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EBB TIDE

Vol. XXX, No. 1

SALVE REGINA COLLEGE / NEWPORT, R. I.

November 1976

New Faculty Members Exhibit Enthusiasm; Hail From A Variety Of Backgrounds

by JOHANNE RAYMOND
and JOYCE KUBINEC

Among the many new faces on campus this semester are six faculty members who have come here with enthusiasm and a sincere interest in the students. These are Sister Rosalie Fitzpatrick, Brother Eugene Lappin, Ms. Patricia Murray, Brother Michael Reynolds, Dr. Anne Spragins, and Dr. Anthony A. Walsh.

Sister Rosalie Fitzpatrick, R.S.M., comes to Salve as a visiting professor of mathematics. Sister Rosalie received her B.A. from St. Xavier College, and her M.A. from St. Louis University. She taught for fifteen years at St. Xavier, where she was chairman of the Math Department. Adjusting to life at Salve was easy, since she found it similar in atmosphere and size to where she previously taught. Sister Rosalie also spent two years here teaching laboratory methods in mathematics to teachers.



Sister Rosalie Fitzpatrick

Currently, she is directing the math program for all first year students. The program involves working at each student's own level of background and achieve-



Brother Eugene Lappin

ment. Originally, Sister Rosalie is from Chicago.

Brother Eugene Lappin, F.S.C. has led a very interesting life. He received his B.A. and M.A. from Catholic University of America and his Ph.D. from Harvard University. Originally from Brooklyn, Brother Gene is now an Assistant Professor of both English and French. He spent one year at Penn State as the Assistant Professor of Modern Languages, and can also speak Italian and Spanish quite well.

In 1961 Br. Gene left the U. S. and traveled to Addis Ababa, Africa, to begin teaching there. He taught in the English and French departments on the pre-university level which would be equivalent to high school in the U. S. From 1967-70, Br. Gene taught in Dire Dawa, Ethiopia. Both school systems were private, Catholic and predominantly male. Br. Gene found the teaching easier in Ethiopia in some respects. The students had a great respect for professional and parental authority. The students also realized that the key to their future was an education.

Overall, Br. Gene enjoyed his

experiences in Africa very much. He came back to the U. S. by his own choice to teach on the university level in order to get his degree. When he returned to the U. S., he was very impressed by the luxury and beauty of the cars, clothing and the wealth he saw around him.

Aside from teaching here, Brother Gene serves as an advisor to the yearbook, as well as to the EBB TIDE, and chairman of the English Department.

The genial Patricia Murray, originally from East Providence, is serving once again with the Sociology Dept. here. She received her B.A. from SRC, her M.A. from the University of Notre Dame, and worked on her doctorate at the University of Pennsylvania. Ms. Murray taught at Salve for fourteen years and became the head of her department. In 1971, she left SRC to become Head of Social Services at Newport Hospital.



Ms. Patricia Murray

Returning to the Sociology Department here, Ms. Murray feels she has a greater understanding of what students need from an educational facility. She likes



Brother Michael Reynolds

Salve very much and finds the students open and stimulating to work with.

Brother Michael Reynolds, F.S.C., is Salve's new Assistant Professor of Sociology. He has a broad teaching background, having instructed at all levels from grammar school to graduate programs. He is from South Providence and attended La Salle Academy, receiving his B.A. from the Catholic University of America, his M.A. from Manhattan College, and his Honorary Degree in Education from Salve.

Br. Mike's main interest outside of academics is coaching track and field. He has many Catholic championships out of New York City on his record. One of his runners was a member of the U. S. Olympic team at Rome.

Br. Michael enjoys work at Salve, but he feels rather anxious while awaiting the reopening of higher education in Ethiopia, which he helped to set up. He was the first Secretary of Education of all Catholic schools in Ethiopia (almost 400 schools), and he established the office on a very sound basis. Then, he joined the faculty of the University of Asmara in the northern part of

Ethiopia as an assistant to the vice president and acting chairman of the Sociology Department.

The university was closed as a result of fighting against the central government and the army, however, and as a result, Brother Michael returned home. He is the brother of Sister Consilii Reynolds of the History Department.

