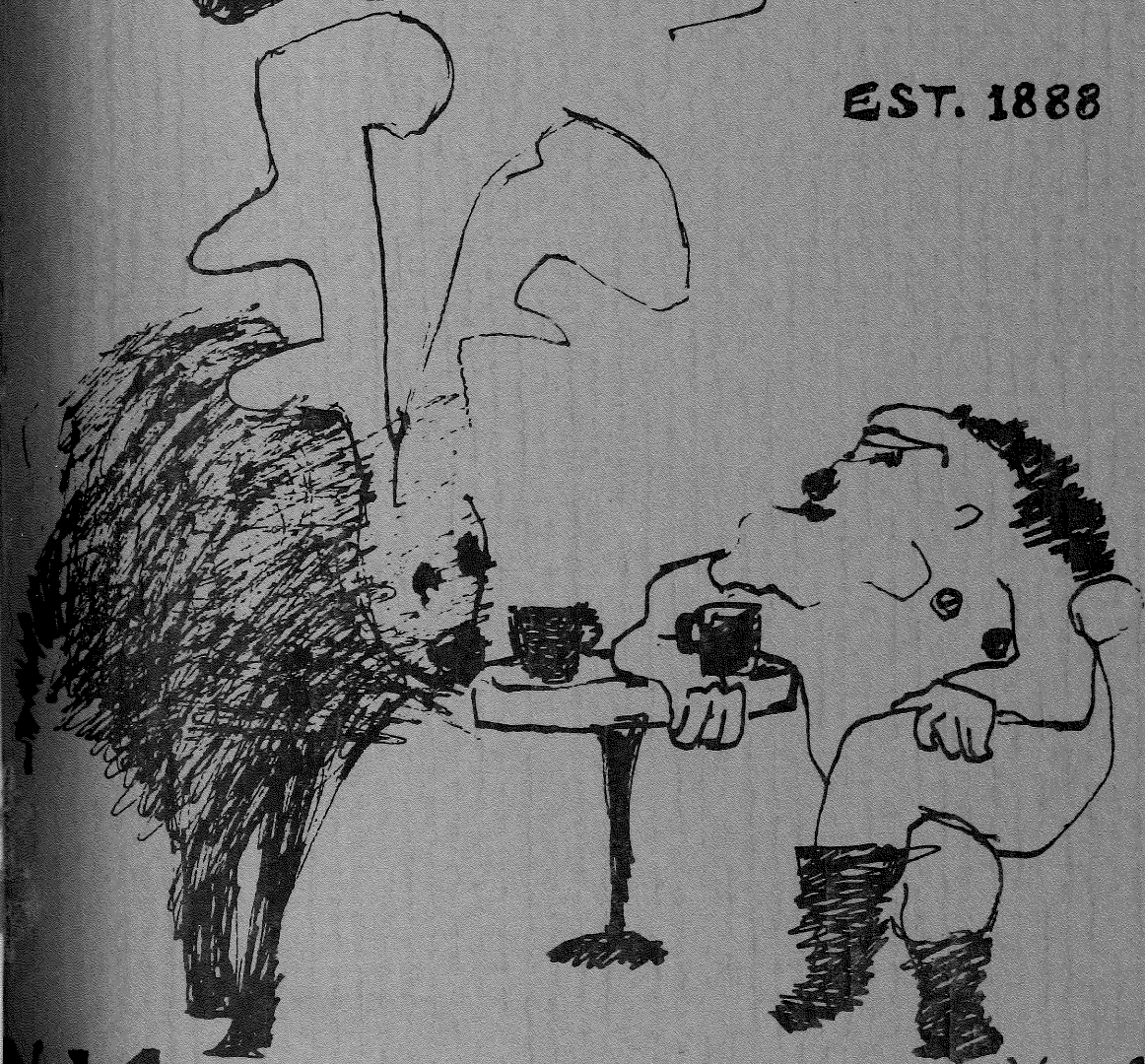


The St. John's College

Collegian

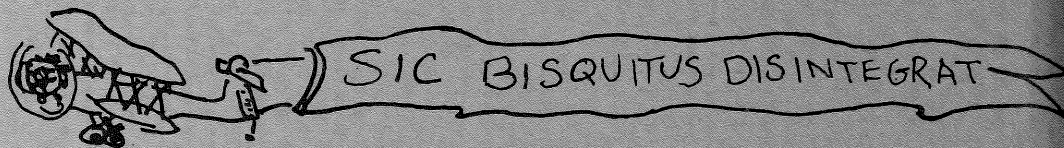
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With this issue, THE COLLEGIAN says hello to a new decade and good-bye to an old. The coming of the eighties and the passing of the seventies call sombre thoughts to mind, thoughts about meaning, about the manner of the manifestation of dreams, and particularly about the relationship between the "ideal" and the "real" St. John's.

