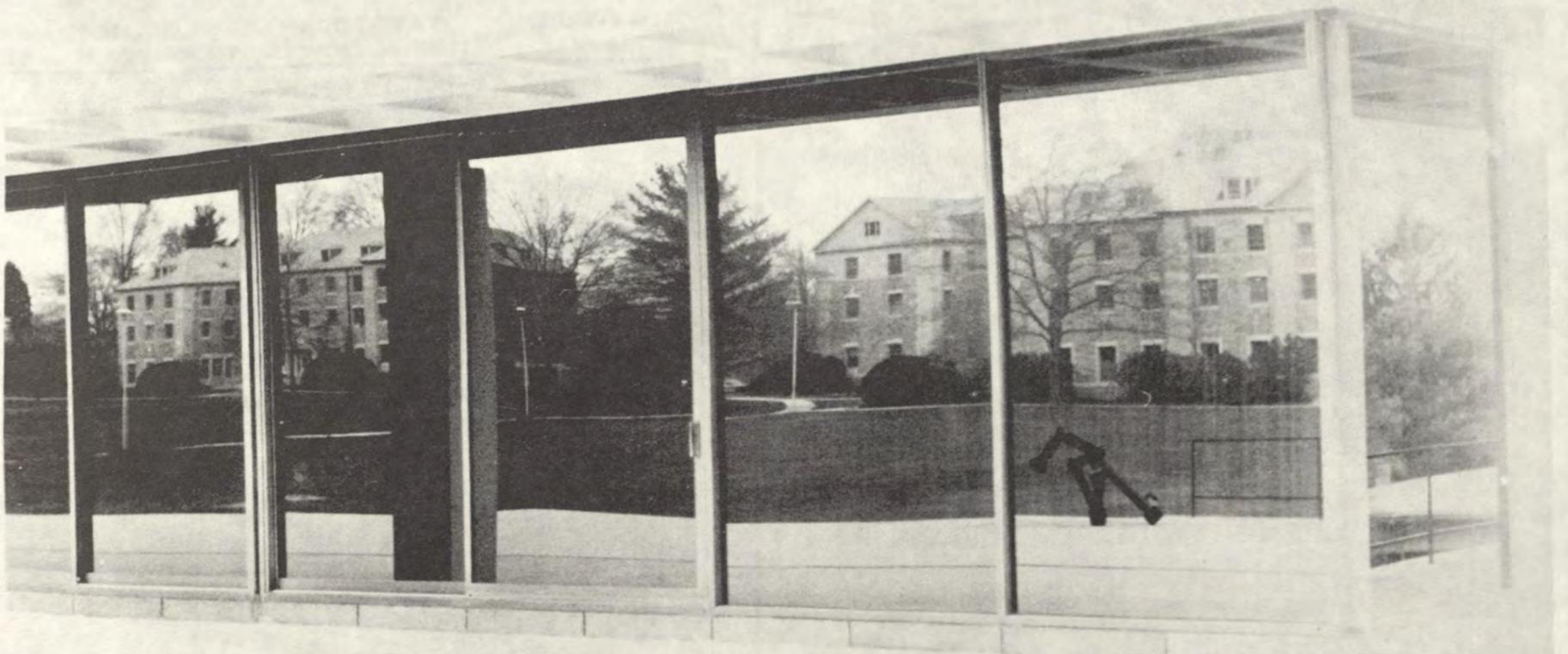
to either of Waterford's two malls. New London at the New London Mall has many fine stores, and also across I-95 at the New London Shopping Center. Downtown New London has many fine stores, plus the banks, P.O., City Hall, etc.

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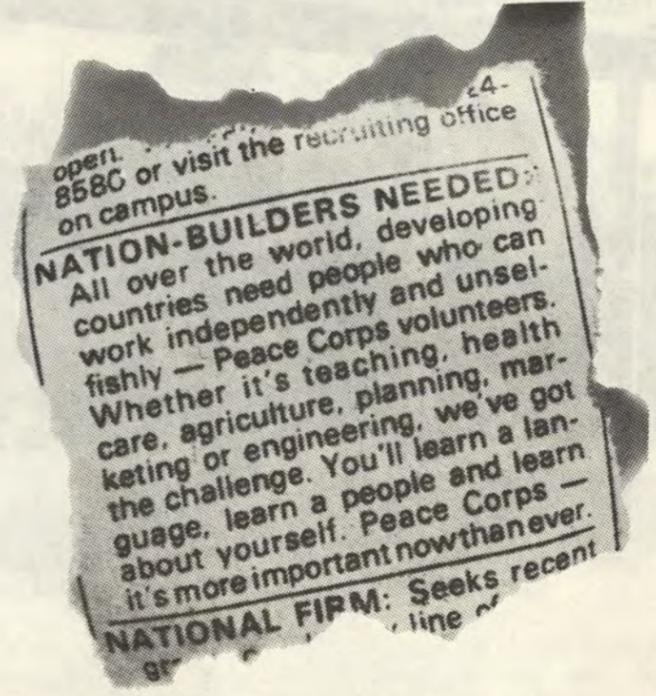


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