The TRINITY TRIPOD

Take Two, They're Small!!!

Brooke Shields Editor

Sources on the Princeton University campus this week reported the fatal mauling of actress Brooke Shields (1965-1983) by the Princeton mascot, Tony-the-Tiger.

Shields, who established herself in the acting world with such masterpieces as The Blue Lagoon and Endless Love, was attending a fraternity dance and happened upon a closed room which had "Cauldron, do not enter" emblazoned across the portal. shields, not noted for her cognitive skills, entered the room and was clawed to death by the tiger, who had been sleeping in the room.

Shields' mother, Teri, expressed concern over the state of fraternities on the Princeton campus and claimed that she would soon begin proceedings to have them abolished.

Shocked Trinity students gathered on the quad early Thursday morning to talk and share and cry together over the actress' untimely death. One male student, who declined to be named, stated emotionlessly, "Brooke, you should have come to Trinity. The worst thing that can happen to you here is that you could be pecked to death by the Trinity Barn."
Denouncements

Career Counseling
Senior? Getting worried about post-grad employment? You should! But don’t fret. This post-grad, employment? You Denouncements conducting interviews. English, d’y’s and^ Taco Bell, will campus preferred. Philosophy and Music Majors McDonalds, Burger King, Wen- week representatives from Career Counseling white ties recommended. No ex- breaking, or bad New York - campus to conduct interviews/ experience necessary but a back- ing. International ‘Relations Majors, this is a chance of a lifetime.

Financial Aid - Scholarships
The “They’re All God To Me” Organization of America is sponsoring a Scholarship. Appli- must be 1/4 Jewish, 1/4 Catholic, 1/4 Hindu. Atheists need not apply.

Recycling at Trinity
Attention Students. The Tripod is sponsoring an essay contest. Theme: How many social groups can you offend in 300 words or less? Staff of the Trident and the Observer need not submit.

Essay Contest
How Offensive Can You Be? The Tripod is sponsoring an essay contest. Theme: How many social groups can you offend in 300 words or less? Staff of the Trident and the Observer need not submit.

Lecture “Why Can’t Turtles Get Off Their Backs?” The Pornographic legacy of the Tortoise.

Bacchanalian Festival
A Bacchanalian ritual will be held on the Quad from midnight until dawn on Nov. 24. Too bad you’ll all miss it. Maybe next year.

Attention Students
The non credit seminar in Procrastination has been put off until after Thanksgiving break, maybe.

Non-Credit Seminar
The Morning After a Frat Party: How To Say Hi In The Saga Line.

 nuicknks Answer

Puzzles Answer

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A Dumb Tripod Poll

1) Should Wayne Gorlick-Asmus have one of his names surgically removed?
   Yes 75%  No 25%

2) Not sure about the issue 25%

3) Should Circa Studio be made to iron the wrinkly-faces out of their curtains?
   Yes 25%  No 30%  Should be dry-cleaned 45%

4) Should Shindb Benzen be brought back to the Trinity College game room?
   Yes 2%  No 60%

5) Is that a new soft drink?
   Yes 25%  No 75%

6) Do you think SAGA is the answer to the energy crisis?
   Yes 5%  No 95%

7) Only on patty melt nights 60%

8) Should High Rise be recognized by the Connecticut Historical Society as the oldest phallic symbol in Connecticut?
   Yes 40%  No 60%

9) Does Gurliacci browbeat us into washing our pants regularly?
   Yes 15%  No 85%

10) If you could have one word or sentence for me?

Cold Blood

It only puts you to sleep. 1001

Users never pushes me to sleep. I think the ideas for roommates are ingenuous and I'd like to try a few.

The B.L.O.'s other demands have not yet been made public but the college community is currently holding ou for the most bupicious "add/ drop" card to be returned.

Will the demands be met? The SGA is holding an evening meeting this Friday to decide whether it should support the radical B.L.O. or the Old Regime.