For most of us, the St. John's of our dreams is quite unlike the St. John's of earth, brick and mortar we tread upon each day. The "catalogue" and the "place itself" are almost two separate and only vaguely connected existences, two entities with quite different modes of being. One exists in the mind, in the clouds, in our dreams, the other is a location in space and time and a pale reflection of the one. The question then arises: "Which one is the more REAL and the one more to be REALIZED, the Same that is a beautiful form or the Other that is the locus of some sweetness and much sourness?" It may be that Forms are best left in the mind so that matter may be formed by each according to his visions, or it may be that the Form ought tenaciously to be materialized so that all may share in a common view of a realized ideal.

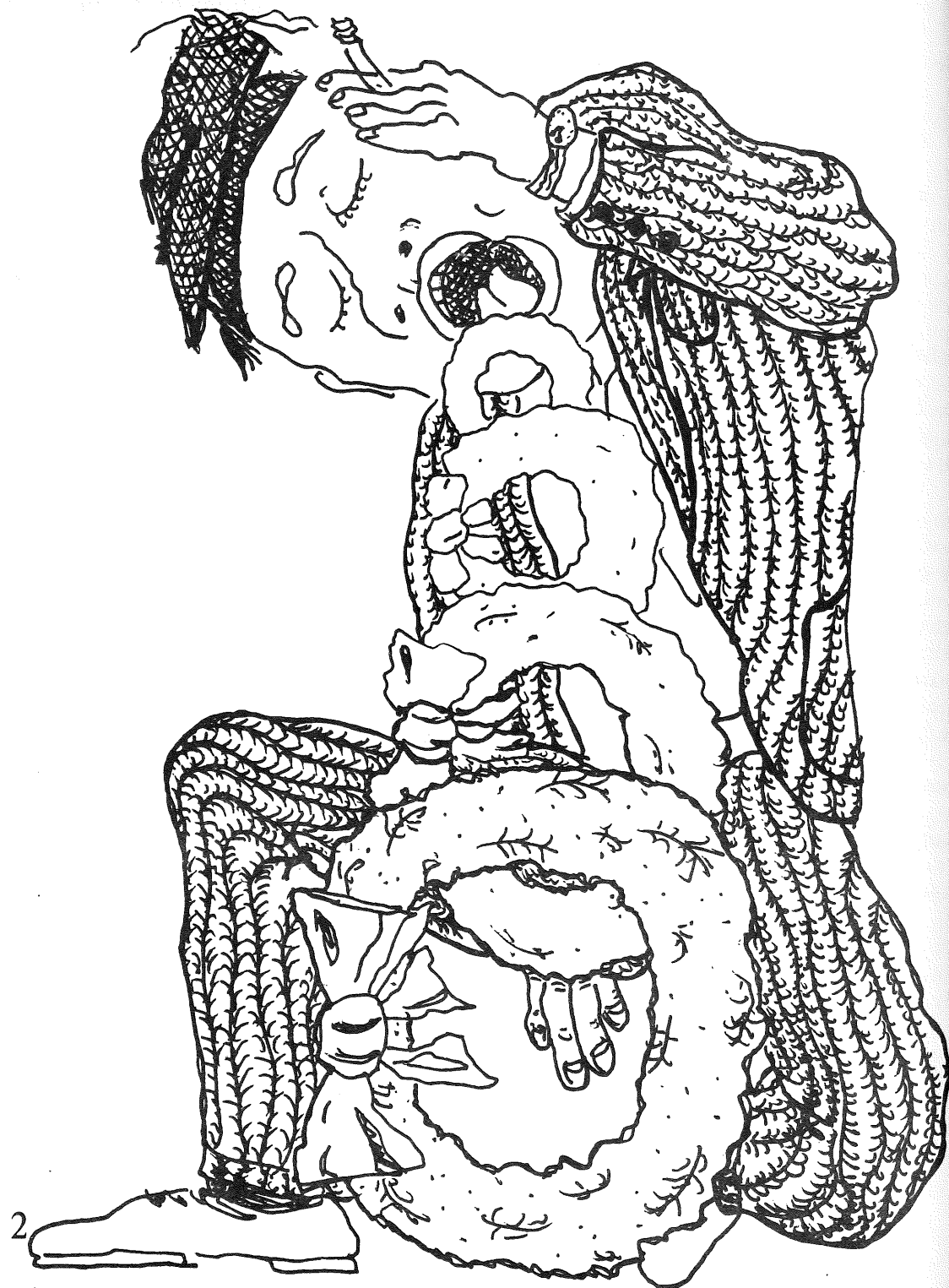
We fly amongst the blazing superstars of the chequered ascent of the western spirit, the high points, the demigods who showed the way, and it seems, then, that it ought to be our duty to, at least, catch a glint from the constellation of the greats. It matters little to know what a great so and so said if one shares nothing in the spirit that moved him, the spirit of revolution, imagination, innovation, and intensely personal creativity within the bounds of a tradition. It almost seems as if the great weight of the great books hangs over St. John's like a smothering cloud, a smog in which neurosis is exponentially magnified. Whereas, on the contrary, they should be an iridescent ether through which we glide above our littleness and find something of our best selves.

