

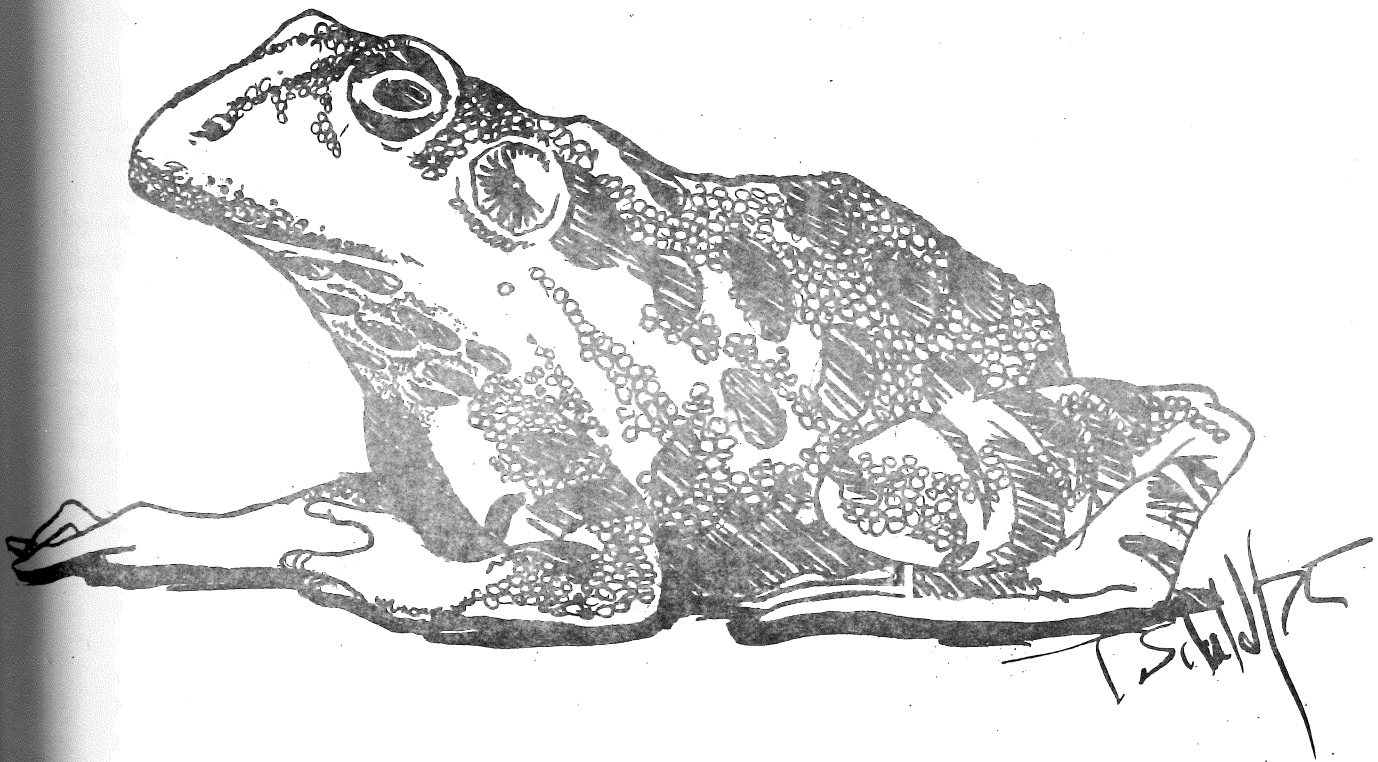
# THE COLLEGIAN

THE STUDENT WEEKLY AT ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, ANNAPOLIS, MD

FOUNDED 1888

Number 176

February 24, 1975



Toad the line... page 3.

## calendar

MONDAY, 24 FEBRUARY

4:00-6:00 p.m.

Karate in the Gym

TUESDAY, 25 FEBRUARY

4:00 p.m.

Women's Self-Defense Class in the Gym

4:00

J Sarkissian's Organic Chemistry Class, 24 McDowell

4:00-6:00

Karate in the Gym

7:00

S Kaplan's Bible Class, 21 McDowell

8:00

Small Chorus in the Great Hall

8:00

Adult Community Seminar led by Mrs Kass and

Mr Zelenka on Sophocles' Antigone andAnouilh's Antigone, 24 McDowell

8:15

J W Smith's New Testament Bible Class

Romans 10, 36 McDowell

9:30

Delegate Council Meeting, 24 McDowell

WEDNESDAY, 26 FEBRUARY

7:30-9:30 p.m.

Fencing in the Gym

8:00-10:00

Adult Community Preceptorial led by Mr Maistrellis  
on Plato's Republic, Books II and III, 21 McDowell

THURSDAY, 27 FEBRUARY

11:30 a.m.

Freshman Chorus in the Great Hall, Attendance  
Required

1:00-3:00 p.m.

Campus Job Pay Day in the Business Office

2:15

Delegate Council Meeting with the Deans, 24 McDowell

FRIDAY, 28 FEBRUARY

Today is the Dead-line for Nomination Petitions

8:15 p.m.

Lecture, "The Symbolic Character of Christian  
Language and Action", Albert Mollegen of Vir-  
ginia Theological Seminary, FSK Auditorium

12:00 a.m.

C S III Film, "And Then There Were None", based  
On Agatha Christie's Ten Little Indians, dir.  
by Rene Clair, FSK Auditorium

SATURDAY, 1 MARCH

9:00 a.m.

Faculty Meeting, 24 McDowell

8:15 p.m.

