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INSIDE

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The Trinity Tripod



Photo by Diane Arbus
"A young Brooklyn family going for a Sunday outing, N.Y.C., 1966."

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Photo by Dick Schultz

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Winners From Philadelphia

By Dick Vane

In the black section of Philadelphia is located perhaps the most famous high school in America, Overbrook High School. Overbrook is so renowned because it has produced some of the finest athletes in professional sports, including Wilt Chamberlain, Walt Hazzard and the Jones brothers to name a few. In the fall of 1969 Overbrook had one of its best football seasons ever. Six players were named to Philadelphia's All-Public team and two of those players, Junior quarterback Harold Gray and senior split end Ron Duckett, gained notoriety as one of the top passing combinations in the East. Whether collaborating on a flashy "Statue of Liberty" play or a perfectly executed fly pattern, Gray and Duckett brought excitement to a game and victories to Overbrook. They were winners, and everyone knows how rare winners are in Philadelphia.

During the winter of 1969 Ron Duckett was contacted by about fifty schools, but decided to come to Trinity after staying here with a friend from his arch-rival school in Philadelphia, West Philly, a halfback named Gene Coney. "I had wanted to go to a big name school," said Duckett, "and in fact, the first time I received a letter from Trinity my first reaction was, 'what's a Trinity?' But when I came up here and met Gene and found out how well he had done (Coney set a freshman touchdown record in 1969 with 8 TD's) I decided to accept the challenge and go to Trinity."

Two Cultures

The distance between Overbrook and Trinity cannot be measured simply in miles. It is the distance between two cultures, one predominantly black and lower class, the other predominantly white and upper class. Duckett suddenly found himself in a new world where top-siders had replaced sneakers and a rigorous educational system had superseded a more haphazard system of learning. "I didn't know what a prep school was before I came to Trinity," said Duckett, "and I had a lot of adjustments to make when I first came here. Coming from an all black society to one which is white oriented made me much more conscious of my blackness and more sensitive to racial incidents."

Compounding the anxieties which Duckett experienced about coming to a private, white college was his doubts about his ability to play college football. Though he had been an All-Star selection in high school, he wasn't sure if he would be able to adapt to the different style of play in college. On the third day of freshman practice, Duckett got into a pushing and shoving match with defensive halfback Allan Stark while going out for a pass. "All I was thinking was, 'we're starting already, what's the rest of the season gonna be like,'" recalled Duckett. The scuffle was quickly terminated however, apologies were made by both parties and Duckett characterized his teammates as "color-blind" from that point hence.

Five Records Set

'What the rest of the season was like' is reflected in Duckett's freshman statistics. He set five freshman records including most touchdowns (8) most touchdown pass receptions (7) most pass receptions (21) most pass reception yardage (579) and the longest pass interception return in Trinity history, a 100 yarder to defeat Springfield in the closing seconds of that game.

But more important to Duckett than the records he set was the respect he had gained from the members of his team. Before the season started he was named co-captain of the Bantams with linebacker Mike Hoskinson. "When Coach McPhee announced the captains he said that they were 'the Duck and the Hoss' and I started to look around to find out who else was called the Duck. When I realized that it was

me who had been picked I really felt good inside."

Meanwhile, back at Overbrook, Harold Gray was completing another outstanding season at quarterback. Convinced by Duckett and Coney that Trinity was the place for him, Gray came to Trinity in the fall of 1971 with many of the same doubts and fears that Duckett had experienced during his early days here. "I was uneasy when I first moved in to my room at Trinity," said Harold, "but pretty soon some guys got together and I started throwing to them and we began practicing before the season began. That really picked up my spirit."

Different Cultures

Gray found playing for the Bantams a much different experience than quarterback for Overbrook. "In high school everybody was very close to each other, on and off the field. We were all black, we'd grown up together and when we were out on the field in a tough game it was something special because we were friends pulling through together. At Trinity it was different. It was the first time I'd ever played with white players and I'm sure for many of them I was the first black they'd ever had for a teammate. We'd joke around together and nobody was anti-social, but after the games I'd head for my parties and they'd head for their's. But I soon decided that that was only natural. There's nothing separatist about it. I came from an all black school and just because I'm now attending a white school that doesn't mean that all of a sudden all my friends are going to be white. Black people have a different culture, a different kind of music, and a different way of partying, so it's natural that after a game the black players would head for a black party and the white players to a white party."

Despite the differences between high school and college football, Gray said that he enjoyed playing freshman football. Both he and Duckett agreed on the reason why freshman football was so much fun, "Coach McPhee is one of the all time great guys," said Duckett. "When you play for Coach McPhee you want to win more for him than for yourself."

Like the two athletes from Philadelphia before him, Harold Gray tied the Trinity record for most touchdowns, scoring eight while quarterbacking the frosh to an undefeated, untied season. He passed for 360 yards and two touchdowns while running 247 yards on 48 carries for a 5.1 average. While Gray was starring for the freshmen, Duckett shook off a slow start to lead New England in receiving with 51 receptions for 732 yards. His performance earned him a first place selection as a sophomore on the All-New England team.

Parallel Careers

Thus, entering their junior and sophomore years respectively, the careers of Duckett and Gray had paralleled each other. Each had been able to adapt himself to the new cultural environment at Trinity without too much difficulty, each had been able to make the difficult transition from high school to college football and each had earned the respect of the white players and coaches with whom they played. It was at this point however that their football careers and their lives began to take different courses.

Harold Gray got married (Duckett is still a bachelor, proving that the girls find it as hard to catch him as defensive halfbacks do) and he and his wife Diana had a child. With the added responsibility, many things began to go through his mind, one of which was whether it was worth it to sacrifice so much time in order to play football. It is especially difficult for a freshman quarterback to make the adjustment to Trinity varsity ball because he has to master Don Miller's intricate offensive system. Besides

battling his inexperience, Gray was faced with the task of ousting New England's second leading passer in junior incumbent Saul Wieszenthal. Yet despite all of the factors which tilted the scale against his going out, Gray decided to try out for the Bantams 1972 team.

"I guess I went out because I had a lot of brother starting at quarterback especially at a white college, and since I had a chance to be the first black varsity quarterback at Trinity I just couldn't let my black brothers and sisters here down. Besides those factors, I was also aware that many white people believe in the stereotype of the black quarterback who can run with the ball pretty well but who can't throw at all. I wanted to prove to them that that stereotype was wrong, that I was a black quarterback who could throw the ball as well as I could run with it. But the main reason that I went out for the team is because I just love to play the game."

Keep On Fighting

Gray made a great deal of progress during the pre-season campaign, but when the starting line-ups were announced before the Williams game, only one of the Philadelphia trio walked on to the field. Ron Duckett played his usual brilliant game against the Ephs while Gray and senior Coney watched from the sidelines. "I had started every game I'd ever played in since high school," said Gray, "and it was hard to accept the fact that I wasn't going to be in there. During all the time that I had been starting I had never really thought about how the guy felt who was playing behind me and it was a strange feeling having the pads on without the sweat and dirt of the game. There were times when I felt like quitting, I mean after all I was married and I had a little girl, but my wife stayed right behind me all the way and I decided to just keep on plugging and hope for the best. I remembered when coach Jack Daniels had said to me 'Harold, football's just like life, and if you keep on fighting, something good is going to come out of it.'"

Something good came out of Harold's fighting on October 28 when Gray was named the starting quarterback for Trinity against Rochester. Though he didn't mind because he wanted to play, Harold was nagged by doubts, for even though he was the starting quarterback, the coaching staff decided to keep Harold on the kickoff squad, the platoon most liable to serious injury.

"I may have made a mistake by keeping Harold on the kickoff team," said coach Miller. "I decided to keep him on the kickoff squad the game that he quarterbacked because I considered him our top guy on that platoon and I felt we needed him there because bad coverage by that platoon had been the deciding factor in two games prior to the Rochester game. Also, he was naturally nervous before starting his first game and I thought that if he was on that team and was able to get some hitting in there early it might take some of that nervousness away."

Gray played well in the first half of that Rochester game, but he threw two interceptions (one when Duckett ran a bad pattern, the other when he was hit while throwing) and was unable to move the team in for a score. In the second quarter he was replaced by Wieszenthal, who led Trinity to an impressive win. "When I was taken out coach Miller came up to me and told me that they'd liked the way I had played and that I was going to get another shot at it, but I just knew that I wasn't going to go back in."

Hurt Covering Kickoff

Gray was right. He was hurt covering a kickoff in the Coast Guard game and really wasn't ready to play again until the final game of the year at Wesleyan. So he had to

be content with watching his friend Duckett star as the Bantams dropped their final two games. The play of Duckett was about all that Trinity fans had to be enthused about as Trinity completed a disappointing season.

Pacing up and down the sidelines during those final games, Harold Gray was watching more than just a season come to an end. For Harold those final games were the frustrating end of the hopes that sprung from the sweat of summer practice and of the dreams he had had since high school. And when your dreams die you haven't got much else to build on. "I had always dreamed of Duck and I as making it big in college as the passing combination from Philly, the two high school brothers who turned the league upside down and led Trinity to an undefeated season. Maybe it was just a fantasy, but I really thought it could come true. I don't know, maybe dreams were meant to die."

After the last game at Wesleyan, Gray sat in the locker room among the scraps of tape and the muddy cleats and carefully thought about his situation during the past year and of his future in football at Trinity. "A quarterback needs the taste of that first touchdown, that first victory," said Harold, "and I never tasted it all year. I kept thinking, I'm a black quarterback at a white school, are there other reasons for the coach's not playing me that have nothing to do with playing ability? Is he not putting me in there because of the institution? I thought about what happened to Gene Coney, how he was never given the starting job even though he worked his tail off for the team both on and off the field, and I began to wonder if the same thing was going to happen to me. I don't think the coaches are prejudiced, though some people think that they are. I don't think I was given an chance to prove what I can do. I feel as if I could've done as well or better than Saul. I know it was hard for the coach, and I know he had to go with the more experienced quarterback, but I think I deserved more of a chance. It was tough to keep my spirit up when I just knew I wasn't going to get my shot again.

Practice Not In Vain

Despite the frustration of 1972 season however, Gray is very optimistic about his chances next year. With a year of getting to know the offensive system and the players

who make that system work behind him, Harold is confident that the time he devoted in practice will not have been in vain. "I've worked hard to learn the plays and when to call a certain play. The first thing I thought about when the season was over was 'I'm going to go out and practice tomorrow so that I can be dynamite by the time next summer practice comes around.' And I am gonna be tough when next season comes around."

"I think Harold has a great future ahead of him at Trinity," said Miller. "He is a tremendous athlete, but more important for a quarterback, his greatest asset is his leadership. The quarterback position is wide open next year, and with the added year of experience Harold has a very good chance to be a starting quarterback. That experience is very important. The biggest jump in all football is the jump from freshman football to varsity college football. Harold got better each week and we were very pleased with his progress, but you have to remember that Saul was the second leading passer in New England last year. Certainly the reason why Harold didn't play more had nothing to do with race. We had four black starters this year, and two of them, Adron Keaton and Ken Stone, made the starting team by sheer effort, not having the more obvious abilities of a Ron Duckett or a Rayfield Perkins. It was inexperience, not color, that kept Harold from starting more games than he did."

Ron Duckett was thinking about a lot of things after the Wesleyan game also. Though he had had an outstanding game, catching ten passes for 180 yards, he wasn't happy. "I was much happier after the Bates game when I caught two or three passes and we won, than after the Wesleyan game when I caught ten passes and we lost," said Duck, "because football is a team game and what's important is whether the team wins, not how many great statistics one particular player builds up."

