

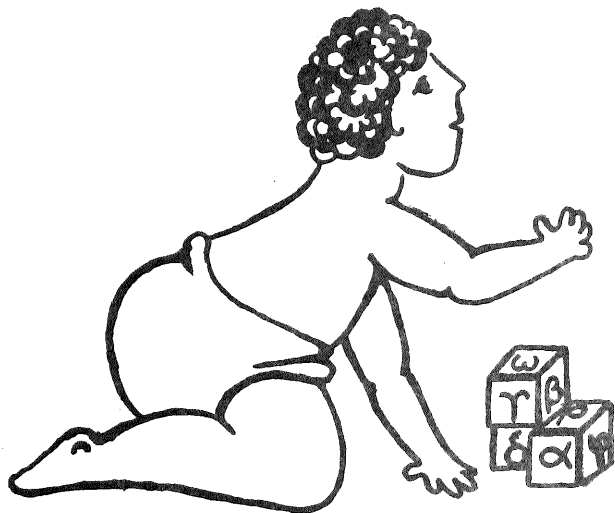
THE COLLEGIAN

FACIO LIBEROS EX LIBERIS LIBRIS LIBRAQVE

I make ^{wine} ~~chicken~~ ^{fertility gods} from ^{open books} ~~children~~ with a balance with tree barks and a pound.

I make fertility gods ^{of} from children by means of books and a pound.

I make children of freemen with books and a balance.



Ladies and Gentlemen,

There are available in the Dean's Office copies of the recent lectures by Mr. Mortimer Adler, Why It Is Sometimes Necessary To Read Aristotle Backwards and Dr. Leon Kass, Looking Good: Biology and Human Affairs for reproduction at individual expense.

Sincerely yours,

Edward G. Sparrow

Edward G. Sparrow
Dean

The Bookstore hours from Dec. 18 to Dec. 22 will be:

10 a.m. - 2 p.m.

The Bookstore will close on the 22nd at 2 p.m. It will re-open on the 2nd of January at 10 a.m.

Frances Boyd

ROOM WANTED

Melanie Roth, a student at Goucher College, needs housing in Annapolis for six weeks from January through the middle of February. If you have an extra room to let, call her at Goucher: 1-821-8847, or leave a message with her mother, Edith Roth: home 1-665-7026, work 1-594-1960.

Assistant Deans' Office

From the Placement Office

Summer Jobs at Yellowstone - The National Park at Yellowstone in Wyoming has 2,000 jobs for summer '79. Come to the placement office for detailed information on them.

Marianne Braun

DIRECTORY CHANGES

Thomas Brintle - to 312 Campbell
Christopher Bolle - to 308 Campbell
Roberta Slonager - to 84 Market St,
Annapolis, MD 21401
Benjamin Smith - to 201 Carroll
Michael Coss - to 301 Carroll
EVERY ONE ELSE - to HOME

NEXT YEAR:

Book Review
Special II

plus
New Year's
resolutions



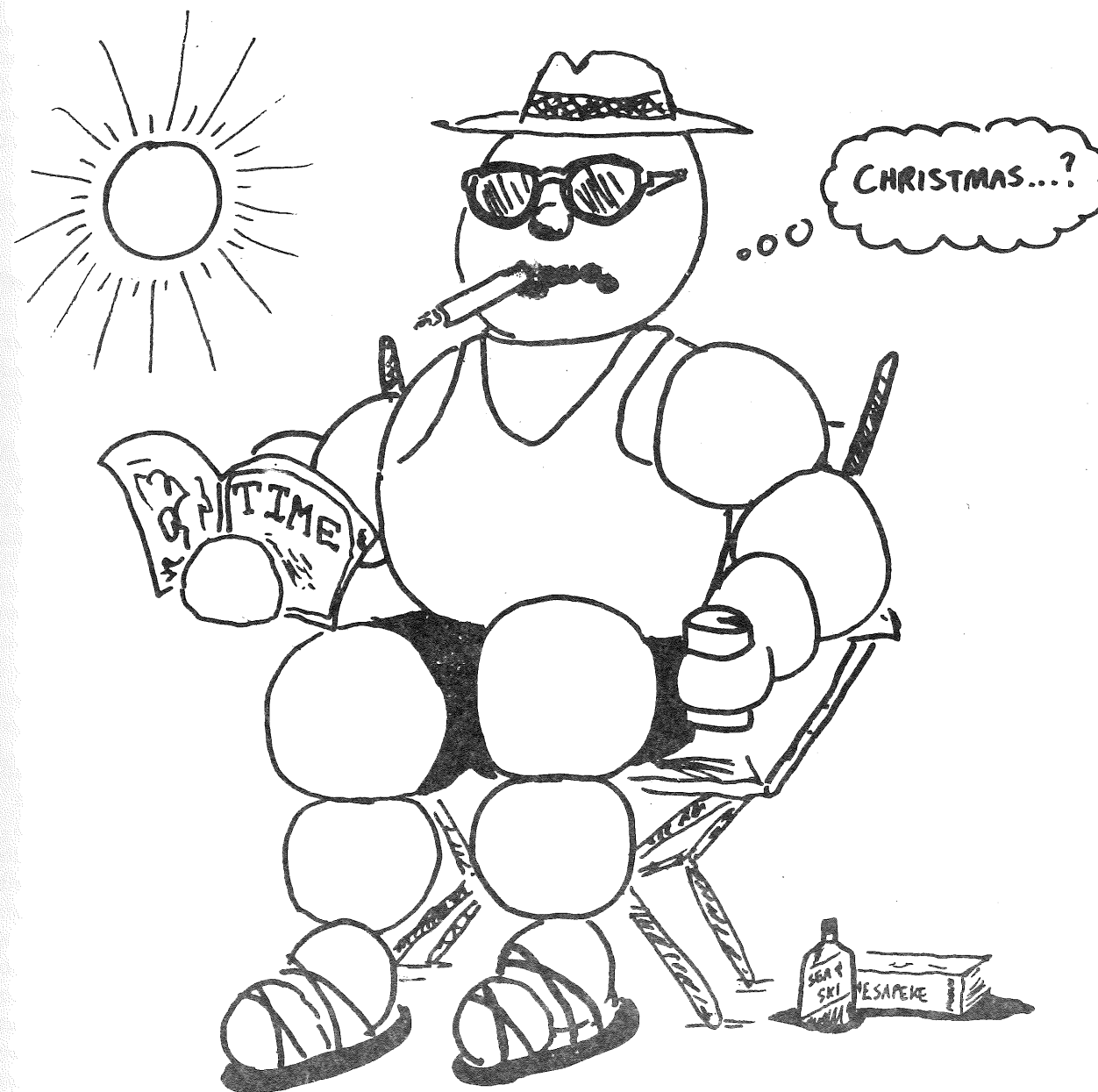
Antique Rose
45 Randal St.