RAM Film, "Major Barbara",  
FSK Auditorium

SUNDAY, 2 MARCH

3:30-5:30

All College Seminar

7:00

Caren Leigh Greisman Memorial Bridge Club  
Meeting, Coffee Shop

8:15

RAM Film, "Major Barbara", FSK Auditorium

Notice to Seniors:

Please check the bulletin boards in McDowell. Your names are listed as they will appear on your diplomas. If you want to make a change, please let me or my secretary know before March 1.

The Registrar

REMINDER!

This is the last week to purchase your ticket for the Bach B Minor Mass. Please do so before Friday, Feb. 28.

Music Library

ONE GREAT LEAP FOR FROGKIND...

One of the most captivating silent films of all times will be shown in FSK at 9:30 AM and again at 1:30 PM on Tuesday, February 25. I am referring simply to the frog flicks: time lapse photographic documentation of the development of the frog from fertilization through blastula, gastrula, tadpole, and adult. This film is part of the Sophomore lab program but is open to all.

Submitted by John Rees

ASSISTANT DEANS' EMERGENCY LOAN FUND

The Assistant Deans' Emergency Loan Fund has had to stop lending money to students temporarily because the students who have borrowed have not repaid their loans. The Fund is supposed to be a revolving fund. Unfortunately, there is, at the present time, no revolution possible.

We regret the inconvenience this will cause to students who need to borrow. As soon as repayments are made, we will be happy to recommence lending and to continue receiving.

Assistant Deans

I will lead a class in "sell" or "pzazz" or "what you will" starting this Wednesday. We will tap dance our little hearts out, sing Cole Porter out of key, and if all goes well perform now and again. I want to start out immediately with dance routines. Let's meet, say, Wednesday, the 26th in FSK Lobby at 7:30 and go from there.

Bill Kelley

PACKAGE ROOM HOURS

Monday through Friday in the Evenings  
from 7:15 - 7:45  
also  
Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday  
from 12:30 p.m. - 1:00 p.m.  
and  
Tuesday from 1:15 p.m. - 1:45 p.m.

BOATHOUSE HOURS

Wednesday 1:00 - 5:00 p.m.  
Friday 2:30 - 5:30 p.m.  
Sunday 12:30 - 5:30 p.m.

CS III Movies

THE MIDNIGHT MOVIE: This week, Rene Clair's And Then There Were None; starring Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, and Judith Anderson. Friday, Feb. 28; 75¢-SJ Community; \$1.25-Others.

The movie is based on the novel Ten Little Indians by Agathie Christie. This film was made by the French Director Rene Clair, while he was here in the United States during WW II. It has been called his best effort in Hollywood and it has even been said that, "Rene Clair's film remains the classic interpretation of Agathie Christie's spine-tingling novel." The story involves a group of ten people who meet on a deserted island, only to be mysteriously murdered one by one. It was remade in 1965 as Ten Little Indians due to the enormous popularity of Clair's screen adaptation.

"Rene Clair has produced an exciting film and has directed a splendid cast in it with humor and a light macabre touch...Of all the bloodthirsty pictures that have come along in quite some time, this multiple murderous exhibit is given most refreshingly to drink." -Borley Crowther, NY Times.

Submitted by G. Poissonnier

Notice: Seniors - The Mercantile Safe Deposit and Trust Company has two job vacancies which might interest you. The job titles are "Work Measurement Statistician" and "Methods Analyst". If interested, you would need to apply right away. See me for details.

Brenda Robertson  
McDowell 22ART STUDIO HOURS

Monday 11:00 - 4:00  
Tuesday 10:00 - 3:00  
Wednesday 11:00 - 4:00  
7:00 - 10:00  
Thursday 11:00 - 3:00  
Friday 10:00 - 1:15  
Saturday 9:30 - 12:30

WOODSHOP HOURS

Wednesday, Friday and Saturday  
from 1:00 - 4:00 p.m.

# IMPORTANT!! ELECTION NOTICE!!!

The deadline for the submission of nominating petitions for candidates in the March election has been extended one week. The new deadline is this Friday, February 28. All petitions for the nomination of candidates must be submitted to Nancy Polk no later than noon on that date.

The offices at stake are Polity President, Secretary and Treasurer--and, in addition, 3 Justices for the Polity Court. For President, 20 signatures are required on a petition; 10 are required for each other office.

In last week's COLLEGIAN the requirements and duties of the President, Secretary and Treasurer were printed. According to the Polity Constitution, the following are the requirements and duties for the Office of Justice:

"Three Justices shall be elected by the Polity in the Spring election for President, in the same manner as the Secretary and Treasurer except that the three candidates receiving the largest number of votes on the first ballot shall be elected.

"...The Court (which consists of the Seven Justices) shall hold hearings and make judgments in

- Election disputes
- Impeachment proceedings, and
- Proceedings for infractions of Polity Law."

Each Justice serves a term of one year.

At this time only 5 petitions have been received: 2 for President, 2 for Justices, and one for Treasurer. None has been submitted for the office of Secretary; and for no office save that of President is there even a race. Most students are eligible to run for Polity office; those who would like to do so now have an extra week in which to establish their candidacy.

The election will be held Thursday, 13 March. The polls will be open from 10 AM to 6:30 PM. During mealtimes a voting table will be set up in Randall Lobby; voting will be in the Coffee Shop the rest of the day. The names of all candidates for each

office will be announce in next week's COLLEGIAN.


submitted by The Elections Committee:  
Becky Zlotoff, Chief Justice  
Betsy Peterson  
Nancy Polk  
Carla Schick



There is a new Admissions Office secretary. Her name is Patricia (Pat) Sager. Her home is Portland, Oregon (right down the street from Reed College), but she ended up on this coast last July when her husband (who is in the Coast Guard) was stationed at Curtis Bay. Pat is taking Mary Blanton's place. In case you didn't know (I ran into someone who didn't), Sue Seidenstricker, part-time sophomore, is also a full-time secretary in the Admissions Office. And since we've been changing personnel down here so rapidly, if you're still confused: I'm here in Carroll Barrister as Co-Director of Admissions and Mr Spaeth is also Co-Director (1/3-time). Mr Spaeth, however, can only be reached in the Admissions Office when I'm out on recruiting trips; so phone him on extension 21 (Counselling Office), not 20.