Dr. Anne Spragins just recently came to Newport. You might often see her riding her bike on campus to and from her classes. She is an Assistant Professor of Psychology, and she is still a practicing psychologist. She received her B.A. from Agnes Scott College, her M.A. and Ph.D. from the University of South Carolina. She is originally from Alabama. Before coming to Salve, Dr. Spragins was at Rutgers teaching in the graduate school for professional and clinical psychology. She also worked as a school psychologist in the metropolitan Washington, D. C., school systems, and has hopes of working



Dr. Anne Spragins

as a school psychologist in Rhode Island.

Thus, the new faculty members appear already to be adding their own dimensions to the college community as well as within their respective departments.

Parents Experience Campus Life

by JANET DeSANTIS

The 15th Annual Parents' Weekend was held here on October 30-31, 1976. Saturday morning arrived; registration and coffee hour followed in the State Dining Room of Ochre Court — the weekend was underway.

Women's Lib struck at the business meeting — a unanimous vote to change the name of the Fathers Council to that of the Parents Council was passed. Because Salve is now fully co-educational, this was done in order to officially include the female head of the household, mother.

Informal classes and lunch in Miley Hall gave parents a chance to experience a small part of Salve life. The Newport College Singers presented a 45 minute concert in Ochre Court which proved to be quite a relaxing mid-afternoon event. Of course, free time was provided so that parents and students could further enjoy each other, the College, and historic Newport.

Evening arrived, and with it the highlight of the weekend, a cocktail hour and dinner at the Sheraton-Islander Inn on Goat Island. A record attendance of 425 people attended this social

event which culminated with a dance in Ochre Court. Dr. Cyril J. Allen, a local veterinarian, held the winning ticket for a trip to Bermuda for two. Sally Michalek, a junior nursing student, won the \$50.00 prize for selling the most tickets.

The weekend concluded on Sunday morning with Mass followed by brunch in Miley Hall. As parents bade last-minute goodbyes to students with promises of seeing each other again at Thanksgiving, the Newport rain continued. Oh, back to classes, schedules, work, studying . . .



A student and her parents enjoy Parents' Weekend

Commanding Poetry Reading

by LINDA BOUCHARD

Charles Norman came to Salve Regina on October 6 to give a poetry reading; however, he did far more. Mr. Norman arrived shortly before the scheduled time that evening carrying very few materials: a book and a few loose sheets of paper. That was all he needed. As he laid these on the podium he noticed a gentleman in the audience whom he knew and immediately went over to talk with him. What was once said of Robert Browning might also apply to Charles Norman, "He doesn't at all act like a damn literary man." His talent is evident the moment he speaks any line of his poetry.

I was rather in the background making certain everything would go smoothly. Were there enough chairs? What about the lighting? Oh, I of little faith! Regardless of all the exterior trappings Mr. Norman created an atmosphere which penetrated far deeper.

He spoke of poetry in general, presenting a paradoxical example between poets and mathematicians. He explained that mathematicians are nothing if they

don't have the correct formula or the equation just right. However, when a poet tries to be poetic he accomplishes nothing. He clarified this by suggesting that one ought to strive to write as close to ordinary speech as possible. It is not the flowery language which constitutes a poem, rather, how ordinary, well-chosen words are linked together. He then quoted "I went out to the Hazel Wood" by Yeats as an example.

I think it rare to find a poet who can read his own poetry well. Charles Norman possesses such a rare gift and in the chanting effect, which might initially catch one off guard, he sweeps you into the realms of his poetry, which returns one to the world and not merely to the poet. I believe good poetry is strong, disturbing. You are charged after reading it or hearing it. Having gained further understanding, the audience underwent the special experience one might call esthetic, which comes not only from greater illumination on some aspect of life, but from the very workings of the poem that conveyed that enlightenment. One was transformed

into such an atmosphere as Mr. Norman read selections from his most recent publication "Portents of the Air," (1973). He then gave a preview of his more recent material, a series of children's verse, which, at the time had not gone to press. The abrupt, earthy humor which strikes you while talking with him is evident in this selection of verse, which includes a delightfully constructed narrative about "Minikins and Manakins." It has a distinctive quality of idea to make it memorable and some element of surprise that sets it apart from other poems we might have encountered.

As he spoke to the overflow crowd (indeed, there weren't enough chairs!) during the question and answer period, he advised his listeners to beware of inspirational lines which come too easily, adding, "especially if another one follows it." He emphasized that writing is hard work and that revision is a necessity.

Charles Norman conveyed his particular attitude toward life to whoever had need of it. He truly returned us to the world.