Lovelines:
We offer an outstanding selection
of period clothing; perfect for your next
Waltz Ball.



THE COLLEGIAN

THE STUDENT WEEKLY OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE



THE ENTIRE STAFF (EXCEPT FOR R.W.) WISHES EVERYONE "HAPPY HOLIDAYS!"

These wishful people are: Alison Athey (home for the holidays), Lynn Gumert, Ken Ross (in need of a home), Mark Fuller (still trying to remember where home is), John Lippman (wondering why his name is misspelled), Jeff Harter (homeless), Danielle George (always home anyway), Amy Coughlin (), Ann Schwartz, Patti Nogales (homely), Terry Polk (at home anywhere), Sean Ball (in search of a new home, yet still Editor), Janet McKennis, Caroline Allen (home wrecker), and Wendy Tribulski

Cover art Melanie Jago

LETTERS

Dear Mr. Ball:

Seldom are my feelings outraged sufficiently to prompt me to write a Letter to The Editor, but I am now forced to do so.

As a member of the immediate St. John's community as well as an alumnus of some years standing, I was shocked and embarrassed to read Ms. Shapar's appallingly ad hominem attack on Mrs. Berns in your issue of yesterday.

I am shocked that a senior should display such a lack of tolerance toward the opinion of another member of the community. Are we or are we not more or less rational animals trying to follow a life of reason?

My embarrassment is for all, that one of our number should have written such a pathetic diatribe. I offer Mrs. Berns my apology on behalf of all of us.

Thomas Parran, Jr. '42
Director
College Relations

More on the Pranks...

The purpose of my letter, and I think also of Mrs. Berns', was to point out the importance of the pranks' less humorous side. Having attempted that, I respect opposite views. However, some of the 'defenses' were personal attacks on Mrs. Berns.

There is some universal that makes us human. It is not altered by time or personality, and is therefore impersonal. It is on this level that things make a lasting difference. It is on this level that all rational arguments must be carried out. When responses become personalized attacks, nothing is gained but ill-feelings.

Lynn Gumert



(Ed. note: The following correspondence is being published because the questions raised therein, especially in Mr. Fisher's second letter, are more general than the particular subject of the reactions to the Adler prank.)

Dear Mr. Ball:

In publishing Miss Shapar's and Mrs. Schmidt's completely unnecessary personal attacks on Mrs. Berns for her opinions, you have just about abandoned any pretense to an editorial policy for THE COLLEGIAN.

How blind to expatiate for two pages on why you won't publish obscenity, meanwhile overlooking abuse and derision that is more objectionable than obscenity and more harmful.

Sincerely,
Howard Fisher

Dear Mr. Fisher:

The editorial on obscenity was not intended to comment on Mrs. Bern's letter or the subsequent responses, though it does apply to them incidentally; rather, the intent of the editorial was to determine in what manner obscenity should be treated. The argument of the editorial was that obscenity does not deserve special consideration, and thus should be considered on the basis of quality alone.

In regard to the letters of Miss Shapar and Mrs. Schmidt, it is true that their submissions contained pointed language, but it is also true that they were responding to a pointed accusation. Their letters could no more be censored than that of Mrs. Bern's. Whether one of the authors pursued her argument more aggressively than the other was not the essential concern: what mattered was that the letters represented a viewpoint made in earnest and that they were not excessively derogatory.

Presuming all the letters were made in earnest, only the question of their "obscenity" remained. If it was per-

Spaceways
SOUND INC.
Audio-Visual Wholesalers-Retailers

*Come in and see
the most complete line
of stereo equipment.*

304 Legion Avenue
Annapolis, Md.
21401

Phones
267-9001 Annapolis
269-8786 Baltimore
261-1066 Washington

missable (in the sense of printable) for an allusion to the Nazis to be made in one instance — an allusion pertaining to a subject which people have very strong opinions about, and hence an allusion that will inevitably result in someone feeling himself personally indicted — than it seemed permissible that those who thought themselves so indicted respond. Even those who wholly agree with one side should recognize the right of the other side to speak their mind.

As for myself, I consider the entire episode somewhat unfortunate, and I favor neither party. But I do not regret the manner in which I handled this affair, and I fail to see how it contradicts my previous editorial statements.

