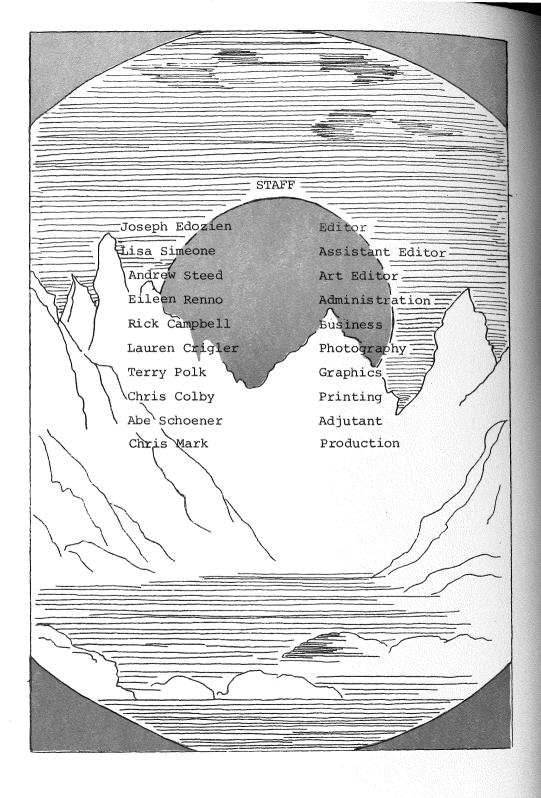


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St. John's is a place that is often hostile, by its very nature, to original, tangential thought. Thinking is spent in deciphering the intricate designs of the great minds who have most shaped our patterns of thought. This enterprise can be quite dangerous, for these towers, these powers of mind, in an irresistably seductive way, show us not only what to think but also how to think. create our patterns for us, and they are so overwhelming, so enlightening, that they spare us the chance to create our own "lesser" patterns for ourselves. Continual contact with their awesome works can have a paralyzing effect on a nascent mind. We lay aside all our presently original thoughts so that we can learn all we can from these masters, only to pick up our threads again after we have built up enough intellectual capital on their insights to be able to break fresh ground. The problem is we never do. These men speak for all time. If we wait to be ourselves, to say things that have never been better said before, we will wait forever. Those of us who have caught a vague and fleeting glimpse of the tremendous peaks of true greatness come to measure ourselves, more or less consciously, against giants; and in comparison, all our literary efforts seem paltry, puerile, and frighteningly pedestrian. They just don't seem important enough, so we become timid, stifled; we hide our efforts because we fear that those who have also seen those peaks will laugh at our puny attempts. Need this ever be the case? I think THE COLLEGIAN can be a counterweight to some of these ill-effects of St. John's. Why don't we use this magazine as a medium for individualistic selfexploration so that in its pages our minds might resonate together.

The Editor



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### THE BLOOD STAIN

plus c'est la meme chose, plus ça change

Ι

Jason Murdock left Anburey College some years ago and had never returned. He thought he had no desire to. If he had only been honest with himself, Jason would have recognized his need to return; he needed to return for the same reason people need to keep touching a sore spot on their bodies and remind themselves of the pain. But Jason had not the courage to return. He was afraid of being seen by anyone who knew him as an undergraduate and would consider him the same person he had been. Jason also feared the inevitable question that would be asked by everyone he would meet: "So, what are you doing?" He never wanted to talk about what he was doing because he didn't know.

Since he left Anburey, Jason had not discovered that career, as he felt he must, to which he could devote his energies and be fulfilled. Any job Jason took he performed somnolently, simply going through the motions; it was a mere way station where he could wait indefinitely until that day when the revelation would hit him and he could begin his life's work. Jason never wanted to face the question because he did not know the answer, and he was ashamed.

Jason always recalled those last months leading up to graduation. How anxious he had been to leave the school and its dessicated intellectualism to leave the self-centered and cynical students who went there--one of whom he had considered himself. Jason thought that by leaving the school he could flee from what he had become.

And, of course, he wanted to forget that nasty business at the end.

II

After college, Jason had been in a hospital, and then in a sanitarium. Upon his release, he went to Richmond and found a part-time job as a salesman in a women's shoe store. Jason thought that he wanted to be a writer, and would finally have the time. He went immediately to a local community college and introduced himself to an English professor. Jason asked the professor if he would help him with his writing. The professor hesitated and then looked at Jason closely and said, "Okay. Show me what

ve written. We'll go from there."

When Jason left the professor's office, it occurred to him that he had nothing to show the professor. Certainly, he had his journal filled with what he called 'little doodles'; but Jason had never polished anything he had written. Then, when he tried to, he came to dread the act of writing itself. Jason had neither the energy, nor discipline, nor patience to suffer through a serious attempt at becoming a writer. He had only the dream of being one. He liked to play with the idea that he was another great novelist. He fancied himself another Hemingway. But he could never overcome his fear of actually sitting down to write. 'But maybe someday,' he thought. 'Someday I will be able to.' And after that first meeting, Jason never talked to the professor again.

After several years, Jason tired of living in the city. He came to believe that virtue was to be found in manual labor. When he was caught stealing a small sum of money out of the shoe store's cash register, he left Richmond and hitch-hiked through the Shenandoah Valley and found a job as a hired hand on a farm outside Staunton.

Jason was intrigued by the people there. He saw them as simple people. They didn't talk about Aristotle's ethics or Shakespeare's view of nature. They had never heard of Aristotle; a few might have read Julius Caesar in high school. They had no need to talk about ethics or nature. They knew a good hard worker when they saw one; they could tell the good years from the bad. They talked instead about the weather, the crops, the price of feed and of beef, the best time to cut the hay. They were completely unaware of the ideas that so interested him, the doubts that plagued him. Their company was soothing and Jason was happy. For a time.

One day early that winter, while mending a fence, Jason was caught in a snow storm and his ears and fingertips were frostbitten. The next morning he didn't get out of bed to go to work. The day after that he left, without saying goodbye to the man he had worked for. But the farmer had seen it coming from the day he hired Jason.

"Now, my Daddy told me," he said to his wife, "when I weren't no bigger than a piss ant, never to hire no man that weren't wearing no hat. Now that boy there weren't wearing one the day I took him on. But damn if I didn't feel sorry for that boy. Them eyes of his. I tell you, Meg, there's some that's bound to be satisfied with what they can get out of this here life. Then there's others that will never be satisfied with what they got. That boy there's one of them others."

Jason ended up in Hollywood working in a filling station. There, at least, it was warm all year. As he washed the windshields of the Mercedes and Porsches driven by the moviemakers, Jason decided to become an actor. He had been in several plays in high school and college and people had called him a natural-born actor; his step-cousin, a director on Broadway, had even come down once to see him perform, at the prompting of Jason's mother, and had told Jason to call him if he was ever in New York. Jason began taking acting classes. He joined the Extra's Guild. He appeared several times in crowds or as a dead body on a battlefield. But the big break never came and Jason decided that acting wasn't a life suited for a real man. Then, a woman he had been seeing claimed she was pregnant by him. She wanted Jason to pay for an abortion. So, when the opportunity arose for him to crew on a sailboat traveling south through the Panama Canal, up the eastern seaboard, and then over to England, Jason took it.

#### III

It was a warm, humid evening in midsummer. The sailboats in the harbor rocked easily with the slight swells and tugged gently at their anchor chains. It was calm and quiet, and now and then a halyard slapped lazily against a mast. The moon made a white path across the black surface of the water and there were the red streaking reflections of the anchor lights.

Jason sat alone in the cockpit of the "Jane's First." The rest of the crew had rowed the dinghy into town and gone to a bar. They tried to get Jason to go along, but he said he wasn't feeling well. They laughed and called him "Melancholy Jack."

The crew had taken to calling him that recently, Jason thought. He smiled.

He pulled at his beard and looked toward the town. He could see the lights of the city dock and the street which ran down to it and he was overcome by an anxiety, as if he was about to see an old friend that he hadn't seen for years, a friend who would demand an account of him. Then Jason knew. He must see the school. He must walk the grounds. His memories of his time there had become diffused, their distinctness blurred by the intervening years, and now, they were soft and brown and fading slowly like an old daguerrotype. All the qualms he had entertained as a younger man about visiting Anburey were gone. He must return.

Jason stood up and opened the locker under the portside seat. He took

out an inflatable rubber dinghy and a pair of oars. He filled the dinghy with air using a small accordian pump, and then lifted the dinghy into the water and slid into it. Jason rowed across the small bay to the piers of the city dock. He immediately saw that the town had changed since he had last been there.

Since Queenston had been settled in the mid-seventeenth century, it had been a small fishing town. The fishermen of each generation had always risen early in the morning and gone out in their boats through the fog and dark of the harbor to fish, and returned in the early afternoon to the dock, and sold their catch right from their boats. It had still been that way when Jason was in school. The names of the fishermen's boats had always fascinated him. Names like Susan Ruth and Mary Beth and Melinda Kay. The boats he saw now were cabin cruisers and sailboats. The boats of the fishermen had been banished to the back creeks and were gone. The main business of Oueenston was now tourism and recreational boating.

Jason moored the dinghy and got out and walked up Main Street through the center of town toward the college. The market house, where local merchants had once sold their fresh fish and vegetables and fruit, was gone, paved over and marked with parking spaces. The fishermen's bars were gone, too. Now there were single's bars or restaurants or novelty shops. Main street was jammed with cars; the sidewalks were filled with window shoppers. Jason had never seen Queenston so busy and noisy.



Jason turned off Main Street into an alley. The alley emptied onto Rosser Street. He walked past the low, dark office buildings and then turned onto Bencham Avenue. He was now in the residential section of town.

The wide street was lined with tremendous oaks and tulip poplars and maples. Their roots pushed up the brick of the sidewalk and made it jagged and uneven.

These sidewalks were always such a problem for a woman in heels, Jason

remembered. Laura had always made us walk in the street.

The trees leaned over the street and it was dark, but he could see the restoration that had been done to the blocks of old row houses. When Jason had been in school, the houses had been inhabited by poor black people, and most of the houses had been in disrepair. Now the houses were renovated. From the general well-kept appearance of the street and the  $\rm e_{X^-}$  pensive cars parked along the curb, Jason surmised that the poor had been pushed out and the wealthy had moved in.

Jason turned onto Rutledge Street from Bencham. Rutledge ran into Markum Street at a right angle and came to an end. Markum ran along the front of Anburey College. Jason crossed the street and stood at the front entrance to the school.

An old boxwood hedge, high and thick and carefully trimmed, ran along the front of the campus. Jason looked down it.

This hedge had not only marked the physical boundary between the college and the town surrounding it, Jason thought, but it had also defined a more abstract boundary, an iron curtain of sorts, though not between political east and west, but between an east and west of human life, the active and the comtemplative, the daily concerns on the one side, and the seeming timeless questions of philosophy on the other. Somehow, the people on one side of the hedge, the townspeople, never really knew what was going on on the other side. They never understood. 'They thought we were all strange. Perhaps they were right, though.'