The Prose Poem

by FREDRICK PAGE

The American poet Robert Bly has said he believes that prose poem appears whenever a country's psyche (and literature) moves toward abstraction. To me this implies an exhaustion of the traditional truths and forms of society, some deeper 'culture' needing to be restored. The prose poem is then a tentative mode in which the poet seeks to establish a more intimate alliance with the natural world through the use of suggestive elements; he refuses to know, to assume. He desires to understand by establishing what I call a continuum of intuition similar to the responses arising in children when they see stars in the lilies of the field. Uncovering this organic relationship (somewhat in the manner of dreams and mythologies) is the delight which the poet aims to unfold in the prose poem, a sort of quiet unlocking of the shackles imposed upon our imaginations by the deadening conventions of our lives. Perhaps they are mere whisps of smoke engulfed in the polluted skies surrounding us. Perhaps too they contain a natural gravity strong enough to pass beyond the clouds muffling our "antennae," their mysterious notes of freedom dirging this age and yet heralding another with equal ceremony. The two poems following may illustrate some of these ideas.

Aquarius Aquarium

O Prince of the Sea, are you to be yet another antique hulk in Mystic's seaport? Sealed in your tiny refrigerated tank like some mote in a forgotten eye, you roll and pitch in utter silence, grey cloud abandoned by the winds.

At feeding time — mechanical contempt! — the dead mackerel drift one by one like faded leaves toward your hungry mouth. In slow-motion (your constant speed) you must maneuver until they fall directly down your throat. What god offers these oily wafers unseen, above the rim of your new world? Let me help you strike down this prison of glass! hold you on my knees, rocking you to the sound of the distant seas as the schooled fish flap their shiny fins across your cavernous belly echoing like music your release.

The Greek Amphora

Under the grace of some master's hands flesh-colored earth turned into a vase and the ancient myth painted upon its shape a hero's glory. It may have been a prize once won by the city's best athlete, in triumph taken home. There perhaps he held aloft the twin-handled jar, thrilling to see just that spot (now splintered and lost) where the wide-eyed centaur Oreus feels the brazen sword sever his manly neck, undone by his lust for the wine.

A teacher enters the gallery with her brood of eight-year-olds. As they sit, silent and staring, she tells them how the painted hero represents a civilizing force. She does not mention how as a babe Heracles caressed the writhing serpents as they licked his ears, nor that divine madness when he slaughtered his lovely children and those of his host.

ADS

If anyone needs a ride to and/or from Boston Thanksgiving weekend, contact Joanne 847-1067. * * *

Sorry for all those broken dates Pat. I hope you will forgive me one day, soon. — R.L. * * *

For rent — small cottage for \$115 per month in Middletown. For info call 847-6692 or at work 846-2220, hardware dept., John Derr — available December 16th. Wanted: One cave for hibernation purposes. Senior in dire need, cannot face winter months. Stalactites preferable. Box 586, O'Hare.

From Within a Squirrels' Cage

by ANTHONY KUTSAFTIS

Another year of mirth and merriment has begun for the staff of the 'Ebb Tide.' We have a new office this year in the basement of Ochre Court which we share with our brothers and sisters of the 'Regina Maris.' They have claimed everything in sight including the spider webs in the corner but have kindly consented to let us occupy the room in their absence if we're good.

The decor of the room is early dingy and the mean daily temperature is 146°C. The room is lit by seventeen aging fireflies in season and some clues indicate it was once used as a torture chamber by some crazed owner of the mansion. So much for the room's good points.

- The staff situation as in the past is desperate and the paper is being rushed to presses, late as usual. The editorial staff is not to blame but as history declares we are held responsible. So be it!

- The Yak has had its year's reign as scapegoat animal and is being replaced by the venerable fletch weasel. Look for him in the upcoming issues.

- The following is a humorous questionnaire. It is intended as a satire on other such projects. No offense is intended to any individual or institution. I apologize to those who do take offense and hope that they see the article in the light it was intended.

THE SQUIRREL'S SURVEY

Editor's note: answer all questions honestly. If your answer is not among the four listed, you're lying!

- 1) Why did you come to Salve Regina College?
 - A) My mother made me.
 - B) My father made me.
 - C) Is this Salve? I thought it was U.C.L.A.!
 - D) I've been a glutton for punishment all my life.

- 2) Was Salve your first choice?
 - A) No; but then no one else would have me.
 - B) Yes; I've always been bongos over Nappies.
 - C) Yes; but please don't tell anyone.
 - D) Is this Salve? I thought it was U.C.L.A.!