"I'd be lying if I said I don't like the publicity," Duck said smiling, "but I don't like being called a star. I'm not a star. Without a good quarterback to throw me the ball and without a good line to give that quarterback time to throw, I can't do anything at all. I'm just the end of the play. When you start to consider yourself a star your mental attitude gets messed up. It's the guys who don't start that are responsible for my success. The guys who make

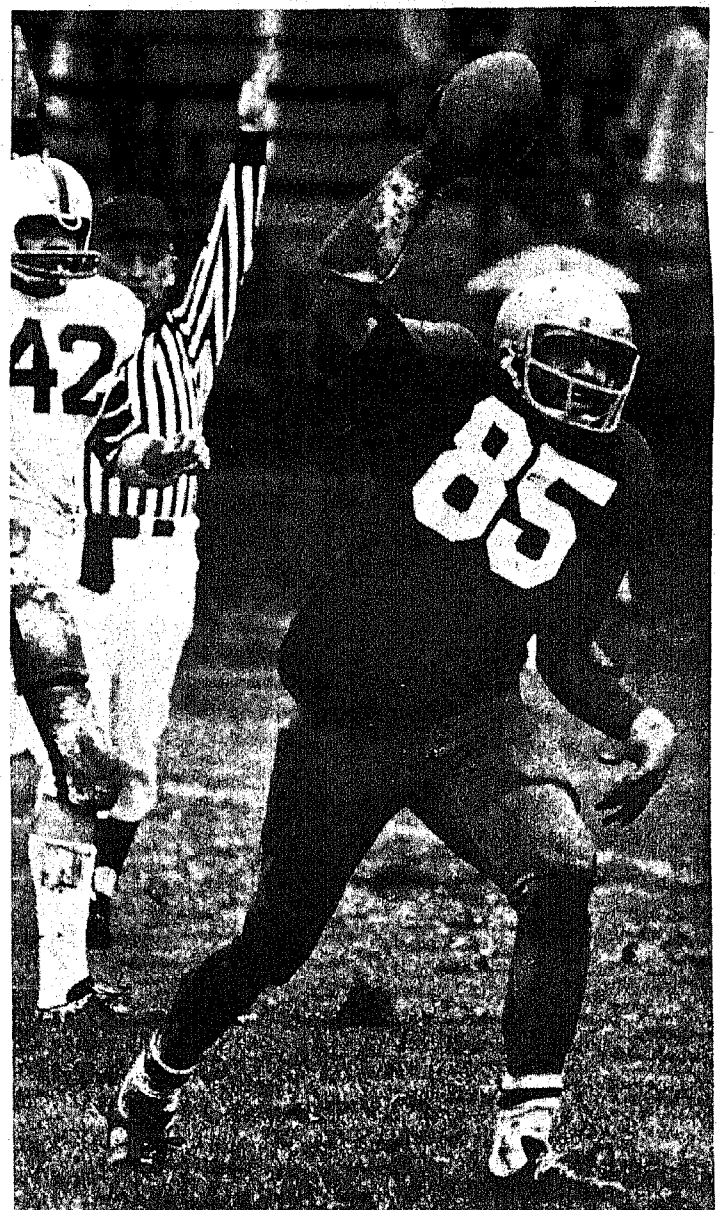
me work hard in practice covering me, and who encourage me when I'm down, those are the guys who make my touchdowns possible."

'All Behind Me'

"In that way I think that sports is great for bringing black and white people together. Everybody on the team wants to have fun and win, and you can't win if you're having racial arguments everyday. After you spend three months with a group of people laughing, working and winning with them, you have to feel very close to them. I felt really badly after the Wesleyan game because I realized that I wasn't going to see those seniors in a football uniform again and I had grown close to a lot of those guys. When I was a sophomore, and I made a couple of mistakes in my first couple of games, guys like George Sutherland really picked me up and made me realize that I didn't have to make it by myself, that they were all behind me. You have to miss people like that."

As for the future, Duckett said that he would like to play football for as long as he can, and that if he had an opportunity to play professional football, either as a draftee or as a free agent, he would jump at it.

"I love to play football," said Duckett. "Sometimes I sit in my room and dream about diving 45 feet to catch a pass, or throwing a block to spring a guy for a touchdown and it makes me feel so happy I start giggling. If anybody came into the room they'd think I was crazy. Football gives me a sense of pride, a sense that I'm doing something unique that a lot of other people



Overbrook alumni Ron Duckett, '74, right, and Harold Gray, '75, left, in action for the Bantams. The two black athletes careers have diverged since Gray's marriage, although each seems to have adapted himself to life at the College.

Photos by David Levin

can't do, just like other people can do a lot of things I can't do. The fact that I can catch a football when I'm being double-teamed and that I can take the punishment and still go all out makes me feel really good. What keeps me going is the challenge, and just like in life, if you can meet that challenge, then you're a success."

"I haven't met the challenge yet," said Gray. "Sometimes I think there is some force that's stopping me from meeting it. It's a challenge to play football, and being a

black quarterback I feel as if I have to meet that challenge not only for myself, but for all the black people who have put their hopes in me. I'm not a quitter, and with my wife behind me, I know somehow things will turn out alright."

Players Behind the Starters

Between them Harold Gray and Ron Duckett cover the complete spectrum of the black athlete at Trinity; the hopes and the enthusiasm, the pride and the puzzlement,

the glory and the despair. But though perhaps their athletic careers have taken different courses, both Harold and Duck have come a long way from those high school days at Overbrook. In the miles and the time between Overbrook and Trinity they have changed, matured. They have left the "All-Star mentality" in Philadelphia and recognized the importance of the players behind the starters. They have met the real challenge, not the challenge of the football field but the challenge of adapting to a new way of life, and they have won.

Coed Raped In Dorm Thanksgiving

Hartford police say they have not yet apprehended any suspects in connection with the alleged robbery and rape of a Trinity coed Thursday night in Jarvis dormitory. It is the first reported rape on campus in the history of the College, according to Vice-President Thomas A. Smith.

Hartford police would not comment on whether or not they had leads or suspects in the case. They said the matter was "under investigation" at the present time.

The victim told the TRIPOD three men about 19 years old picked the lock of her Jarvis suite about midnight while she was sleeping in her bedroom and entered the living room.

According to the girl, she heard a noise but thought her roommate and a friend had returned. She said she listened for about 5 minutes before coming out of the bedroom.

When they saw her two of the men fled the room, she stated, while the third man remained, and overwhelmed her. The other two men returned within moments, she said.

According to the girl, the assailants held a gun to her head while two of the men raped her.

She said the assailants bound and gagged her with sheets after the alleged rape and then stole her stereo set and television, worth six hundred dollars. They also took a toaster oven and radio insurance belonging to her roommates, she said.

After the assailants left, she screamed for help. Two passers-by on the Long Walk heard her screams, untied her, and took her to a telephone.

J. Ronald Spencer, dean of community

life, came with the police and they took her to Saint Francis Hospital.

She spend the rest of Thursday night and all day Friday at Spencer's house.

The girl had returned from her home about 5 p.m. Thursday, to study for an exam. She said she went to bed at 9 p.m.

According to the girl, the assailants remained in the room for about a half hour.

The victim said she thought the three men's primary motive was theft. She said she was angry that the spring lock on her door had been easily picked.

According to the sophomore, the College should pursue a different security policy during vacations from now on. Students who remain alone on campus should register with security, she asserted, and security guards should check in on them.

At a meeting yesterday administrators decided to replace all spring locks on dormitory rooms with dead bolts.

The vice-president said that he met Monday with Dean Spencer, Del Skilkret, dean of student services, and A. A. Garofolo, director of security, to reach the policy decision, in the absence of President Lockwood, who is on vacation in the Sahara Desert until mid-December.

The group is also examining the possibility of closing down the College during Christmas vacation. According to Smith, only foreign students or students with problems getting home would be allowed to remain on campus under this plan.

He said he was reluctant to close the College entirely during vacations because students sometimes want or need facilities.

The Administration can never guarantee complete security, because the College is an open community and restricting freedom of movement would be incompatible with the idea of a college, Smith asserted.

One administrator said that many people are attracted to the campus by students' expensive stereo equipment and drugs.

According to Garofolo, the new locks and the increased security awareness of students had helped to keep thefts extremely low this year. The security director noted that only 2 thefts have been reported so far this year, compared with 30 last year at this time.

Garofolo said immediate steps were taken after the alleged rape to contact all resident assistants and alert them to the situation, and to ask all girls living alone to double up for the duration of the holiday. People seeking entrance to all college buildings had to present College identification cards, he added.

Should any future situations develop when other students are around, Garofolo said, students should "scream their heads off." He noted, however, that the victim was the only girl on her hall.

According to Hartford police, students can aid police in the recovery of stolen goods by carefully noting make, model, and serial number of their valuable possessions. Students should also engrave or etch their social security numbers or motorist identification number onto their property, authorities said.

Theatre Happenings . . .

25th Anniversary Production

Hartford Stage Misses The 'Streetcar'

By Aron Pasterneck

"There has been some kind of progress....Such things as art - as poetry and music - such kinds of new light have come into the world....in some kinds of people some kinds of tenderer feelings have had some little beginning that we've got to make GROW! And cling to, and hold as our flag! In this dark march toward whatever it is we're approaching ... don't ... don't hang back with the brutes!"

—Blanche du Bois
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE

Tennessee Williams' A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, a play that is studied in many high schools as an example of contemporary American drama, is 25 years old. The Hartford Stage Company is producing it from November 24 to December 31 to recognition of its age.

Critics and audiences are probably most severe in judging plays which are 25 to 50 years old; this age is a sort of middle ground between nouveau contemporary and accepted classic. It is in this period when signs of aging - especially in language and use of 'modern situations' and devices - are most noticeable. Going to the theatre Wednesday night, the two questions uppermost in my mind were "Will Williams' language still seem fresh and alive?" and "Will the plot line hold?"

I am happy to say that the play still does live. The language, a mixture of poetic flights into fantasy and descents into stark realism, sometimes grates but more often than not it works - it is sort of a drunken lyricism and it remains interesting throughout the over three hour length play. And the plot works too: the exploration of

the degeneration and fall of a fragile Southern lady, Blanche du Bois, by the combined influences of the rough and vulgar occurrences in her sister's apartment in a near-slum of New Orleans, and her own inability to adjust to the loss of her genteel past. Blanche is in many ways a very exasperating character; her aristocratic pretensions and selfishness are annoying; but the influences at work against her - chiefly her brother-in-law Stanley Kowalski, hurt and destroy her unnecessarily, giving the play a tragic tone.

A successful production of STREETCAR requires a delicate balance between the characters of Blanche and Stanley. Blanche, as I said previously, can be very aggravating: she continually orders, criticizes unmercifully, primps endlessly: she cannot cope without 24 hour a day maid

service and afternoon long soakings in hot tubs; she is definitely helpless, probably neurotic. But in her dreams and rememberings we see the young girl who has been hurt so by a cold and modern world; we understand the reason for her present condition. Blanche is still an integral part of "Belle Reve" ('beautiful dream') the family plantation that has been lost to death and creditors. Stanley, the clearest symbol of the modern world to which Blanche cannot adapt - vulgar, calculating, powerful - also must evoke contradictory feelings from the audience. He is basically a sub-human, an inarticulate creature who

was totally unfamiliar with it and she sympathized totally with Stanley; indeed, this was not difficult even for those familiar with the play. Whether Mr. Musante's energy was just fantastically down, he was experimenting for the preview, or he was directed that way, I cannot say. I only hope it was not the latter reason, because if that is the reason I can only conclude that Jacques Cartier, the director, has missed the central point of the play.

One might answer my rhetorical question to Mr. Cartier by saying "Perhaps he is attempting a new interpretation of the play." I would respond "I wish he was, but I

tempted to sympathize with Stanley - it is very obviously Stanley's world, and the audience, mellowed by nostalgia, thinks it is beautiful.

The set only becomes Blanche's when it is dark, and Larry Crimmins has achieved some skillful effects in his light design; his blue and flashing red lights suggest both the soft beauty and hard reality of the New Orleans night. Blanche delivers some important confessions in this night light, with fantasy carousel music in the background, and in these moments the production works incredibly well.