Joanne Rowbottom

Σήμερα ἐσθλὰ  
πάθω; τὸ γὰρ αὔριον  
οὐδενὶ δῆλον.



**annapolis pottery**  
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## A Thought About Grading

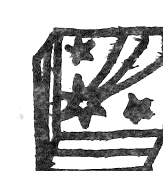
"The St John's 'don rag' (evaluation session) was often criticized for its discontinuity with grades, and most instructors admitted that they use the session to evaluate each student according to his own ability. Thus, a C student might be praised for giving his all, and an A student might be criticized for 'slacking off'." --from the article submitted by Mr Spaeth which appeared in last week's COLLEGIAN.

The discontinuity between don rag evaluations and grades is an important criticism for this reason: No matter why grades are given at all, the tutor who issues a grade must be responsible for it, just as tutors are responsible for their remarks in don rag. The character of grading here ("if you insist on seeing them...") makes it all too possible for tutor to avoid giving a completely honest evaluation of a student in don rag, while "making it up" with a low transcript grade.

I do not mean at all to accuse tutors of lying; I mean that where subjective and objective evaluations both are offered (ie the don rag and the grade, according to the passage quoted above), only together do they constitute the whole truth. As long as a student is being ranked among his classmates by a letter grade, that ranking, as a part of his evaluation, should be freely presented to him. At present, sneaking a look at your transcript is a way to "check" what you've been told in don rag. But if the situation were amended, none but the most grade-point-happy students would need to look at their grades.

Whether objective evaluations are at all useful and therefore whether grades should be objective is another question entirely. Yet if objective grading at St John's always leads to this kind of separation- which seems too often to be an evasion on the part of tutors (for who likes to praise a student for hard work and then say, "But the work you do isn't terribly impressive"? It's so much easier to put that C on the transcript)--then there should be no such grading given to anyone.

N M Polk



**ENAMEL BOYS**

4.00 to 13.00

**Blithe Spirit**

State Circle at Francis

288-2800

I announce my candidacy for the office of President of the Student Polity.

Edward Grandi

The lecture of April 4, by Ranlet Lincoln, Dean of Extension at the University of Chicago, will deal with Kierkegaard's The Sickness Unto Death. A copy of the book has been placed on reserve in the Library, for those members of the community who would like to become acquainted with the work prior to the lecture.

Curtis A Wilson  
Dean

## DWARF PLAYERS (AND OTHERS)!!

Auditions for Phil Wade's The Duse of the Dance, a 1973 comedy-fantasy about Isadora Duncan, will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday (a.k.a. February 25 & 26) from 7:30-9:00 PM in the Conversation Room. Especially wanted are a male with piano-playing ability and a decent British accent and a female with a likewise decent Irish one.

Submitted by J.D. Walley

AnyONE interested in sponsering, or helping put on, or tear down, a Tupperware party in the Randall Common Ball Room, should contact Steve "Boss" MaGee, Rm 413, Randall Hall.

G Harper



The Dove is still alive and kicking. We have music, chess, scrabble, beers, magazines, etc. We have on floating loan the memorabilia of St. John's Collection. We have the beautiful Dean Goldwin rosary, hand carved in quartz. We have a copy of Bryce Jacobson's impassioned plea to the faculty that Vic Tanny be employed as poet-in-residence. We have a touched up photo of John Sarkissian in which he doesn't look like a maffia capo. We have pieces of Elliott Zuckermann's prototype player harpsichord. We have an abstract of Nick Maistrellis' brilliant paper "If There's a Soul, Is It Osmoregulatory?"

Oh my but we have dandy things-a tape recording of Seth Ginsberg singing a clean song, a picture of Arthur Kungle making a pass a a dwarf marigold. Come see the collection, bring things of your own. We are open Mon-Sat 12:00-12:00, 33 West Street.

Yours in Knickers,  
Rosebud

#### A GREAT BOOK SALE!!

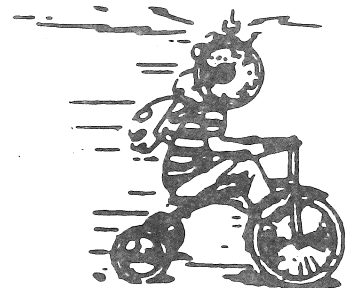
Lots of Program books (over 4 dozen) in excellent condition, plus a few records, will be on sale Tuesday 25 February in the Coffee Shop starting from 10:30 and continuing till all are sold. Bargains for everybody (especially January Freshmen)!!

Nancy Polk  
Chris King

## FAMILY BICYCLE CENTER

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## FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BY MELEAGER

The sweet cup has been rejoicing, and it says that it touches Of the talkative mouth of Zenophilia, the friend of love. Happy! Would that under us now a soul might drink, With lips putting lips breathlessly in mine.

BY ASCLEPIADES

Snow, hails down, makes darkness, lightens of a thunderbolt, All that gleams darkly in the earth shakes clouds. For if you should kill me, then I will rest, but if you should set me free to live, And run about with these inferior ones, I will revel. For your god, to whom you sometimes prevail upon, Being strong draws me along; Zeus, gold penetrated through the brazen chamber.