The faculty is urging conserv action. "T.B.'s violence has solved nothing," remarks one philosophy professor. "As a member of the intelligentsia he must realize that conflict lies not in class struggle but in the inevitability of the human will to debase oneself with troglodyte status quo. While T.B. thinks he is acting as a Hegelian superman, he is actually fostering a stupidity of his own mind and in the most general terms is making an a-- of himself."

The temporary management of the bookstores refuses to give into T.B.'s demands. "We may have lost Follettes but I'm sure he would have had to keep on fighting. We are still holding down the offensive lines and publishing is promising to send reinforcements."

So, the showdown is set. No one knows when or where the B.L.O. will strike again but Mather is on 24-hour watch. Anyone who can supply infor mation on T.B. or the uniden tified gunman is urged to report to the Registrar as soon as pos sible.

Dumb Poll, Part II

by Ellen Garrity

The Tripod recently conducted a poll on nothing. The Tripod editorial board makes absolutely no claims as to the accuracy of this poll and they hope that at least one person on campus is offended by the printed results.

The Effiminity of Knapsacks on Men

97.43267915% find knapsacks on men effiminate. Backpacks from L.L. Bean seem to be con sidered the most effiminate. 1.9312488% feel that knapsacks make men more macho. 0.1540792% did not know what knapsacks look like.

On Men Wearing Pink Oxford Shirts

17.749965% are opposed to men wearing either pink or plum. 3.7755306% said they didn't care. 0.0073981% did not know that clothes were.

On Women Wearing Men's Underwear

17.349821% did not approve of women wearing men's underwear. 0.0795191% did not know that there is a difference between men's and women's underwear. 37.465532% approved of women wearing men's underwear. 7.443715% said they didn't wear underwear.

Gurliacci Weds J. Wolfe

David A. Gurliacci, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gurliacci of Darien, Connecticut, was married yesterday to Jennifer Wolfe, editor of the Hartford Courant.

The groom, who will keep his last name, is a freshman at Trinity and plans to major in philosophy.

He is from Arkansas but he doesn't wear pants.

The bride, who will keep her last name, is the daughter of Robert Wolfe, of various places.

The ceremony was held in the Trinity College Women's Center and was attended by a female justice.

The groom was tastefully clad in a white Dior gown and diamond stud earrings, while Ms. Wolfe wore a combat uniform and a crew cut. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the College Republican Club.

The couple will honeymoon at the home of the Reverend Jerry Falwell.

Trin's Favorite Drop-Out

continued from P. 1

Who's Afraid of Jennifer Wolfe?

ALBEE: Jennifer Wolfe, editor of a small New England college newspaper, calls an editorial meeting. She addresses her staff only by singing. The staff scream insults at each other, and write obscenities on the ceiling.

BARKER: This play, of course, reflects your experiences at Trin ity.

ALBEE: I dispute the premise.

Note: The author credits Otto Reinhart and Peter Arno -- Twenty-Three Plays, An Introductory Anthology, and Edward Albee -- Zoo Story, and The American Dream.
Junk Mail

College Imposes Its Earpiercing Beliefs

To the Editor:

College decided to provide 315 in the school insurance policy for any male at Trinity who decided to have an ear pierced. Students at Trinity pay for the school insurance policy that covers this operation at the S30.00 general fee. The money is then thrown into a "poor man's envelope" for every student.

According to the records, of the 110 who have had ears pierced during the past month, almost everyone had pierced at the school's insurance plan.

Sincerely,
David G.

Hemorrhoiders, Get A Grip

To the Editor:

In response to last week's editorial on the fraternity situation, I think it's terrible that there are no exclusive fraternities for people with hemorrhoids. Hemor-
roiders face a great deal of discrimination on campus among serious students and I think it's terrible that society rides roughshod over people. An ex-
mobile fraternity would be a great way to combat suffering from this disorder. Soft chairs could be provided as a basis for treatment and open con-
voyation among fellow sufferers would be helpful. I know I was once a closet hemorrhoid sufferer and, with proper coun-
seling, I was able to confront my problem and, with confidence, overcome my discomfort. Now, I can sit anywhere, even on a subway train, without feeling inhibited.