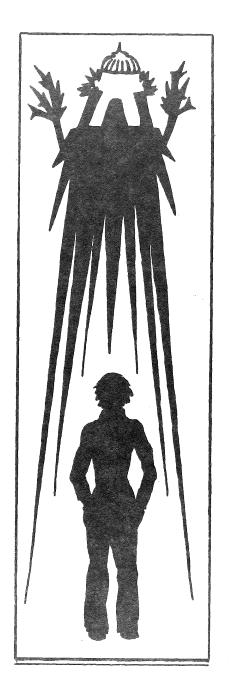
On the other side of the boxwood hedge was a large lawn, now lush and darkly green with night, which separated the buildings of Anburey from the street. The perimeter of the lawn was lined with the dark shapes of trees heavy with leaves. Jasc walked slowly up the brick path that led to Darden Hall, built on a knoll in the center of the small campus. Sidewalks radiated out from it to the dormitories and the other classroom buildings and to the library. The buildings were dark now except for lights shining over their entrances. The walks were lined with round lamps on thin black poles. The poles could not be seen from a distance, and the lamps looked like white luminous balls supsended in mid-air. Illumined by these lights and the moon, the campus was clear and lambent, a brilliant dark green world highlighted by the red of the brick buildings and the sidewalks which divided the lawn into geometrical shapes. Jason passed a tulip poplar and stopped.

That old tree fell in that storm, Jason recalled. Charlie Coughlin had run out before anyone had seen it fall and placed a pair of shoes underneath the branches to look as if someone had been crushed and then hid

behind a tree to watch. 'He scared the shit out of me.' In the spring the stump of the old tree had been uprooted, and a young poplar had been planted in its place. And now it was tall and flourishing.

Jason smiled a little. He continued up the walk toward Darden Hall. Darden had been built when Anburey was founded. It was immense and stately, three stories high, with many classrooms and the administrative offices. Its architecture was Georgian; its proportions were noble, its profiles elegant, and it was constructed out of brick in the flemish bond. There was a columned porch in front. In the center of the high-pitched slate roof was a cupola where the bell hung which tolled the beginning and end of classes. Because of Darden Hall's beauty, many tourists came to the campus to see it, to the dismay of the students who abhorred their noise and questions and their disruption of the peace and quiet of the little academic village. The students never understood why the tourists came. Perhaps it was because few students ever really looked at Darden closely.

Jason walked around Darden Hall. He could smell the mustiness of its old foundations and the boxwoods. It was a smell Jason first noticed when he had visited Mt. Vernon years ago when he came east as a child. It was the smell of oldness and tradition. On the other side of



Darden was a small green with trees in the quadrangle formed by Darden Hall, McIntire Hall and Charles Hall. On the side of the quadrangle opposite Darden were brick stairs leading down to the playing fields and the gym. The playing fields stretched off into the darkness, out to Chatham's Creek, the far border of the campus. The entire grounds were perfectly quiet, still, and ordered.

Just as it's always been, Jason thought. Nothing has changed here. This place is like an island, untouched by the world swirling around its borders, trying to penetrate the boxwood hedge, but unable to, like water lapping against a rocky shore.

The grass, the bricks, the trees, the buildings--everything around him-seemed the same as when he had been a student, and they exuded a significance like a fragrance. Jason breathed it deeply into his lungs as he had once breathed in the thin air scented with pine high in the Blue Ridge Mountains. He was filled with a vague feeling. It was not nostalgia, not melancholy, but a bittersweet emotion involving both, as if he had just barely heard an intimation of a motif from a piece of music he loved and had not heard for years, and the motif was all he could remember. He wanted to hear the entire piece again. But not just again. Jason wanted to relive hearing it for the first time. But that could never be . . . no, never again . . . .

IV

"Can I help you, Bud?"

Jason was sitting down on a stone bench facing Darden. A security guard had seen him enter the campus and followed him. He had been standing next to him, but Jason hadn't noticed. Jason now looked up at the guard.

Sam McDonald! Still here! Jason thought, and he tried to conceal his surprise.

McDonald had been the chief security guard at Anburey for years. He had been there even before Jason had attended the college and was something of a legend among the students. His face looked a little thinner under his officer's hat and he now wore glasses. Otherwise, he looked the same as when Jason had first seen him as a freshman. McDonald still wore a dark blue uniform, and around his waist was a polished black leather utility belt with a holster hanging from it, and handcuffs, a billy club, and a walkie-talkie. His pant legs were still cut too short and Jason could see his thin ankles. His shoes were shiny and polished. McDonald stood as he had always stood, with the

per part of his body leaning forward slightly; his arms were bent at the word and held out and back from his body. He always stood this way when talking with a student because McDonald had convinced himself long ago that was the proper stance for a man of his authority and responsibility. The tudents always remarked how McDonald's body would straighten and his arms to his side when he talked to the Dean or President of Anburey.

He always seemed to take so much pleasure in his job, Jason remembered. Specially when he closed the library at night. He would walk through the stacks, his utility belt creaking and jiggling, and shout, "Closing up!" student who did not move immediately was poked in the arm with a bony and finger. "Hear me, Bud?" he would say.

Jason laughed involuntarily.

"Something funny, Bud?"

Jason shook his head and smiled. "No, sir."

"Can I help you with something? We don't usually allow visitors here after dark . . ."

McDonald hesitated. He looked closely at Jason and his eyes narrowed.

He prided himself on knowing all the faces of the students who attended Anburey,

and his memory was accurate. He thought he recognized this face, but he

couldn't be sure. The beard was new.

"Say . . . aren't you . . . aren't you Murdock? Jay Murdock?"
"No," Jason said without thinking. "You must be mistaking me for somebody

McDonald frowned. "Hmm. You sure look like this fellow who went here some time ago." Then he added, "Poor guy. Lost his noodle just before he graduated."

"No. You must be thinking of someone else."

Jason was surprised by his own apparent calmness.

"So, tell me," Jason said, "this is Anburey College, isn't it? I think I've heard of this place."

"Used to be. Not anymore."

"Used to be?" Jason said with an alarm in his voice he had not intended. What do you mean?"

"Went bankrupt," McDonald said. "School was forced to close. Plant's up for sale. State University is thinking about buying it."

"But when did it happen? How?"

"Finally closed this spring. But it was a long drawn-out affair, are you with me, Bud? Began several years ago. Never understood it really. Had

something to do with the president. See, he didn't want to leave. But the faculty, now, they wanted to get rid of him, know what I mean? Because he was no good at raising money. There was a lot of politics. Lines being drawn and sides taken, you know, like a civil war. Faculty people that were once friends stopped talking to each other. Hell, they'd cross the street just to avoid saying hello. But I don't know too much about it, Bud. Wasn't none of my business, are you with me?

McDonald actually knew all the details of Anburey's collapse, but he thought that he had already said too much. He enjoyed knowing things others didn't know.

"I think you'd better move on, Bud. Like I said, no visitors after dark. Don't want to start bending the rules."

Jason rose and walked slowly away from McDonald without saying goodnight. He walked around Darden Hall and down the front path. McDonald watched him to make sure he was going. When Jason reached the street, he turned and looked back up at the large hall.

Jason was shocked by McDonald's news. He had always thought that he loathed the college, but now, he realized that Anburey was dear to him. He recalled the vivid and intense joys as his mind had been wonderstruck repeatedly by new ideas profound and beautiful as if they had been delights found by a young western traveler first time through a Middle Eastern Bazaar. Something special had happened at Anburey; everyone who had gone to the college had sensed a kind of magic. Those who had not been to the school, who had not participated in the experiment, never understood the students' enchantment with their education. But now, it was over, and Jason found himself wishing to return to the beginning, to relive it, yes, even the madness, because somehow, then he had been most alive, and the world had been rich with possibility and was not the closed, meaningless, hurly-burly that Jason now saw.

Then Jason thought of Laura. Where was she now? And Marc? I thought he was my friend. Were they still together? No, they couldn't be. Why had it happened?

Jason turned and ran down Rutledge Street. He turned onto Thomas several blocks down. He ran on the sidewalk, then in the street to avoid a strolling couple, then back up on the sidewalk again. He finally turned onto another street, the name of which he had forgotten. Jason stopped running and walked quickly down the street. He was breathing hard, in huge gasps. He

looked up at the numbers on the town houses.

"Let's see. It was 43. Yes, 43," he said aloud to himself. He stopped in front of one of the narrow houses. The shiplap was painted white. Redwood planters filled with geraniums hung under the window sills. The downstairs was dark. A single light was on in an upstairs room.

"Just as it was," he said. "It was here. Right here. I came running here and knocked on the door. She wouldn't let me in. She said she would call the police. Then I stepped out here. Right here, under the street lamp so she could see and I shouted, 'See, Laura'. See how much!' And then when she came to the window I raised the gun to my chest and . . . "

Jason crouched in the street in the light of the street lamp and looked closely at the worn cobblestones and ran his hands frantically over them and felt them, cold and jagged.

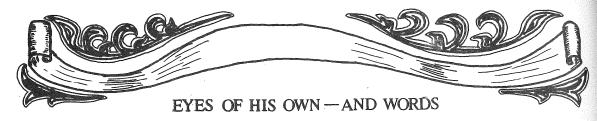
"It was here," he said. "I know it was. Right here. But it's gone."

Jason's chest heaved. He coughed. His body shook violently as if he were crying, but no tears came. He fell to his knees and bent over, his head on the street. His fists pounded the cobblestones.

"Yes, that, too, is gone."

George Willard





Oilers and Sweepers and Other Stories George Dennison Random House, New York, 1979

Dennison's work is important because he knows himself as an artist, because he knows how to make things and how to let things happen. He knows how to live with his mistakes; he knows what he can do and when the works he fashions call for things he cannot do. This means his faults strengthen his work rather than distort it, as they would if he tried to hide them—or worse still, pretend they were not there. His work has the intelligent ambition of restraint, not the stupid ambition that takes recklessness for freedom. Because his stories do not give false assurances, they make you love the world, and hate things worthy of hate:

There was one human intelligence, one human pride, one human integrity and giving-forth. How wonderful mankind was, that monster! Tears were standing in his eyes, though he was filled with rejoicing.

These four stories and a "Vaudeville Play," which together make up a whole that is all the more one because unplanned, could appear in a newspaper, if our newspapers employed reporters who could see. Dennison's accounts tell "news" that <a href="The New York Times">The New York Times</a> looks desperately for in its "human interest stories"—"stories" which tell of no city on heaven or earth and make the Victorians look worldly because, in contrast to many of us, they knew when they were afraid and when they were embarrassed, and knew that there were things that were rightly embarrassing.

Of Dennison's accounts, the strongest are "Oilers and Sweepers," which deals with looking, but with a remoteness that approaches coldness; "The Author of Caryatids," which addresses itself to creation, a creation good enough to remind you of the creation of Michelangelo's God touching Adam or Rodin's hand opening with a man and a woman unfolding like an embryo within it—but with daring laughter; and "The Smiles of Konarak," which tells of success in love and art and their relation, in

the streets of the lower East Side of New York, and almost with a recreation of Coriolanus in Tompkins Square Park:

What would you have, you curs, that like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you, the other makes you proud. He that trusts to you, where he should find you lions, finds you hares: where foxes, geese.