What we are suggesting is that there is a gap between the "ideal" and the "real" St. John's, the St. John's that "ought to be" and the St. John's that "is." The beginning of a new decade, we hope, will give us a wonderful excuse to rethink and redo the "real" St. John's so that there might be a bridge on which we may walk across the chasm.

It is many years after we have left that we will understand why we are here, what it means to us, and how much what is is what ought. By then, St. John's may be a shimmering dreamlike memory; but still we will probably say "Ah! If I only knew then what I know now! Why did I do so little with so much during my halcyon college days?" St. John's is not the only place that preserves the great books, so maybe we should leave slavish allegiance to letters to talmudists, graduate school brahmans and other scholars in the dank, obscure dungeons of the world's great libraries. The possibility for greatness is here if we only learn how to tap more the spirit and less the letter of the greats.

We hope you have a merry Christmas and a prosperous new decade of happily realized dreams.

The Editor



| | |
|--|----|
| A Tale of Gold | 4 |
| Photograph by Bill Ely | 16 |
| The Skeleton of Socialism | 17 |
| Children of the Seventies | 24 |
| Note on Senior Lab Manual | 27 |
| Poems | 30 |
| An Interview | 31 |
| Men's Sports | 33 |
| Women's Sports | 35 |
| Letters | 37 |
| The New COLLEGIAN--One Ram's Opinion | 47 |
| Announcements | 48 |
| Photograph by Lauren Crigler | 56 |

Tale of Gold

"We'll tell them that gold and silver of a divine sort from the gods they have in their souls always and have no further need of the human sort."

Republic, Bk. 3, 416e

I

By God, I reckon you're not going to believe this story I'm about to tell, and I sure won't hold that against you, naturally, but man, it really happened, it really did, but (you know, I never trusted a man that said 'but,' let alone twice in the same sentence) but the fact that it's true or not doesn't matter a tad bit, see, what matters is the story itself, know what I mean? I guess I'll stop talking nonsense and just tell it the way it sort of was.

II

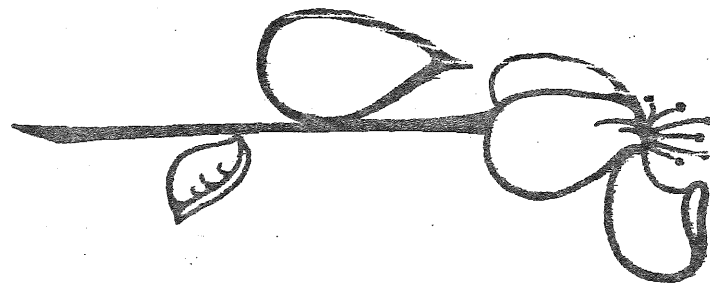
When I went to Anburey College everybody there thought Edgar Wingfield was crazy, and maybe he really was, in a kind of way. See, I still can't make up my mind about him. He wasn't all that crazy, but then again, he might not have been playing with what you call a full deck either. Most of the time he would act real funny and he would rattle on and on about nothing in particular, one thing he would say not connecting in a real logical way with the next thing; and the rest of the time he was so quiet you could scarce believe he even knew how to speak, and he would act just like a child, just like a little child. But then there were these two other times that I'm going to tell you about when he and I were alone together and we talked and he was as articulate and as intelligent as any man I've ever known--even though what we actually did that one night was really crazier than hell. And I bet there wasn't a thing that happened on that campus that Edgar didn't know about. Man, he had ears in a thousand different places at once. He also knew all about the plants and trees at Anburey. He could tell you every little detail there was to know, from A to Israel, about every green living thing on that campus. I tell you, he knew about nature, and God, did he have a way with roses. Edgar loved roses. You see, he was the gardener at Anburey. He had been for many years. I kind of think the position of gardener was created especially for him, and the story about how he got it also explains a little more what I've been telling you about people thinking Edgar was mad and all.