- 3) Do you like your roommate?
 - A) You mean the cat that's been sleeping in the other bed all semester?
 - B) Yes; she reminds me of my pet fletch weasel — fat, hairy, and slobbers a lot.
 - C) Are you implying that I'm funny or something?
 - D) Is this Salve? I thought it was U.C.L.A.!

- 4) Who are Sister Lucille and Dr. Burrell?
 - A) A new dance team.
 - B) They work in the cafeteria, I think.
 - C) Is this a trick question?
 - D) I gave at the office.

- 5) What activities are you involved in at Salve?
 - A) I've joined a club of midget Greek-American car dealers with a limp from Poughkeepsie who speak with a lisp.
 - B) I've joined a club which is sworn to avoiding those nuts from the 'Ebb Tide.'
 - C) I've joined the track team. You need a lot of speed to avoid our naval friends.
 - D) I've joined a club called 'Bar Closers Inc.' Our motto is we never hit the sidewalk unless it hits us first.

- 6) What have you learned at Salve?
 - A) Dope is cheaper in Newport.
 - B) Is this Salve? I thought it was U.C.L.A.!
 - C) Blondes really do have more fun!
 - D) Nothing.

- 7) Does the new \$10,000 gymnasium impress you?
 - A) Yes, I've never seen such a large shoe box.
 - B) Yes, I didn't know anyone could waste \$10,000 so efficiently.
 - C) No, I thought this was U.C.L.A.!
 - D) What's a Jim naiseum?

- 8) How do you like the food here at Salve?
 - A) Is that what they call it?
 - B) Can I answer the one about Sister Lucille and Dr. Burrell now?
 - C) This one's got to be a trick question.
 - D) The cookies are unbreakable and make great doorstops and every time I finish a hamburger I feel like a racehorse.

- 9) Do you use the library much?
 - A) Yes, it has the best toilets on campus.
 - B) Does Salve have one of those?
 - C) I can't read.
 - D) They don't subscribe to comic books, do they?

- 10) Would you recommend Salve to your friends?
 - A) Recommend it, for what?
 - B) I'm getting sick of this stupid survey.
 - C) Do I look like that kind of person.
 - D) Is this Salve, I thought it was U.C.L.A.!

Students interested in participating in the survey should circle their choices and drop the questionnaire in the 'Ebb Tide' envelope. Five lucky winners will win two week, all expenses paid trips with deluxe accommodations at Br. Gene's office or a guided tour through historic Portsmouth. Winners will be determined by the merits of the entries submitted. The decision of the judges is final.

EBB TIDE

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The opinions expressed herein are the opinions of the editorial board and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the administration, faculty, or the student body at Salve Regina College.

Student Congress Tackles Communications Problem

The Student Congress of the 1976-77 school year finds itself confronting the same problem that Student Congresses in the past have had to face. This problem, however, is not one unique to Salve Regina College, but one existing in most institutions. This problem is none other than one of communication.

The objectives of the 1976-77 Student Congress include the amelioration of the communication problem on campus. In the past, various policies have been implemented in an attempt to solve the problem of communication. This year, Student Congress has attempted to improve upon the communication problem on campus by holding monthly student body meetings. At these meetings, student activities information and vital student concerns are promulgated. The meetings are scheduled for the first Wednesday of every month. The Twombly-Burden room has been chosen as the location, with meetings beginning promptly at 11:45.

In addition to holding monthly student body meetings, Student Congress is presently formulating procedural policies for the hanging of notices and posters on campus. Also underway is a hand-

book dealing with regulations regarding the formation and operation of campus organizations and clubs.

Although the communications problem is a serious one, it is not the sole concern of this year's Student Congress. The communication problem is one that cannot be eliminated, but rather one that may be improved upon. What Student Congress can act upon, however, and perhaps solve, are concerns which Salve Regina students have regarding their academic and social lives on campus. Problems regarding academic and social matters should be brought directly to Student Congress. Student Congress exists to serve the student body; it welcomes suggestions and criticisms. In order for Student Congress to alleviate or improve upon a situation, it must first be aware that a problem exists. If situations exist on campus that students find unpleasant, let them demonstrate their concern by bringing it to the attention of a Student Congress member. Student Congress will then act upon the particular concerns of the student body and in doing so, function as an effective and efficient body which will serve the needs of all students.