Sincerely,
Sean Ball

Dear Mr. Ball:

Thank you for your reply to my letter. Though you say you do not regret the way you handled this affair, I think that a serious injury has been done, and that it must not now be ignored.

I am critical of your decision to publish the two letters unemended because in doing so you have allowed THE COLLEGIAN to be used as an organ with which to diminish and ridicule a member of the college community. Nothing in Miss Shapar's criticism required her to attack the opinions of a German-born tutor as "Tectonic twaddle". Nothing in Mrs. Schmidt's criticism required her to ridicule Mrs. Bern's writing or call the

expression of her opinions "clucking in public". These expressions of personal, private venom weaken the bonds that must unite us as a college, and they flout the code of mutual respect which alone makes us worthy of what we try to do. They diminish every one of us by diminishing any one of us. The writers should have been told that you, as editor of an important organ of community expression, will not consent to its use to do harm; and that you will publish their letters as soon as the writers remove the personal and derogatory references.

It is unthinkable to compare Mrs. Bern's letter, sharp though it be, to those of Mrs. Schmidt and Shapar. Mrs. Berns ridiculed no one, violated no one's right to respect, gave no one grounds for feeling, as you say, "personally indicted". She made a very harsh and, to many, distasteful comparison. If it is thought that her comparison is unjust, overstated, or incendiary, then we will expect to see letters which say to her: "Your comparison is unjust, overstated, and incendiary." We do not expect to see letters that say, "You cluck. You speak twaddle. You write poorly. You are a German." Surely you must see this.

Your letter asks me to remember that "even those who wholly agree with one side should recognize the right of the other side to speak their mind." Do you not see that it is just that right which has been endangered by your failure to require emanation? These ugly letters violate Mrs. Bern's right to be heard with respect, and without that right no one of us has a right to speak his mind; the right becomes empty. This is why I say you have allowed an injury to occur, not only to Mrs. Berns, who can certainly take care of herself, but to the protection of speech.

The irony of your editorial, and the reason I called it a blindness, is that in your concern for "quality" you have ignored the claims of justice and civility. There are things which, even if they are done well, ought not to be done. I am asking you to exercise standards which look not merely to "quality" but to the public trust you hold.

Sincerely,
Howard Fisher

Another Fan letter

Dear Mr. Kuzmak,

Bravo!

You pointed out exactly the major problem with politeness. When what should be talked about is anathema to polite conversation, we accept whatever other media is available to express our loneliest fears. I would like to offer a kind word of warning, though. The Collegian is very available, but it isn't read by most with the same care and respect as the equally dreary thoughts of Pascal or St. Augustine.

You ask for ideas, so here is one I've been mulling over a lot lately:

I propose a voluntary moratorium for the period of a decade on all scientific and technological research by all scientists in every nation which still has freedom enough to allow it. The Scientific Revolution, which is responsible for your fears, is the result of a philosophical discussion started up less than four hundred years ago. There is still no general agreement as to how it should be managed. Capitalists want it to proceed unconsciously in the hands of individuals not necessarily in communication with one another, whereas Communists want it to be managed by a Central Committee which also maintains total political and moral control of the population.

The basic tenet of this philosophical enterprise is that man has the right to control nature absolutely, and faith that the ultimate result of this control will necessarily be a benefit to mankind. Both of these assertions are still wide open for discussion. At least, by rights, they ought to be, but, to treat the conclusions of such discussions seriously in the way they conduct their lives. Who would ever believe a scientist would seriously consider staying out of his laboratory for ten years?

Well, we could work on it through the 80's. Set 1990 as a target date to convince as many scientists as we can to stop for a short while (short when compared with the last hundred years of surprises,) let history take a breather, give folks time to read Montaigne and Jonathan Swift. In 2000 A.D., everything could start back up again, if we wanted it to.

We've changed nature enough. We can be happy with the drugs and machines we already have. We should slow down a bit.

I can already hear the major objections rattling themselves off, "But the Russians'll catch up with us, etc. . . ." There are very persuasive arguments for the position that we'll never need another weapon because we can already threaten every adversary with absolute destruction. But these arguments are irrelevant to truth.

Does the Scientific Revolution boil down to defending our borders? Of course it does. If it didn't, a ten year rest period wouldn't seem the least bit absurd or frightening.

As philosophers, we should always keep in mind John Stuart Mill's principle:

"There is no philosophy possible where fear of consequence is a stronger principle than love of truth."

If we refuse to question our souls unless we're allowed to fear the Russians at the same time, we will never get true answers. To be sure we are being true and honest in asking these very important questions, we must be willing to accept Thoreau's condition" . . . though it cost them their existence as a people." Even if we do not end up opposing the government after comparing the pragmatic with the virtuous, its political safety can not be allowed to enter legitimately into our discussions of truth. What we should do and what is true are two very different, often conflicting, concerns.

This is usually where Marx steps in and says, "So we need a revolution." I'm not saying that, though. I still believe in freedom, and I believe it extends so far that if a scientist wants to work in laboratory or if he wants to refuse working, he should be allowed to.

I'd like to hear what you think of this idea. Thanks again for publishing your problem.

Sincerely,
James Silver Jr.

No one outruns
The Athelete's Foot.