The vaudeville play "The Service for Joseph Axminster," wants the severity and solace of the rites of death and burial, is somehow empty, perhaps because it needs a living audience rather than silent readers. Set somewhat awkwardly in a France too familiar to be recognizable, really the France of the American expatriates in the 20's, "Larbaud, A Tale of Pierrot" tells of the ravages of superior powers of intelligence on those who struggle to let them come to something.

All of these accounts have real subjects and real content, because Dennison hardly ever tries to instruct, but simply surprises without appearing arbitrary. When he contrives, it is with the assurance of convention, of a convention he does not always acknowledge. The clarity with which he sees New York, with which he can distinguish the few actually murderous from the many fearfully struggling to come to life owes something to distance, the distance of a gentleman in Russia in the 19th century who could always leave the city for the country. Without breaking into a smile he can describe a man in his late thirties living off a trust fund on the lower East Side going to Sixth Avenue for "greens" and University Place butchers for steaks. But the revolution he remembers is the Mexican, which, ten years before the Bolsheviks seized power in Russia, took its own course without ideology and without the lust to export its sufferings (one million dead)—and is, therefore, now largely forgotten.

He can describe death with enough compassion to make you weep. There is a place for children in his work, unobtrusive but unmistakable. He can describe the sky, the sun on the trees. He can make you hear The Magic Flute. He does not quote Moliere or even Shakespeare but lets them speak. The test of all that has gone before in "The Author of Caryatids" is the capacity to describe the dawn at the end without great and wordy preparations (except for a moment of forced quaintness), just because his account leads him to it.

Dennison's capacity to describe these simple and obvious things comes from his respect for the surface. In this respect for, no, love of, the surface, from which he never asks more than it can give and so

receives more than you expect, Dennison is like the Impressionists, but like an Impressionist painter after the Cubists, the Futurists, Suprematists, Abstract Expressionists, and so on. He is like a man who can return to his eyes and see, because he has been through all the complications without mentioning them, a silence that tells of hard passages. He does not restore the surface but discovers it anew: he comes upon the simple things because he has gone through all the complicated brilliance and been left with the simple things almost self-evident before his eyes.

Dennison's capacity to alternate between real thought and seeing and not to confuse one with the other shows that this love of surface does not come of a fear of depth. Dennison's thought reaffirms the world and leads you into it. It makes you capable of seeing, just as his seeing encourages you to think. He knows, in the way few people dare know, that a work of art ". . . is a large, bold, dazzlingly energetic manifestation of self in which intelligence and feeling (support) each other."

In all this Dennison owes something to Goethe, who never thought anything he could not see. But he would not have been able to learn from such a master had he not been smart enough to take Paul Goodman as a teacher. For in this Goodman (in his stories, poems, plays, and novels) was great without qualification, in that he could learn from the masters and teach you to learn from them—and, thereby, put naturalism in perspective, the naturalism many writers rebel against but cannot get rid of. Like Goodman's style, Dennison's is classic; that is, it respects facts, knows the difference between words and action (and their relation), between thought and brooding, between imagination and fantasy, and it does not flatter. Without Goodman's learning, Dennison is also without his coldness, which in Goodman was a fear of feeling, a fear that he would tear up the world if he got too close to it.

You cannot have intelligence, surface, and depth, in short, content as well as feeling, thought as well as sight, without experience of art, which will guide you when you are fashioning a work. Without an apparent esthetic theory, Dennison has an artisan's practical esthetic awareness, rare these days, that at other times might have been called taste. This awareness allows him to discover instead of "experiment." More importantly, its clarity of outline and the excitement it occasions awaken the reader to active attention. Every one of these stories shows respect for the reader and knows his presence in give and take.

Editor's Note:

We offer the following as an example of a curious attempt to apply philosophical analysis to the evaluation and solution of a most mudame problem:

On U.S. Navy ships, the engineering department is responsible for the boilers and steam-driven equipment which furnish electricity and propulsion for the ship.

On board the U.S.S. California, the head of the engineering department had recently been relieved; and the new chief engineer thought that it would be a good idea to have engineering department trainees in the Reactor Training (RT) Division present in the propulsion plants, in training at watchstations, very late at night. I was leading petty officer of the Reactor Training Division at the time the new program was instituted, and several weeks later I wrote the following memorandum evaluating the training watch program to the chief engineer:

FROM: ET1 Hergenrother

TO: Chief Engineer via 64 and 641

RT

DATE: 5 November 1978

SUBJ: An evaluation of RT Division training watch program

My observation has been that RT Division trainees were outraged when they were required to stand a four-hour training watch in the period from 2000 to 0400 hours (8 p.m.- 4 a.m.) and that this resulted in disastrous consequences for the overall effectiveness of the training program.

The main reason given for instituting night training watches was: to be fair to the qualified watchstanders in the parent divisions who had to stand night watches in addition to their regular workload.

The above reasoning does not seem in accord with the mainstream of Western intellectual tradition in two ways: (1) Paraphrasing the Greek philosopher, Aristotle, speaking on the young: "...They would always rather do noble deeds than useful ones; their lives are regulated more by moral feeling than by reasoning...".

Applying this observation of Aristotle to the situation concerning

If use "outraged" here only in an analogical senge; people not under military jurisdiction may properly be outraged at an action taken by a public executive, for example; such does not exist in the military sphere.

training watches for RT Division, it appears that we would have to conclude that we desire a fair training program more than we desire an effective one. It logically follows that people will need more time to become qualified watchstanders, therefore acquiring less expertise than would otherwise be the case, resulting in unnecessary hardship on qualified personnel and serving as an underlying cause of incidents.

(2) The procedure for solving problems is often profoundly influenced by what we specifically want to accomplish; in the case of training watches, why force trainees to do in the middle of the night what they can do at a better time, when they are relatively fresh and alert? Assuredly, it is necessary to man watchstations continuously around the clock; however, since many hours of training watch time are available at most watchstations from 0800 to 2000 (8 a.m.- 8 p.m.), it is clearly unnecessary to require training watches be stood at night. Unfortunately, trainees are probably more aware of this than anyone else . . . . Keep qualified watchstanders awake? An effective training program will foster better watch-rotation so that qualified watchstanders will be able to get adequate rest, eliminating the absurd situation in which a trainee is needed to keep the watchstander awake.

Let us suppose a case for a moment. Let us say that the trainee gladly accepts night watches because it makes things fair. Fine, I say; that will make the training program all the more effective because the trainee will sense that the command has taken notice of the brutal workload sustained by the parent divisions. But does our supposition harmonize with man's constitution; does our premise accurately reflect man's nature? If it were true that trainees are morally sensitive to our doctrine of fairness, then they would not have reacted as they did when the night watch rotation was installed several weeks ago.

So we find that we have returned to Aristotle: again, we choose between what is effective and what is fair. No matter how man's nature is constituted, our policy should always be to do what we, to the best of our ability, judge to be effective and useful, and not what is immediately fair. An enlightened view will recognize that an effective training program leads to decent duty rotation, safe watchstanders, more time at home, a lighter workload, fewer incidents, a happier crew, higher retention, increased experience and skill levels, safer operation, less expense, a strengthened defense posture. These achievements which an effective program brings about constitute fairness, not only to the crew of the CGN 36 but also to liberty-loving people everywhere.

### A SUGGESTION

"He who fights with masters should be careful lest he thereby become a monster. And if thou gaze long into an abyss, the abyss will also gaze into thee." Nietzsche, Beyond Good and Evil

The phrase "Great Books" recognizes that the books read at St. John's have exerted a great influence, that they possess magnificent beauty, and that they continue to present powerful challenges to our own vision of what is, as well as what should be. Some of the books are great because of the great danger they offer, such as Marx or Nietzsche. We read these books as well, not only because we believe they can teach lessons we need in order to avoid their danger, but also because we sense that, beyond the fear which quakes us in the presence of such thoughts, there may lie an important, necessary truth. But there are books considered so dangerous that even St. John's may be afraid to read them.

My suggestion is simple: St. John's, sometime in the near future, should have a preceptorial on <a href="Mein Kampf">Mein Kampf</a>. I know of no book with a more dangerous reputation. It contains Adolf Hitler's personal account of the development of his folkish philosophy; tells what this philosophy is, including its metaphysics; describes the most effective techniques for propagating it, and records his own history and the ultimate goals of the National Socialist German Worker's Party. The success of this philosophy in the early half of this century should make us curious about the mind which produced it. Hitler was a man intensely aware of certain brutal political truths which are hard to see and harder to face in our era of illusory peace.

There are lies in the book, too. They are artfully woven into its fabric, gaining credence and respectability alongside the realities. This is where part of the danger lies. Hitler's anti-Semitism and the horrifying crimes committed in its name are the reasons this book is greeted with revulsion. It is why most cannot bear the thought of reading it, and why so few attempt to read it. At this point, any sincere attempt at philosophy requires enough courage to overcome this fearful rejection of so important a book. One cannot effectively take arm against Hitler today without reading his words.

One may not even legitimately judge him. Hitler's enemy is now the major enemy of the American government—Marxism—and he claims to offer the only <u>effective</u> plan (one which can work even without an anti-Semitic element to exploit) for the destruction of Marxist philosophy—the Fascist State. Hitler paints the picture of this "wager" between either Marxism or Fascism as no other book that is read at St. John's can do.

Hitler forces us to reexamine our deepest assumptions about the value and effectiveness of Western Democracy in the face of the steadily increasing success of Marxist philosophy. He claims, in fact, that Democracy is a breeding ground for Marxist sympathies. Feminism, social democracy, the power of European Communist parties are indications that he is right. Democracy allows the freedom of thought and political action needed to bring about Marxist reformations peacefully. Finally, according to Hitler, this democratic freedom disconnects citizens from the duties and experience of "nationalist passion."

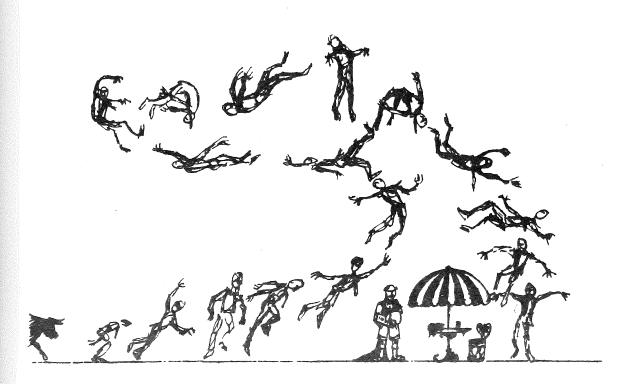
This last assertion is the reason Hitler should be read. Since the goal of Marxist philosophy is internationalism, it attempts to repudiate nationalism, all nationalism. It believes it can achieve this by employing all of science and its mastery of nature for internationalist goals. Hitler says, quite legitimately, that the only way one can defeat internationalism is by intensifying one's nationalism so much that all military and moral decisions fall into its service. Western Democracy, Hitler states very powerfully, stands in the way of accomplishing this necessary task. It must go.