But Mr. Cartier seems determined not to let Miss Thornton achieve the tragic effect. In the last scenes of the play, the pace quickens and becomes tenser and tenser as we realize that Blanche is completely doomed and cannot extricate herself from the trap - both mental and physical - that she is in. But Mr. Cartier, instead of seeing those scenes as progression to be built up to, has decided to stage them as separate set pieces: within each some scene the action rises and then falls back; the next scene starts at the same level, rises again, and falls again - back to the same level. To aggravate this even more, between each scene is an incredibly long blackout pause as props are changed. I hope these pauses become less long, because as they stand now the pace of inevitable end is destroyed; any emotional level achieved by the audience is lost during them. Mr. Cartier - pace is more important than props!

The production is certainly not without strong points. Miss Thornton's Blanche, again, is excellent. The same can be said for all the supporting roles, although Lynn Milgrim's Stella and Richard Greene's Mitch deserve special mention: the former makes her character - one that has to interact with and love both Blanche and Stanley - totally believable, and the latter suggests an inarticulate sensitivity, the gentlest of Stanley's friends and the last hope of Blanche.

The actors know this play and approach it, not reverentially as Mr. Cartier has seemed to, but from the inside of the characters, their ordinariness and pettiness and cruelties and hopes and dreams. And the language of characters of A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE are still very much alive.

"In her dreams and rememberings we see the young girl who has been hurt so by a cold and modern world, we understand the reason for her present condition."

resorts to brute force to get his way; a man who defends his territory - and we sympathize with him (especially during the first half of the play) because is attacking his territory - she is trying to take away his wife/her sister from him.

On Wednesday night at the Stage Company this balance was nowhere present. Angela Thornton played a beautifully crafted Blanche; bossy and snobbish but so wounded underneath. It was also an excellent portrayal of a woman slipping into madness; Miss Thornton had a particularly chilling moment when, as she was calmly giving orders to her sister Stella, she accidentally spilled a bit of coke onto a white dress of hers, and, in a second the mask of sanity slipped completely off and the 'primping Queen' went into hysterics until the damage was cleared. Miss Thornton's Blanche was well balanced; we couldn't tolerate many of her whims, but we also were behind her light in holding the flag against the brutes. The production problem was with Tony Musante's Stanley. Mr. Musante showed no reservoir of animal power; he came off as Archie Bunker - basically in a nice guy whose home was being invaded by an obnoxious sister-in-law. I went to the play with my cousin who

don't think so." Because if anything Mr. Cartier has been in most aspects a little too accepting of 1947, a bit too eager to present the play as a museum piece. Sets, costumes, and staging all strongly scream NINETEEN-FOURTIES! My personal opinion is that the play could just as easily take place in 1972 as 1947, and all the characters could wear blue turtlenecks. But I certainly accept Mr. Cartier's staging as valid, and reverential, but definitely not a new interpretation.

Santo Loquasto has transformed the interior of the theatre into New Orleans, 1947. It is, in terms of a naturalistic period set, a masterpiece. There are swaying palm branches, a gas street lamp, an outside decaying staircase, and a revolving fan, all in addition to the authentic apartment furniture of the maison Kowalski. But I wonder if this is really right for the play. The play itself, like Blanche, escapes from realism into flights of fantasy. In the subscriber's program there is a picture of the original set of Jo Mielziner. This set is basically naturalistic but not quite! - some angles aren't straight; it is light and free and doesn't tie you down into its own tawdriness. The set at the Stage Company might be another reason why we are more

American Premiere of Storey's 'Changing Room'

By Jon Doolittle

David Storey's "The Changing Room" began last week at the Long Wharf Theater and is playing through December 15. The Long Wharf production of this play is an American premiere, the play having previously been done only in England.

The action takes place before, during and after a rugby match. The entire play is set in the locker room of a professional rugby club and the cast is composed of the players and the people who run the club. The plot therefore is only very limited. But the playwright's aim is not towards a continuous flow of events, but only an individual scene with just enough background and resolution to make it logical.

Writing a single scene like this the author can create great depth of detail and realism. The volume of speech and action which takes place in this relatively short play is amazing. Often in the locker-room hubbub the cues and responses follow each other so closely that speech is almost continuous. The actions of the cast are going on constantly. Each member of the team is doing something for the entire time. The result is not unlike a three ring circus. It is hard to watch everything that is happening. But the result is that the scene achieved an almost total realism. The audience can feel that they it is really there. The Long Wharf

production mirrors this realism with crystal clarity. The set itself is a work of art. LWT sets have often been critically lauded, but this one is one of their best ever. It is the inside of the club's locker-room. The walls are grimy and stained with rust. There are pipes protruding from everywhere. Everything in the room is old and worn as though from years of hard use. There is even a shower room leading backstage which is done in dirty white tile. The set is so real one can almost catch the odor of the locker-room in the air.

The realism of the LWT play reaches far beyond its concrete setting. The actions of the cast are startlingly real. In changing to and from playing kit they undress completely and parade about like schoolboys, snapping each other with towels and throwing water at one another. The acting is really convincing in spite of the difficult accents which the actors are forced to adopt. In fact they are so natural that they are hardly noticed.

But the objective of the playwright goes far beyond a detailed parroting of reality. He has a message.

Today there has arisen, largely due to the rise of televised sports, the myth of the professional athlete as a superhuman. Storey presents his players not as

superhumans, but as quite everyday wage-earners. Instead of the heroes we envision athletes to be, he shows them to us as anti-heroes. We see them exactly as they are, stripped naked of illusion. They play a rather dangerous game wear little or no protective clothing with an eye not to the glory to be won, but only as another job to be done for the money it brings in. For the most part the players are working class men playing to make money on the weekends. Storey himself was one of these, working in a coal mine and playing rugby to support himself.

In the final analysis, this production is well worth going to see. The play itself is wonderfully written and a fine choice for that kind of theater the Long Wharf Company performs. Their production is nothing short of superb. The set is an excellent piece of craftsmanship, astonishingly real. It sets the actors in a very well scaled background. In addition, it has that detail which the play demands. The actors themselves are all magnificent. They are all very natural even with difficult accents. The nudity in the play is remarkable in that it is hardly noticed. It seems completely natural in fact, so completely has the audience fallen in with the play.

A Student Playwright And Her Director:

A Conversation With O'Neill and Cowan

By The Son of Jason Lloyd

Photos By Sean O'Malley

ANOTHER INTERVIEW, starring Megan O'Neill, Len Cowan, and The Son of Jason Lloyd.

Ed. Note: On Thursday night, November 30th, JESTERS and the Theatre Arts Program will present, ANOTHER PROPOSAL, a new play by Megan O'Neill '73. The show will be presented in the Goodwin Theatre, Austin Arts Centre at 7:30 p.m. - Admission FREE.

The following is an interview with Miss O'Neill and the director of her show, Len Cowan '74. This will be Mr. Cowan's fourth directional undertaking at Trinity.

ANOTHER PROPOSAL is Miss O'Neill's third script to date. An earlier play, TITLE, was awarded third prize at Honor's Day last year in the playwriting category. ANOTHER PROPOSAL is the first of her scripts to be given a stage production. The play was developed in a Playwriting Tutorial last spring under the direction of Mr. Eliet.

The play, which is basically comic, deals with Sylvia - a normal, healthy twenty-four year old girl-next-door-who has decided to go to bed for the rest of her life. The play opens in the third week of her one month trial period, during which she must earn the right to stay in bed by producing "ghastlies" from newspapers or magazines. These clippings are shown to her friend Phoebe - an actress for the Play-a-Day Rep. Company - who judges them on the basis of their merit (or lack thereof) and awards Sylvia a certain amount of time in her horizontal heaven before the next "ghastlie" need be produced. If Sylvia makes it to the end of the month, she is free to spend the rest of her life in bed. Into the cozy little world she has created for herself comes Charlie, the delivery boy from Grabner's Department Store (acceptable), Robert, the guy she's in the process of breaking up with (unacceptable), and Mom (unacceptable in a very acceptable sort of way.) There is also the Electrician who, like most service men these days, never shows up at all (very acceptable). The play deals with Sylvia's involvement with each of these peoples and her attempts at maintaining her choosen life style in the face of opposition, both mean and unmeant, from acceptables and unacceptables alike.

Here Beginneth the Interviewe of Megan O'Neill. The Recorder is turned on. The playwright blows her nose.

L: Did you ever consider the fact this script might be produced in anyway?

O: No. I carry an image of it in my head - a production of my own - but it never occurred to me that it would actually go up somewhere.

L: If you carry an idea of the play in your head, what is it like watching the show develop through rehearsals in terms of an actual stage production?

O: I started out with a lot of misconceptions or different expectations. The set I had been dealing from was not feasible in actual production. The faces of the characters in my head weren't real. Casting was exciting. I got a lot of fresh ideas as to the characters. The first rehearsal were wierd. It was like my own thoughts about the play were being dreamt by someone else; and, as time's gone on, I don't feel like it belongs to me anymore. I forget my relation to the whole production.

L: Do you think this is a necessary step to playwriting? In other words, for the most part, poetry writing or fiction writing can be complete in themselves. You don't need the audience. Do you feel a greater sense of fulfillment with this play being produced then you did with your first two scripts?

O: It obviously has had a greater impact. You know it's a very big deal in my life to have this done. I still haven't figured out what it's going to do to me in terms of my attempts at playwriting from now on. I think I've had long enough so that I've gone through a couple of reactions to it. Initially, I wanted to take the script back and do it over. I wanted to stop rehearsals so that I could really write a whole new play from this premise. My second reaction was that in a new script I'd really be conscious of audience reactions - go for the laugh, go for this, go for that. I was getting very manipulative for awhile in terms of the audience. No I will be more aware of the theatrical impact of certain things. I don't think it will change what I write particularly.

It will improve certain things. I learned a lot about pace watching this show being done. Len had to slow down what I had written, and I should have been able to do that in the writing. I've had a good time watching the production, and I've had an interesting time figuring out what it's like to be the playwright in this situation.

L: Are you happy with the cast? Have these people become identified with the characters in your own mind now?

O: I'm very happy with the cast. My initial visual images of the characters last spring will always stick in my head. But when I think of the play, they'll always be these five actors because they've done an awfully good job. Now I have to separate what this whole production has meant to me and its effect on me, and what effect I hope it will have on an audience.

L: What effect do you hope it will have on an audience?

O: I hope they'll have a good time, that they'll accept the play as a whole, that no parts of it will jar them or make them detach themselves from the rest of it. I want them to accept it, have a few laughs, and sigh a lot. I want them to have a good time.

L: Turning now to the directorial part of this production, tell me, Len, what's it been like directing your first original script?

Cowan: Very strange I suppose. It's not like directing a regular show. If there's a problem in the script of a regular show, you've got it, and you stick with it, or if your brave enough, you take the bold leap and rewrite it yourself. But when you're working with the playwright, she's right here, and you have to talk things over with her. That can be a hinderance in one sense, because if you do have an idea, you have to check it out to be sure the playwright agrees with you. On the other hand, you can have things explained to you if you don't understand them. If you're given a regular play, you don't have this opportunity. With the playwright here, you can go and say this doesn't work and ask them to change it, and you get a much better rewrite than you could do yourself. It works out very well.

L: How did you feel about the show when you first read it?

C: I was flattered to have been asked to do the show by the playwright; but at first I was not that impressed with the script, itself. I liked it and enjoyed it, but I didn't think it was one of the best scripts I'd ever read. However, once we got into rehearsals, the whole thing began to expand for me. As time went along, I saw how well written it was. I saw how much it could be pushed in terms of the characters. It holds a lot more for me now.

L: What was your number one problem in dealing with the script?

C: The number one problem has been that there are times when I wish it would slow

down in terms of the pacing. I have to hold it down so it doesn't start racing along so fast the audience can't keep up with it. The characters are well conceived, beautifully written, so there's no problem as far as the actors getting a grasp on them. What is the problem is the execution in terms of the whole thing, of getting the characters to deliver it in such a way that keeps it from speeding along.