To tell it all rightly, I'll have to go back a ways. It seems Edgar came from one of those families, from New York I believe, that has always had scads of money, so much money they were able to just give some of it away, and that's what Edgar's father did for a living. He was what you might call a philanthropist. He was the chairman of the family foundation that gave money to charities and hospitals, you know, good causes. He had gone to Anburey, and he had sent Edgar's older brother there to school, so naturally Edgar came, and I bet Edgar's little sister would have been sent there too. I reckon it was just in the Wingfield nature to go to Anburey, just like them swallows I hear about flying back every year to some ruined Spanish mission near the beach in the south of California. God, I've always wanted to see them birds. Anyways, Edgar's Dad was also good friends with the President of Anburey and he was always donating money to the College.

By the time Edgar was a senior at Anburey, some of the teachers thought he was the brightest boy they had ever seen. I overheard one of them say that before it all happened, he thought Edgar was the only genius that he had ever met. Now I don't know what that's supposed to mean and all, but I hear Edgar was going to graduate Summa Cum Laude, the only one the College had ever had. See, the faculty there didn't believe in giving Summa Cum Laude's. It was a sort of tradition at Anburey. That was, until Edgar came along and some of the faculty changed their minds about it. Other teachers didn't want to break the tradition and I hear there was a big fight about it at their faculty meetings and stuff. But Edgar would only receive it if he got high marks on his senior thesis and his oral examination. He had received some special scholarship or other to go to some top-notch school in England. He was supposed to study there for a year and then he was going to study medicine at John's Hopkins where his admittance had been delayed a year. See, he had it all worked out.

But during the time he's writing this important thesis of his, he gets this phonecall and he finds out his Mom and Dad and his brother and sister have been killed in an airplane crash. They had been on their way to some function together in the small private plane his Dad owned and loved to fly all over the place and somehow he got to flying too low and just like that, boom, right into the side of a mountain. The story goes that right there and then Edgar lost it. Now I bet Edgar has always been of a delicate nature, you can see it just by looking at him, and the thought he would never see his family again was just too much for him and something inside him broke, just plain broke. It sort of reminds me of one of those belts on the

swather my Dad owned. Man, they were always breaking because there was always so much stress put on them in so many different ways, and when they broke the rest of the machine wouldn't work. Except then, you could fix it. It took some doing and it was a right messy job and all, but you could do it. In Edgar's case, though, if it really did happen, you couldn't see what broke so as you could go about fixing it. Some guy who was living on his floor came out a while after the call and he saw Edgar sitting on the floor, laughing his fool head off and still holding on the phone even though no one was on the other end and it was buzzing and all. So I guess from that point on, people started looking at him sort of funny.



Edgar went home for the funeral and when he got back to school he got an extension and tried to finish his thesis. But then he started acting really funny. It seems he had something against people sleeping. One time he climbed up in the bell tower late at night and started banging on the bell with a hammer and shouting stuff at the top of his lungs. He also had this record of bagpipes and he would open his windows and turn the stereo up real loud and just blast the campus with the sound of bagpipes. I can imagine what the rest of the student body was going through, because the way I see it, there's nothing worse than bagpipes for driving a man out of his gourd. He would lock his door so no one could get in until someone got the guard to come up and open it. By that time Edgar would have turned it off and crawled into bed and he would pretend he was asleep. He stopped going to classes and he never handed in his senior thesis, so he was never able to graduate and receive his diploma. The President of Anburey felt sorry for him, on account of him knowing his parents and all, and I guess he saw that no one in his right mind would hire Edgar, see, he thought Edgar had lost it, too. He decided to take care of him by giving him a job at school and that way he could keep his eye on him, look after him and stuff, know what I mean? He called Edgar into his office one day and asked him what he wanted to do when he left school and Edgar said he wanted to work with roses. The President thought about it

and ~~created~~ the position of gardener for Edgar and paid his salary out of his own pocket, and he has been ~~there~~ making the campus look pretty ever since. That's been twelve years now I figure.