Hitler forces us also to answer the question, "Is Marxism true?". If Marxism is the legitimate claimant of man's future consciousness and if it is the only genuine rational politics, then it is easy to understand why Hitler's reaction to it necessarily appears fanatical, perverse, and cruel. But it may also mean that even an American nationalism, when driven to the ultimate brink of confrontation with Marxist militarism, would also become fanatical, perverse, and cruel. It would not seem so to us—our moral conscience will have been shaped by our military needs to accomodate our crimes—but we would certainly look like Nazis to the rest of the world.

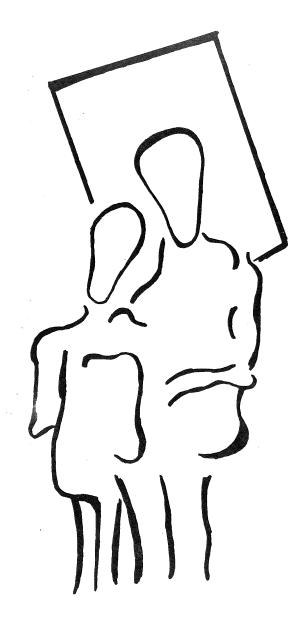
Can Democracy withstand the philosophical onslaught of Marxism? Is is possible that Democracy itself could be used by a powerful nationalist surge in order to impose and justify a tyranny? What is propoganda? What is "mass suggestion?" Where is the potential for Fascism lurking today? Is another Hitlerian phenomenon preventable? (Cont'd)

These are just some of the crucial questions which would be asked in a preceptorial on <a href="Mein Kampf">Mein Kampf</a>. Others would be discovered; misconceptions would be rectified; judgments would be made; actions might be taken. Hitler's book judges all other books and condemns them to death. St. John's cherishes books. If any institution in the world is capable of a <a href="worthwhile">worthwhile</a> reading of <a href="Mein Kampf">Mein Kampf</a>, it should be St. John's College.

James Silver



Colt 45



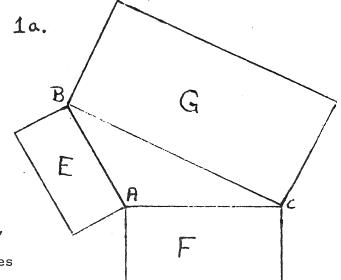
## A General Case of Propositions I.47, II.12 and 13, VI.31 Of The ELEMENTS OF EUCLID

Propositions I.47, II.12 and 13, and VI.31 are all similar in that they involve triangles with figures on the sides. In order to derive a general proposition covering them all, there are several intermediate steps which are necessary. I.47 deals with squares on the sides of right triangles and is expanded to cover obtuse and acute triangles in II.12 and 13. The first step toward a general solution is to extend VI.31 to obtuse and then to acute triangles. This may be done by following a pattern similar to that of II.12 and 13.

First of all, any set of similar figures may be simplified to a more easily-managed situation. If each of the three similar figures on the sides of the triangle are replaced by a rectangle of the same size (I.44 and 45) then the rectangles will also be similar to one another, for both they and the original figures are in the duplicate ratio of their corresponding sides. Therefore, a demonstration using similar rectangles is sufficient, for all other cases of similar figures may be reduced to a case of similar rectangles. It may also be noted that the figure on the side opposite an obtuse angle is clearly

greater than the sum of similar figures on the other two sides and that opposite an acute angle is less than the sum. This may be demonstrated by stretching a right triangle into an obtuse triangle. If only the hypotenuse is stretched, the figure on the hypotenuse necessarily becomes greater than the sum of the figures on the sides, which remained constant.

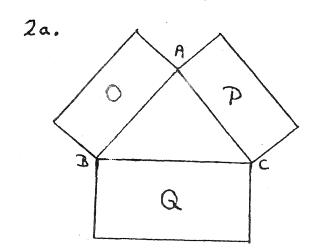
In the following proof, similar figures will be used analogously to squares in II.12 and 13.



Let ABC be an obtuse triangle, having the angle BAC obtuse and the figures E, F, G be similar rectangles described on the sides (see fig. la). And let BD be drawn from the point B perpendicular to CA produced. It is required to show how much greater G is than the sum of E and F.

On the sides BD and DC let there be constructed rectangles DH and DJ, similar to G. Let the diameter IC be drawn and the figure be completed (fig. lb). The rectangles E, F, G, DH, DJ, KN, AM

are all similar and are analogous to the squares on AB, AC, BC, DC, DA, AC respectively



(F is equal to AM).

M

J

1b.

N

DJ is equal to AM and KN twice DL (for DL is equal to LJ). Let DH be added to both; therefore, DJ and DH are equal to KN, AM, DH, and twice DL. But G is equal to DJ and DH, for the angle at D is right; and E is equal to KN and DH (since AD is equal to KL); therefore, G is equal to E and AM (or F) and twice DL; so that G is greater than E and F by twice DL.

The same may be done for an acute triangle, following the pattern of II.13.

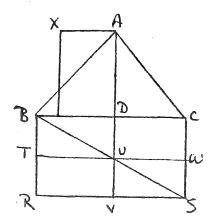
Let ABC be an acute-angled triangle having the angle at B acute, and O, P, and O be similar rectangles on the sides (fig. 2a). Let AD be drawn from the point A perpendicular to BC. It is required to show how much less P is than the sum of O and O.

Let the rectangle DX be constructed on AD, similar to P. Let AD be carried through to V and the diagonal BS be drawn and figure be completed (fig. 2b). The rectangles O, P, O, DX, BS, BU, US are all similar and are analogous to the squares on AB, AC, BC, AD, BC, BD, DC, respectively. (O is equal to BS). TV is equal to DW so that the gnomon BUSR is equal to the gnomon BUSC. Let BV be added to both so that twice BV added to US is equal to BS and BU. Let DX be added to both so that US, DX, and twice BV are equal to BS, BU, and DX. But P is equal to US and DX (since UW equals DC) and O is equal to DX and BU for the angle at D is right. Therefore, P added to twice BV is equal to O and BS (or O) so that P alone is less than O and O by twice BV.

Are there any similarities between the case of the obtuse triangle and the acute triangle? In both cases the difference between the

figure on the side opposite the angle and the similar figures on the other sides is twice some rectangle. Is there any similarity between the rectangles? The rectangles which represent the difference, DL and BV, are both situated on the line between the vertex of the angle and the foot of the perpendicular. What is the other side of these rectangles? The other sides, AL and BR, are the heights of the original similar triangles constructed on the sides AC (in the case of the obtuse angle) and BD

2b.



(in the acute case). Therefore, the difference is twice the rectangle contained by the line between the vertex of the angle and the foot of the perpendicular to one of the sides containing the angle, and by the height of the rectangle on that side, similar to the rectangle on the side opposite the angle.

Does this generalization apply to similar rectangles on any side of any triangle? In right triangle ABC (fig. 3) we know from Proposition VI.31 that the difference between the rectangle on AC and those on BC and AB is nothing, for they are equal. The generalization does work here, for the line between the vertex of the angle (B) and the foot of the perpendicular (B) has no length, and so the rectangle representing the difference has no area.

We know about the side opposite an obtuse angle, a right angle, and an acute angle in an acute triangle. There remain two more cases: an acute angle in an obtuse triangle and in a right triangle. Consider rectangle E on the side opposite an acute angle in an obtuse triangle (fig.la and lb). We already know that G is greater than E and F by twice DL. Therefore, G and F together are greater than E alone by twice F and twice DL, so that E is less by twice the sum of F and DL, or by twice DM. DM is the rectangle contained by the line (DC) between the vertex of the

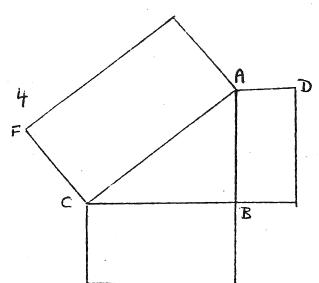
angle in question (C) and the foot of the perpendicular (D), and by the height (CM) of the original rectangle on the side, which agrees with the generalization.

Consider rectangle BD (fig. 4) in the right triangle ABC, opposite the acute angle C. We already know from VI.31 that AF equals BD and CE; therefore, AF exceeds BD by CE. BD is less than AF and CE by twice CE. CE is the rectangle contained by the line (CB)

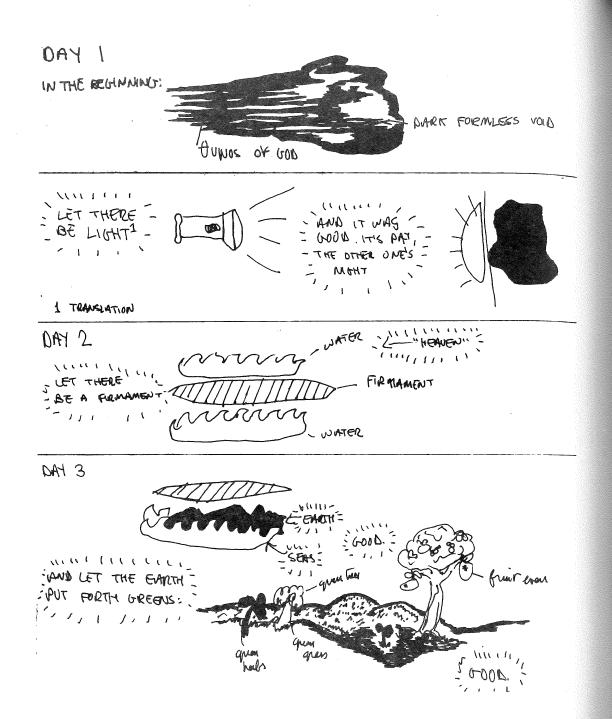
3 A

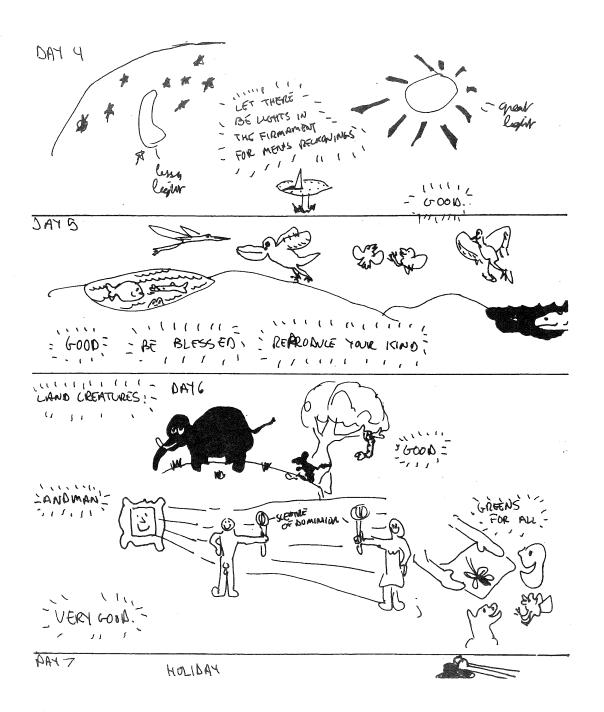
between the vertex of the angle in question (C) and the foot of the perpendicular (B), and by the height (BE) of the original rectangle on the side, which also agrees with the generalization.