L: What's it like having your main character confined to a bed for the play's duration of about an hour and fifteen minutes?

C: I thought it was going to be a problem. I was a little worried about that. Also there was the problem of positioning the bed onstage so she could be seen and so the other characters wouldn't be blocked. It took me about a week to decide on its exact location. The blocking of Sylvia on the other hand turned out not to be the problem I thought it would be. I did do some basic blocking in terms of getting her on different levels, so we didn't repeat things. I thought I would have to work out a lot of little details for her, but Anne Scurria ('73) has such a firm grasp on the character that she's worked all that out on her own. My job has been one of refining what she's developed. The biggest problem, as it turned out, was blocking the other actors around her so they could be seen. In general it has worked out pretty easy.

L: The production was to have been directed by Mr. Eliet of the Theatre Arts Program. When he gave the direction over to you because his schedule wouldn't allow it, he nonetheless decided to stay on as artistic director for the show. In this capacity, he retains a final veto over any decisions made about the production. Have you found this to be a source of aggravation? or useful? or indifferent?

C: Overall, useful. At first, I found it occasionally chafing, especially when he would tell me I couldn't do something or have something. But recently he has been quite useful sitting in every now and then on rehearsals and offering comments or suggestions on the show as its developing. He knows the script, the playwright, and he was going to direct it, so he can offer me new ways of looking at things.

L: How would you say this experience of directing, having both an artistic director and the playwright sitting in, compares to your previous directorial experiences.

C: It is the best thing I've ever done, because its pushed me more as a director than I've ever been pushed before. I'm sometimes content to let things lie. I'll push them as far as they need to go and leave it at that. With these two hawks sitting on my shoulders, looking at what I'm doing, it kind of helps to keep me on my toes. In the past if something was not working, I every now and then had the tendency to say, "let's put that off till next week;" but this time someone's always around to remind me of it, and it's good discipline for me as a director to have to deal



The Playwright And Director Disagree

The Playwright Speaks . .

with that. I've learned more working in this situation with this script than anything else I think I've done.

L: You've had a lot of experience before Trinity and at Trinity as an actor, what's it like from the other side of the stage?

C: I find it hard as a director not to immediately jump up onstage and say do it this way. I'm comfortable as an actor so I tend to work as a director from an actor's standpoint. I visualize in terms of an actor. How would I like to be directed? How would I approach this scene? The actor in me wants to go onstage and show them exactly how to do this. I like to figure things out on my own. This then gives me problems if I have to be so specific as a director, because as an actor I rebel under this type of direction. But I'm beginning to formulate a new approach to directing. Having been involved in technical theatre recently, I'm beginning to move away from the actor's viewpoint to a more "total art" viewpoint.

L: Now that you've done tech, acting, and directing, would you like to try playwriting?

C: I'd be scared to death. I've never written much at all. I'm a pretty good paper writer, but I don't think I could write well at all for the theatre. I'm to aware of too many things. I'd intellectualize to much about what I was doing.

L: One final question for you, Megan, before we end. How do you find playwriting compared to say poetry.

M: Writing poetry has always left me cold. I started taking playwriting my sophomore year - I don't remember why - and it sort of moved in and took over my entire college career.

Cowan: I despise Kleenex and Handkerchiefs alike. I think its the most disgusting way to get rid of a cold that I know of. It's better to find some place and blow it all out at once - you know what I mean? (long pause)

Lloyd: (clearing his throat) Let's begin with a typical question. Where did you first get the idea for the play?

O'Neill: I first got the idea last fall when my work load was piling up in one way or another, and I was taking buses back and forth to New York on weekends, dragging suitcases around, and I seriously considered the possibility for about a minute and a half. It just sort of stuck.

L: And when did you get the idea to develop it into a play?

O: It was the idea for staying in bed that immediately became attached to the concept of a character. When one character appears another one just sort of pops up.

L: You began then with Sylvia?

O: Yes.

L: Who came along next?

O: Charlie.

L: Not Phoebe?

O: No, Charlie came with the last scene and then Phoebe.

L: The last scene came to you first?

O: The last scene came first.

L: So you wrote the whole play for the last scene?

O: Yes.

L: Since we're on the subject of characters, where do you get your ideas for them?

O: What kind of question is that?

L: Well playwrights like Arden think of their plots first and then choose the characters that will fit that plot and develop their ideas in the way they want them to. Writers like Pinter, on the other hand, say they get these characters in their head, who start talking, and all they do is merely record the conversations.

O: For me the characters just sort of appear. And I pretty much just record the conversations.

L: Did any of the characters in the play have to be manufactured or dreamt up to forward the action of the play, or did they all just suggest themselves?

O: They all just suggested themselves. There were more, like the Electrician, who used to appear but no longer do so because they were holding back the action.

L: In what sense?



Gingerella Eats Her Script

O: They were just superflous. They were perfectly charming, but they didn't really have anything to do with the plot as it was developing. It's just a matter of tuning in on who the people in the play are connected to. I knew Sylvia had to have a Mother, and after that it was just a matter of listening for her. I think now when I'm writing I can feel when I'm pushing characters around on the stage and making them do what I want them to do, and that doesn't work.

L: Are any of the characters in the play drawn from real life?

O: No. (emphatically)

L: What about Sylvia?

O: I don't think so.

C: Don't you see any similarities between you and Sylvia, or at least not very many?

O: The similarities are only structural. I think the basic - No!

C: What about language?

O: Sylvia uses more of my language than anybody else.

C: And the ginger ale thing?

L: What is the significance of ginger ale?

O: I'm going to change my name to Gingerella. That's going to be my pseudonym. (Pause) Ginger ale has become a big part of my life.

L: What do you use it for?

O: Drink it, mix it with bourbon, wash my hair in it, throw it up to the fourth floor, see what it meets coming down.

L: You think most problems can be solved by sitting down and drinking a glass of ginger ale?

O: And having an olive.

L: In reading the play and the characters dialogue, they seemed interesting, but they came off as kind of shallow, more caricatures than characters with no great depth. However, in watching the show develop through rehearsal, the characters have stood up much better under probing and pushing on the parts of the actors than I thought they would.

O: It means you've learned a lot.

L: Do you have any other comment on that point? (to Cowan) Don't you agree?

C: Yes I do. Well I don't know. Yes they are caricatures, in the sense that you have the delivery boy good-guy-next-door, and the nice kind of affluent girl whose gone through a change, the general mother figure; but beyond that I think basically they're more than caricatures as they've been developed in rehearsal. They are real people who are placed in a difficult situation, which is slightly impossible. But they come across as real people in that situation in the way they relate to each other. They are the type of people around whom an actor can build a strong role.

L: I would compare your style of writing characters to that of a comedy of humors, in that you tend to pick up on one essential trait and develop that. Thus, they tend to come off in reading the script as caricatures, rather than the three dimensional psychological characters we're so used to in the modern

theatre. Recently you tried an experiment in writing in the style of Moliere for a class project. How could you compare the experience of writing in that style with the writing of this play.

O: Just about the same, except that rhymed couplets are a good deal harder. For me once I have a character, I may tend to exploit certain manners. Once I'm sure of the characters habits and traits that are on-going then I may exploit them, and I think I did the same for Moliere as I did for myself.

L: How would you compare your writing with that of Megan Terry and Eugene O'Neill.

O: Well, it's a lot shorter than O'Neill and a lot cleaner than Megan Terry.

L: Returning to character. How much do you have to work with a character before you really feel you have a grasp of it. Or to put it another way, do you have to have a firm grasp on the character before you can begin writing, or does it tend to develop in the writing itself?

O: Usually it develops in the writing itself. I may think I have a firm grasp on a character, what they might do in a given situation; but if a new situation comes up, it may expand my whole view of that character, and I then have to go back and change things that were written in before.

L: What do you see as the major development in the script over the past nine months?

O: The script originally started out to be more philosophical. There was a long discussion about the theory of going to bed, advantages and disadvantages - a lot of propaganda. In rewriting, as the development of the idea continued, the serious discussion disappeared, and it became more the reactions of the individual characters to the situation itself, rather than a discussion of the idea.

L: Do you feel this element has been lost altogether?

O: Its been lost in the script, but I think it's present because anyone watching the show will have to have that question pass through his mind. Sylvia gives minimum nutshell explanations periodically on what she thinks she's doing, but the premise is the only thing that remains of the original concept for the play.

L: Do you think this is a loss?

O: No. An advantage. The script was started in a bad mood and ended in a happy one. And it's fine with me.

L: Have you lost anything in the script's development that you regret having lost?

O: (emphatically) Yes. As I look at the script as it's being produced, there's a lot of things I'd like to put back and reinclude. In my early drafts I made better use of the physical set up, like Sylvia walking around on the furniture, so she could say her foot still hadn't touched the floor. There could have been more done with the physical playing then was done in the final draft. I not only lost a lot of jokes that are available, but, in any script I do from now on, I'll be far more conscious of using every possibility that's presented. Here I just let a lot of things go by.

Photography Exhibitions

Eugene Meatyard Inaugurates A New Photography Gallery In Hartford

By Sean Watson

(Editor's Note: "Ralph Eugene Meatyard: 1925-1972: A Retrospective" is a show of one hundred and twenty original prints now hanging in the gallery at Matrix Photographic Services, 56 Arbor Street, in Hartford; it will be up until January 1, 1973. The gallery is open to the public (at no charge) Tuesdays through Fridays from 2 p.m. to 11 p.m., and on Saturday and Sunday between 10 a.m. and midnight. None of the prints are for sale. For further information, 233-8310.

Shawn Watson has been one of the instrumental forces behind the opening of the gallery at Matrix. She kindly consented to contribute this article.)

Most of your fancy photographers, now, are East Coast or West Coast people, or at some prestigious art department in between; they aren't from, say, the middle middle-class suburbs of a town like Lexington, Kentucky. Most of 'em are ex-artists or ex-architects or ex-philosophy majors or like that, elegantly educated and culturally conscious; they aren't likely to be found hanging around with the fellows in the local camera club in some place like Lexington, Kentucky; some of these photographers, and we're talking, now, about the serious kind, the art photographers, have a set of disciples, who follow them from workshop to workshop and buy their always-elaborate and always-expensive and sometimes very beautiful monographs; others skulk around on the pages of nationally circulated slick magazines; but very few of your first-rate photographers are something like opticians, in short, are businessmen, who work six days a week in a shopping center in a suit and tie and like it. And it seems, indeed,

very strange and curious that somebody like Ralph Eugene Meatyard, a reasonably conservative optician from Lexington, Kentucky and respectable family man with a rattling old camera that he used so folks shouldn't say his camera ought to get the credit for his pictures, should be one of the fanciest photographers around.

Strange and curious but not altogether without precedent, in fact, with a very pointed precedent, in the form of Henri Rousseau; and between French Primitive painting and Gene Meatyard's pictures there's a stunning similarity, as if each had had the same naive and unself-conscious access to a subterranean fund of simple, urgent and altogether wild and wildly powerful human goings-on. The paintings and the photographs are exuberant fantasy, not sophisticated, not premeditated, not amenable to logical discourse upon their subjects.

Which makes Meatyard's pictures, the whole body of the work, a sort of contradiction in terms; for photographs are expected to be replicas, they are expected to LOOK LIKE SOMETHING RECOGNIZABLE even if you have to look a long time to recognize the thing. Photographs, even the most abstract of them, are expected to be pieces of composition, exhibiting a certain spatial vitality, possessed of a certain range of tonal qualities that still, and nevertheless, have their roots in a graphic reference to REAL LIFE.

But that's not the way you can look at Meatyard's pictures; instead, you must imagine yourself in a psychic theatre, you must suspend your disbelief, you must

resist the urge to stare placidly at the pictures and think, my, but what a weird landscape. You must realize that you are in presence of a fiction, and that you are obliged to accept Meatyard's authority and redefinitions, the stage he's set, peopled, and captured. You must, in fact, be prepared to read the pictures like a book.