There Must be a Solution

First listen, my friend, and then you may shriek and bluster. - Aristophanes

Lewis Thomas, in The Lives a Cell, suggests an idea that has been suggested on and off for the past several thousand years, that we are creating, or are part of a global mind. Now why should we take seriously an idea that is as big as a barn and twice as rickety? Really, does this matter deserve serious thought? I think it does, and I aim to tell you why; not only why we should think about it at all, but why we should think about it sincerely and quickly.

Thomas draws many analogies between the Earth and a single cell, between phenomena within the organism, and phenomena between organisms, making the whole Earth one big life, and our lives, and all the lives we perceive, the lives of the cell. I will draw only one of many possible analogies because it is the most pressing and relevant. I will liken the nation to an organism for the following reasons:

- 1) A nation, atleast in the minds of men, is a distinct entity with a geographical interior that is it, and a geographical exterior that it is not.
- 2) Nations, like organisms, are controlled largely by internal communication between complimentary parts in a relationship that creates a whole. In an organism, a distinct division of the universe, all the diverse cells contain the identical genetic material, allowing them to communicate with each other. In a nation, a distinct mental division of the universe, all men speak the same language.
- 3) A nation, by virtue of the limited perception of its individual component humans, builds structures social and physical, mind and matter to protect itself from an unknown environment.

Regarding this last comparison of nation to organism, I think we may invoke the memory of the Irish Deer, now extinct, which was mentioned in our sociobiology lecture several weeks ago. Everyone who has taken freshman biology knows that in a developing system, different segments of the system function to develop different structures which will perform different functions when the system reaches ma-

turity. When a system reaches maturity it acts by using the structures that it has developed. In the Irish Deer, one of the differentiations was that which created the antlers of the animal, and magnificent antlers they were too. However, this aspect in the development of the Irish Deer, the aspect that defined the antlers, got a bit carried away, and was to cause the death of every one of the magnificent creatures; the antlers got too large and the animals were unable to maneuver. If you have ever seen a pair of these massive antlers, 12 to 14 ft. across, you might hypothesize that the animals could not even lift their heads off the ground. One structure developed without an adequate communication with the rest of the organism and the environment. The fact that the antlers were going to cause the destruction of the entire organism could not be communicated through the genes. A small segment of the genetic message in the organism unwittingly, quietly, secretly, went berserk.

The nation was born with the first cell 3 billion years ago. Whether the nation followed "logically" from the first cell is questionable, but the cell and the nation are both here, one the result of the other. Because of the nature of the national organism, which is determined by the inadequate perception of its component humans (they fear or are indifferent to an external environment), structures like the horns of the Irish Deer, must be developed for the protection of the organism.

I have a friend who is assisting the United States in the construction of a rack of antlers. He works for a company with which you are all familiar; they build television sets besides making national antlers. If you are not familiar with the process of national antler construction, it is interesting to consider how it is done. Steve is working on a secret project. He has friends who are working on a top secret project. Each individual is assigned a task, a problem, which he must solve. He can talk to no one about what he is doing. He has no idea how his solution will fit together with the other assigned solutions on which his friends are working. The big solution, in which they are all involved, is very big indeed, but is known to only a recondite few. Have you ever considered how much thought and effort it takes to build a better set of antlers, how elaborate the grooves must

be, how fine the machining, how twisted and complex the geometry, how sharp and numerous the points, how quick the mechanism, so that they may strike the entire manifold heart. How much money is spent for each tiny breakthrough in a solution that offers no solution? In 1976 30% of the world's exports consisted of armaments. A small segment of the Earth's genetic message has quietly, secretly, unwittingly gone berserk.

The defense budget is on the increase. Fortune magazine tells us that the corporations that are having financial difficulties are those that are producing "prosaic" products -- shoes and blankets without government subsidy, instead of missiles and digital display systems with government subsidy. Political systems continue to arm for war: the government of China, the government of Russia, the government of the United States all arm for war. Political systems of the industrial nations supply arms to the political systems of the "developing" nations for the political solution of all problems. United Nations Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim, says that the arms race is the largest factor contributing to worldwide inflation; the production of arms creates the conditions for their use via economic and political instability. I don't think we should be afraid to state emphatically that the whole world, the entire thing, has gone mad. There is no mind controlling this thing, only fear. Perhaps it would be "good" to think about why it has gone mad.

Mankind has been expanding across the face of the Earth since he differentiated from the rest of the universe. He has formed social systems, the motivating factor behind which has been xenophobia. This fear promotes much of the economics, industry, and education of the nation. Fear of an unknown exterior causes the ubiquitous structure of the human social system.

If the fear of an unknown exterior and mental lethargy incubate the structures which threaten to destroy us, what might we do to alleviate the situation, to bring the unknown exterior inside? Might our tools of perception which have given us such great control and understanding of the microscopic environment somehow be turned on ourselves so that we might understand all of humanity? What is a Russian, a Chinese, a Japanese... and

why aren't we curious to know? How might the application of communications technology relate to the idea of a global mind? I was originally going to attempt an answer to these questions, but I am running out of space and time.

I will close with a quotation from Gregory Bateson's forthcoming book, Mind and Nature: A Necessary Unity. "Throughout, the thesis of the book will be that it is possible and worthwhile to "think" about many problems of order and disorder in the biological universe, and that we have today a considerable supply of tools of thought which we do not use, partly because -- professors and students alike -- we are ignorant of many currently-available insights, and partly because we are unwilling to accept the necessities which follow from a clear view of the human dilemmas."

--James Kuzmak

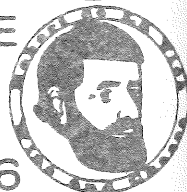
Robert de La Vez

WINE AND CHEESE

51 West Street

Annapolis

267-8066, Daily 10-6



FOR THE
HOLIDAYS!!