Now all possible cases have been shown to agree with the statement that the rectangle on any side of a triangle differs (either exceeding or falling short) from the sum of similar rectangles on the other two sides by twice a rectangle contained by the line joining the vertex of the opposite angle and the foot of the perpendicular to one of the sides containing the angle, and by the height of the similar rectangle on that side; therefore, it is true. The case of other similar figures can be simplified to a case of similar rectangles.



Peter Norton







## THE WEEK IN REVIEW

by THE COLLEGIAN News Staff

### International

South Korean President Park Chung Hee was shot and killed "accidentally" by the chief of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency. Choi Kyu Hah is acting President until a new president can be chosen by the electoral college, which must select a successor within three months. Six other men were killed at the private dinner party along with Park. Some curiosity was expressed at the ability of a six-round revolver to kill six men besides the President, who was shot twice.

Ex-Shah Mohammed Reza Pavlavi was granted a special entry visa to the United States for the purpose of medical treatment. Iran's deposed Monarch, once a central ally of the U.S. in the Middle East, has cancer and is thought to be dying. Outside the New York hospital where he is being treated, demonstrators shouted "Death to the Shah."

Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan resigned as a result of discord with the Begin Government on the issues of the degree of autonomy the Palestinians should enjoy and the seizure of Arab-owned land for more Israeli settlements. Coincidentally, on the same day, the Israeli High Court ordered the dismantling of a West Bank Jewish settlement on confiscated Arab land.

### National

Senator Howard Baker (R. Tennessee) announced his candidacy for the Presidency and promised a "constructive campaign." His remarks centered on the "failure of the Carter Administration to meet with this country's problems." President Carter lost valuable support when Chicago Mayor Jane Byrne endorsed Massachusetts Senator Kennedy. Byrne had expressed support for the President two weeks earlier. Senator Kennedy and Calif. Gov. Jerry Brown are expected to announce their candidacies very soon.

#### State

Governor Harry Hughes announced that Maryland will fund the rehabilitation of Baltimore's Memorial Stadium as part of a continuing effort to keep the Orioles and the Colts from moving their franchises to other cities.

### CONCERNING POLITY ELECTIONS

Jonathan Adams

To those who plan to vote in the upcoming polity elections:

It would be wise to keep in mind the main purpose of the council, as stated in the present constitution of the polity under Article II, §A, paragraph 7, entitled, "The Work of the Delegate Council," clauses a-e:

"The responsibilities and authorities of the Delegate Council shall include the following:

- a. The management of funds available to the Student Polity.
- b. The sanctioning of all student clubs, organizations, and activities, and their regulation, if necessary.
- c. The representation of the students of the College to the community outside the College.
- d. The establishment and maintenance of formal channels of communication between the students and the spokesmen of the faculty on matters of curricula. A primary instrument for fulfilling this responsibility shall be a standing Student Committee on Instruction, whose members shall be appointed by the Delegate Council (not necessarily from among the members of the Delegate Council).
- e. The regulation and governance of non-curricular aspects of student life. In this regard, the Delegate Council shall appoint (not necessarily from among its own members) the members of a standing Committee on Student Life, whose purpose shall be to develop and propose legislation to the Delegate Council: in particular, the Delegate Council shall establish, if necessary, a criminal code (Polity Law) for the Student Polity."

### ATTENTION

The Deadline for all submissions to the COLLEGIAN will be 5:00 on the Wednesday before the weekend on which the submission is to be printed. We reserve the right to choose which submissions will be printed in which issues; however, if something is of urgent concern to the community, we will print it immediately.

### PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

My name is Jonathan Adams, and I am running for the office of President of the Delegate Council.

In eliciting your support let me begin by saying I am an active and capable member of the Polity. Moreover, I feel those familiar with me would substantiate this claim.

Second, I feel the Delegate Council at present has not fulfilled the responsibilities assigned to it by the Student Polity Constitution. In no way is the Council an active source around which the programs of the Polity are supposed to revolve. However, primarily through better organization and a preservation of its purpose, as stated in the Constitution, the Council can be led to become the worthwhile "instrument of governance" it was intended to be, rather than mainly a reservoir of funds for various clubs and organizations, which it is now.

Finally, in order that these goals may best be realized, I urge you to vote for me on November 13.

Jonathan Mass

My name is Daniel Van Doren and I am announcing my candidacy for Polity President.

The Polity is the student body, and the Polity Government, the government of that student body. It is the primary function of this government to manage well the affairs and interests of the students, but with as little interference and regulation as possible. This means that the office of Polity President is an important and responsible position.

As Chairman of the Delegate Council, it is the President's job to ensure that the Delegate Council work as a careful reasoning body. He must do all he can to make sure that the budget, supplied to the students by the College, is spent wisely and fairly. This means that the President must work hard to balance the different interests on the Council in order to make it work effectively. In this, the procedures of the D.C. should follow the method of a seminar, and that requires a strong leader who at the same time hears all views and guides the discussion to a specific resolution. As I see it, the parliamentary procedure that is used in other student governments has no place in ours, since it stifles free and creative discussion.

But beyond the chairing of the Delegate Council, I see the President as the representative of the students, not only to the faculty and administration, but also to other colleges nationwide. Therefore, it is important that the President be a good reflection of student ideas and attitudes. When he does his job well, others outside our student body see us in a good light; if the job is done poorly, our reputation suffers.

In the past, the Polity Government has managed, but has not managed well, the affairs and activities of the students. Long ago, respect for the Polity Government fell through the roof. We have come now to the point where even the students have little care for their own government. I think that in the future, it will be the job of the President to raise up that lost respect by making the Polity Government an organization that solves problems instead of creating them. By no means is the task I propose easy. To be done right, it requires, I think, a lot of time, effort, and dedication. I am willing to work as hard as need be to bring the Polity Government's act together. The current President, Michael Coss, has done a fair job; but I think that what the Polity now needs is a new President with a fresh approach to our problems. I think I am that man. Please vote for me on November 13.

My name is Martin Miller and I am the current Polity Treasurer. When I took on the office of Treasurer last March, the Polity check book was not balanced, the Polity account book consisted of 16 loose-leaf pages, and the accounts were short by \$430. By April I had balanced the checking account, transferred the 16 pages of the Polity account book to an actual bound book, and traced the wayward \$430. At the end of the school year I was able to get Farmer's National Bank to reimburse us over \$80 for overcharging our account monthly since December of 1970.

It is election time, and I am running for re-election. If the above story about what I have done as Treasurer does not convince you to vote for me, I urge you to do either of two things: 1) come examine the Polity accounts and talk to me about how I do my job; I live in 106 Chase-Stone; or, 2) ask the people on First Floor West Pinkney, like Mrs. Sutphin, Mrs. Neumann, or Mrs. Mann. I have dealt with them extensively as Polity Treasurer, and they know me well.

Thank you for your vote.



### **ENDORSEMENT**

I would like to endorse Dan Van Doren for Polity President. I was in Dan's core group Freshman year and was his roommate last year. This should qualify me to talk about him to you. I always thought Dan was a sane, sober gent. He always had reasonable things to say in classes. He listened carefully to other members of the class. He answered intelligently. He worked hard. You will agree that these are the marks of a sane man. But then Dan started showing up at Delegate Council meetings. He wasn't a dorm delegate (Lord knows they never attend if they can help it), and he rarely asked for anything. He just came to sort of, "pray to the goddess; and, at the same time, observe how they would put on the festival." Now, if same D.C. members don't go to D.C. meetings, then a non-D.C. member who does go to D.C. meetings must be insane. Not only that, but Dan started volunteering for committee work. He worked on/is working on: the S.C.I., Democracy Wall, the Constitutional Reform Committee, the Waltz Committee, and probably others that I can't recall offhand. He is certainly a committed individual (and I intend the word "committed" to be taken at least three ways).

Now, I'm really worried about Dan's health. He wants to be President of the D.C. No sane man would want to be President. It is not just a title (though some have treated it that way). It is not an easy job. To leave the presidency and the D.C. after one or even two terms better off than when one came to the office takes tremendous skill and devotion. (Hell, some past Presidents I know have needed to take three terms to even leave the office in the same mess it was when they came.) Dan has certainly shown his devotion and skill in previous capacities.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that I can't think of a better, more rational man insane enough to take the job.

Martin Miller Polity Treasurer



### MOVIE OF THE WEEK

The Wild Child, directed by Francois Truffaut, starring Jean-Pierre Leaud and Francois Truffaut. 8:15 p.m. Saturday and Sunday FREE

A true story: in 18th century France, a boy of 10 or 11 was found living naked in the woods. He could not speak nor did he walk upright. Apparently, he had been left for dead when he was a mere infant. The boy was given into the custody of a Dr. Itard, who attempted to "civilize" him.

Children have always been important to Truffaut. He himself was in and out of the reformatory in his youth. The children in his films are often sly and unafraid of adults, such as the boy in <a href="Shoot the Piano Player">Shoot the Piano Player</a>. Though they are often overpowered, they are never defeated. Truffaut's children only suffer when they are not loved.

What makes The Wild Child interesting is the bond that grows between the boy and the doctor. The boy becomes less of an experiment, a phenomenon, and more of a child, that is, a thing to love and not to frame hypotheses about, as the film progresses. It is the affection he receives that makes the boy learn.

But see for yourself. It's a very beautiful film, shot in black and white, and with a wonderful score by Vivaldi, Bach, and others. It is in French with English subtitles; and if all goes well, it will be shown on the NEW PROJECTION SYSTEM. (Everybody pray hard!)

Jim Sorrentino

#### READING IN THE LIBRARY

Four carrels on the lowest floor of the Library are now equipped with reading lamps as are several of the tables in the L-shaped room on the second floor. If you need more illumination than the overhead lights in the large reading-rooms provide, keep these places in mind when you choose your spot to study.

We have just received Mr. Bolotin's book, <u>Plato's Dialogue on Friendship</u>. This is the first book-length interpretation in English of the <u>Lysis</u>, the dialogue on friendship, a theme rarely treated in books of modern thought. A new translation of the <u>Lysis</u> by Mr. Bolotin is included.

If you are not able to read Pushkin's <u>Eugene</u> <u>Onegin</u> in Russian, try the new translation by Charles Johnston (Viking Press, 1979). It tells the story of Tatyana and Onegin, star-crossed lovers, in rollicking English verse. The poet's world-weary and romantic comments, his jokes and epigrams are clearly stated, and with a snap in the final couplets of the verse.

A new book in a very different mood is The Farthest Thunder: A Comparison of Emily Dickinson and St. John of the Cross, by Martha Lindblum O'Keefe. With parallel texts she compares 19th century Emily Dickinson's themes with those of St. John of the Cross. The book introduces an entirely new reading of the former's tight verse with its paradoxes and precise metaphors. It will interest readers who are curious about the spiritual journey, which John of the Cross called "the dark night of the soul;" it quotes passages in Dickinson's work which describe a similar journey. The author is the mother of Rachel O'Keefe, Junior.