I urge the S.G.A. to consider creating this new fraternity and allot the necessary funds. I know that the hemorrhoid sufferers at Trinity come to grips with their problem no differently than anyone. Even the greatest peo-
ple have had hemorrhoids -- Jimmy Carter, Napoleon Bona-
parte. Why not consider yourself among the elite. Let your H's put you in a fraternity.

Sincerely Yours,
G. Briti, '83

Cemetery

Spectacles

by Martin Ribi
Columbist

For those of you who don't already know, me be the first to tell you. There are horridly
ruffian, right-wing unicorns running around campus, screaming in the middle of the night. They kick people out of their rooms and they don't use their turn signals.

Yesterday morning I was sleeping soundly in my room (Tobasco Sauce #6 - Ortho Weed Killer 107) when the phone rang. "Hello, is George Will there?" the caller queried.

"George Will?" I asked. Although I live alone, my thoughts run from collected (Indo-
European languages 16 - Shoe-
tlaces 12). "George Orwell" the caller replied.

"George Orwell doesn't live here," I answered.

"Oh," the caller said, "where does he live?" In the background I could hear munching and neigh-
ing.

"George Orwell doesn't live anywhere. He's been dead since 1950. Who is this?" I asked.

The caller mourned and said, "Ah, James Thurber." "No it isn't," I said. "Thurber died in '61." It was at this mo-
ment that I looked outside my window. There, just under the window, a unicorn was standing. He was eating the roses. I ran out to my win-
dow. I could hear munching and neighing.

"Hey R.A.! There's a unicorn outside and he's eating the roses!"

The R.A. said, "unicorn my my teacher." "Is it a mythical beast?" "Yeah R.A. There's a unicorn outside and he's eating the roses!"

"The unicorn" my R.A. said, "is a mythical beast." "I can't believe I just ate a lily and pulled up a lily and gave it to the unicorn. The unicorn said "Thank you," but I don't particularly like lilies. Have you anything in a nastur-
ium?"

I looked about and said "No, I'm sorry," and then went back into my room to look up the word "nasturium." I never found it (Clamshell Al-
falce of North America #5 - Crunch berry beasts 12) but I picked up the phone and asked "What are your views on uncorns?"

The phone responded, "the unicorns are a total loss, do you like George Will?"

"George Will," I said, "is a mythical beast!"

"But he's not dead?" the caller asked.

"No."

There was a long pause, and then the caller asked "Do you have any nasturiums?"

"No," I said, and hung up the phone.

The next day I read in the paper (Hartford newspapers 78 - French existentialists with silly names 26) that the south end of Hartford had been over run by unicorns and that the liberals every-
where were running for their lives. The paper went on to say that unicorns can be recognized by three distinguishing features and characteristics: the long golden horns in the front, the arched forehead, their failure to signal turn, and their total lack of infatuation with Augustus Burg-
win, whose song, "Neath the Elms," they refuse to sing at all hours of the night.

So, President Jim, I implore you to do something. Please forget about rats, right-wing news-
papers, commencement speakers, furniture and school songs, and please, do something about these unicorns.

Letters Policy

If you don't like it, I don't print it. If you don't like it, write your own damn newspaper.
Kennedy Outlook
And Where Were You When It Happened?

by A. Royce Dalby

Have you heard? Today is the twentieth anniversary of the assassination of President Kennedy. November 22, 1963 is a day that will live in infamy forever. There is not one among us who does not know what he was doing at the time he heard the news that the President had been shot. A few people have gone to great lengths to share their memories with us and tell us about their experiences on that day.

Miss Rionardi

I remember that day well, as I'm sure everyone does. Unlike most people, however, I think of it only with resentment and not with sadness.

Since February 22 I had been growing bigger and bigger. It was a very productive time, and one that I remember fondly as a relaxing period with no responsibilities other than my own personal growth. November 22 was to be my big day, you know, my grand entrance. I fixed myself up, making sure that I looked my best. I was beginning to get rather impatient, wondering when I would be noticed. They were always noticing the new kid on the block.