WINE BOXES

CHEESE BOXES

WINE & CHEESE BOXES

plus

A TABLE FULL OF
GIFTS FOR UNDER \$5.00!!

AN APPEAL

Fellow aesthetes, I ask you, would you read a man who wrote like this (and mind you, this does not come as the culmination of a carefully constructed aptmosphere, but is sentimentally thrust at us on the eighteenth page):

"We gave her her letters (I heard the men in that lonely hip were dying of fever at the rate of three a day) and went on. We called at some more places with farcical names, where the merry dance of death and trade goes on in a still and earthy atmosphere as of an overheated catacomb; all along the formless coast bordered by dangerous surf, as if Nature herself had tried to ward off intruders; in and out of rivers, streams of death in life, whose waters, thickened into slime, invaded the contorted mangroves, that seemed to writhe at us in the extremity of an impotent despair. Nowhere did we stop long enough to get a particularized impression, but the general sense of vague and oppressive wonder grew upon me. It was like a weary pilgrimage amongst hints for nightmares."

Joseph Conrad, Heart of Darkness

This kind of ludicrous, overwritten prose mashed through the formula adjective/noun/adjective/noun/verb/noun/repeat abounds in this work which Ezra Pound thought unworthy of being quoted from by Eliot, as an epigraph to The Waste Land. (Eliot Acquiesced.) And the whole thing is as meaningless as Conrad's figures of speech (dangerous surf? overheated catacomb?).

And would you read a man who prefaced a philosophical work with this: "The absurd, hitherto taken as a conclusion, is considered in this essay as a starting point. In this sense it may be said that there is something provisional in my commentary..." I should say so! Does Camus really warrant serious consideration? No.

Now The Dead is the last story in Dubliners, and though I cannot attest to the fact, being unfamiliar with Joyce, scholars agree that it is the culmination of all that proceeded. I expect that most are in the same position as I am; please let us not decapitate the work.

Of course I cannot rail against the seventh letter of Plato, though I consider it important (crucially so) only by virtue of several paragraphs. For this reason I think we could find a better reading for the All-College Seminar. Too, it is utterly meaningless out of the context of the Dialogues, and who will reread or even remember the Republic or Phaedrus?

I shall hold my tongue about Melville; but we still could do better.

Allow me to suggest a reading. Vladimir Nabokov is the single most important contemporary writer. Scholars, and so do I, that Lolita is his crowning English work. It is longer than any of the suggested readings, but then again, it is also much better.

The list of readings we were asked to choose from is an arbitrary composition of the Student Instruction Committee, who themselves are not so carefully chosen. Let us take the All-College seminar seriously. I urge everyone to write the nymphet's name on the dotted line; and those of you who have already been misled and returned the questionnaire: fill Mr. Melcher's mailbox with emendations.

Let us read this!

Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul. Lo-lee-ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta.

She was Lo, plain Lo, in the morning, standing four feet ten in one sock. She was Lola in slacks. She was Dolly at school. She was Delores on the dotted line. But in my arms she was always Lolita.

Did she have a precurspr? She did, indeed she did. In point of fact, there might have been no Lolita at all had I not loved, one summer, a certain initial girl-child. In a principdom by the sea. Oh when? About as many years before Lolita was born as my age was that summer. You can always count on a murderer for a fancy prose style.

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, exhibit number one is what the seraphs, the misinformed, simple, noble-winged seraphs, envied. Look at this tangle of thorns.

* * * * *

submitted by
Anderson Weekes

SHORT NOTES FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A POEM
(or a tribute to the science Nazis)

small, slender,
durst we diminish
ingratitude
can be extended.

the meniscus must
be admitted to
describe
its obvious depths
of which all the
parts coagulate
under the
proverbial surface.
toss in the limited
humour, it may
go forward perhaps
but it is in no place
not here. not there.

the alightment by pause
by the bee.

is the extension perhaps in breaking into or through
what seems to be the very part with which we are
capable of carrying, but who are we. and if we are
not, is the poem possible or necessary or conceivable?

serious, subtle,
solitary, durst we, sarcastic...simple...silent...sterile...
sober,
seeing, sensibly,
scientifically. samuel. sophictically, sophomorically, stop
me if i exceed the possible extensions of ingratitude.

--A.M. Craven



India Fashions

AN IMPORT FASHION BOUTIQUE
60 WEST STREET, ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

Best Selections
of beautiful clothes
in natural fabrics

The bells that are ringing
are not the bells that were ringing
they are not the bells
that will be ringing

fat young turtles
crawl scrawling
clammy trails
on the fresh carpet
of sand cleanly laid
by the sea's
CONSTANT TURNING

(sea's)
(sieze)
(sea's)

The third man who walks with us
has hair like a fiery sea
unseen
spoken whispers
clinging to the fact
he isn't there.

what is it that is so simple
it cannot be said?
WHAT IS IT THAT IS SO SIMPLE
IT CANNOT BE SAID?

what do i do just
look into his eyes?
burnin' like a hundred funeral pyres and
i'm jumpin' up + down like
a dozen jack-
hammers.

WHO is the energy
WHY is I (earth so)
perturbed?

Geof
bain.

each morning as
Sunshine comes jumping over
the edges of the earth running
thru the streets and
stretching itself
about the buildings
flames flip flapping like
bootsoles about
bitch feet keep me walking
wandering wonder where
hell her she is

each night
spent alone
is wasted
sleeping like a hollow ship
sunk
framework rusting, sand + molusks
gold rings laughing in the wreck

lipstick slapstick
bones tick slip
special itch shiv-
er shake that
yr. knees are like an ocean wading
wanting
(my thoughts torchy
bouquets of lust.