Medievalism in the twentieth century? You bet, and right on this campus! To enter the ivy-covered, Gothic stone structure of the Carey Mansion is to step into the days of knights in shining armor.

Leased to the school by Martin Carey, brother of New York's

Governor Hugh Carey, the mansion once was the Newport School for Girls. Also, the opening scenes of the show *Dark Shadows* were filmed here.

It was built by Edson Bradley, owner of a liquor company in Kentucky, in 1926, and his wife, a descendant of Roger Williams, died here in 1929. Constructed

from the recycled stone of European chateaus, the place even housed soldiers who were manning the shore batteries during World War II. Presently, it houses thirty-one freshmen and their two R.A.'s.

Nymphs, dragons, lions, family crests and scroll work adorn the hulking exterior, while richly carved wood and cold stone masonry await the visitor within.

Lost in a maze of paneled corridors, I was being transported back in time . . . nobility was feasting in the great front hall, laughing and singing boisterously. Servants scurried about, bringing trays laden with beef and ale to the long, wooden table.

The labyrinth led me to cavern after cavern, full of gold-leafed trim and parquetry floors. Finally jolted into reality by the faint sound of a distant TV, I came upon a lounge furnished with modern chairs and a pool table. Dorm life had taken over the inner recesses of Carey Mansion, and I discovered four girls who were willing to impart a few first and lasting impressions of their "humble abode."

The most vocalized emotion seemed to be total awe, when their home for the upcoming

Continued on Page 4

Light Hearts Banish Dark Shadows

by LINDA CLORITE

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Continued on Page 4

Beautiful Noise

by SUE COSTA

The Providence Civic Center was, on October 16th, filled to capacity with people anxious to experience Neil Diamond's "Beautiful Noise." The sellout crowd, consisting mostly of men and women in their late twenties, swayed to the mellow sound of Diamond's music. He easily held the enchanted fans captive as he explained the beginning of his very successful career and his climb to the top through words and songs. Each song had a special origin and influence on his life. For instance, all of the songs in his latest album, "Beautiful Noise," tell of his experiences as a young song writer in New York. "Lady — Oh" is about the love Diamond felt for a woman who sang in a night club and "Star-

gazer" is the nickname of a friend.

Neil Diamond continued to please the crowd as he went to his beginnings and brought back some of such earlier hits as "I am . . . I said," "Sweet Caroline," "Song Sung Blue," "Brother Love's Traveling Salvation Show," "Cracklin' Rosie," and "Holly Holy." He blended the songs from the sound track of "Jonathan Livingston Seagull" together, producing twenty minutes of the softest strains of spell-binding music imaginable.

After three encores, which were wildly applauded by ecstatic fans, Diamond ended the concert with this last song, "I've been this way before and I'm sure to be this way again." I certainly do hope so!

Dr. Anthony Walsh Heads For Intrigue

by MARTHA WOLF

No doubt you've passed by the rather unusual throng that would peer out at you, had not their eyes long been sealed, from the display case in O'Hare where they rest. Noggins of all sorts, at first glance; death masks, plaster casts of heads, and a skull, a somewhat unnerving and ominous sight (particularly after a harrowing

exam). But, while they are admittedly lacking in cheer, there is a fascinating reason for this ghostly assemblage.

They all belong to Dr. Anthony A. Walsh, new to the Psychology Department here, who has an interest in phrenology, the 19th century science of determining a person's character and intellectual potential from the shape of his

skull. Phrenologists believed that the personality was a product of the size, shape, and inherent power of the brain's mental faculties or organs, which they usually numbered around 35. Some controlled sentiments, some the so-called animal propensities, and others determined the intellectual capacities. This theory had a large following from the 1820s to the late 1800s, and it is a precursor to modern psychology and psychiatry.

Franz Joseph Gall (1758-1828) and his disciple, J. C. Spurzheim (1776-1832), the founders of phrenology, were German physicians who were highly respected in Europe. Gall was responsible for settling the issue regarding the location of the mind when he asserted once and for all that the brain is the organ of the mind; before this, scientists had still not reached agreement on the mind's actual location. After visiting countless hospitals, prisons, and asylums, Gall concluded that specific organs of the brain controlled such things as benevolence, the belief in a supreme being, and even theft, murder, and cunning. Human conduct, he asserted, was at the mercy of the way in which nature formed these organs, and this could be readily determined by a study of the head's contours.