By chance my circumcision was scheduled for November 22, and I was determined to show, forcefully, I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately! I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the floor and realized that no one had noticed me. They were all watching television! I said, as loudly as I could, "Hey, Mom! Dad! I'm home! What do you think? Do I look good?"

My voice was kind of funny and the words didn't come out quite the way I had planned, but the effort was all that mattered. Still, no one paid me any attention and I was beginning to get rather angry. This President was stealing my show. I crawled over to Uncle Sigmund and pulled on his pant leg, but all I got out of that was a kick across the floor. By now I really was crying. I just couldn't help it; I was a nobody. All these people cared more about a President whom they had never met than about me, the new kid on the block.

She was well aware of the genius mentality that had been spawned within her loins and was determined, to show, forcefully, I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the floor and realized that no one had noticed me. They were all watching television! I said, as loudly as I could, "Hey, Mom! Dad! I'm home! What do you think? Do I look good?"

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Mr. O'Malley

It was a very embarrassing afternoon for me. I had always loved President Kennedy and greatly respected him as a man. Needless to say the assassination affected me immensely, or, more accurately, it had an immense effect upon me.

My wife and I had been married the day previously and had waited until that afternoon, when we could be alone, to consummate the marriage. My performance was very poor to say the least, and the entire thing greatly perturbed my wife. It took me weeks to convince her that I was not a homosexual!

Mr. Knowell

What a day! What a day! I was still in Mother's womb, but that did not keep me from pondering over the horrific occurrences around me. Even then I was greatly interested in world events and their causal outcomes. In order to follow every moment of the ongoing episodes, I was communicating my anxieties to Mother that my education would be severely retarded were I not permitted to participate in the feelings of loss and outrage that were being experienced by a large part of the world's population.

Mr. Turner

I immigrated to this country from the United Kingdom in early 1963. I was determined to become an American in every aspect, although my accent has never quite disappeared. I began dressing preppy, eating with the British style was altered. Very soon, however, I realized that there was a physical difference between myself and most other American males. I noticed it quite by accident in a public bathroom one day, and I became terribly concerned over the issue. At first I assumed that there were many Jewish men in this country, but when my new girlfriend looked at me and asked, "What's that?", I knew I was in trouble. It was time for a circumcision.

By chance my circumcision was scheduled for November 22, and I was in a hospital bed recovering when I saw the news on television. You could say that both Kennedy and I suffered traumatic losses on that day. Now I am a complete American. I even go to baseball games and sing "God Bless the President."
Country Matters Don’t Matter

by Michele D. Sensale
Staff Writer

The bawdy sexual humor of Elizabethan drama. The subtle raunchiness of Shakespeare. Such would have been the content of “Country Matters: Sexual Seductions of Shakespeare.” Those dedicated followers of the arts at Trinity will recall the cancellation of the performance reported in the Tripod last week. Nevertheless, a true critic would not let such a minor detail stand in the way of a good review. Too bad we don’t know any true critics. But in the spirit of good journalism, let’s give the performance a go anyway.

Selected Seductions was not performed at Austin Arts last week. Originally, the cast consisted of Michael Learned (of Waltons fame) and Roscoe Lee Browne (whose face escapes me at the moment). The two most coincidentally fell ill and were forced to cancel their performance. Probable cause of illness: Bud Mazonna. Learned and Browne apparently shared a Wall-dorf salad during an intermission. Script reading at a cafe on Vernon Street and in the basement of Cook. “Look, we can stay here a long time; there are a lot of comfortable chairs to sleep in, two showers, and the pizza places deliver—Mrs. Pacino in Dog Day Afternoon.” Woolley admitted he had hoped the students would give up after their first demand was met.

Sam Waterson who was never scheduled to appear at AAC.