N trance

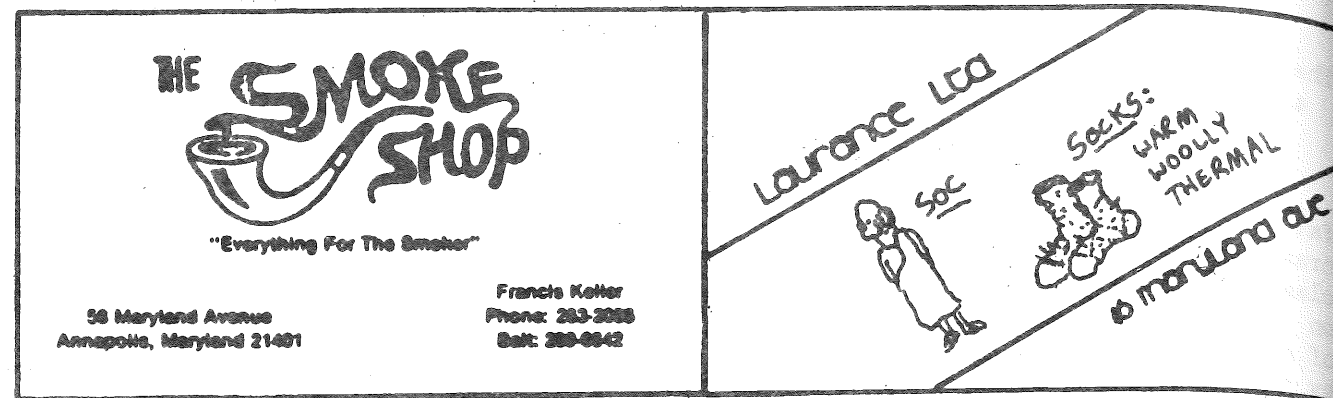
mah wild smile
childlike it ain't
ain't gone yet
(tho my eyes
(sheen glossy sometimes
(like greased
rock.

creates.

Is the fracturing which

leaf + stem
breaks
parts unfold
the seed

ex planation



A streaming curve of
lights
leading away
from the great city
a steady flow of
cars
in perfect sequel.
time
proceeds.
music from the
radio
stands quietly in the
silence
of the moment
though life seaps
out strongly
life and power remain
contained by
slashing lines of
light
against a black night.
power.
New York City

•Patti Nogales

I am the lilting
laughing moon beams;
that witch wild willowing
with that tree dance tall.

I gently ease gypsy away,
bewildering but
bewitching return.

--Lynn Gumert

Arrival in Yathrib
By Philip Reissman

I was resting during the heat of the
late afternoon when my son ran into the
house, very excited indeed.

"The Prophet is here! He has come to
Yathrib! Come out to see the holy
Prophet!"

Without knowing why I knew, I was cer-
tain that this was the most important

day of my life. With excitement and joy
in my heart I went with my son to the
main street of Yathrib, the very street
on which I have spent most of my 43 years
selling jewelry. Today it was crowded
with shouting people waiting to see the
Prophet.

An odd-looking man came up next to me.
We exchanged pleasantries but I knew
that he had something much bigger to say
to me. Indeed, after only a minute of
looking about at the crowd he inclined
his mouth to my ear and whispered some-
thing very strange.

"The year was 622 A.D.," he whispered.
To be more accurate, he talked with nor-
mal loudness but the noise of the crowd
made his voice seem soft as a whisper.
"The migration- known in Arabic as the
Hijrah or Hegira and translated the
"flight"- is regarded by Muslims as the
turning point in world history and is
the year from which they date their
calendar. Yathrib soon changed its
name to Medinah un-Nabi, the City of the
Prophet, and then by contraction simply
to Medina, "the City".

A day ago I would have accounted such
words the babbling of a crazy man. But
today: today I recognized in them some-
thing true, something I had forgotten
long ago and was now being reminded of,
as if of an occurrence that happened in
my childhood.

"I am not certain I heard you
correctly," I said to the stranger.

"For the next three years he met with
little except ridicule wherever he went.
But at this point a group of pilgrims
from Yathrib, some 270 miles north of
Mecca, met him at the Ukaz poets' fair
and were much struck by what he had to
say. Returning home, they persuaded the
Jews of their city that Mohammed was the
Messiah for whom they were waiting, and
some time later a deputation set out to
invite the Prophet to make Yathrib his
home and base. This was the first big
breakthrough. Mohammed eagerly accepted
the offer and sent his secretary, Musab,
and 150 of his followers ahead to prepare
the ground. When Mohammed followed short-
ly afterward, the Omayyads heard of his
departure through spies and sent patrols
in pursuit. But, according to legend,
the pursuers were misled by false trails
laid by divine intervention and Mohammed,
accompanied by his friend Abu Bakr,
arrived safely at Yathrib in September,

622.

"For the remaining ten years of his
life, his personal history merged with
that of the Medinese commonwealth of
which he was the center."

Now I knew. I was not supposed to
know. But I knew.

But what of the stranger! It was wrong
that he was here - I should be alone!
Never before had there been more than
one of us present at such events! Was
he one of us? If not, why was he here?
What was his purpose?

Joy fled from my heart. This was wrong.
I could not think, could not breath, could
not seize the stranger by the beard and
demand to know his purpose. I was carved
of stone.