Translated by R Rothenberg

Notes: It has been pointed out to me that in my last translation, *φέρειν* in line 4 should have been translated as "to bear" rather than "to carry". Also, the meaning of *κύπριδος* has been misunderstood by some; Cyprus is another name for Aphrodite, the goddess of love, and though it has a relation, it by no means directly refers to the island of Cyprus.



## WHAT KIND OF GIRL DO YOU THINK I AM?

The Collegian needs your help. But we can help you too. We can teach you a trade. We now have openings for:

- 1 Printer (we'll teach you)
- 1 Layout Artist (we can teach that too)
- 3 Typists (we are desperate! You do not have to be very good.)
- 2 Proofreaders (some knowledge of grammar and spelling would be nice.)

Box 30 or the Editor (me)  
Plaut



## New Business Manager

Mr Joseph A Jackins has been appointed Business Manager effective February 24, 1975. Mr Jackins is a graduate of the University of Maryland where he received his BS degree in Personnel Administration. Mr Jackins' business experience has been in the field of the sale of computer services and in the field of insurance adjusting.

C T Elzey  
Treasurer

You cannot laugh, you fools.  
For I have won and you are dying  
fading into your dreams  
Dissolving  
No, I see that you have won  
The prize you got was mine  
and all that I want  
Let me be no more  
For all your answers leave me numb  
I can find no reason  
not to crawl into the mist  
of sunny hillsides  
and be gone.

Leah Daskalakis

## JACKIE BLUE for PRESIDENT!!

Jackie Blue is currently a junior. She has decided to run for the delegate council because she has the experience, the leadership and the capability it takes for the job. 1.) She has served as Treasurer for the delegate Council. In this capacity, she fully became acquainted with the intricate inner workings of this august body. 2) She has long held the position of referee and umpire in our sometimes tense local athletic competitions. Here she has distinguished herself as a fair, and just person. For all these reasons, but especially for Ms. Blue herself, her warmth, her openness, her accessibility to all, I urge you to remember on election day:

A vote for Blue  
Is a vote for you.

--S. Weinstein

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IN THE HEART OF HISTORIC ANNAPOLIS

**267-6812**

# THE BISHOP'S TALE

Selections from Beyond God and Devil by  
Frankenstein Nyetchachacha

Supposing Truth is a commode- what then? Is there not ground for suspecting that all you suckers, in so far as you have been getting A's in seminar, have failed to understand commodes? That Truth is the Great Receptacle which allows philosophers to make apparent the product of their thought and then whisks it away in order to leave a bright, sparkling surface to receive the unique, individual product that each unique individual in a unique and individual way produces every day? Truth is the receiver of everyman's own truth.

Is not the external world the work of our organs as C Kent says? But then, our bodies as parts of the external world would be the work of our organs! Thus, our very own organs would be the work of our organs! And all of this is perfectly true, or at least it will be true in the sense that it is false now, hence Kent was the fore runner of the Superman!

The Superman! More creative than a speeding sophomore! More will to power than any other psychological motive! Able to leap past all logical fictions in a single bound!

18

It is certainly not the least charm and benefit of my theory that it is refutable. I don't give a truth if you pigs and sheep out there can refute what I say- it is precisely thereby that the intestinally fortitudinous are attracted to it. Anybody with half a brain can see that I'm perfectly right as far as I'm concerned, and that is all that matters isn't it, dodo?

27

The falseness of an opinion is no grounds for any objection to it. We are fundamentally inclined to maintain that divvying up the world into right, left, salt, pepper, cats, dogs and such like is only necessary in order to obtain a rational, calm, peaceful, intellectually satisfying, healthy, and normal life. So who needs it? To recognize fiction, particularly pulp fiction as a condition of life -that is to impugn the traditional ideas

of value in a dangerous manner, (Ya better watch out bubala- this column may be dangerous to yer health.) and a philosophy that dares to do it has thereby placed itself way out of reach of sophomore year, thus has already gone beyond God and Devil. Nyaa Nyaa, so there.

39

Nobody will readily regard a doctrine as true merely because it makes people virtuous and happy- except maybe those loveable clowns the Platonists and Straussians who are enthusiastic about the good true and beautiful, and let all kinds of mottled goldfish, coarse squid and good-natured amoebas swim about promiscuously in their bowls. Happiness and and virtue are no arguments to a free spirit.

296

Alack! What are you, now, my written and painted thoughts? Do you people think it's easy to write this column? You all should be ashamed, depositing truths everywhere in public! Do you think it's easy to write an essay? Do you? Huh? Do you know about the camels and tortoises and frogs? Giggle frack, I say! Mondorich! Nyetchachacha! Ha! ha, ha? Doubt everything! Myxyzptlp! Sooperman of the Evening! Haheehaheehaheehoo. Who who am I? Yaaaaiiiiiieeeee.....!?\*#@,"?



## THE POET'S CORNER

Our selection for this week was recommended by Elisabeth Hennessey. Voznesensky's ballad reflects the necessarily revolutionary attitude of an artist in Soviet Russia, while avoiding the reactionary extremes evidenced by some of his contemporaries. (It is translated by W.H. Auden.)

Submitted By John Rees

### PARABOLIC BALLAD

Along a parabola life like a rocket flies,  
Mainly in darkness, now and then on a rainbow.  
Red-headed bohemian Gauguin the painter  
Started out life as a prosperous stockbroker.  
In order to get to the Louvre from Montmartre  
He made a detour all through Java, Sumatra,  
Tahiti, the Isles of Marquesas.

With Levity

He took off in flight from the madness of money,  
The cackle of women, the frowst of academies,  
Overpowered the force of terrestrial gravity.

The high priests drank their porter and kept up  
their jabbering:

"Straight lines are shorter, less steep than  
parabolas.