For the benefit of those who missed the first part of this article, I repeat: Selected Seductions of Shakespeare will not be performed here at Trinity. There have been sightings of Lee Meriwether on campus, particularly on Vernon Street and in the game room. One started freshman reported having seen Ms. Meriwether playing pool last Friday night in the game room. He told a Trinity reporter: “There was this woman down there packing up the pool tables. I wouldn’t have thought anything of it except she had this clara on her head. At first I thought it was a jake, or maybe a fetish, but then I remembered that this was supposed to be the night of Shakespearean Seductions. So I put two and two together and realized who this chick was: Lee Meriwether. I didn’t get her autograph, though, because she looked pretty busy.” Poor Ms. Meriwether, rumor has it that she just hasn’t been the same since they fired Bert Parks from the Miss America Pageant. So maybe showquality oh lute owy miigl Vld that’s her excuse—emotional

Festa Doesn’t Delight Anymore

by Steven Bresman
and Anne Carol Winters
A Joke In Each

In an unimaginative plan this week several students took control of the Austin Arts Center. Although they have not claimed to be any recognized political group they do refer to themselves as the “Amateur A’s (Artists)?” After expelling the faculty and non-sympathetic students from the building they presented AAC director, John Woolley, with a list of demands.

First on the tally was the demand that the name of the center be changed to the “Amateur Arts Center.” The sponsor of “Seductions,” Ms. Meriwether, was at the center to be the A’s and AAC, commented “This really is a great place and they think the name should reflect the change in content, agreed to this plan. The students felt that this was a ploy on his part to bring them out of the building before their more serious, demands were met. Several of the students expressed the wish to remain in Austin as long as possible. There is some feeling that several of the radicals were participants in WRTF-AM’s recent marathon and after spending many hours begging, prefer the comforts of Austin to the poorly ventilated and substandard accommodations in the basement of Cook. “Look, we can stay here a long time; there are a lot of comfortable chairs to sleep in, two showers, and the pizza places deliver—Mrs. Pacino in Dog Day Afternoon.” Woolley admitted he had hoped the students would give up after their first demand was met.

“Mr. Meriwether, Roy Dotrice, and the rest of the cast did not perform last week. Unless someone takes a really good picture of her and sends it for scientific analysis, we cannot document it and log it as an actual former Miss America sight.) There will not be now ever performed on this campus by these show-biz masters a Shakespeare seduction. No Julius Caesar, no Romeo and Juliet, no Othello. No Much Ado About Nothing, no King Richard III, no Henry IV, no As You Like It, and finally, no Othello. Needless to say there will be no encore. All of this has led me to one conclusion: Show-biz is a cutthroat business and, although we will never have evidence of it, Shakespeare was one sexual kind of guy.

Amateur A’s Assault Austin

Minnie Sheep—University of Minnesota punkers got an unexpected rude jolt on recent Saturday evening when campus officials ordered them to stop slam dancing during a punk rock concert.

Back in June, University officials placed a ban on the new dance-fad—where punks literally slam, push, and tackle one another on the dance floor—following several injuries at a recent concert by the Dead Kennedys. The sponsor notified the band that the event would be stopped unless they brought the rowdy behavior under control.

“The Dead Kennedys’ concert really made us aware that the phenomenon of slam dancing had hit campus,” recalls Student Activities Coordinator Carl Nelson.

“The band members started diving off the stage into the audience, and people just started pushing and slamming into one another.”

Twenty-three students were injured at the event, two of them with broken bones.

“(After that) I notified all campus concert people that if there was any activity involving slam dancing, they’d have to meet with me and explain how they would insure the health and welfare of the students,” Nelson says.

“Otherwise,” he adds, “slam dancing is simply not acceptable on campus and if it occurs at any concerts the management will have to break up the concert.”

“People at the event people started diving off the stage and there was some fairly aggressive slam dancing going on,” Nelson reports.

“The sponsor notified the band and members of the audience that the event would have to be stopped unless the rowdy behavior was controlled.”