Not that Meatyard's stuff is in any way literary, documentary, or allegorical. Not that the final quality of the work depends upon the whole; the parts themselves, each separate image, are stunning, each picture is a separate insight. But when the photographs are put together they create a narrative; they have the scope, flexibility, intricacy and integrity—the force—of a fine novel, a novel that works by reiterating with a subtle change in time and place its characters and their lives. It's a novel full of strange, possessed and enigmatic people, full of the small details of inexplicable events that are common but yet touched with eerie passion of ritual; full of people and places and commonplaces and easy grotesqueries swirling around some obscured and unexpressed and only faintly, faintly felt truth. It's a tragic novel, the figures are blind and vulnerable, their lives are circumscribed and threatened; there are whisperings in corners; faces in shadow; crumbling mansions set spinning in the middle of bright cornfields, shuddering trees, children leaping, falling, running, hiding, fading; masks; gargoyles in pleated skirts and bobby sox; dissolution, decay, death.

In short, it's a novel like a Faulkner novel. Very much like a Faulkner novel, less immediately southern but all the more Southern Gothic for that. Meatyard's pictures have the same obsessed manner, the same unimpeachable authority, the same overwhelming power to them. And they demand the same painstaking attentiveness, not so much for the sake of the story itself, for the details, but for the state and presence of mind implied by it.

And that because the Meatyard pictures are not so much about the people found in them, but about the context of their lives, the emotional, moral surroundings. His book is about growing up and coming of age and growing old in mid-century America; it's a book about the peculiar grotesqueries of the age, about the icy, isolated, preoccupied, disconnected, futile way that people live; a book about the loss of innocence, lost to a fatal, gnawing, terrible and painful disease of the spirit; it's a book about dying, about lives turning back on themselves in frustration and hunger, chewing away at themselves and others; about a world collapsing, shaking, devouring itself. You can follow the blank figures of the children, playing their games in deserted houses, prowling in the ruins; you can follow the figure of a man named Cranston Ritchie, whose cancerous hand was replaced by a shiny hook, and then his arm to the elbow, and then to the shoulder, and who died of cancer.

Or you can follow the eye of the photographer, as it moves from the funny, sly pictures of impish children and the clever, delicate abstractions, moving very slowly, now, to the pictures of spreading shadows, grasping limbs of trees, trembling hillsides; follow the bleakness and coldness that sets in as the human figures disappear; follow a prophecy in fiction, an unrecognized and unsuspected prophecy that began to be told in the peculiar tongue of photographs some twenty years before the fiction transposed itself to fact, some twenty years before Gene Meatyard died young, of cancer.

At The College:

Presentation Planned

The Theatre Arts Department announces tryouts for its Third Major Production of the year, 'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE, by John Ford. The show will be under the direction of Mr. David F. Eliet. Tryouts will be this Friday and Saturday, December 1st and 2nd, in the Goodwin Theatre, Austin Arts Center. Times are Friday 4-7 p.m. and Saturday 1-5 p.m. There are parts for 17 men and 7 women (3 dancers), and no parts have been precast. No previous acting experience and no previous knowledge of the script is required for the auditions. The show will go into rehearsal after Christmas vacation and will be produced in early March. There will be one meeting of the cast prior to vacation.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE is one of the masterpieces of the late Elizabethan Theatre. It is the story of an incestuous love affair between a brother and sister who are ultimately destroyed for their actions. Incestuous relationships between brothers and sister are an almost universal cross cultural taboo; and while Ford does not condone the actions of his two characters, he does place the purity and honesty of their relationship in opposition to the inhuman and corrupting relationships of the society

that surrounds them, along with the inherent barbarianism that lies beneath its polite and polished surface.

The play is an extremely violent one with six deaths in the course of the action, four in the last two scenes alone. There is a decadence to both the action and overall mood of the play that is quite contemporary. In some ways it might be called THE CLOCKWORK ORANGE of the seventeenth century. The play was selected by Antonin Artaud as a prime example of Theatre of Cruelty.

The production will use modern dress, and Mr. Eliet hopes to have original student music composed for the play. The acting style will represent an attempt at fusing the depth of characterization provided by the Stanislavski style of acting with 19th century operatic patterns of movement, gesture and posing. Most of the violence will be conducted in the same stylized fashion to avoid gore realism. Mr. Eliet plans on using a modified Brechtian approach in the directorial method by employing some members of this semester's advanced directing course as secondary directors for the production.

The Diane Arbus Retrospective

By Ricardo De Silentio

The Museum of Modern Art is currently featuring a retrospective exhibit of the photographs of Diane Arbus. It is one of the most interesting and most publicized photo exhibits to appear in New York in recent years. The inevitable amount of publicity given to her during the past few months (articles in the New York Times Magazine, Newsweek, Ms., Esquire, New Yorker, to name a few) is commonly linked to two things: her sensational death by suicide at the age of 48, and the bizarre nature of her photographs. The first point is only worth mentioning from the point of view that her suicide can only serve to lend an authenticity to her artistic endeavors, as she was well known and recognized as a photographer before her death.

It is this second point: the sensational nature of her photographs which explains the vast exposure her work is now receiving. Her photographs are truly a radical departure from anything photography has encompassed in the past. Past masters of this genre from Cartier-Bresson to Ansel Adams, have almost invariably developed a characteristic style (one thinks of the spontaneity of Cartier-Bresson; the naturalism of Ansel Adams). The shock that characterizes the photography of Diane Arbus derives from the piercing frontal assault of the people presented to us in the pictures. Virtually every photograph involves eye to eye contact between the viewer and the subject of the photo, and the subjects of these photos are "freaks," people who are foreign to us. They are all shocking because they are the people we are most interested in seeing—a prostitute, a pair of transvestites, a giant, identical twins etc.—and they are the people we see the least. But more important than that the presentation of these unusual people is not a candid-camera type of quickly-shot glimpses. It is rather a fully composed portrait which forces one to engage the subject face-to-face. This is the radicality of her pictures. Never before has photography given us portraits of such disturbing content. Instead of a staid, insipid faces staring off into the ether, we are presented with portraits of the "dregs" of society.

One may question here whether this in itself is enough to warrant the acclaim that Arbus has received. The answer is yes, and

this is particularly so in view of the fact that this engagement-mentioned above- forces us to share the humanity of these people... to recognize their humanness... and in so doing to affirm a sort of common denominator to humanity of which you and I and they are just particular manifestations, that is, their subjectivity is not reduced to the status of an object. That is why these photographs are fresh in style and fully warrant the acclaim that is being given to them.

The exhibition will continue at the Museum of Modern Art until January 21, 1973. The first book of Ms. Arbus' photographs has been published concurrent with the opening of the exhibition.

As Arbus said of her subjects "They have passed their test in life. Most people go through life dreading . . . a traumatic experience. Freaks were born with this trauma. They're aristocrats."

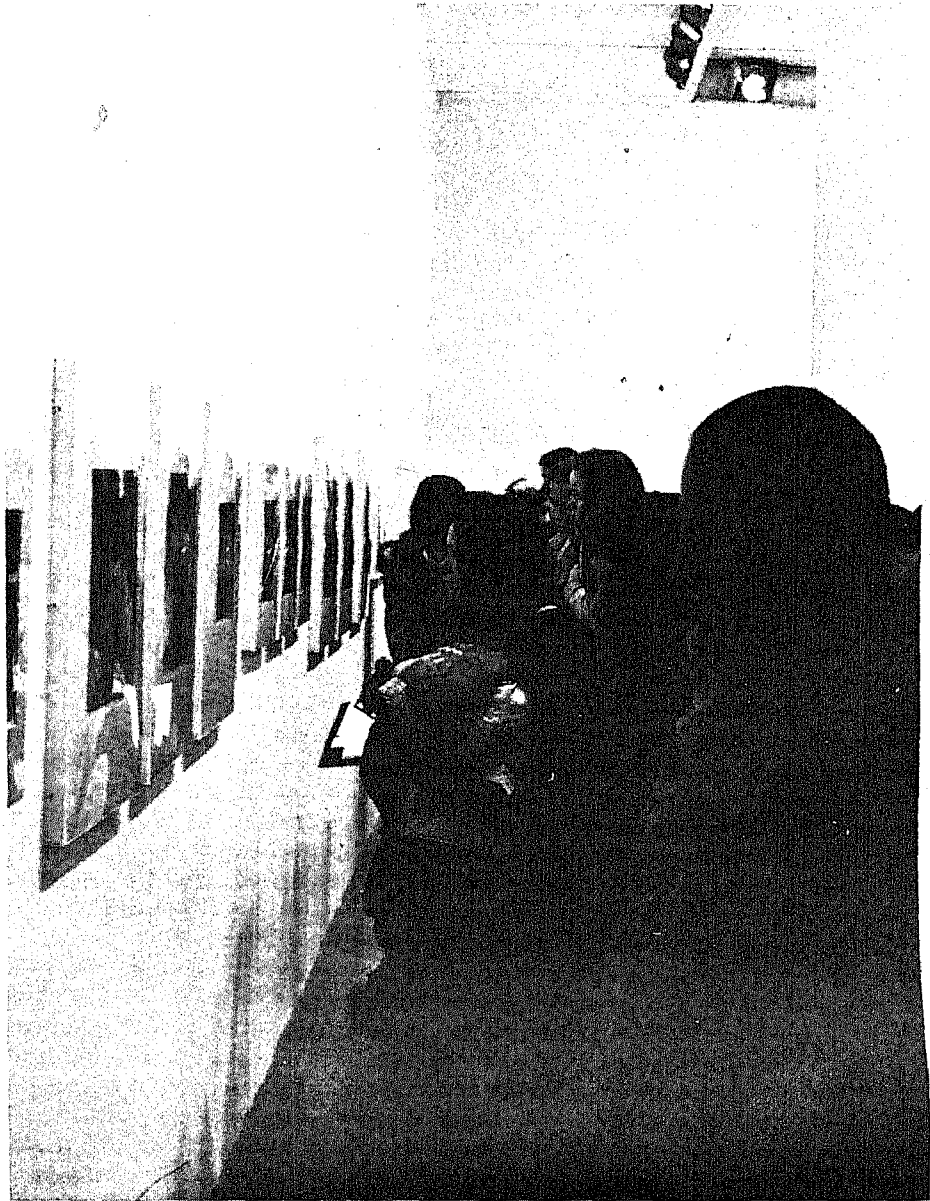


Photo by Dick Schultz



Photo by Dick Schultz

Getting The Message Across

By Steve Barkan

On October 11, 1969 I was handing out leaflets on a crowded corner in downtown Hartford to publicize the Vietnam Moratorium four days later in the first antiwar activity I'd ever participated in, when two Green Berets came up to me and asked, "What are you going to do when the special armed forces come down and break up the rally?" When I mumbled something (as is my wont) to the effect that we'd hold the rally anyway, one of the two men took a leaflet, ripped it into little pieces, and dropped it at my feet. He said with pride that the two of them would soon be returning to Vietnam. As they walked away, I replied, rather quietly, "What are you going to do when you get all shot up over there?" I'm glad they didn't hear me.

That was my introduction as a freshman to the "movement." In high school I was fairly oblivious to all that was going on in Indochina, in the colleges, and in the streets. I tutored and worked for my school newspaper, but that was about it. I didn't start becoming aware of things until my senior year. Early that year I received a moving letter from my older brother in California. After noting the injustice and hypocrisy in our society, he went on to say,

Then think about it, and if it makes you vomit and tears you up inside like it does me, then don't forget it, but do something about it—maybe not now, but someday, when you see what needs to be done and what you can do. Meanwhile, keep reading and keep thinking; seek out those of your peers who would rather listen to a speaker or hand out leaflets on a Friday night than get drunk or get laid. For if you remain complacent and acquiescent, someday you will see what a waste your life has been and what potential went unspent and un-nourished, and you will hate yourself for it.