It's more proper to copy the heavenly mansions."

He rose like a howling rocket, insulting them  
With a gale that tore off the tails of their  
frock coats.

So he didn't steal into the Louvre by the Front  
door

But on a parabola smashed through the ceiling.

In finding their truths lives vary in daring:  
Worms come through holes and bold men on  
parabolas.

There once was a girl who lived in my neighbor-  
hood.

We went to one school, took exams simultaneously.  
But I took off with a bang,

I went whizzing

Through the prosperous double-faced stars of  
Tiflis.

Forgive me for this idiotic parabola.

Cold shoulders in a pitch-dark vestibule. . .

Rigid, erect as a radio antenna rod

Sending its call sign out through the freezing

Dark of the universe, how you rang out to me,

An undoubtable signal, an earthly stand-by.

The parabola doesn't come to us easily.

Laughing at law with its warnings and paragraphs

Art, love, and history race along recklessly

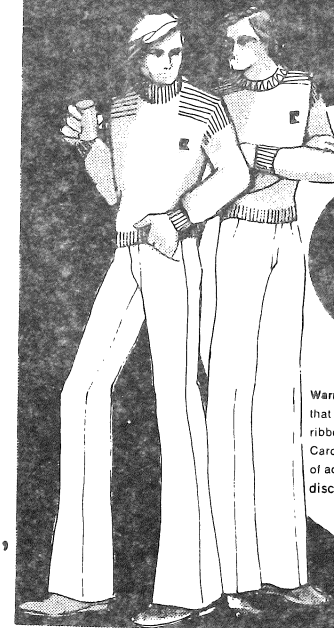
Over a parabolic trajectory.

He is leaving tonight for Siberia.

Perhaps

A straight line after all is the shorter one  
Actually

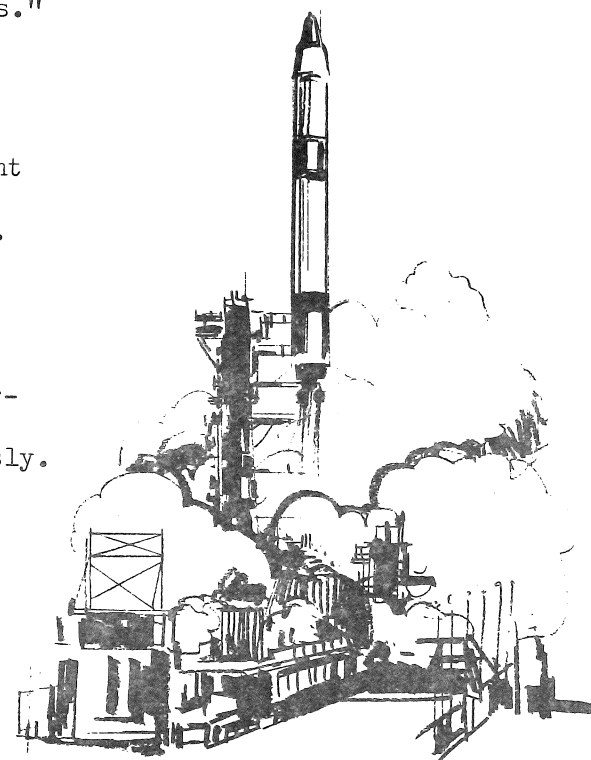
Pierre  
CARDIN



Warm up the fashion climate in Cardin's sweater duo that wins, neck and neck. Turtle and crew, each with ribbed yoke shoulders, classic breeding, and the Cardin symbol of sporty elegance. In a stalwart blend of acrylic and wool, and colors to reflect your discriminating taste. The turtle, \$35. The crew, \$32.50.

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### ROOM CHANGES:

Stephen Deane - 103 East Pinkney

Eric Salem - 101 Chase-Stone

Jane Kaufman - 13 Dean St. 263-8266

Preston Niblock - 205 Randall



From the Health Center:

Last Thursday afternoon the Student Health Advisory Committee, Phil Reissman, Jenifer Smith, Dan Jerrems and I, attended a meeting at the Baltimore Regional Red Cross Office. The purpose was to exchange ideas regarding the college blood donor programs. Other colleges that were represented included Loyola, Johns Hopkins, Hartford Community College, Anne Arundel Community College, Towson State College, Community College of Baltimore, Catonsville Community College, College of Notre Dame, and the Maryland Institute of Art. We discussed our common goal of having an efficient blood donor day and the benefits of the Blood Assurance Program. Probably the most important thing we learned is that graduating seniors are covered by the college program for one year after the last blood donor drive. At St John's this means that all seniors will be covered by the program until October 31, 1975. Freshmen are automatically covered when they enter the college.

A tour of the blood laboratory concluded the meeting. The blood was being typed and tested. We were told that the use of blood components is increasing in treatment of cancer patients in chemotherapy, hemophilia treatment and in the Shock Trauma Unit in addition to the more common uses such as replacement of blood lost in surgical procedures.

We found this exchange and tour very helpful and informative, and were impressed with the importance of having blood available for emergencies.

The following is from a monthly newsletter for College Health Services written by Dean Lovett, M.D. Feb. 75.

"Death from food inhalation (Café Coronary) can occur as easily in the campus eating areas as elsewhere. Speed in recognizing the condition and applying effective treatment is essential, a truly dramatic life saving action. If while eating, a person has signs of gagging, trying to cough, clutching at throat, cannot breathe or talk, the chances are he is choking on a piece of food.

Every person in the college community can learn to recognize the signs and symptoms and apply effective treatment.