The crowd screamed in ecstasy. The Pro-
phet was here! A storm of sound washed
over me although the Prophet was not in
sight. Now! Now he's here!

On a horse the Prophet rode. Behind
him followed dozens of men also on horse-
back.

He was unprotected. I saw the stranger
reach into his left sleeve and grasp a
dagger. Still I could not move.

The Prophet was now almost in front of
me. The stranger pushed his way to the
front of the crowd. I shouted "Stop him!
Seize him! He's going to slay the Pro-
phet!"

Fools! At me they looked, not at the
stranger! Dagger outstretched, he leaped
at the Prophet, screaming "Death to the
false prophet! Death to the deceiver who
scorns your gods!"

The blow missed. I saw it miss. The
stranger had time more than enough to
strike the Prophet. But he missed.

The Prophet rode on. His followers
rode on. The crowd was already killing
the stranger. He would die within sec-
onds.

I returned home and lay down, tired
from the excitement of the day. I had
seen what I had been born to see. I had
seen the arrival in Yathrib of the Prophet
as an ordinary citizen of that city.

Sometime during the night my heart will
stop beating and I shall truly return
home.

Phil Reissman • 76

VARIATIONS ON RELIGIOUS THEMES/THREE POEMS

ST. PAUL'S POEM (For my father)

Now you beseech us, and go on to say
 Not with word-wisdom though the Word you preach
 (It seems to me that that is one crossed way
 That we are taught, though you claim not to teach.)
 I need a sign! and seek after the wise!
 And so come after what has come before:
 This now I write: I have to trust my eyes
 And take what little comes as my reward.
 Somewhere I hear a trumpet's certain sound
 Roll-call my life as though a call to battle,
 And like a child I claim what I have found
 And stand and face you, holding—what! a rattle?
 If you are right then one day I will find
 That through a glass eye slowly I go blind.

IF KINGDOM COME

If Kingdom-come came from an Easter(n) star
 And over water walked—the wind dove down—
 What wisdom woke on this side of the bar
 To Herald Time-To-Be from that small town?
 The land then lay (In leaves no step had trod)
 All over Hedon, Herod tried to still
 The voice that past predicted would be God
 But though he killed must not have made The Kill.
 They told Him in the temple, dont!, but He
 Regardless raped the wisdom of the old
 And parabled a world where one could see
 That what's been told must always be retold.
 The sound He symbold was a white-winged bird,
 Whose wings make sound no one has truly heard.

AS IF THEY KNEW

Each year an end, then nearer to The End,
 We travel down the days crazed with belief
 We know the way, the reason comprehend
 The Day must come when like a Nighttime thief
 Armageddon arrives: for such is said.
 I walk one way alone (Two roads diverged)
 And some, they tell me: Boy, your soul is dead;
 And hand me maps and Hope that I am urged
 To follow them along The Way...they go
 But I am unconvinced, and turn away
 To choose the only path that I can know.
 And through the wood I still can hear them say
 The Time Has Come, and talk as if They knew
 What made Him choose the path where Lillies grew.

—Paul Hartel/11-78

A SUBMISSION: (UNTITLED)

to write now, I am going to walk
 walk out all false sentiment
 walk out all fear of death
 walk out of my flesh, and walk back into it
 past the seawall, a word: the
 word of sorrowed mind's concealing
 past the boat slips, a word: the word
 of bridges shouting in space
 past the players rehearsing, past
 the taverns unpeopling, past
 the corner drunk's caged fingers I am going to walk
 till every word has found and spared me, is exultation.

Caroline Allen

HEAVENLY WATERS

Whispering pulsations,
 Of dewy turquoise seas,
 Filled me with sensations,
 Of blithsome reveries.

The foamy manes of waves,
 Lifting their prideful heads,
 Arose from azure caves,
 And saintly crystal beds.

Dreaminess of evening,
 Beckoned me to the shore;
 Fathomless murmuring,
 Beguiled me evermore.

My heart, enchantedly,
 Replied to the gloaming,
 Answering, willingly,
 This mesmeric longing.

Dusk's dark magnetism,
 Called me, with speechless tones,
 Veiled in mysticism,
 Releasing languid moans.

Motion suffused my limbs,
 Victims of Nature's wants,
 Submissive to His whims,
 Bewitched by immured taunts.

Meeting sapphire sands,
 Strange forces entered me,
 With their inviting hands,
 To the arms of the sea.

The waves splashed around me,
 And swished me from the sand,
 Guiding me, upwardly,
 Toward a foreign land.

--Peter Griggs

Carelessly the ditty
 flutters
 indifferent seeming
 as it flits
 to turn,
 as quiet tension
 dominates the
 flirting notes
 and tightens up the seams
 to break
 into whirling
 soaring everlifting
 emotions pulling at his
 tightened hand
 and flows
 softly to conclusion
 as beginning
 meets
 the end.

Patti Nogales

Minutes for the lack of D.C. Meeting Dec. 5.

In attendance: Stuck, Balcom, Ross, J. White.

Not in attendance: 12 delegates, Secretary, 1 President and 1 Partridge, etc.

Due to the lack of quorum, the meeting was not called to order by Mr. Coss, who did not sit at the front of the table at 9:30. The noise problem was, for the first time in recent weeks, not discussed. The meeting was not adjourned shortly thereafter. Those few who were in attendance left shortly thereafter. Those few who were in attendance left the room no longer at peace with the universe. Merry Christmas.