In the 1920's and 30's a group of artists, known as the "Group of Seven," produced paintings which were the first acclaimed works of a truly Canadian-inspired art. Tom Thomson, Franklin Carmichael and J.E.H. MacDonald were the best-known, perhaps; they were later joined by Emily Carr. Their work, landscapes mostly, were painted during weekends spent in the wilderness near Toronto. Their color is bold; the lines are powerful, and the subjects all Canadian in feeling. Their paintings are assembled in the McMichael Canadian Collection in Kleinburg, Ontario. A book bearing the name of the museum as its title is now on the new book shelf in the library lobby.

We welcome notes about books which have opened up new worlds to you, or which you have simply enjoyed, to include in this column, which the Editor of THE COLLEGIAN has invited us to contribute on a regular basis.

After having seen the KWP Cabaret, some of you may be wondering what has happened to the "Spartans." For those of you who thought that that band with mostly ex-"Spartan" personnel was the said St. John's legend, may I point out first that it was not the "Spartans," nor was it intended to be anything like them. The "Spartans" have always referred to themselves, quite seriously, as "the best rock and roll band around." Surely no one will be saying this about "Cannibal Lady." I would like to embark upon a threatening sea, by trying to explain my impressions of the "Spartan" mystique, by means of my understanding of music. If it turns out that music had very little to do with what was exciting about the "Spartans," I leave it to others to explain; e.g., I don't have a grasp on the more dramatic "mise en scene."

Hearing symphonies as a child is an experience that requires more attention than most children are capable of, yet they don't worry that they don't "enjoy" it or "understand." When I realize how music has often become boring and incomprehensible, especially very contemporary music, and because my musical training doesn't allow me to accept and learn like I used to, I resolve to remove these obstacles to my appreciation by being aware of them and thinking around them. Those of us who were exposed to art music by Disney's Fantasia often get the idea in our heads that all music needs visualization. We engage in a kind of quided day-dreaming, which simply misses the point. We also forget that the composer is attempting to address our minds, and move our emotions only indirectly. I prefer not to worry about whether I "like" the music or not, because that "liking" depends on so many things extraneous to the intention of the performance. Finally, it is the idea in the music, not any intellectualizing about the music, that I wish to perceive.

What do the "Spartans" have to offer in this realm? Attempts at the creation of disturbing abysses, and making things that are the antithesis of boredom. That they almost always failed at this attempt merely shows the level of skill that the true psychedelic artist or avant-garde performer must attain. It is a challenge to create compelling chaos. For example, someone who does not know piano-playing sits down at a piano and makes piano-sounds with it. The result is boring. It is not chaotic, however, because one expects a certain randomness (you don't expect Bach, for example, which to me would be scary coming from this

person). When you hear what sounds like randomness then your belief in the order of nature is confirmed, you are bored.

But there is a fascinating interplay of tones even in aimless banging on instruments, which you can demonstrate to yourself by trying to listen to one note for a long period of time, say, fifteen minutes. But there is something in us which wishes to be entertained or compelled to listen. Skilled composers make a language out of sound, and use a bit of the rhetoric in tone to make you listen to what they are saying. (This is not to say that music is in essence expressive or representative, however. The primary meaning will always be the performance itself.)

Isn't there a yawning abyss of a sort, that Bach points to with each dissonance contained in his contexts . . . e.g., the emptiness of the final cadence of the St. Matthew Passion? Similarly, Mozart opens up a musical abyss for the fate of Don Giovanni in that opera, the hand of the Stone Guest.

Due to the questionable status of rock and roll qua music, I must qualify this to be a statement about the "Spartans." I reacted to them, not emotionally, but in an intellectual vision of disorder which renews my fascination with sound and the world. This comes from having sound turned around on its side and put back again. Ironically, though rock requires discipline to be at all artful, too much makes it third-rate bar music, the epitome of the expected. That is, if one hopes for more than anesthesia, then all concerned must start paying attention to the sounds we can make.

Hazen Hammel

In the Great Hall 3 p.m. Sunday, November 11

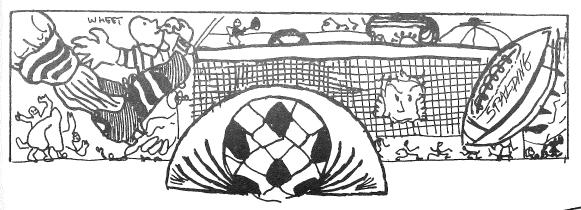
Musicale for the benefit of the

ANNAPOLIS OPERA COMPANY

Brass Duo:
Michael Fried, French Horn
Peter Norton, Trombone

Duets by Mozart, Di Lasso, Purcell, and others. Mozart's Third Horn Concerto, and Trombone Solos of Bernstein and Berghmans.

Tickets \$4



MEN'S SPORTS

### Football:

Spartans-35; Greenwaves-0 Druids-28; Greenwaves-6 Guardians-13; Greenwaves-6

Thus ended our football season, with three more Greenwave losses. The first was a slaughter, the second a little lop-sided, and the third was rather close. No telling how the Waves would have done in November if we had football then . . . which we don't.

Looking back over the season, we notice that the Hustlers did better than most people had predicted, winning six and tieing two. The Guardians did well, as usual, with Mr. Whalen replacing the unforgettable, incredible Johnnie Harris. The Waves were the sorriest team, with seven losses and a tie. The departure of MVP Barton was keenly felt, as was that of Mr. LaFeve, their #2 draft pick this fall. In addition, they led the league in embarrassments . . . in pass completions to the wrong team, and in inflexible defenses that mysteriously left pass receivers standing all alone in a sea of green grass. This happened in the last game to Mr. Ball, who then easily scored the winning touchdown.

FINAL STANDINGS	WON	TIED	LOST	POINTS	BONUS
Hustlers	6	2	0	22	8
Guardians	5	0	3	18	6
Spartans	4	1	3	17	4
Druids	3	0	5	14	2
Greenwaves	0	1	7	9	0

### Soccer:

Guardians-2; Spartans-2: Every game should have a hero . . . and a goat. If not, it helps to invent them. Our hero in this one was Mr. Campbell, who passed to Mr. Yamamura for the first goal, and who, all by himself, scored the second one.

Our goat was one of our all-time best players, Mr. Cox. A little pass of his to his own goalie was not successful, giving Mr. Spector an easy score. Then, in the second half, he deflected a shot from Mr. Guaspari, right past his surprised goalie, right into the goal. A tough day for poor Mr. Cox.

This leaves the Guardians still undefeated, but now tied with the Druids for the league lead. Most of our games have been very close, like this one. The second half of the season will bear watching . . . or better yet, playing.

Greenwaves-2; Hustlers-1: Yes, Dear Readers, it is well known that you cannot forever keep a good team down . . . talent will out . . . blood will tell . . . cream will rise to the top . . . freedom will break her chains . . . and every dog will have his day.

And what does it matter if the Waves were helped by four "auxiliaries," Messrs. Bowers, Glass, Goldstein and Plaut? Or that Mr. Goldstein accounted for the first goal, and Mr. Plaut for the winning one, in overtime? It matters not one whit.

Nor what does it matter that there were Cresswells playing all over the field, everywhere you looked? Brothers, fathers, sons, uncles, nephews, etc. Nor what does it matter that one of these, the littlest, outmaneuvered the Hustler halfbacks and fullbacks to make the assist to Mr. Plaut that won the game?

None of these things matter. Were they not Greenwaves all? Certainly. The Hustlers have probably utilized their alumni and kinfolk more than any other team over the years. But in this game, the tables were dramatically turned.

So, after ten losses and a tie, the Waves finally won a game! Ah, how sweet it was for them. Their rapture knew no bounds. They floated away after the game.

And the Hustlers? They couldn't believe that a little boy could have made them look so foolish.

SOCCER	MOM	TIED	LOST	POINTS
Guardians	2	2	0	10
Druids	3	0	1	10
Hustlers	1	1	2	7
Spartans	1	1	2	7
Greenwaves	. 1	0	3	6

### THIS WEEK'S SCHEDULE:

### MEN'S SOCCER

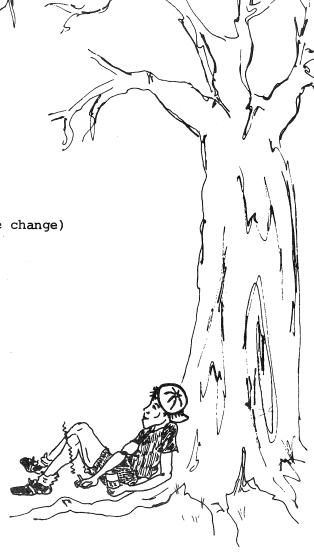
Mon. 4:00 Guardiáns-Greenwaves
Wed. 4:00 Spartans-Druids
Thurs. 2:30 Guardians-Druids
Sat. 1:30 Spartans-Greenwaves
" " 3:00 Hustlers-Druids

WOMEN'S SOCCER (please note change)

Tues. 4:00 Nymphs vs. Amazons Thurs. 4:00 Nymphs vs. D.C.'s

Fri. 4:00 Amazons vs. Maenads

#### BASKETBALL IS NEXT!!



### WOMEN'S SPORTS

by Beth Gordon

October 11: Maenads-6; D.C.'s-0

'Twas a black day when the D.C.'s left the field today. The Maenads poured on the spirit during the first half when all six goals were scored. Miss Hahn led off in the first quarter with numero uno, followed in the second quarter by Miss Dornich's fine penalty shot. Miss Hahn came through quickly with a third, numbers four and five by Miss Groff, and Miss Cronin shot a penalty shot worthy of the best . . .

And so the score remained: 6-0. I must say, however, that the D.C. defense closed its ranks the second half and even managed to get close to scoring several times. Miss Athey and friend Oggins had a fine time on front line!

October 16: Amazons-0; Maenads-0

A scoreless tie, folks, and nobody to blame but the fine job of the goalies. What happened? Nothing but lots of yelling and screaming for goals accompanied by misdirected passes and inefficient offensive plays. A great lesson for all.

October 18: Nymphs-2; D.C.'s-0

Where was Miss Ginsberg? Miss Krafft (the ever-present) scored; and Miss Mandy showed up from somewhere to score another, laughing and bouncing all the way.

October 19: Nymphs-1; Maenads-5

The Maenads blitzed the Nymphs in this game, or shall I say Maenad. Miss Hahn scored <u>all</u> five! Miss Ironside seemed to spend too much time holding her shin, which indicates a bit of roughness; nevertheless, she came through in the second quarter to score one for the Nymphs. Does anyone have some effective shin guards for this poor girl?

October 21: Nymphs-1; Amazons-2

A gorgeously sunny day, and they were off. It looked to be another tie, when Miss Oreskes scored for the Amazons and Miss Ironside for the Nymphs in a great penalty shot. However, Miss Nogales came in to score, leaving the Nymphs hope for winning soccer this season a little shaky.

October 23: Amazons-1; D.C.'s-1

With scores of D.C.'s out today, it looked like they had to win, especially when Miss Oosterhout scored during the first quarter. The Amazons were aching to tie it up; and by the fourth quarter, they were hungry. So they sent Miss Nogales straight in for a goal. Yay! It was Sudden Death OT. But nobody scored, so it remained 1-1.