Lives have been lost waiting for professional help to arrive. It should be the responsibility of the Health Service to make an almost continuous training program available to faculty, staff and students. A number of methods should be taught. The Heimlich Maneuver offers three techniques using the same principle:

- The rescuer stands behind the victim, puts both arms around the waist, just above the belt line, grasps his wrist tightly and squeezes sharply and firmly, allowing the victim to slump forward with head and arms dangling. The lodged bolus in the throat should 'pop out.'
- If the victim is laying face up on the floor, the rescuer should straddle the thighs, place one hand on top of the other, just below the diaphragm and push sharply down and forward towards the patient's head. Ask a bystander to clean out the mouth as the bolus is dislodged.
- If the victim is laying face down, the rescuer straddles the buttocks, arms under the abdomen, just above the belt and give a sharp upward squeeze. The ejected food bolus should be promptly cleaned out of the victim's mouth by a bystander.

Some air is always trapped in the lungs and the pressure below the diaphragm forces the air out and in the process dislodges the food bolus. The maneuver may be tried more than once. Dr Heimlich believes everyone should be taught this technique.

A second method said to be 60 percent successful and can be done by anyone consists of grasping the victim's tongue between the index and middle finger and pull the tongue forward which may dislodge the bolus.

A method claimed to be 90 percent effective is the use of plastic forceps. Every eating area should be equipped with this equipment. A layman can learn to use them to remove the food bolus from the throat. (The Chokesaver may be obtained from DynaMed, P.O. Box 2157, 619 North Vulcan Ave., Leucadia, CA 92024).

If the bolus cannot be dislodged because it is so deeply and tightly lodged,

a tracheotomy may be needed to save the victim's life. This should not be done by the amateur.

The Fireman's Fund American Life Insurance Company, San Francisco, CA 94119 has prepared a brochure covering methods of handling choking emergencies and will send you a copy on request.



Marilyn Kyle  
College Nurse



Found: At the Curtis Wilsons' house, a man's brown cap, size 7 1/4. Owner may have same by contacting one of the Wilsons.  
The Editor

## DOCKSIDE Annapolis

Dock folk think  
Dave's crab stuffings  
are great, but I say  
Bouillabaisse is best.

Arthur



Open 7 Days  
11am-11pm

22 Market Space  
268-2576

WYLLAER

Hold up to mirror for secret message

Reality Weekend this year will obtain through May 9-11. Aside from that I know almost nothing, except how much I need to extort from you people in the form of ideas (suggestions), aid in their implementation and, but of course, money. Reality should be the sort of function that joins the several aims of our well-bent whole. Anyone interested in helping with specifics such as tending bar or running the traditional Reality Auction; anyone with musical-theatrical tendencies, (or anyone curious about the way I live) please come to a planning meeting at 3rd floor Carroll at 4:00PM Friday- not enough people visit me anyway. Reality Collectors please bring whatever funds to me then. Suggestions (and contributions) can be dropped in campus mail-Box 467 also. I'm especially interested in hearing about old customs which may be deserving of revival.

If you have trouble with reality (and those of us who haven't yet given up find it a constant problem), then Reality may be the very thing to enable you to withstand until next year.

The following folk are the winners of the popular Reality Raffles.  
Raffle I: 1-Oran Baldwin 2-Stewe Gilles 3-Maria Fabi  
Raffle II: 1-Doug Mayer 2-Cathy Chester 3-George Harper.

Remember, if you will, \$5.00 is asked from each student. Use the installment plan. This money goes for food (Saturday and Sunday 2:00AM breakfast), booze, and theatrical props. Food will cost over \$750.00.

Submitted by Rob Godfrey

## THE BAWDY ECLECTIC

(for men only)

by W.H. Attripe

The lights are low, the moths that dance in the dusty air send flickering shadows to play over rigid, barren shapes. Abandoned tables and chairs, strewn across the floor, cast in gloom a thick carpet of garbage, providing darkness for those who lie beneath. A single brave cockroach crawls into the dim, but revealing, light. It is midnight in the coffeeshop.

Stepping on the cockroach, Disi declared, "I think I hear now the full impact of your arguments, Mary--you're really saying that...it's man's compassion for man which separates him from the beasts..." He paused, letting the sound of his voice echo and fade away in the empty chamber. His gentle tones and the crisp crunching at his feet combined pleasantly, and Disi felt a growing visceral warmth. He looked across the table, deep into Mary's eyes, and saw she felt the same way. It was that kind of a moment.

Disi mastered his churning, rising emotions, but Mary reached for a paper bag. "I'm glad you got that out of your system," he said when it was all over.

She looked across at him from her deep green, bloodshot eyes, and nodded. No more words were necessary--she knew what he meant.

"Thank god for meaningful silent communication," he thought, as he took the bag from her outstretched hands. There was a moment of silence, as he struggled to find the right things within himself.

Mary watched him carefully, searching for what she knew must lie deep inside Disi. She hoped only time and his natural straightforward manner would make everything clear.

"You've really got a lot of guts," she said, when he finally laid it all out on the table.

As they stood up to switch tables, Disi said, "I really like your frank

style, Mary, but I can't respect you when you bring up bread. Money just doesn't amount to beans for me."

"I know," she gurgled, "and I'll try to control my taste for the lettuce--I do care for you, you know."

"You give so much," Disi agreed, but in hollow tones.

"I'm glad we've had this time to share." Her eyes reached out longingly for his, but they were turned elsewhere, searching other shores. He was striding remote beaches of course-grained sand she would never feel, skipping multicolored shells off whitecaps she would never see, breathing in lusty salt winds that whipped white spray in the face she would never understand. The far-off cry of a seagull grew louder, and more distinct, until the high-pitched calls were words, penetrating his surf-soaked ears-- "...you're so distant...come back, Disi..." He reached up to clean off his violated forehead, and found himself in the coffeeshop, sitting across a greasy table from Mary Meah, his affectionate cheri.