After a few initial boos and hisses, though, the crowd mollified and allowed the event to continue.
Title IX & Abortion

To the Editor:

In regard to his concerns about Trinity's student medical insurance policy which provides coverage for abortion, we would like to refer Mr. Faltings to Section 108-44 of the Title IX regulations, which were issued by the Federal government: "A recipient shall treat pregnancy, childbirth, false pregnancy, termination of pregnancy and recovery therefrom in the same manner and under the same policies as any other temporary disability with respect to any medical or hospital benefit, service, plan or policy which such recipient administers, operates, offers or participates in with respect to students admitted to the recipient's educational program or activity." In this citation, "recipient" refers to educational institutions which receive federal financial assistance (such as grants to build facilities, implement programs, or assist students) from the Federal government, of which Trinity is one. The College's decision in 1982 to include coverage for abortions in the student insurance policy was a fulfillment of its legal obligations: to provide medical insurance for its students (and employees), which does not discriminate on the basis of sex.

If Mr. Faltings finds his freedom of choice severely limited at Trinity, unfortunately he may find life even more frustrating when he is separated from the world of student fees to that of the tax payer, where his hard-earned tax dollars will go to other activities which he may feel morally objectionable, such as Medicaid-funded abortions and nuclear bombs.

Katherine Mills
Financial Aid

New Course Evaluations

To the Student Body:

In the past, course evaluations have been done by each department as well as by many individual professors, but not by the students on a consistent basis. This year, however, the SGA is doing something about that (yes, all you non-believers, the SGA does do productive things). A book will be printed, giving student opinion on each class given in a certain semester. This book will be available before the next pre-registration for that semester (i.e. the book of this semester's classes will be available in April for fall term pre-registration). We believe that these books will be very beneficial in aiding a student in choosing his or her classes.

The procedure will be as follows: The Wednesday following Thanksgiving, you will receive five evaluation slips in your mail box. You are requested to fill out one slip for each course you are currently taking, return the slips to the envelope, and deposit them in the box outside the post office within the following two weeks, the ten-minute process. Only with the help of the ENTIRE student body will this idea of a course evaluations book work (Seniors, you too! Although it will not affect you in the long run, we really need your opinions). A little time spent now will show up in much greater benefits later. If you are too busy to know whether or not a course is recommended (from a student point of view).

Thank you,
Sue Morrison
Co-chairpersons
Course Evaluations Committee

Garbage Letter Dead Wrong

To the Editor:

I suggest that Peter Limnios pick up a copy of Gerald Gun- derson's *A New Economic History* and study it before he writes another ill- formed letter like last week's *War, Carcology, and SAGA.* Mr. Limnios' letter is an unusu- ally clear excerpt of rhetoric not grounded in reason. Every point made in his letter is wrong, but I will take issue with only one of them here.

Mr. Limnios states that "This whole country uses/wants an alarmingly disproportionate amount of world resources." I assume he is referring to the fact that with only six percent of the world's population, we consume about four percent of its natural resources. Mr. Limnios thinks this is unfair; that we are plundering other nations to feed our consumer culture and thus reducing their welfare in the process.

First, most of the resources we use originate within our own borders. We do not take them from other countries. Second, we could not live without them because our superior technology allows us to use our resources in greater advantage than most countries. So we see that Mr. Limnios is dead wrong. If he wants to tell other nations in this way. To the contrary, they will benefit should we choose to export our technology to their underdeveloped economies.

Sincerely,
John P. Arbolino

Financial Aid

Reminder: Applications are now available in the Financial Aid Office for students who need aid and who do not require an adjustment in their awards, but need not apply. Deadline Dec. 9.

Tripod Elections

Triod elections for next semester's editorial board were held this Sunday. The new staff will begin with the December 13 issue.

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Financial Aid

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“Do you want to take a vacation?” inquired a voice over my shoulder.

“Are you going to take a vacation? Do I want to do without finals and term papers, rain and cold, stupid social situations and this faculty 8-hour library? Of course I want a vacation!”

I turned in my third floor library seat to confront the person of my concern. The voice, however, came from the one person (and I use that word loosely) who could actually deliver on his invitation: “Lucky.” My friend, my shield, my protection from my conscience. The voice, however, came from the one person (and I use that word loosely) who could actually deliver on his invitation: “Lucky.” My friend, my shield, my protection from my conscience.