### October 25: Nymphs-2; Amazons-1

Miss Harvey scored for the Nymphs on a great passing drive down the field. Miss Welch tied it up in the third quarter, leaving the Nymphs behind in a sudden surge of Blue. Ever-ready and eager, Miss Krafft scored on a penalty shot to win the game.

### October 26: Maenads-2; D.C.'s-0

The Maenads were in control the first and second quarters, with the first goal by Miss Hahn. But the D.C.'s came back with good ball control and several shots on the goal. Too bad none of them went in. Then, oh my God(!), the goal seemed wide open when Miss Groff charged in to end the game with a final goal.

### October 30: Maenads-2; Nymphs-1

The most exciting game of the year!! The two teams kept the ball on the field with seemingly little effort. With excellent ball control and fine defense, the game was tied 1-1 with scores by Groff and Kim. Mr. Bowers on the sidelines giving (yelling) instructions to the Nymphs, and everybody else screaming and cheering brought the game to a feverish pitch. Sudden Death, however, brought a quick goal for the Maenads when Miss Groff scored on a penalty.

### COLLEGIAN GAME OF THE WEEK

Highlights of the Nymph-Maenad Soccer Match

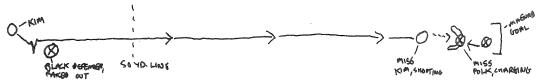
by Abe Schoener

In a game of universally individual contribution last Tuesday afternoon, the swift-striking Maenads out-dueled the deft-passing Nymphs in nerve-wracking overtime to win the game and the Soccer Championship.

Control, in this week's analysis, was the key word of the game. Because of the steady control of each team, the game seesawed only through offensive and counter-offensive during the first three quar-

ters, the score favoring no one with a lead. Until this third quarter, the ball had gone out the side-lines only four times. Until this third quarter, Nymph goalie Kurs had faced only two shots, 'Nad goalie Polk only one. The Maenads would get the ball deep in their own territory and suddenly swoop into the Nymph backfield, black-shrouded Raiders attacking with enough efficiency to shred the staunchest defense. But hustling Nymph fullbacks would force a weak pass and quickly shunt the ball off an awaiting halfback. And then the classic two-man Nymph charge: one Nymph dribbling down an open field at the speed of a cat fleeing water, another Nymph circling somewhere behind, effortlessly inhibiting any pass. Without support, the Nymph would inevitably lose the ball to one of the overwhelming 'Nad defenders, by which time the Black Raiders would sweep in reinforcements, ready to slice back upfield into the unshakable purple horde of defenders. Typical of this cycle might have been the series in the second quarter where Krafft, dribbling, charged into Maenad defender Athey, who booted the ball to waiting Raider wing Craven. Craven passed to fierce Maenad sticker Groff, who shredded the maroon halfbackery--before stalling deep in the backfield. A pass to Hahn went awry, and Nymph Holm fought the ball back upfield to Harvey, who dashed downfield, chased by Raiders, but unaccompanied by Nymphs. Soon, Cooper scampered up in support, only to lose the ball in an attempted center to Kim. The "ubiquitous foot of Oggins" (--S. Chmiel) fed the ball to the awaiting Raiders, and the story started over with Hahn driving into the Purple defense.

Such, indeed, was the play--until the third quarter. Suddenly, Miss Kim had a fast break, was all alone in Black territory, and had a terrifying angle on the goal. Polk, undaunted, charged and stopped the shot. This play, the first in the game to threaten a score, went:



The Nymphs groaned in disappointment, the 'Nads cheered with relief, and the crowd felt the tense excitement grow. But, immediately, there was a Nymph streaking downfield again, this time Miss Mandy on the wing. She made it all the way to the flag in the Maenad's deep left corner, where she patiently waited for someone to pass to. So patient was she, and so alone, that she could tighten her shoe laces to make sure her

kick went well, pat her hair in anticipation of photographers, and rehearse various ways to celebrate the success. And she was rewarded! For, eventually, most of the players on the field arrived in front of the Black goal. Miss Mandy, unaffected by the covey of Black Raiders waiting to devour her pass, calmly lifted the ball to a spot directly in front of the goal where Miss Kim whirled around in excitement and knocked the ball in. This first scoring play went:



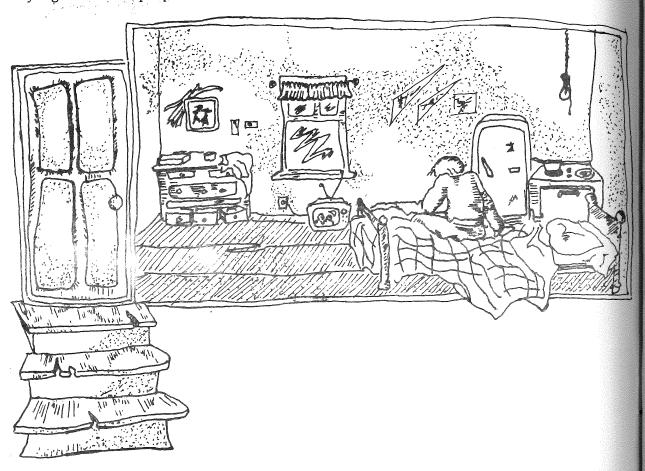
But how ephemeral a lead! How short the fans' respite from the stomach-burning tension of the scoreless seesawing! For no sooner had everybody stopped discussing the play when Miss Groff and all the other terrifying Black Raiders were slashing at the Nymph defense. And suddenly, with a few deft darts, Miss Groff had a shot, which she stabbed in for a score. Fans are still being carried from the stands as time runs out minutes later.

The tension is unbearable as new lineups are inserted for the over-time period. The Nymphs substitute Jago at half-back for Cooper, favoring defensive tenacity over offensive punch. The Black Raiders look grim and determined. There is no noise on the field. And then, in a passing attack engineered by Dornich, Craven, Hahn and Groff, Groff is fed the ball and shoots. A Nymph hand flies up, Mr. J. lines up the penalty shot, Miss Kurs quakes, Miss Groff kicks. The fans scream: some in agony, others in ecstasy.

The players slowly fall off the field, sighing. In a game so pervaded by tension, it is no wonder why, in this week's commentary, "everybody looked like frayed rope." Post-game interviews highlight that tension:

- E. Kurs (Nymph Goalie) -- Q: Any comments? A: I have a sore throat. Nobody listened to me. My athletic shoes? Why, keds.
- B. Gordon (Ref.)--Q: Any comments? A: I didn't call a lot of fouls.
- V. Sciosa (Nymph HB)--Q: Any comments? A: (Obscured by fights in the parking lot)
- T. Hahn (Maenad Center) -- Q: Any comments? A: (The same)
- U. Kim (Nymph Center) -- Q: Any comments? A: Crisp game.
- P. Giordano (Spartan Fan) -- Q: Any comments? A: Who won?

Was the game worth all this writing? Ask the players, struggling on the field. Ask the fans, gagging in the stands. Ask the COLLEGIAN, trying to fill up space.





To the Readers of the COLLEGIAN:

In the course of a coffee shop conversation concerning the COLLEGIAN, something I had not understood previously was brought home to me; namely, that the COLLEGIAN is not, in fact, a college newspaper, but that, although it goes regularly to every member of the community, it is a private publication, and in large part privately funded. This means that it is not responsible to any college authority, student or non-student.

Partly, I imagine, to counteract this anomalous situation, the editors have—in perfectly good faith, I think—established the policy that any contribution which is submitted will be printed.

But such open policies usually turn out to have an effect opposite to their intention. Perhaps it would be too harsh to say that it is a case of bad money driving out good. Nevertheless, if a member of the community has a deeply felt grief or grievance about the ways of the College, or a well-considered observation about the ways of the world, it is unlikely that he would wish his formulation of it to appear side by side with hastily written or trivially conceived articles. The consequence is that such people refrain from contributing, so that the field is left to the small number of those who do not feel uncomfortable in such a setting. It is, in fact, the case that the COLLEGIAN contains a preponderance of articles by a small number of people. I do not wish to say that their writings are always inferior stuff, but they do suffer from not having the containment and correction of competing views.

There is also one respect in which the editorial policy seems to me to be at fault in its own terms. If the columns of the COLLEGIAN are to be really open, then the editor should be very careful not to show contributions to, or invite responses from, particular people before these contributions have been made public. A perfectly open editorial policy seems to be to require a perfectly neutral editor.

For those not satisfied with the contents of the COLLEGIAN, two courses seem to me to be open. One, hostile and not much to my liking, would be to force the COLLEGIAN, by means of arguments which are generally accepted concerning the mailing of privately printed matter,

to cease to be distributed through the College mail, so that only those who wish to make the effort to procure copies from some center of distribution will have to have them.

Another better way—better because of the admirable regularity and technical care with which it is produced—would be to make an effort to turn the COLLEGIAN into a true community paper. This would mean that many students and faculty members would make it their aim to write for it well and frequently. Perhaps the editor would consider having a special section for articles of serious and non-ephemeral intent. Not only would the COLLEGIAN become a paper to be read with strong, steady interest rather than mild occasional revulsion, but the feasibility of an unselective editorial policy would be tested. For if the editor received more contributions than the budget and a reasonable format allow him to print, he would perforce have to state publicly his principles of selection; this would prove a truth close to my heart: that in practice communal participation and absence of standards are incompatible.

Eva Brann November 20, 1972

## Rebuttal to Mr. Blume

In Mr. Blume's essay two weeks ago, which advocated the right and proper usage of words in intellectual discussion, he failed to address the problem of defining the meaning of the words which we use, and the proper rules for determining that which is within the sphere of rational criticism, and that which is without.

For example, should we accept Hobbes' definition of laughter, or should we accept some other? Or should we accept Hobbes' definition of it, only when reading Hobbes, and leave any criticism or objections we have to that particular definition outside of the course of the discussion? Should we accept Anselm's a priori reasoning over St. Thomas' a posteriori reasoning when we contemplate the nature of the Divine Being and His relationship with theological truth? Or should we find objection to both?

Did Mr. Blume, when he wrote, "How often have I heard, or heard of, the bold assertion that some author--particularly someone such as Plotinus or Marx, foreign to most of our beliefs and sensibilities--is

sheerly nonsensical," mean to imply that Plotinus and Marx are beyond logical criticism—which would render each respective philosopher nonsensical—simply because each is foreign to our beliefs and sensibilities? Couldn't it be the case that Marx and Plotinus are each beyond our rational capacity to accept their assertions that the world and the nature of the world is composed in that manner which each sets forth in their respective philosophical treatises; that their initial premises are self-contradictory; that their arguments are specious, or dependent on some timeworn rhetorical device, like the ad hominem invective, or argumentum ad populum, which lie outside the proper province and usage of rational criticism; that once these timeworn devices are uncovered and announced that that is the tool which would render Plotinus and Marx nonsensical?