By October 11 a year later, a lot of things had prompted me to "do something about it." Now, after more than three years of countless meetings, picketing, rallies, leafleting, and other actions, I see an even greater urgency to attack all forms of injustice. The more involved I've become, the

more I've come to realize just how horrible things really are and just how resistant those in power are to change.

I draw much inspiration from radicals of the past, as I've previously written in this column. Abolitionist Wendell Phillips once said that an American could stand with "decent self-respect" only in "constant, uncontrollable, and loud protest against the sing of (her or) his native land." Henry David Thoreau said to "let your life be a counter friction to stop the machine" of governmental injustice. That machine still exists.

Much has been said and written about how quieter students and others are today than they were about three years ago. Except for an outburst of outrage after last spring's mining and bombing of Haiphong and Hanoi, the peace movement has long been moribund. Virtually everyone has advanced her or his own explanation for current student inactivity, (and some have even applauded the possible return of the obnoxious '50s). The main reason set forth seems to be that students, while still rightly concerned over the state of society, are frustrated over their inefficacy and scared of the bloody consequences of activism; Kent State and Jackson State brought things to a head.

(And now we have Southern University in Baton Rouge, with nary a whimper. How long is it before disillusionment evolves into apathy?)

While probably having some validity, this theory of frustration's causing inactivity leaves something to be desired. In the first place, in the weeks following the college strikes in response to the American invasion of Cambodia, many people, especially the media, were predicting unprecedented campus activism and violence for the following fall. Students were expected to come out in droves to work for a new Congress. Rarely have so many people been so wrong. Then, after it grew apparent that we all had egg in our face, the explanation was that Kent and Jackson States had scared off too many kids. They were also frustrated that the war had continued despite campus strikes across the nation. Time called it "the cooling of America." So, first Jackson and Kent and the strikes were cited in predictions as

reasons for expected widespread campus unrest the following September; then, using good old hindsight, they were used to explain the muffled voices that did result. It would seem that we cannot have our cake and eat it, too.

In the second place, outright murders like those at Jackson, Kent, and now Southern have, at other times and other places, only served to unify a people and to strengthen their will. Certainly, then, other factors must be involved, for frustration and fright as reasons for quiet campuses, resulting from the events of May 1970, simply are not entirely satisfactory.

I should stress here that a number of students, at Trinity, are active without many people knowing about it, especially in service involving the welfare of the Hartford community. In the political action area, Trinity now, at least, has draft counseling and war tax resistance and women's liberation organizations that it didn't have two years ago. So things aren't entirely dead; we have instead a different, lower-key type of activism.

Are students quiet simply because they're satisfied with the way things are today? Probably not. Token reforms and change may have placated a few, but a survey given to last year's freshmen class by our Sociology Department is quite revealing. (Of course this is only one survey. Others might show that students are indeed more satisfied than they used to be.) For instance, 53 percent agreed that "the present society is characterized by a frame of mind that tolerates injustice, insensitivity, lack of candor, and inhumanity." Eighty-four percent thought our courts' being too slow and overcrowded constituted a "serious problem." Other similar questions showed that a majority of these students were dissatisfied with the current situation. But where students in general do differ from those of a few years ago, I think, is in the steps they deem necessary and/or would take themselves to effect the change they would like to see.

With this profile in mind, I would venture that students at Trinity will remain involved in some of social-political activity, albeit low-key. (Ralph Nader's PIRG is of the type that might attract some interest.) Yet the number of students involved in

Photo by David Gallatley



anything "political" remains disappointing. Moreover, the "activist" groups that now exist on campus seem to be disproportionately composed, as they apparently were last year at least, of freshmen and sophomores. Unfortunately, it appears that the level of a Trinity class's political activity declines as that class stays longer at Trinity.

I myself am deeply committed to working for radical social change through nonviolent resistance. "Nonviolent resistance" because I see using nonviolence as the only way to achieve the society we want while respecting the humanity we should value so highly. "One's rights to life and happiness

can only be claimed as inalienable if one grants, in action, that they belong to all." (Barbara Deming, *Revolution and Equilibrium*). Yet, I have to admit that this rationale is on the ethical level and that I am always very troubled by the "does nonviolence work (as compared to violence)?" question.

I used the words "radical social change" because I feel that nothing short of that will constitute complete rebirth rather than token reform. I hesitate to use the word "revolution" since it connotes so many things to so many people. If it means a radical, nonviolent transformation to a society with true equality and freedom for

all, fine. But I readily admit that I'm hardly sure of how to achieve such a society, if indeed one like it is possible. Nor have I really thought out the particulars of what a society would be like.

My commitment to the struggle for peace and justice is irrevocable. Those who would lapse instead, for whatever reason, into a state of benign neglect are simply playing into the hands of those who hold the strings. Things will be changed only if we resist with every breath we have.

If a Green Beret tears up one of your leaflets, keep on handing them out, anyway. Other people will get the message.

Dance

Tiptoeing With The Hartford Ballet

By William Harris

The Hartford Ballet Company will be presenting "The Nutcracker" on December 1 and 2 at the Bushnell Memorial. Dancing with the company will be Jack Anderson '70, John Simone '72 and Robin Wagge '73. Robin will be featured in the parts of the mouse king and the Spanish soloist in this tenth anniversary production.

This is the first year that the Hartford Ballet Company has become a professional one. There are a total of twenty members in the company, ten of whom are salaried and ten who are apprentices. Under the direction of Michael Uthoff, a former principal with the Joeffrey Co., the Hartford Ballet Co. has grown in both stature and importance. He has been able to attract a number of dancers from prominent New York companies who are tired of living and working under those extreme conditions. His dancers train for ten hours each day, and are trained in both classical ballet and the Martha Graham modern dance technique. At present Uthoff is trying to collect as many pieces for the varied repertoire, while at the same time developing a strong company technique and ensemble.

Robin Wagge, affectionately known as the "tiptoe queen," may often be seen around the campus, plieing from one class to the next, pirouetting in the Cave, or generally performing wherever there is a potential audience.

She started tiptoeing at the age of seven, but did not become a serious ballet student until high school. In January of 1969 she joined the Hartford Ballet Company, which at that time was not paying any of its company members. Robin continued to dance with them through her freshman year at Trinity. This involved a rigorous scheduling of all of her classes in the morning as her afternoons and evenings from 1-10 p.m. were occupied with dance. She decided to quit the company in June, 1970, having failed to make herself a part of the Trinity community, as well as being disturbed by the fact that the former director had a habit of brutalizing his company members to make them perform, biting and hitting them.

Robin stayed away from dancing seriously for two years, during which time she was able to assess the importance of dance in her life and the value of a liberal arts education. "The dance world can be very limited and small in its world view. I wanted a chance to explore other interests in a creative and intellectual environment. I wanted to develop an appreciation of other elements which will help me grow as an artist. If I hadn't come to Trinity I might have become a very good technician, but not a performing artist."

Robin began training seriously again last term while in London. There she took the

professional ballet class from Anna Northcote at the Dance Center in Covent Garden. She was exposed to members of the Royal Ballet, The Ballet Rambert, as well as dance students from throughout Europe. "People's dancing is often a reflection of their individual cultures. Everyone moves; dance is the refinement of movement." She returned to the States this past fall and joined the newly restructured Hartford Ballet Company as an apprentice. This September she will become a full-time company member.

At present Tiptoe remains rather busy, being an English major, rehearsing, and teaching four ballet classes a week to both six year olds (pre-ballet) and the second year students, aged nine and ten. Trinity will experience some of her teaching prowess next term, as Robin is offering a course in elementary ballet. This course which will meet for four and a half hours each week, marks the first time that a classical course has been offered.

"I'm fascinated with the way the body moves. Dance requires a cooperation of both the mind's working and the body's. It is a combination of aesthetics, mental and emotional disciplines." Robin has chosen a career in dance. She hopes to be able to further develop her technique and performing experience. If you've missed her doing her solo from "The Nutcracker" in the dining room, try the Bushnell this weekend.



Photo by Dick Schultz

Announcements

XMAS

"Christmas in Sigourney Park" will be an old fashioned community gathering in the Asylum Hill park off Sigourney Street. A live tree, planted especially for the Christmas celebration, will be decorated by community organizations and individuals. December 14th at 7:30 p.m., the tree will be lighted, free refreshments served, and carolers from the community will perform.

Organizations and individuals are needed to make weatherproof ornaments of metal, plastic, wood and treated paper, capable of being securely attached to the tree.

Completed ornaments can be brought to Asylum Hill Inc., 217 Farmington Ave., Third Floor, by December 8th. A committee will be hanging decorations December 14 from 1:30 - 4:30 p.m. and anyone who wants to help is invited.

"Christmas in Sigourney Park" is being sponsored by Asylum Hill, Inc.

BRAZIL

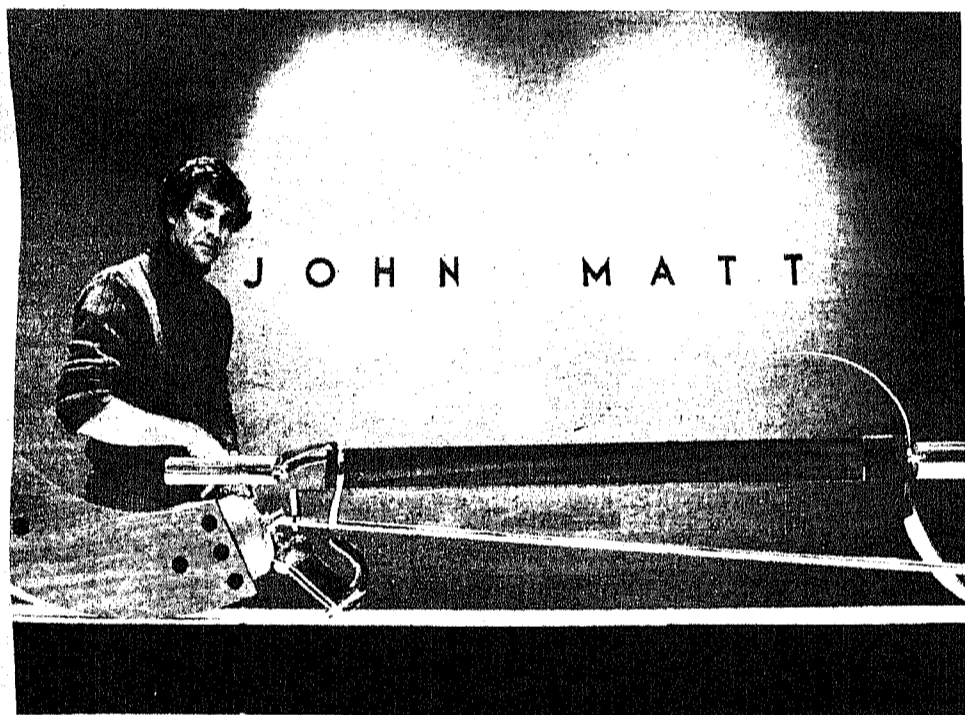
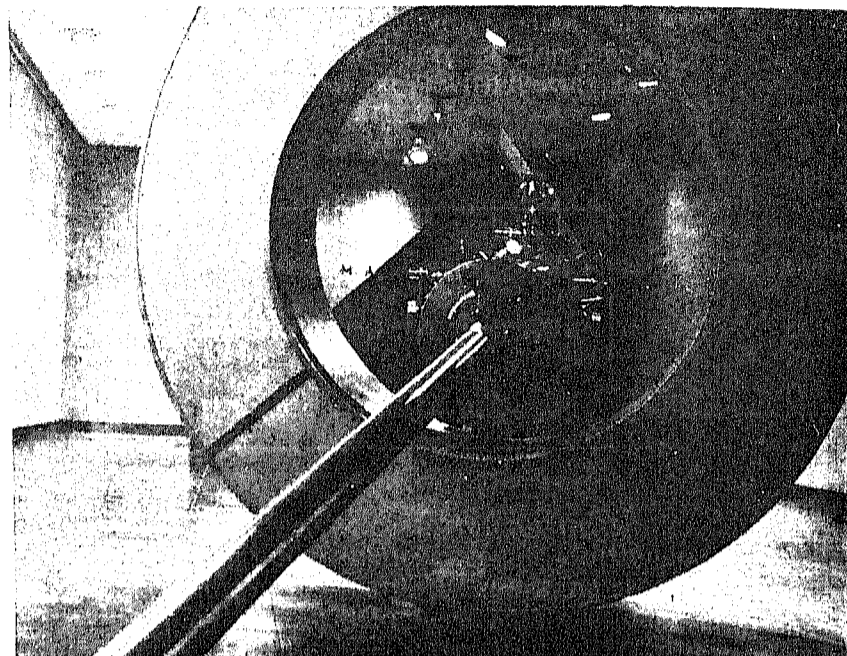
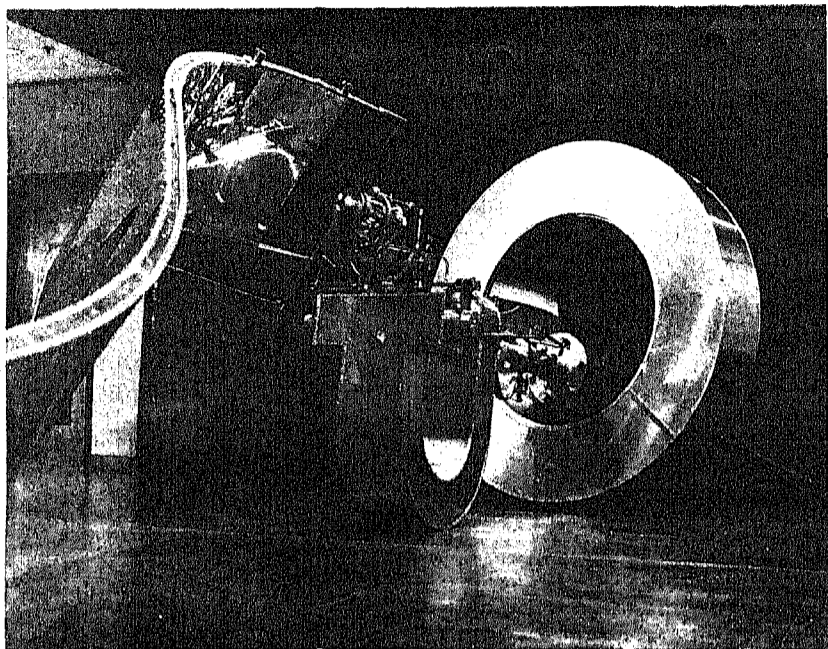
On November 28th Professor Emelia Viotti da Costa of Smith College is going to speak on "Brazilian Society," in Alumni Lounge at 8:15 p.m. The talk is being sponsored by the Political Science Department and Intercultural Studies.