"Huh, what did you say?" The room appeared changed.

"I said, 'you slow pissant, give me my comb back!' How do you expect me to fix my hair?" As she tussled with her permanent wave, ripples of uneasiness flooded Disi's mind. The coffee shop was different--the dim flickering light had been replaced by the glare of fluorescent bulbs, whose character reminded Disi of a hundred night clubs he had never seen. He had visions of Mary dancing on the tabletop, on the lunch counter, barefoot in his teacup, horrible visions of drinking his tea. Wherever this was, Disi didn't want to be here.

So Disi left.

It may have been midnight in the coffee shop, but it was high noon in the battle of the sexes. Disi deRada, self-styled dirty-old-philosopher-king, and Mary Meah, Revlon-styled Helen, were devouring a plate of french fries, and nearly each other. Disi, attempting to expedite a trial of the latter case, was thwarted by injunctions from

Mary, whose oral desires extended to no more than food.

Mary was speaking, adamantly: "...and it's time that men realize we women are more than playthings for their egos..."

"Exactly, my dear," said Disi, reaching for the shakers, "Now take this famous pair--" he said as he playfully jounced them over the french fries, "--salt and pepper, equals as condiments, just as men and women are equals as human beings..." Disi paused to reexamine the shakers, which appeared milked of their last contents.

Titillated, Mary gasped: "Don't stop now. Go on, all the way--until you finish, I mean," she blushed.

"My pleasure. Now, can't you see that, just as salt and pepper complement each other, and make food taste better, so do men & women knead each other, and together make life spicier?" he said, trying to squeeze more from the shakers.

Excited, Mary squealed: "Gee, I never thought of it that way before."

"I'm not surprised," Disi mused. "Much of my philosophy on the nature of things would move you deeply. Even now, I'm thinking of a pene-

trating doctrine I often hold against female debaters that could grow on you."

"Conceivably," she purred. "Could you tell me of this philosophy?"

"Although I find your ignorance impregnable, I'll give it a shot. My philosophy is summed up in a poem I wrote along with that celebrated Nat Lamp poet, Wilt Whatman. The poem is entitled, I SING, the BAWDY ECLECTIC--"

"Isn't that Body...Elec--"

"Merely a vulgar imitation. Listen, and ye shall come..."

"What?"

"..to understand the universe. Now, quiet."

"Wait! Stop!" she screamed, covering her ears: "I can't take anymore of this trash! I've got to get out of this article! I know--there's no place like home, there's no place like home," she chanted, closing her lavender eyes and clutching her emerald shoes, "there's no place like..."

Innocently submitted by  
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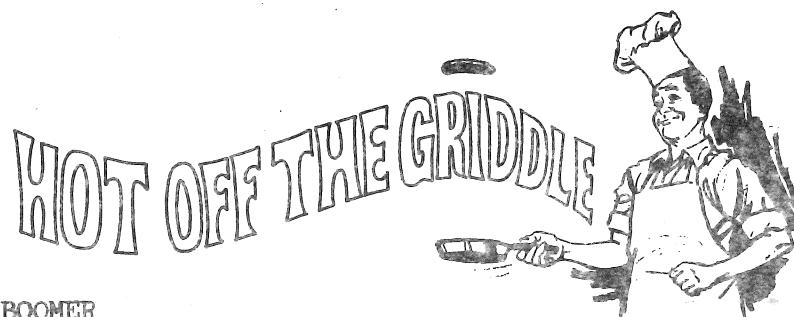
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# PARSCHPLITTENLOUDENBOOMER

With the exception of Karlheinz Stockhausen (whose musicality is questionable) and Hans Werner Henze (ditto) Carl Orff is the last of the long line of German composers of any sort of note, a line stretching back to before J S Bach. Although looked down upon by today's music critics, whose motto seems to be "Modernism or else!", his major work, Carmina Burana, a cantata based on medieval secular texts by wandering poets, remains a fascinating, exhilarating piece of music. The work has received two first-rate recordings, by Jochum (DGG) and Ozawa (RCA)

Jochum has the more idiomatic singers and more reverberant, less spectacular sound. His conducting is more broad and expansive. Ozawa has the sound to blast you out of your seat, but somehow it seems to lack the quality of a real orchestra, with certain percussion instruments overprominent. Ozawa gives this work the most dramatic reading, but there are times when I fear he's doing this while ignoring the instructions given in the score. Anyway, Ozawa can be recommended for those who like spectaculars, Jochum for those who enjoy their music without embellishment.

Orff was victimized by remaining in Germany during the years of the Third Reich. Conductor Wilhelm Furtwangler also suffered from not making his escape from his homeland when Hitler came to power. Never mind that he did his best to help Jewish musicians there, foremost among them Hindemith, never mind that he was almost constantly in trouble with the Nazis (being placed under arrest at least once), once the war ended, he was immediately pigeonholed as a Nazi. But beyond any sort of political considerations, Furtwangler was undeniably one of the greatest conductors of all time. Olympic Records, a subsidiary of Everest, recently caused quite a scandal by releasing a set of Beethoven symphonies which was described by Furtwangler's widow as being made up of pirated broadcast tapes, re-

leases of other companies (likewise pirated) and one record not conducted by Furtwangler. When this was discovered, the Olympic Record Company vanished as quickly as a fly-by-night insurance agency.