"Gall made lasting contributions to our knowledge of the anatomy of the brain," commented Dr. Walsh, who owns over 500 volumes on phrenology, and has written a great deal himself on the subject. He recently spoke at Harvard, his lecture on phrenology receiving a warm reception in the same locale where Spurzheim was given a similar reception over 150 years ago.

After splitting with Gall in the hopes of converting the English-

speaking world to belief in phrenology, Spurzheim came to America in 1832, where his lectures brought about a large following among Boston physicians and other intellectuals of the period. In his publication entitled *Phrenology and the Boston Medical Community* (in the Salve library), Dr. Walsh quotes a medical journal as having reported that Spurzheim attracted "crowded and delighted audiences" consisting of the "most distinguished physicians, lawyers, and divines, and citizens best known for their scientific and literary attainments."

In both this country and abroad, prominent people were advocating phrenology, among them Herman Melville, George Eliot, and Edgar Allen Poe. Walt Whitman was an enthusiastic follower, referring to phrenology often in his *Leaves of Grass*, and Queen Victoria was said to have had her children's heads examined by a phrenologist.

Spurzheim's health suffered as a result of his demanding lecture schedule in 1832, however, and he died at Boston that same year. He was buried in a Boston cemetery, but not before his skull was removed in accordance with his request, for he felt that its study would strengthen his theories and prove to his detractors that they were true. The skull is now on display, along with other phrenological exhibits, at Harvard's Warren Anatomical Museum.

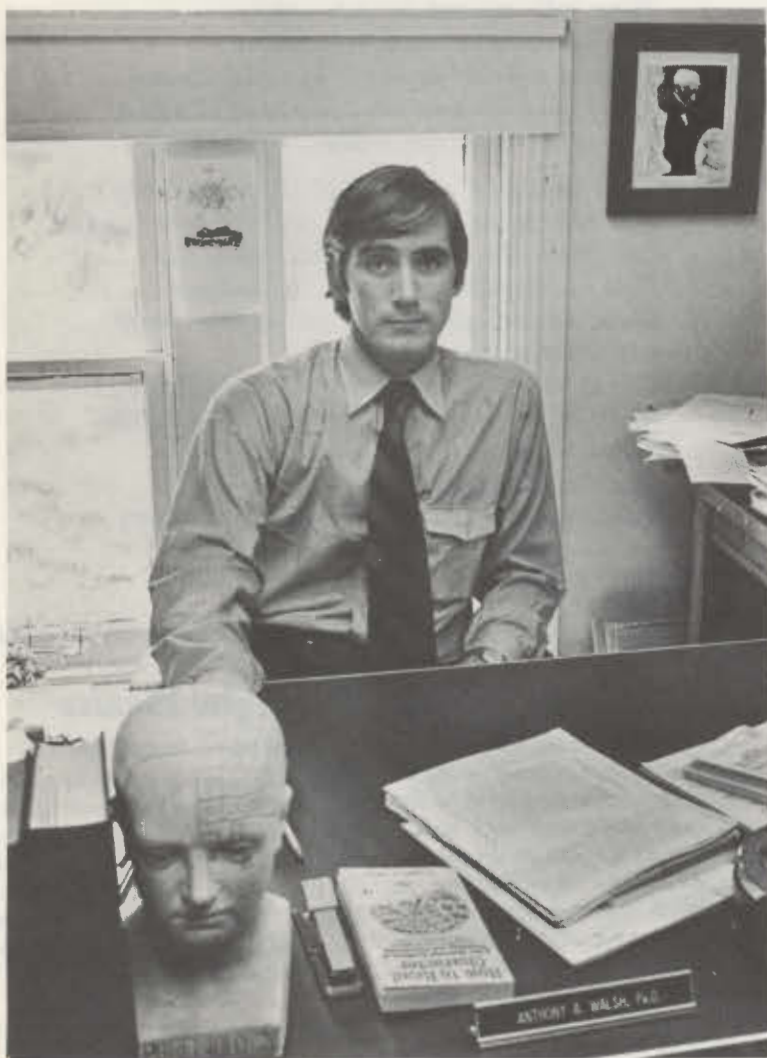
As interest in phrenology began to wane in the 1850s within medical circles, a number of "practical" phrenologists sprang up in this country. Many of them charlatans, they would travel from town to town, and people would flock to these "bumpologists" to have their head read.

Serious practitioners still persisted, however; one British phrenological society disbanded only ten years ago.