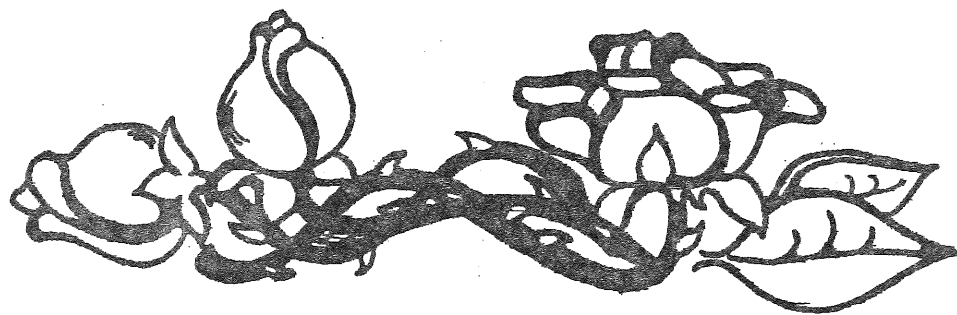
III

Now I don't know if that's all true or not. It's all collected from bits of gossip I overheard when I was at Anburey. But sometimes at that school, people would talk such foolishness about each other you wouldn't believe it. I guess you would have to go there to know what I'm talking about. See, people there won't even know you, yet they will talk all about what kind of person you are behind your back as if they had been your best friend for years and really did know you well. For some reason, they must like to be nasty about it, too, sometimes, I don't know why, maybe it's because people are just that way naturally, know what I mean? Or maybe it was just the place itself. People there that sort of knew you would pass as you walked across the campus and wouldn't even say hi. They would stare at the ground and wouldn't even raise their eyes to look at you. I don't think Anburey was what you might call a friendly place, at least the way I see it. Or maybe it was because all the students there were just kids still, and I remember having to stop and think about what it was like when I was their age. See, I began to doubt what people said about Edgar because I started hearing the things they said about me. Folks there thought I was crazy too.

Maybe I really was crazy and all for going to Anburey and thinking I would ever find what I hoped to find there. I suppose I shouldn't blame the students for thinking the way they did because I was just so much different from them. I would hazard that most of the students were from the East and were from upper middle class and upper class families. They grew up in the suburbs or in the big city. Their parents had all probably gone to college too and they were white collar workers in some way or another. Funny thing was I sometimes got to thinking that all the students there looked exactly alike, from out of the same mold, so to speak.

Now me, I grew up on the scrabbiest piece of land in Goshen Hole, Wyoming. My grandfather died young and my father had to drop out of high school to take over the ranch. The first thing he did was to change the place into a hog farm. People thought he was nuts. No one had ever raised pigs in those parts before, at least not on a big scale. Buy my Dad had his reasons. He hated horses and he told me

he never wanted to be bucked from a horse again as long as he lived. He had even thought about working the cows on motorcycles, little dirt bikes, but I guess he finally figured that wasn't too practical. So, he decided to raise hogs. Don't have to ride a horse to raise a hog, see. When I was 17, my father broke his back and he sold the land. I don't think he minded that too much. He didn't like farming particularly. 'A pile of work,' he always said. 'Just a pile of work.' We moved into Torrington and he found a job in a hardware store after he recovered.



I went to the State University and majored in History. I went on and did Master's work, too. I wanted to go on and get a Doctorate. See, I really tried to stay in school just to avoid the draft. But then the money for scholarships dried up so I couldn't continue any longer. I no longer had a deferment and my number in the draft lottery was low. I tell you one thing, by God, I didn't want to go to Viet Nam, no way, so I enlisted real quick. I was lucky enough to get stationed in Germany. It wasn't too bad there. I stayed high most of the time and managed to do what I had to do. I was a cable splicer. When I got out, I went home to Wyoming and got a job working for the phone company. I did that for a while, but man, I got real tired of that in a hurry, just the same old stuff day in and day out. I can't stand that. I always got to feel like I'm learning something or else I'm not very happy. I don't know why that is, I guess it's just my nature or something. But I found this job working for a cabinet maker, an old guy named Dan. You talk about genius, Jesus, was that old man clever with his hands. He was a craftsman from the old school and he was a real master of setting jigs, all sorts of jigs. He was teaching me everything he knew, too.