I recently came into contact with two single records drawn from this infamous set, containing symphonies 1 and 4 (#8124) and 7 and 8 (#8129). The first of the two records is more justifiable, as it is drawn from European radio broadcasts, which are subject to such ridiculous copyright laws that it is well-nigh impossible that they would appear in anything but a pirated edition. (Of course they still should have sent some royalties to Mrs Furtwangler.) Anyway, this First Symphony is the best on records despite very ancient sound. The Fourth is also quite fine. The second disc should be regarded for the Eighth Symphony, a quite good one, alone, as the Seventh is available in a better, unpirated version on Seraphim, which also boasts far superior sound, which is very bad on the Olympic disc.

---J D Walley

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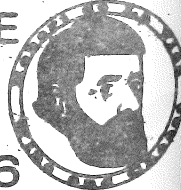
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## MEN'S SPORTS by Bryce Jacobsen

Badminton: Looks like Mr Nelson and Miss Blue are starting a mixed doubles dynasty. They won last year, and again this year. Oddly enough, each was defeated in the singles by their opponents, Mr Church and Miss Quesenberry. All of which shows that doubles is a different game than singles.

Basketball: Druids-70, Spartans-49. The Druids are just too deep in talent for the Spartans, who were additionally handicapped by the absence of two of their starters. So there was never any doubt about the outcome of the game. The Druids managed to diversify their scoring among nine players, which is not easy to do, especially when Mr Nelson was sinking everything in sight, to the tune of 24 points. The Spartans as usual, were in foul trouble, but still came up with a respectable game, highlighted by Mr Warshawer's 15 points.

Hustlers-69, Guardians-65. Last time around, the Hustlers killed the Guardians with their fast break, mostly ending up with an Ainsworth bucket. This time, however, the Guardians closed this down pretty well, forcing the Hustlers to work harder for their points...and giving us a tight ball game right down to the wire.

This was a good game, featured by some fine shooting from both sides...we don't often score 134 points in a game! An indication of this came at the foul line, where 30 out of 42 attempts were successful. That is way above our usual rate.

Each team had four players in double figures, with Mr Ainsworth topping the list with 20 points. The Guardians narrowed the gap some in the fourth quarter, mostly from Mr Bell's 12 points in that period. But every Hustler starter scored also in that last period, capped by Mr Smith's three field goals. So they managed to hang on to their lead.

Mr Bauman came through for the Hustlers when they needed it, and when the Guardians were "holding" his classmates, Messrs Ainsworth and Berger, to 35 points. Without his 16 points (10 coming from 12 free-throw attempts) the Hustler cause would surely have failed.

Volleyball: Hustlers-55, Greenwaves-39. The Big Green V-Ball Machine started to sputter last week against the Guardians, and just about gave up the ghost this week. Would you believe that their A-team scored only 14 points, while allowing 39 to be scored against them? That is slightly incredulous, since formerly they were unbeaten. and the Hustlers sported a so-

so three-and-three record. This drops the Waves into a tie with the Druids. All rests now on our final game of the season this Thursday, when those two teams play one another. How is that for Dramatic Scheduling?

Guardians-55(!), Spartans-41. Mr Dink doesn't give up easily. So after almost tasting victory for the first time last week, he pulled out all the stops in this final Guardian volleyball game. That is to say, he telephoned alumnus Bill Cone at 1:30 a.m. Thursday morning, to be sure he would be on hand...at least, that is the way that Mr Cone is telling it. How could Mr Cone say no to a captain who wanted him that badly? No way.

So the Guardians controlled this game all the way, and were never in trouble. And Mr Dink had his victory, at long last.

## LEAGUE STANDINGS:

<u>Basketball:</u>			<u>Volleyball:</u>				
<u>W</u>	<u>L</u>	<u>Pts</u>	<u>W</u>	<u>L</u>	<u>Pts</u>		
Hustlers	6	1	19	Greenwaves	6	1	19
Druids	5	1	16	Druids	6	1	19
Guardians	3	3	12	Hustlers	4	3	15
Greenwaves	1	5	8	Spartans	1	6	9
Spartans	1	6	9	Guardians	1	7	10

## THIS WEEK'S SCHEDULE:

Thursday (Volleyball) 3:00 Spartans-Hustlers  
4:15 Greenwaves-Druids  
Saturday (Basketball) 1:45 Guardians-Druids  
3:00 Spartans-Greenwaves

## WOMEN'S SPORTS by Betsy Bassan

Basketball: Amazons-55, D.C.s-19. This was the last game before the play-off next Wednesday. Ms Blue scored 29 points for the occasion. Needless to say, the D.C.s did not exactly have it all together that day. There's still next year.

It's time to start practicing for softball, which will start in three short weeks.

Volleyball: Nymphs-2, Maenads-1. It was close all the way through, and the playing was good. Ms D'Agnes made her first entrance- it was great!

Girls: "one-on-one" tournament time: sign up in the coffeeshop. This is a basketball competition, half-court, one person against one other person.

## THIS WEEK'S SCHEDULE:

Wednesday (Basketball) 4:15 Nymphs-Amazons Play-off!!

There will be a new schedule on Monday



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## this week's menu

MON:	LUNCH	Hot dogs and Baked Beans, Tuna Salad
	DINNER	Beef Croquettes, Chicken Pot Pie
TUES:	LUNCH	Ham and Potatoes Au gratin, Cold Cut Subs.
	DINNER	Lasagna, Salmon Patties
WED:	LUNCH	Hamburger on Roll, Fruit and Cottage Cheese
THURS:	LUNCH	Beef-a-roni, Ham Salad
	DINNER	Vell Cutlet, Stuffed Cabbage Rolls
FRI	LUNCH	Fish Cakes, Chicken Salad
	DINNER	Beef Stew, Hot Turkey Sandwich
SAT	BRUNCH	
	DINNER	Swiss Steak, Spaghetti and Meat Balls
SUN	BRUNCH	
	DINNER	Deep Fried Chicken, Baked Ham with Fruit Sauce

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