TEA AND SYMPHONY

The Department of Dramatic Arts of the Hartford Branch, University of Connecticut, takes great pleasure in presenting "Tea and Sympathy" by Robert Anderson. Under the supervision and direction of Mr. Harvey Sneideman, the University of Connecticut thespians will perform "Tea and Sympathy" at the Goodwin Theatre of the Austin Arts Center, Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, December 15 & 16, 1972. Curtain time is 8:15 p.m.

Sculpture

A Professor's Art In Austin Center



Sculpture Professor John Matt pictured with his works, "Sand Ship I" (above) and "Gypsy Rig" (left). The exhibit continues until December 19.

Photos By Sean O'Malley

Journalism

TRIPOD Editors Recall Trinity

(Editor's Note: In honor of the College's 150th Anniversary and just plain curiosity, the TRIPOD asked former editors to talk about their years 'neath the elms, and got the following responses:)

47 Years Ago

By George Malcolm Smith, '25

George Malcolm-Smith, '25, was for many years editor of publications of The Travellers Insurance Companies, for whom he still writes on assignment. He served on Connecticut newspapers and is the author of several novels, in each of which he manages to mention Trinity.

One's memory of a half-century ago -- at least, this one's memory -- is likely to be a trifle fuzzy. Hence, outside of a few random and trivial recollections, this former TRIPOD editor (or did he presume the grandeur of Editor in Chief?) can provide little that would inform, entertain or even

interest current TRIPOD staffers or subscribers.

"Back in those days," as old poops are wont to address young squirts, The TRIPOD was pretty much the personal toy of any undergraduate who fancied himself a budding author and was ingenious enough to take it on.

The Student Body (do they still use that lush term?) comprised only about 250 heads (none too securely screwed on). And that number was noticeably reduced at mid-year exams. Thus the pickings among prospective Horace-Greeleys were pretty slim. The mantle of editor was cast haphazardly on any English major who

happened to be standing at the foot of the dais when the retiring editor stepped down with hoc tibi diploma clutched in his sweaty palm. The writer of these words happened to be standing there. He inherited the editorship (though he had to buy his own typewriter) from one Bobby Byrnes, who was graduated from Trinity to the Hartford COURANT and subsequently to the eminence of a Washington Correspondent.

Come to think of it, the editorship of The TRIPOD was accompanied by tradition with the job of being campus correspondent of The COURANT. So it was, in a way, a door to journalism and perhaps even "creative writing." ("Did you ever think of doing fiction?" a reporter was asked. He answered, "But I do work on THE DAILY NEWS, don't I.")

The biggest help acquired by this Tripodite (no relation to coprolite) came from the TRIPOD's advertising manager, a sophomore, name of George Humphrey, known as "Zev," after a prominent racehorse of the day. Without him, The TRIPOD wouldn't have had a leg to stand

on. (That there's a metaphor, son.)

But a certain amount of editorial assistance came eventually from the likes of Bobby Sheehan (who became an editor of *FORTUNE*), Bobby St. John (author and war correspondent), Harry Clark (head of the English Department, University of Wisconsin), Lloyd Smith (Western Printing and Whitman Publications), and Gaylord DuBois (poet).

Not bad for a tiny college having a newspaper with a circulation of no more than 500, wouldn't you agree?

We fought, though we lost, the good fight against compulsory attendance at chapel; we championed Clarence Darrow, who favored Darwin, as against William Jennings Bryan, darling of Bible Belt red-necks; and we even suggested once that Trinity become educational. (We lost that one, too.)

It was a useful experience. It taught this ink-stained wretch to make writing a habit (and that's the only way to do it), forced him to meet deadlines, and gave him his first tentative licks at laying out a page, writing to space, scaling a photo, recognizing a type-face and (though this particular piece might not show it), saying what is to be said simply, concisely and perhaps even comprehensibly.

14 Years Ago

By Fred Werner, '58

Fred Werner, '58, did graduate work in linguistics at Duke University, and spent several years doing field work in the South Pacific.

Graduates of 1958 and 1959 were called the "silent generation" by the national press.

There was much self-satisfaction among the undergraduates, though the *ORGANIZATIONAL MAN* and *THE LONELY CROWD* suggested the perils of corporate life. Regardless of where one traveled, student leaders used "passivity" and "apathy" in describing student efforts to improve the intellectual and cultural life of the nation's colleges and universities.

At UCLA and at Trinity, lack of parking space was a central issue for the student government.

Riots were occasional and only took place in the largest universities. Tear-gas, carefully trained police, and short wave radios were unknown.

Drugs did not exist. Sex was a quieter, less public concern.

The curriculum at Trinity stressed liberal arts and science majors faced endless requirements, often taking more than two years to complete. We generally believed that the faculty knew the way to academic excellence for the individual and the group. It was the underlying promise of the Eisenhower years at Trinity.

The universe of the *TRINITY TRIPOD* was carefully bound to the college. Just as the idea of spending a semester or two

overseas or at another American college was considered avantgarde.

National politics was rarely written about in collegiate newspapers.

The *TRIPOD* was less wordy and pictures were limited by cost considerations.

As a former editor-in-chief of the *TRIPOD* (1958), I can see many of the more obvious changes. Alumni weekends were supposed to be a return to the Alma Mater. I find the New Trinity very new indeed.

In conversations with several young ladies at Trinity, I realized that you have achieved an almost new dialect here at Trinity.

It is best, I suppose, not to invoke the myth of the Good Past here at Trinity or of the Good *TRINITY TRIPOD*.

Trinity was often provincial and not always challenging. Your generation of college students seem headed for graduate school, and most of you made that decision before the age of eighteen.

I happen to believe that the current *TRIPOD* is excellent and extremely well-written and thoughtful.

Why did most of the 1958 *TRIPOD* staff write for the newspaper? We found the game fun, and I think in 1972 the search for the elusive excellent Trinity education still remains intensely interesting.

11 Years Ago

By Peter T. Kilborn, '61

Peter T. Kilborn, '61, is bureau chief for BUSINESS WEEK in Los Angeles, following stints in Paris and New York. He attended Columbia University School of Journalism.

Richard Nixon came to Trinity in the fall of my senior year to attend a chapel service and to shake hands afterwards with students outside. The *TRIPOD* was there, of course, with cameras and notepads. The front page of the *TRIPOD* that appeared the next day was awash with photographs of the event. And in the upper left corner of the paper -- the ear -- we printed the subject to the editorial we were running that week. It said, "Tripod supports Kennedy." As the world now knows, it was that October, 1969, endorsement that won the election for JFK.

...And peeved the Trinity public relations department as well. The Hartford papers quoted the editorial, and the Trinity administration worried that the college would lose staunch Republican alumni support.

As it must be for every wave of Tripod editors, ours was sometimes a frighteningly serious experience, sometimes a delightfully comic one, but always fun. It was the close of the post-war (World War II) era of student apathy and the beginning of the turmoil that now, 12 years later, seems to be dipping back to a new period of apathy.

In February, 1961, a group of young blacks (Negros then) walked into a Greensboro, N.C., lunch parlor and took places at the counter. The place barred blacks. But the blacks sat and sat. It was the first sit-in, the first of all the sleep-, stand-, etc., ins. The editors of the Amherst, Williams, Wesleyan, and Trinity papers conferred by phone and decided to picket the White House to demonstrate support of the blacks. There were a hundred-some students participating, but only four from Trinity. But that's the way Trinity was. From then on we were wrapped up in the civil rights issue. We next picketed the Hartford branch of a department store chain that segregated in the South.

We had our most fun on campus, though. We started with some major changes in the paper--superficial in some respects but symbolic of the independence from the administration and the Student Senate we

were trying to establish. We sent letters to all parents asking them to subscribe and raised the subscription price by \$1.50. That

allowed us to operate independently if the Senate cut us off. Then we switched printers and newsprint--from a promotional-looking glossy paper to real newsprint--and switched from tabloid format to full-size.

No longer intimidated by the Senate's monetary power, we took on the Senate, mostly for inactivity, week after week. Editorially, we would propose Senate resolutions, and the Senate, not having much initiative of its own, would seriously deliberate some of those proposals.

Fraternities were a problem. Of the five top editors, three (Bill Kirtz, John Henry and myself) were members of a single fraternity, Psi Upsilon. The other two did not belong to fraternities. So in terms of fraternity politics, Psi U dominated the paper. But it did not dominate the editors. We attacked that fraternity specifically, and some others as well, for anti-intellectualism, irrelevancy, and exclusion of minority groups. Predictably, the Wednesday night meetings on Vernon Street were often lively.

We had ambivalent relations with the administration. President Albert Jacobs was very circumspect and fully tolerant of all we were doing. Every Monday morning at 8:30, I would go to his office to pick his brains for stories and sound him out on issues. I don't recall his ever commenting on the previous issue, but I think he sent a letter or two to the editor. Sometimes during those sessions, he would mention things the college would be doing before they had been announced officially. It wasn't off the record, so we would run the story. Then the PR director would get upset because the story would then appear in the Hartford papers, quoting the Tripod, rather than the press release he never got a chance to write.

It was a hypersensitive PR staff, that one. During our time, the student center was built and dedicated. We published a special edition of the paper the day of the dedication. Like the Nixon issue, it was smeared with pictures. The editorial was

something else. It condemned the center's obviously lousy, penny-wise-pound-foolish architecture. It was written by one of the editors, Peter Kembel, who went on to study architecture at Harvard and is now an architect in Boston.

