



...about

JOHN'S

SUCCESSOR
TO THE
REAL
COLLEGIAN

Prime
Kinematician:
Lord Prufrock

39 Gramercy Pk.
St. John's-a-Way
From St. John's

At The Height
of the
Golden Era

THE ASCENT OF MAN AND THE ORIGIN OF THE FECES
OR
A SMELLY LITTLE CAMPUS

The St. John's Student Polity, at its last diurnal conflux, discussed the problem of college finances. Since the Administration of the College has been in the hands of the students the Polity has found it expedient to meet daily for five or six hours in the Great Hall, a decision which was reached after much debate and concluded only by action of the Electric Light Company. Yesterday's contesseration was of particular note as something was decided.

After the Treasurer's Report, which opened the meeting, several students concluded that something had to be done. One or two, who obviously talked for dialectics sake, voiced the opinion that, with all due respect to the Golden Age, students could not pay the full costs of their education and that if the present crisis was met by raising fees again many of the present polity could not return. (The suggested increase of only \$50. would bring the total costs per student to an even \$3500. annually.) This was generally shouted down on the theory that if they really had to, most students could clip another coupon without serious danger to their finances.

The discussion really began to take form when one of the students cautiously proposed the idea that the community should support itself by producing something the Outside World needed, or thought it needed, or at any rate would buy. This was received jubilantly by the majority who have always wanted a factory of their own. From here, there arose a metaphysical discussion as to what would be proper for the community, in the light of its particular nature, to produce. One of the freshmen interjected that St. John's should produce that which it does best. A sophomore hurriedly picked up this theme, and by pointing out that the hen does best by laying eggs, the cow by giving milk, and the Church by teaching a Sense of Sin, intimated that St. John's did best by

* Illustration above: Sophro and Hy, hard at work in the Seedbed of the American Renaissance.

producing Thinkers. A junior pounced on this, and although he agreed that SJC should produce Thinkers, he objected to the way the sophomore looked at reality, claiming that the hen simply layed eggs and that because society needed eggs more than feathers egg-laying was the most prized activity of hen-hood, milk the reason for keeping cows, and Reason developed for governing the Passions. "It is for the production of things necessary to the general welfare that these things are cultivated and called good," he concluded. "NON-SENSE!" snapped a senior, "if St. John's is to survive on the Darwinian field of battle, it must produce that which will enable it to compete on an equal footing with other colleges, i.e., that is good which insures survival, and all else superfluous, inexpedient, and bad. If all that the hen could contribute to the society were feathers, roosters would be monogamously unhappy; if all the cow could provide were hides, bulls would have to work for a living, if all that St. John's produced was Thinkers, the Do-ers of the world would banish us from the field! *Im Anfang war die Tat!* We are producing Thinkers now, (look at us!), and it is not enough. We must act! And we must produce an integrated mass of thought and action!"

The Student Polity received this with thunderous applause. The plaster sifted down from the tower, the lights flickered, and the ivy on the south-east corner fell away from the wall. After three hours order was restored and the Polity applied itself to the problem as to what should be done.

The Wilkinson Memorial Scientific Club offered to set up a gamma-ray production line. The King William Players pondered the chances of their current production making a million on B-way. The Astronomers wondered. There was a proposal entertained for a while that would have started beehives in the abandoned housing units for the eventual production of mead. The Phil-M Club offered to produce an uncut version of *Lysistrata* if enough men would be willing to take part.

All were rejected on the basis that they did not completely represent the Program in eo ipso. Or at least, *qua Program*. "What we want to produce is something which symbolizes *in esse* the thought and action inherent in the St. John's Program," stated one senior helpfully.

The debate lasted for four more hours until finally a junior, inspired no doubt by Candide's garden proposed what was eventually accepted as the solution. "If there's anything the earth needs promote growth, its fertilizer! I propose that the back campus be turned into one large compost heap!"

In reaching this decision the polity was not unmindful of the break in tradition which this step implies. It was the consensus of all, however, that the College possesses the vitality and strength to meet its increased responsibilities.

In one particular sense, St. John's College will be recognized as the seedbed of the american renaissance. Here, of all places, Ulysses should plant his oar. Next year, "... a quiet little college at Annapolis, Maryland, with a handful of old buildings, 123 students, and practically no money," will come into its own and once again demand of the american university a complete catharsis.

YOUR REAL REPORTER

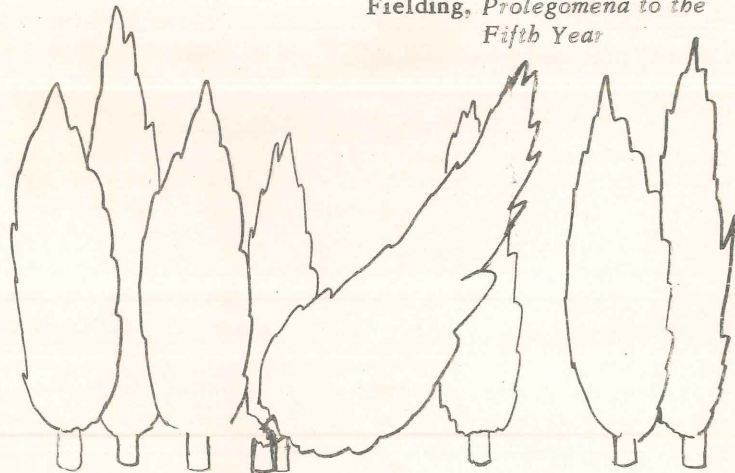
The noted logos-eater, John David Alexandros, ensconced on his little pink cathedra under the septagonal coffee table, cast the following noesis-schmitzel under our feet as we pranced thru the Dialectorium the weekend of l'affaire Koogle. "What's your problem Man? - Now with regard to a higher order of conceptual thinking it seems to me that you are saying something strange in my understanding, namely that this . . . this . . . entity, yes, this entity . . . nein . . . rather, let me repeat; with regard to this higher order . . . level . . . of conceptual ratiocination, it would seem that by three-cylinder logic there are two possible wrong answers to any question, two keys is enough, and God is dead - crucified by Jelly Roll Morton on a set of Cartesian coordinates!"

Thank you Mr. A. We'll pass this on for publication under the Pensées of a Future Alumni Association President, a rich man with plenty of leisure, naturally. Watch for the next edition of the St. J. A. B.

FROM THE ACTUALLY REAL BOOKS:

... but as Molly pronounced these last words, the wicked rug got loose from its fastenings, and discovered everything hid behind it; where among other female utensils appeared the philosopher Square, in a posture as ridiculous as can be possibly be conceived. Philosophers are composed of flesh and blood as well as other human creatures; and however sublimated and refined the theory of these may be, a little practical frailty is as incident to them as to other mortals.

Fielding, *Prolegomena to the Fifth Year*



HYPOTHETICALLY-REAL TREE FALLING IN A FOREST, MILES AWAY.
NOTICE HOW NOBODY IS LOOKING!

FROM THE POTENTIALLY REAL BOOKS:

As Suggested in a Recent Lecture on *Great Moments in Lyric Poetry*

Derdes demden,
Dieder derdie -
Dasdes demdas
Dieder dendie!

Phillipus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus
von Klopstock,
The Pseudo-Ne-Plus-Ultra-Paracelsus*

* *Der Untergang der Reinen Vernunft, oder, Die Benutzung der Schnitzelbänkes für die Geschichtlichsebenswürdigkeit in Unterslobbovia (gesundheit!)*, in English: *Man is a Dreadful Animal*.

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