Yours in absentia,
James White

WOMEN'S SORTS

By Stephanie Reineke

Last Friday it was a battle of the Maroon and Yellow; Nymphs and D.C.'s, North and South, East and West, a classic confrontation. The Daughters of Camilla came on defensively, tightening increasingly against the Nymph offense but it was not enough to stop Miss Jago, the Nymphs high scorer. Miss Oreskes tried in vain as she was the D.C.'s high scorer, but it was not enough to gain control of the basketball game. The final score was 28 to 17 in favor of the Crimson tide.

SOUND ODYSSEY

7 PAROLE PLAZA
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND 21401
(301) 224-8848

BROKEN?

Full Line of
Audio Service

Estimates Available
All work Guaranteed

Annapolis Clothing Company

Fashion Women's Clothing - Misses Sizes 6-16
and Junior Sizes 5-13 - Soft blouses, Skirts,
Blouses, Pants, and Dresses

25 West St.



Ah, the elusive game of "hoop". Sometimes you have it and sometimes you don't. Tuesday last the Maenads had it. By the half, Miss Dornich and her light left hand had racked up 15 points (by the end of the game she had 21) leading the Maenads. At the half Miss Athey showed on the scene and the Maenads were really unstoppable (she scored 24 points in a half to make her high scorer for the game.) The Crimson Tide which was victorious the game before (afore mentioned) struggled and fought, (Miss Mandy fouled out) but the 'hot' Maenads kept pressing until the final score was 62 to 13 in favor of the "Nads". A veritable stampede.

When the Maenads played next it was against the D.C.'s, but it was not an easy battle. The D.C.'s kept it fairly close the whole way but were not enough for the Maenads -- even on a Maenad "off-day". Miss Athey once again pulled the high scorer victory, but she fought hard against Miss Litwin (a tall center for the D.C.'s). Miss Oreskes scored 11 points for the D.C.' but the point dispersion throughout the whole D.C.

Volleyball: Spartans-4, Greenwaves-0
Guardians-4, Hustlers-1

The Greenwaves had not lost a volleyball game in years! Wait 'til Ethan Bauman and Steve Gray hear about this! And Rob Godfrey!

The Hustlers need much work on the fundamentals...such as learning the rules.

League Standings:

Basketball	W	L	Pts.
Spartans	1	0	3
Greenwaves	1	1	4
Guardians	1	1	4
Druids	1	1	4
Hustlers	0	1	1

Volleyball	W	L	Pts.
Guardians	2	0	6
Druids	1	0	3
Spartans	1	0	3
Greenwaves	0	1	1
Hustlers	0	2	2

THIS WEEK'S SCHEDULE:

Badminton...Mon. 4:15 Greenwaves-Guardians

Fitness Test: Remember that Monday, Dec. 11, is the deadline for passing the first four tests. By tradition, we never allow any extensions!

team showed a great deal of team effort. Although they worked together well, the D.C.'s were not able to pull off a win against the Maenads. The final score was 34 to 25.

"Now for a partial score, Stanford 27. . ."

NEXT WEEK'S SCHEDULE

Tuesday 4:15 Nymphs vs. D.C.'s

Then a ho - ho - ho to you!

After vacation, the first game is Tues. 9th, 1979. D.C.'s vs. Amazons in the hippodrome.

Physical fitness test deadline is Monday - get cracking, ladies.



MEN'S SPORTS

by Bryce Jacobsen

Basketball: Greenwaves-101, Hustlers-65. The Waves, smarting from last week's embarrassing loss, made some changes. Mr. Babij was shifted from A to B, and upped his point total by ten. And Mr. Weiselquist appeared out of nowhere, adding twenty points. For most of the other Waves, it was a ball...A VERITABLE SWISH CITY.

Would you believe that their B-team scored 38 points? And that Mr. Ficco scored four of these? Mr. Kates scored about two thirds of the Hustler points. They need a better game plan than that.

Druids-67, Guardians-63.

The Druids maintained a lead throughout the whole game, but saw it dwindle to a few points at the end...it was a near thing. The Guardians outscored them, 24-20, in the last period. But Time and the clock were on the side of the Druids, and they hung in there, to eke out their victory. Mr. Brandon's 17 points helped a lot.

The Barrister Inn

Happy Hour 4-6 M-F
Late night menu 11-1 pm

Where tutors and students
meet and greet.

Pensée envers la Jeunesse

Noël est ici mes amis. En quelques jours nous nous donnerons des bises et partirons pour chez nous. Que nous avons besoin des vacances! Ça nous fera du bien à quitter notre endroit commun pour revenir aux endroits familiers, pour rentrer à la maison, à la société même. Il y a tout un monde là-bas, des hommes, des femmes, des joies, des peines; là, qui paraît si loin d'ici. Gardons les moments précieux au sein des bien-aimés. Ces moments font des îles pacifiques en notre voyage de la jeunesse à la vieillesse. Un passage nous ne devrions pas trop hâter. Rappelons-nous, nous sommes encore jeune.

.....

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.

-Qu'as-tu fait, o toi que voilà
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse?

Paul Verlaine

tinter - to ring, to toll
cloche - bell

submitted by Ned Elliott

THE COLLEGIAN

St John's College
Annapolis, MD 21404

Non-Profit Organization

DUPLICATE RATE
U S POSTAGE
PAID
Permit No. 120
Annapolis, Md

The Little Campus Inn

"two-fers" Cocktail Hour
Monday-Friday
Features Snack Menu
from 5pm. to closing

63 Maryland Ave.