Did Mr. Blume mean to imply that when we attend a seminar, we should put aside our logical criticism and accept any assertion, no matter how bold and inaccurate, made in the course of the night? Was Mr. Blume serious when he claimed that the term 'nonsensical' ought not to apply to any of the program books lest some error on the part of the faculty has been made? Did he mean that all the books on the program make sense, even those which are in direct and obvious conflict with one another, and that we as students and scholars should not attempt at least to determine and ascertain which books do make sense and which don't? Isn't this the proper course of study, and exercise of critical thought? Does it necessarily and logically follow that some 'dire error' has been made by placing some cleverly and craftily written nonsensical book on the program which challenges us as students to awake from our sleeper's den to think and refute that which has been argued, asserted, and espoused?

Should we accept the assertion by any philosopher, no matter how esteemed in the annals of time, and popular mind, that his philosophy is beyond criticism, because it is the true one, and that all attempts to criticize it or critique it are beyond our sensibilities, or are foreign to our traditions, our beliefs, and our modalities of thought? Did Mr. Blume mean to argue this?

Should we accept the assertions or arguments of anyone who claims that something is obvious when it is not; that his definitions of words are those which are in common usage, or are those which are agreed upon by all; that his logic is superior; that his critics are uninformed; that they fail to differentiate; that they fail to find

### FAST FOR A WORLD HARVEST

This year's Fast for a World Harvest is set for November 15th. What this means is that for thousands of people in this country, the Thursday before Thanksgiving will be a day spent in facing the existence of hunger in the world. One part of how they do this is to take the day off from eating and send the money thus saved to a group called Oxfam-America. But there is much more than that to this Fast Day. In many places people put together educational programs consisting of posters, pamphlets, slides, books, speakers, movies, etc. However, the most important aspect of the Fast Day is its function of encouraging thought-fulness about hunger and providing an opportunity for people to develop and strengthen their own commitment to try to affect the circumstances which permit hunger to exist in our time.

I say "permit" because, unlike any other time in which people have lived, this is a time when it is no longer necessary for any person in the world to starve. The reason that hunger persists is a complex network of a variety of causes, and effectively changing that is not simple. The question of how to move from our present situation to a world in which we exercise our ability to live in sane societies where people are well-fed, healthy and comfortable is enormous. Although a part of the answer for each person can come from learning about things like the circumstances surrounding the persistence of hunger, the biggest part of starting to address that question is thinking about it for ourselves. For it is easy, upon seeing how large and complex the problems of the world are which account for the persistence of hunger, to decide that one person's ability to affect these problems is so small that it is not worth the effort. And it is only by having each one of us decide for ourselves to pool our energy together that enough people to have an effect can begin to work together for change. So, the taking of a day to consider hunger as something we can affect, and to think about how this can be done, can be far more than a symbolic act; it can be one which helps to strengthen a person's commitment to make real and useful contributions to reshaping our world into a more humane one.

The way in which fasting can play a role in this is by keeping the question before one all day. While fasting for a single day need not interfere with normal daily activities which are not related to food, the fact of not eating causes the reason for missing those meals to return to mind again and again. Certainly, the experience of giving up

three meals is far from being like that of starving; but that does not render it useless as an act of concern about the condition of the world and the persistence of hunger.

There is nothing more I can suggest to people as a way of taking part in the ending of world hunger beyond thinking, reading and talking about it, and making any changes in our lives that we may conclude are important. (Specifically, I would like to recommend a book which does a tremendous job of placing hunger in its perspective as a part of a large network of problems. The book, called Food First, is long. Fortunately, there also exists a pamphlet, "Why are People Hungry?", which gives enough of an idea of the contents of the book to really make you want to read it. Look for the pamphlet around campus.) But there are things which can be done to try to relieve specific incidences of hunger, and it is important to try to help the people who are hungry while we are exploring how to change the larger conditions which have caused that hunger. I think that the programs funded by Oxfam realistically address the needs of the impoverished people they assist. Oxfam-America is an independent affiliate of a British group which began in 1942 as Oxford Famine Relief. There are several other Oxfams--U.K., Canada, Quebec, Belgium, Australia -- with which Oxfam-America sometimes collaborates on projects. The projects funded by the American branch are located in Asia, Africa and Latin America. When a committee examines a project to determine whether Oxfam-America will make a grant to it, among the guestions they explore are: Will rural, low-income people benefit most from this grant, and will it lead to increased income or income potential for them? Will. this grant result in unintended negative effects on existing social, cultural or environmental patterns? The projects to be funded with donations from this year's fast are: a fish farming project in Peru, a project helping to create village industries in Tanzania, a farm project in Zimbabwe, a general community development project in Sri Lanka, an emergency relief project for boat people of Southeast Asia, a farm project in South Africa and a women's development program in Bolivia. Oxfam-America's projects do not address the needs of all the people who are hungry or even the question of why there are so many hungry people today. But money sent to Oxfam does go to help some people become more self-sufficient.

Therefore, I encourage people to participate in this fast on November 15th, both as a way to contribute to Oxfam and as an occasion on which to seriously ponder hunger and the conditions which cause it. Many colleges and universities make arrangements with their food services to set an

amount of money, for each person on food service who fasts, to be given to a Fast organizer to send to Oxfam. However, we would probably need a few dozen fasters to make it worthwhile to request such an agreement. I will be willing to request such an agreement if enough people express an intention to fast. Otherwise, people can send contributions directly to Oxfam, or arrange to have me add theirs to the money order I will send. People who are on food service and intend to participate in the fast should contact me fairly soon. Right now, I have one Oxfam newsletter which people may read. Sometime in the next couple of weeks, I should be receiving more of their literature and some pins. I'd be happy to talk to people about this and share what information I can.

For those interested, the address of Oxfam-America is: 302 Columbus Avenue, Boston, MA 02116.

Lucy Oppenheim

Nota bene: There are lots of opportunities for good deeds digging and potting about. See Steve Edwards, Leanne Johnson, Noah Blyler, and Co. for directions.

A. Kungle for Mother Earth and the Liberty Tree

As in the past, St. John's will participate in the internship program of the Maryland General Assembly. We can send six to eight students. The coordinators of the program request that the students be juniors or seniors. If you are interested, please see me for details.

Marianne Braun
Director of Placement

This Tuesday, November 6, at 8 p.m., a seminar on alcohol and drug dependence will be held in the Chesapeake Room on the ground floor of Anne Arundel General Hospital over on Franklin Street. The seminar will consist of a half-hour film followed by a one-hour panel discussion. The panel will include physicians and psychologists from around the country, members of General's staff, and representatives of The Open Door, drug and alcohol center, and the Raft House, shelter, here in Annapolis.

Robert Taylor of the Raft House, the coordinator of this seminar, informs me that if enough of the St. John's community are interested, he could arrange to have the seminar repeated. If you are interested and can't make it to the seminar on Tuesday, please contact me, and I will speak to Mr. Taylor about repeating the seminar.

Jim Melcher

### FIRE DRILL

The fire drill of October 31 was, by all accounts, undistinguished. Marshalls failed to report to those monitoring the drill; windows were left open; the buddy system was nowhere in evidence; many students left the buildings without towels; and one student was observed running into Randall Hall.

There will be, accordingly, other drills for the dormitories.

The fire drill for McDowell Hall, on October 29, was somewhat more successful—the building was emptied in four minutes—although some left by way of the stairs rather than the fire—escape.

### Assistant Deans' Office

In the Gorgias (451A-C), Socrates says "Arithmetic belongs to that knowledge which deals with the even and the odd, with reference to how much either happens to be . . . Logistic deals with the same thing, namely, the even and the odd; but it differs insofar as it studies the odd and the even with respect to the multitude which they make both with themselves and each other."

On Tuesday night, the 6th of November, at 8 p.m., in the Great Hall, David Fowler, from the Mathematics Institute of Warwick University in Coventry, England, will propose a reconstruction of pre-Euclidean mathematics that will show what was meant by logistic. His lecture is entitled: Plato's Logistic?

### DIRECTORY CHANGE:

Parma Yarkin - 86 State Circle Stephanie Gluckman - 406 W. Pinkney Kevin Brickley - 313 Campbell Kevin Tracy - 204 East Pinkney

#### FOR SALE

United Airlines 50%-off coupon. Only good on round-trip flights completed before December 15, 1979. \$50. Contact Rick Campbell at 203 East Pinkney or through campus mail. Mrs. Blandin needs someone to do light housework each week. She's a nice lady & lives within easy walking distance. What more could you ask? Call at 263-6608.

Mrs. Lynch needs a housecleaner as well. We need housecleaners, folks! Come on! Her number is 647-2095. She will provide transportation. Give it a shot. It's a good way to fill in those boring Tuesday & Wednesday afternoons.

Mrs. Clark needs someone to tutor her two boys(ages 8 & 10) Mon.thru Thurs. afternoons. Call 263-6026 after 7 p.m. or 202-225-3961 during the business day.

Eva Brandt is looking for a girl to spend as many nights as possible at her nice home. She requires no nursing or special care, only someone to be there. She also wants someone (not necessarily the same person) to come over during the late morning or afternoon a few days a week as a daytime companion. She lives on this side of the Severn River Bridge, about 1½ mi. from campus. Call 841-6535.



Mrs. Legum wants a babysitter to cover 8-10:30 in the morning on weekdays. We told her that this is a difficult period, but she would like us to give it a try anyway. If you can manage the hours and would like a nice, steady job, give her a call at 263-0369

# WEEKLY CALENDAR Monday, November 5 - Sunday, November 11, 1979

Honday	, November 3 Surday, November 11, 197	9
Monday, Nov. 5 7:15 p.m. Tuesday, Nov. 6	Meeting of Sophomores w/ Dean Pottery Class	King Wm. Rm.
7:10-10:00 8:00 p.m. 8:00-10:00	New Test'mt Class - Mr. J. W. Smith Study Group II: Wagner, Tristan and Isolde - Mr. Elliott Zuckerman	Art Gallery McDowell 21 Mellon 146
Wednesday, Nov. 7 4:00 p.m. 7:00-10:00 7:00 p.m. 8:00-10:00	Iliad Reading Group Life Drawing Class Small Chorus Study Group I: The Poetic Vision of Lao Tzu - Mr. Robert Zelenka Community Seminar: Swift, "Battle of the Books"	McDowell 23 Art Gallery Great Hall McDowell 23 McDowell 24
Thursday, Nov. 8 By noon 7:30 p.m.	Student Aid time sheets due "Book and Author" evening, featuring John R. Pekkanen & Archibald Rogers. Sponsored by Friends of St. John's.	Fin. Aid King Wm. Rm.
Friday, Nov. 9 12 Noon 8:15 p.m.	Alumni Association luncheon (Annapolis Chapter) LECTURE: Giotto & the Life of St. Francis at Assissi: A New Slant on a Classic Puzzle. Prof. Creighton Gilbert of Cornell U.	Conversation Room FSK Audit'm
Saturday, Nov. 10 9:00 a.m. 1:00-4:00 8:15 p.m.	Sculpture Class Painting Class Film: "The Wild Child"	Art Gallery Art Gallery FSK Audit'm
Sunday, Nov. 1.1 1:00-4:00 7:00-10:00 8:15 p.m.	Pottery Class Life Drawing Class Film: "The Wild Child"	Art Gallery Art Gallery FSK Audit'm