Phrenology even made its mark on law. In 1834, Major Mitchell, a nine year old boy who was slightly retarded, assaulted another boy near their school in Maine, emasculating the child with a piece of tin. At first, Mitchell was fined a dollar by the justice of the peace and sent home, but when details of the offense became more widely known, the public demanded his imprisonment. When finally he was brought to trial, a phrenologist was called in to examine Mitchell's head and to testify in his defense. The study of mental illness being in its infancy at that time, phrenology was the only psychology that could be employed to explain uncontrolled or compulsive-aggressive behavior. The boy's head, Dr. Walsh noted, "was ultimately adjudged decidedly a 'bad one' . . . his phrenological organs of 'destructiveness' and 'secretiveness' located above the ears, for example, were very large." Ultimately, Mitchell was sentenced to nine years at hard labor at a prison in Thomaston, Maine.

At Thomaston, "each prisoner was housed literally in a subterranean granite 'jug' cell dug in the earth," Dr. Walsh observed in his address given at Cornell Medical School recently, adding that "the cells received very little heat," and that "one can hardly imagine spending one hour in such a hole, never mind nine cold Maine winters." Although many prisoners did not live to complete their sentences, Mitchell did, and he later married. Dr. Walsh owns what he believes to be the only extant copy of the plaster cast

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Dr. Anthony A. Walsh

Still a Land of Opportunity . . .

Two Foreign Students Discuss America

by ELVIA MARTORELL

About a week before I decided on a subject for an article I met Silva Janjigian, a brown-eyed and friendly girl from Lebanon. Being from a foreign country myself (Honduras, Central America) I was very happy to meet her and exchange ideas with her. (When two foreigners find themselves in the same situation, they can't help but talk about each other's backgrounds and about those experiences which are automatically common to both.)

Immediately we fell into a vigorous question-answer conversation. After that encounter, I decided to write about the ideas we have discussed since that day and share with you our feelings, views, and interpretations of our experiences in the United States of America.

Although many people would say that we're crazy to have chosen Rhode Island as our landing target, we nonetheless came to Newport in hopes of furthering our educations. For Silva it was a necessary action to leave Lebanon. She and her family had to escape the dangers and turmoil of war and go somewhere else. Her parents and sisters went to Paris and she came to Newport

to live with her uncle, who works for the city, and to attend Salve.

For me it was not quite as serious a flight. I had attended a ten-year school in La Ceiba, Honduras, after which I had to choose between the Spanish systems or an education somewhere else. Having a nomadic spirit, I naturally went for the adventure and set out for North America.

I knew I had had a few "cultural shocks" when I first came face-to-face with U. S. territory, so I was curious to know of Silva's. She referred at once to New York City, that symbol of civilization that we hear so much about in foreign lands. With a note of love and longing for her country, Silva said to me, "Back in Lebanon the buildings are all high and pretty. They are painted on the outside and have balconies. Here they are not so colorful."

She sees New York City as a busy, noisy place, to which she added with conviction, "but Newport is okay." I smiled in agreement.

I myself had always pictured New York as a great big place with many skyscrapers and cars and people and noise. As I approached the great city aboard the ship 'Angelburg' I could not

help but feel a deep sense of excitement and adventurous feeling. When I saw that New York had trees and parks and green grass I could hardly believe my eyes. (It was supposed to be all solid . . .)

Silva and I could hardly keep from mentioning how strange it felt to experience the customs, clothes, people, and forms of entertainment that we came to find. As we looked at the clothes we were wearing and heard the English language we were speaking, we had to admit that already we had changed a great deal and given in partly to this culture. "Look at me," she laughed, "I can't believe I'm wearing these shoes and these straight-legged pants! If my friends saw me they would laugh!"

Silva misses her friends terribly, as I do, for as she says, "by my age you have built your own society and now I have to leave them and start all over again." She misses the dances, the gatherings, and the movies they used to have on weekends. Young people are basically alike everywhere, but it just isn't the same.

In Lebanon, as in my country, there are no electives in high school and the students must take a lot of math, physics, and



Elvia Martorell (left), with Silva Janjigian

chemistry. Classes run from 8:30 a.m. to 5:45 p.m. Silva finds it a lot easier here. She is in nursing and speaks Arabic, Armenian, French, and English.