We wrote those editorials not to disrupt the PR staff but because we felt an obligation to comment on the miniscule world around us and make it, in a miniscule way, a better world. That's the kind of idealism students are smitten by, and we were smitten. I'd be dishonest not to add, though, that it was fun watching the PR staff hopping around protecting the college's image from the harm it thought the Tripod was causing.

Most of the rest of the administration and the faculty accepted us with a sort of paternal tolerance, but there was one exception. The then-dean of students, O.W. Lacy ("Owl" to everyone), spoke one evening with a group of students who were organizing a dance at the college. The Tripod was there, jotting down details about the pending event. Owl said something to the effect that it would be all right to drink if students brought their own bottles. We quoted him. After the paper came out, we both recognized for the first time that the Dean was advocating breaking a Connecticut law on drinking. He called me to his office and said we had misquoted him. I denied it. He got angry. He said he could throw us off campus. I said if he did, we'd keep printing anyway. He said we wouldn't be able to use "Trinity" in the name of the paper. I said okay, we'll just call it the Tripod. Happily, he calmed down, and we parted smiling.

It's a cocky memoir, but it was a cocky interlude. And if we rendered harm, the injured survived. Owl has gone on to greener pastures of academe, or perhaps trees. Richard Nixon lapsed briefly. After he lost the California gubernatorial race in 1962, you'll recall his saying, "You won't have Richard Nixon to kick around anymore." His target, of course, was the Trinity Tripod. (Among his advisors he called it the "Tripe.") But even he pulled through.

Announcements

GRAD SCHOOL
 Graduate School Recruiting Schedule:
 Please sign up for appointments in the
 Career Counseling Office.

Thurs. Nov. 30 - B.U. Law School - 2-3 -
 Mather Hall Committee Rm., Group
 Meeting.

Thurs. Nov. 30 - Whittemore School of
 Business and Economics, University of New
 Hampshire - 2-5 - 79 Vernon St.

Thurs. Nov. 30 - Antioch Law School -
 Washington, D.C. - 9-12 - 79 Vernon St.

Fri. Dec. 8 - Consortium for Graduate
 Study in Management (Minorities) - 9-12 - 79
 Vernon St.

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 Wednesday eve.

LIB

The Women's Liberation Center of
 Greater Hartford will hold an Open House
 on Saturday, December 2, 1972, beginning at
 2:00 p.m.

The Center, located at 11 Amity Street (off
 Park Street) has been formed by women of
 the Hartford Area who felt a need for centrally
 accessible information and services to
 cope with the material, physical and
 emotional needs of women.

A panel discussion on Consciousness-
 Raising has been scheduled for 3:00 p.m.,
 and a movie on feminism for 4:00 p.m.
 Women will be available throughout the day
 to disseminate literature and information on
 a variety of contemporary problems and
 issues.

Refreshments will be served, and the
 public -- men and women -- are invited to
 attend.

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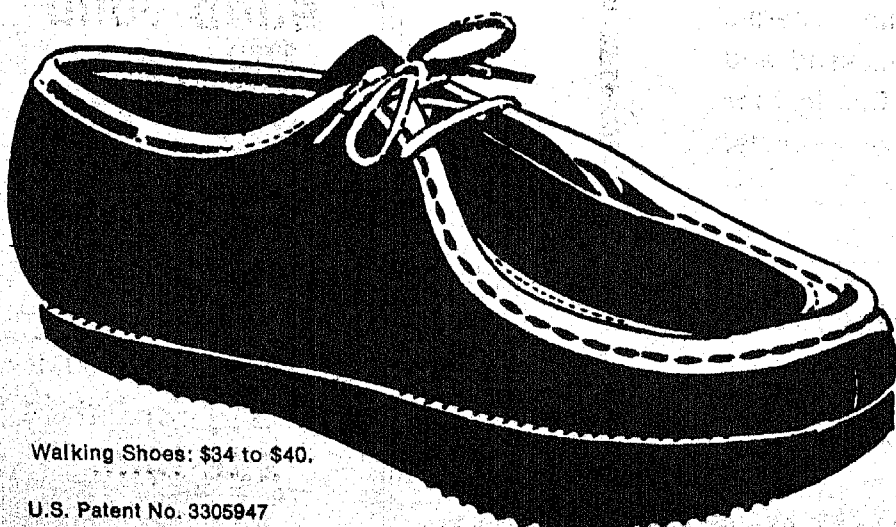
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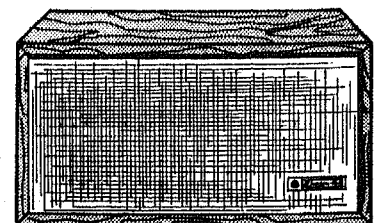
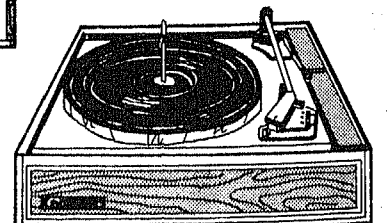
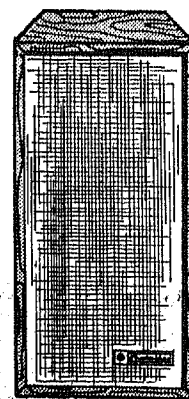
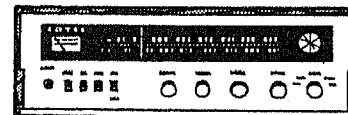
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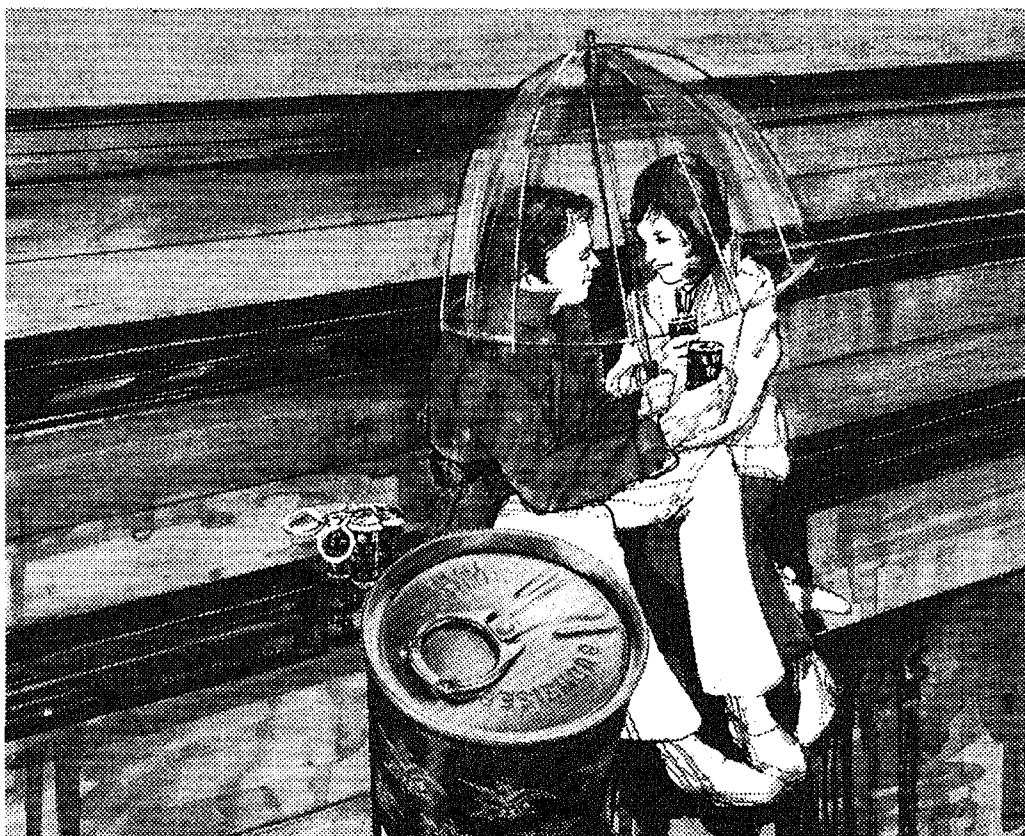
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This Week

Tuesday, November 28

4:00 p.m. - Community Seminar Series, Lecture by Steve Fischer - L.S.C. Auditorium.

7:00 p.m. - MHBoG - Senate Room.

7:30 p.m. - Chess Club - Room 103, H.L.

7:30 p.m. - Film: *Le Jour Se Leve* - Cinestudio.

9:10 p.m. - Film: *Smiles of a Summer Night* - Cinestudio.

10:30 p.m. - Compline - Chapel.

8:15 p.m. - Lecture sponsored by Political Science and Intercultural Studies Departments - "Modern Brazilian Society" by Professor Emilia Viottida Costa - Alumni Lounge.

Wednesday, November 29

12:30 p.m. - The Eucharist - Chapel.

1:00 - 3:00 p.m. - Film - McCook Auditorium.

2:00 p.m. - Dance Film Preview - First Position - Cinestudio.

4:00 p.m. - Discussion of Dance Film - McCook Auditorium.

4:00 p.m. - TCC - Wean Lounge.

4:00 p.m. - Community Seminar Series, Lecture by Professor Michael Lerner - L.S.C. Auditorium.

7:00 p.m. - MHBoG - Senate Room.

7:30 p.m. - Film: *Harold and Maude* - Cinestudio.

9:20 p.m. - Film: *Fritz the Cat* - Cinestudio.

7:30 p.m. - TWO - Alumni Lounge.

Thursday, November 30

9:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m. - Pre-Registration for Trinity Term - Washington Room

7:30 p.m. - Film: *Harold and Maude* - Cinestudio.

7:30 p.m. - Lift 1 Act - Goodwin Theater.

8:00 p.m. - Annual Mead Lecture in Political Science by Professor Bernard Edward Brown "Revolution in an Industrial Society" - L.S.C. Auditorium.

9:20 p.m. - Film: *Fritz the Cat* - Cinestudio.

10:30 p.m. - The Eucharist - Chapel.

Friday, December 1

9:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m. - Pre-Registration for Trinity Term - Washington Room.

4:15 p.m. - Lift 1 Act - Goodwin Theater.

6:45 p.m. - Hillel - Shabbat Service and Kiddush - Goodwin Lounge.

7:00 and 9:00 p.m. - Trinity - University of Hartford Invitational Basketball Tourney - F.A.C.

7:30 and 10:45 p.m. - Film: *Fritz the Cat* - Cinestudio.

8:00 p.m. - MHBoG Christmas Party, Concert for Trinity Students - Washington Room.

9:05 p.m. - Film: *Harold and Maude* - Cinestudio.

Saturday, December 2

7:30 and 10:45 p.m. - Film: *Fritz the Cat* - Cinestudio.

7:00 p.m. and 9:00 p.m. - Trinity - University of Hartford Invitational Basketball Tourney - F.A.C.

9:05 p.m. - Film: *Harold and Maude* - Cinestudio.

Sunday, December 3

10:30 a.m. - The Eucharist, Sermon - The Reverend Robert Parks from Trinity Church, N.Y.C., Chapel Singers - Chapel.

1:15 p.m. - Newman Apostolate Mass - Alumni Lounge.

7:30 p.m. - Folk Dancing - Wean Lounge.

7:30 p.m. - Film: *City Lights* - Cinestudio.

9:15 p.m. - Film: *Bed and Board* - Cinestudio.

Monday, December 4

11:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m. - BLOODMOBILE PROGRAM - Washington Room.

7:30 p.m. - Gay Lib - Alumni Lounge.

SUMMER IN VERMONT? Think Middlebury College. Advanced study in French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish. Beginning and advanced study in Chinese, Japanese. Begin work toward the M.A. as an undergraduate. Write Room 124, Sunderland Language Center, Middlebury, Vt. 05753.

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