Old Dan was an interesting sort of guy, and I wouldn't be lying to you if I said he was probably the most influential man in my life, even more than my own Dad, and that's saying a lot, know what I mean? He loved to talk about ideas, almost just for the sake of the talk itself. He wasn't a religious man by any stretch of the imagination, in the sense that he never went to church on Sundays and stuff like that, but he claimed that the only book he ever read was the Bible, and that's what he loved to talk about most, especially the stories from the Old Testament. He would come in the shop in the morning and he'd quote a little passage from memory and we would think about it and talk and try and figure out what it meant all during the day as we worked. I guess something he said one day really touched me and I started thinking about things, things that I had made myself stop thinking about a few years before, because musing over it all the time never got me anywhere but to feeling pretty miserable. I suppose because I'd never settled the question I had, it was bound to turn up again, and so when it did, I knew then that I'd better settle it once and for all.

I figured I had to read a lot more stuff, and certain authors who would talk specifically about the question I had. I also had to go to a place where I could talk with a lot of people thinking the same thoughts, and where you could talk seriously about them and not seem like you're a fool. I had my G.I. Bill, so I figured what the heck, I'd go back to school. I looked pretty hard to find the right place and Anburey College seemed like the place. They had this special experimental program where your classes weren't lectures like I'd been used to, but discussion type classes and seminars dealing with the books I've mentioned. I applied and got accepted and I decided to go. My Mom and Dad were convinced I was a little touched in the head. They didn't really understand. I reckon their natures are just different from mine. But I think Dan kind of understood. My last day working with him he said to me, 'Now I don't know what I said to get you all bent out of shape. And I'm sorry for it. But you just be damn careful, you understand me? What you're doing is like trying to go it alone up in the mountains. I tell you, only the experienced survive, and that's the God awful truth.'

As you can see by now, I wasn't your regular member of the freshman class. Everybody has to start at the beginning at Anburey, no matter where you've been before or how educated you are. That's all part of the deal there. I think I scared a lot of people there at first because they never really knew me enough to get a handle on where I was

coming from. I lived off campus by myself. I mingled a little, but I never talked about myself at all. Outside of class, if I wasn't studying, I spent my time in the woodshop which nobody else hardly used. That's a shame, too, because it was a right good little shop. But I think what most scared everybody was that I never talked in class. That way, they could never see what I was thinking and couldn't really make a judgment about me. It wasn't that I didn't have nothing to say, that wasn't it at all. It was just that everybody else was saying it for me. It was like watching a play where all the different parts of your soul are talking to each other. But when you come right down to brass tacks, I discovered I wasn't able to talk in groups. One on one was fine, like with old Dan; I think it was partly my upbringing. My Mom and Dad were just not much for talk. My Dad was always saying to me, 'Better to remain silent and thought a fool, than to speak and remove all doubt.' Then my Mom liked to always say, 'There was an old owl that lived in an oak, the more he saw, the less he spoke, the less he spoke, the more he heard, why can't we be like that old bird.' You know that one? I kind of get a kick out of it. Anyway, I just did my share of listening, and I think that made people uncomfortable, so I don't think they really liked me all that much.

Then, before class one day, when most everybody was there, the teacher just out of the blue asked me what the hell I was doing at Anburey anyway. And I told him point blank, without mincing words or nothing. After that everybody was convinced that I was a little bit crazy. I'm sure it was all over that tiny campus, because people I'd never met started looking at me real funny. But nobody ever asked me any questions again either. Except Edgar.

IV

The first time I talked with Edgar was one day during the Thanksgiving vacation. Most everybody else had gone home and the campus was real peaceful and quiet for a change without lots of people running around every which way, and man, was it ever warm. I'll always remember that year because it was the warmest fall I've ever seen. People on the radio said it was the warmest it had been in God knows how long. It was nice and all, but damn, once all the leaves were off the trees, it felt unnatural to be walking around in shirt sleeves as if it was spring or something, know what I mean? But I kind of knew it wouldn't last so I tried to enjoy it.