I had Luck on my shoulder. Mr NFL could actually deliver on his invitation—Luck. My friend, Hawaiian shirt. The outfit was topped by a Detroit Tigers baseball cap.

“You look totally ridiculous,” I whispered to Luck. A petite, blond (what else) freshman at the next desk tried to see who I was talking to. Considering that all the girls were clad in miniskirts and eyeliner, her “This guy is crazy” look was understandable.

“I’m Magnum, you idiot,” answered Luck and he kicked me hard enough in the shin to force an “ouch” from my mouth. The blonde started eying her bookbag and checking for an escape route.

Holding back a stream of expletives that, no doubt, would have forced the新鲜 to jump from the third floor railing, I pushed my notebook into my bookbag and started towards the stairs. Luck followed a few steps behind, knocking books off the shelves and flicking the light switch to make us appear to be in another room. At the time we reached the first floor, I was into a quick jog, hoping to avoid embarrassment at the least and arrest at the most.

Luck, of course, would not let me off the hook that easily. As I bolted by the circulation desk and on to freedom...But I didn’t need to turn to know what had happened, but when I did there stood Luck, running a copy of Gulliver’s Travels back and forth through the magnetic detector. The bell rang, stopped and rang with each pass of Swift’s classic. When Luck was sure that everyone in the library was focused on yours truly, he stopped. The inspection by the flustered librarian yielded nothing.

Now the natural reaction would have been to verbally attack Luck but I knew from experience that the元素 was the price I had to pay for the vacation. Luck seemed a little disappointed at my “Where are we going?”

“Dallas!” Luck knew how to get my goat. I was instantly jolting at him for all the fortune he bestowed on the Cowboys. He detested any part of it but, let’s face it, sometimes we all think Luck lives with Tom Landry. “Just kidding.” Luck continued, “we’re going to Grenada.”

And we were there, just like “I Dream of Jeannie.” It was warm but I wasn’t sure whether I’d rather be in the library. I mean, Grenada?

Once over the surprise, I took a look around. It was mid afternoon and Luck’s Magnum outfit was a lot more practical all of a sudden, especially compared to my cords and flannel shirt. Where we stood, however, was almost universal. In front of my feet ran a faded white line: a three base line. Before I could even begin to contemplate why I was in Grenada watching baseball, a player rounded third and barreled towards me. I dove out of the way. There was no reaction to the near collision from either player (who was out) or his third base coach. Obviously, I had Luck’s invisibility for the moment.

I knew with Luck and watched the next batter swing with such smoothness that one immediately knew that at 14 or 15 this child was a real player. In the field his talent was no less apparent. The one grounder hit to him was routine, but the effectiveness of his clean pick-up d throw were astounding.

Joe Shield shocked Trinity College and the New England football world Friday by announcing that he will forgo his senior year at Trinity to pursue a career in professional football.

The NFL does not have a hard-and-fast rule against leaving Shield two options. First, Shield could go to the USFL which has a rule against signing undergraduates but made an exception in Hershel Walker’s case. Second, Shield could challenge the NFL’s refusal to draft undergraduates but made an exception in Hershel Walker’s case. Shield did throw for 2185 yards going to court on any matter. “We’ve got all the apples and aren’t afraid to topple the cart.”

Joe Shield turned to NFL.

A key measurement gives the referee a chance to make a social statement on life in the fast lane.

Young is going to be the first pick. I don’t see how Shield won’t go in the first round.

Trinity head coach Don Miller, reached at Hartford Hospital, said: “I’d be a sad thing to lose Joe. He’s great a quarterback and a fine person. Sometimes the world is like a small piece of cake with little stars on it...” the coach took the phone and asked that the coach be left alone. This reporter felt very guilty af-

Rumors have flown about the possible success of the Shield ac-

Young could see the question in my eyes—how could he trigger an invasion that led to the death of innocent soldiers? “Look Steve, luck isn’t cheap.”

And Flash— I was in bed and shagged. The clock showed it was 2 am. Needless to say the foremost question in my mind was whether I had been dreaming about Luck or whether he’d really come and visited.

I rolled over and tried to dream of blond freshmen.