I have made many friends here and have had mountains of fun, but sometimes the homesickness creeps up in me and my whole self wants to cry out, "I WANT TO GO HOME!" That is when I

find myself going to my room, closing the door, putting on soothing music (Latin American tunes), closing my eyes and thinking that I'm home. But these days pass soon and all is well again.

From a foreigner's point of view this country is great for experiences! You can do what you want to do and be what you want to be. It is still a land of opportunity.

Students Study Grail Legend

by TRACEY McCOMB and MARTHA WOLF

Nineteen students will spend the better part of January on a study-tour of southern England and Wales, in search of nothing less than the Holy Grail. Retracing the footsteps of King Arthur's questing knights, "In Search of the Grail" will include studies in art, music, mythology, Jungian symbology, and the philosophy of Rudolf Steiner. Glenn Guittari of the Music Department and James Hersh of the Philosophy Department will lead the group.

The first stops of the tour will be the ancient cathedral town of

Salisbury, the massive prehistoric monument of Stonehenge, and the town of Glastonbury. Glastonbury was a center of Druid worship, and it was to this place that Joseph of Arimathea is said to have brought the Grail, the chalice that held the blood of the crucified Christ, burying it where a spring now wells up. When Arthur's Round Table vowed to look for the sacred cup, Sir Galahad was the only knight whose purity allowed him to find it.

The group is fortunate enough to have as their guide for much of the tour Geoffrey Ashe, a prominent British author and his-

torian. Ashe has been in on the excavation work of the reputed site of Camelot since it began, in 1966. He sees the Arthurian legend as a source of spiritual regeneration, and has written a great deal on the subject. Besides visiting Cadbury-Camelot, the group will have a chance to see Tintagel, where Arthur was supposed to have been magically conceived with the aid of Merlin the wizard. The ancient, bird-frequented ruins of Tintagel Castle are reputed to be haunted by Arthur's ghost, and legend has it that Tristan and Iseult, those ill-fated lovers, are buried there.

Among other stops on the tour are Oxford, and Stratford-upon-Avon, where *Much Ado About Nothing* and *Troilus and Cressida* are being presented by the Royal Shakespeare Company. The last four days of the trip will be spent in London. The group will depart for England on December 29th, returning home on January 20th. Those taking part in this modern-day quest include Priscilla Zurowski, Allison McNally, Marianne Walsh, Dottie Hopkins, Hap Morgan, Mary Maciejowski, Sheila Phelan, Monica Phelan, Barry Thaler, Dina Concannon, Joan Gamble, Kit Reilly, Martha Wolf, Laurie Melucci, Colleen Sampson, Carolyn Evans, Sheila Marquise, Debbie DeMenzes, and Maureen Leonard.

Though Arthur and his illustrious kingdom were destroyed through treachery, the great king is supposed to live yet in the fabled isle of Avalon, from which he will come again one day to lead his people. In exploring the Arthurian legend, the tour group will be studying one of the oldest and most fascinating of English myths.



Lancelot saving Guinevere
(from Green's *King Arthur*)

Deep Waters

Walk through the shallow layers of LIFE and live on the surface . . .

Be a slave of the rituals of time and a product of mechanical life.

The layer is very thin, the product — material . . .

Time rolls on and he gets older, Life has been a shapeless road with no lefts or rights or ups and downs . . . The vehicle stopped and was started again, time after time; the product — material . . .

Walk in DEEP waters and LIFE has body . . . You can touch it, you can feel it; it has shape! Live from the inside out and reach out . . . Feel its strength, its might, its fullness . . . Deep, deeper within, lies yet another layer and another and another . . . Life is too short and Man is too limited . . . Walk in deep waters; the product — LIFE! Rich and thick and profound . . . Step in and let your body sink; Submerge yourself and let the deep waters embrace you . . . FEEL LIFE!

BY ELVIA MARTORELL

Dr. Anthony Walsh

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made of Mitchell's head in 1834.

Although he is cognizant of the fact that phrenology was wrong in about 98 percent of its details, Dr. Walsh has demonstrated in his search that it made a definite contribution to modern psychology and psychiatry since it "stimulated research on the brain, settled once and for all the issue regarding the location of the mind, and prompted advances in the study of mental illness."

Light Hearts

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school year was revealed to them. Availability of privacy and "great R.A.'s" helped the girls adjust to college. Summing up the reactions of the group, one resident concluded, "It's not your common ranch. It's different, but it's home. I loved it from the start!"

Happy Thanksgiving