I had been working on a project in the woodshop the Friday morning

after Thanksgiving and at noon I decided to head on home. I crossed the campus and walked through the large square formed by Darden, McIntire and Ashton Halls. I passed by the large rose garden there. I saw Edgar in it. He was in faded blue overalls and he wore pads on his knees. He had on big leather gloves like an engineer's, and a big straw hat with a tiny hole in its crown. He knelt on the ground and was pulling handfuls of soil in around a small rose bush he had just planted.

When he had first started his job as gardener, the square was just a grassy area. In its center was an old cannon from Revolutionary times dredged up from Queenston Bay. The first thing Edgar did was to get the grounds crew to move the cannon to over in front of Montgomery Hall. He didn't have permission, but he managed it anyway. Supposedly it caused quite a ruckus. I guess it was because the cannon was historic and all and nobody wanted to take the chance that it might be damaged, or something like that. I never understood why they kept that God awful thing around, I mean it was so ugly and all, its bore all filled up with concrete and stuff. Anyway, Edgar then built a waist-high, twin-rail fence around the perimeter of the grassy area and planted some trailing roses and made them grow hedgelike along it. That first year he also planted two dozen rose bushes in a single row along the side closest to McIntire. Year after year, by buying new bushes and taking cuttings from those original plants, he started another row or two. Slowly but surely he was turning the whole place into nothing but rose bushes. The damndest thing about it was that all the roses were white. There wasn't a red or yellow or pink or orange one in the whole kit 'n kaboodle. Up to that time I could never figure that one out, I mean, Jesus, could you?

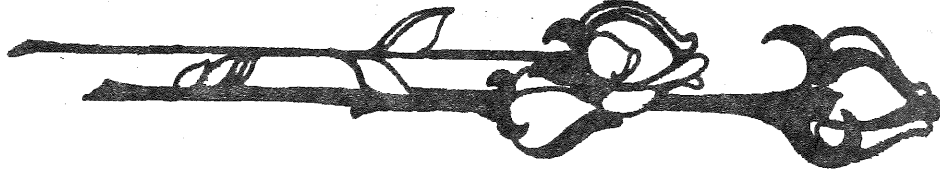
I didn't think that he had noticed me and I was going to just walk right on by. I never really paid Edgar any mind. If he actually was crazy, I surely didn't want to talk with him, I mean, there's no sense in talking with a crazy man, now is there? Then I heard him shout: "You! Hah! Ha, ha! Have you found it? Hah, surely you shall not!"

I stopped and looked and Edgar was watering the newly planted area. He looked like he hadn't said a thing.

"What did you say, pal?"

He laughed real loud and then faced me and pointed at me.

"You heard me . . . pal," he said. He imitated my voice real good, too, I have to give him that.



He turned and went back to his work. He picked up a spade and started digging another hole. A wheel-barrow stood close by him filled with some flowerless and leafless rose canes with scraggly roots. Seven fresh mounds with cane tips sticking out of each one made a row up to where he stood.

For some reason, I felt like talking with this character. I walked through the opening in the hedge and stood next to him and watched him dig.

"How do you know?" I asked, playing with him.

He didn't look at me, but I could see him just sort of smile. He finished digging and knelt down on the ground. He pulled some of the dirt back into the hole and formed it in the shape of a cone. It looked like good soil, too, nice and loamy, with lots of good organic matter in it. Then he picked up a trowel that was laying on the ground. He offered it to me.

"I do not well understand. Will you play upon this pipe?"

"What?"

He smiled to himself again.

Then he said, "Grab one of those bushes will you for me please sir?"

I laughed and did what he asked. He took the bush and looked at it closely. He pulled a broken root from it and then held the bush out toward me.

"Cinderella, meet Diogenes," he said to the dormant plant, very formal like. He addressed me, "Diogenes, meet Cinderella."

He laid the roots of the bush over the cone of dirt in the hole and he held the bush firmly with one hand, and with the other, buried the roots with soil. He stood up and stamped around the plant.

"Bring me that hose, will you please sir?" he said.

I did so. I kind of laughed again. I wasn't playing with him, he was playing with me. I had the funny feeling right then that this was no crazy man at all.

Edgar took the hose and filled the remaining hole with water. We watched as it slowly filled the hole and then ran over the edges. Edgar knelt down again and pulled more soil around the plant and formed a mound. He stood up and walked over and turned the water off. He came back and sat on the ground. He took off his gloves and laid them down. They stayed in the shape of his hands, as if there was still live flesh in them. Funny how old gloves are like that. He took out a pipe and lit it and leaned back on his elbow. I couldn't see his face for the brim of his hat. All's I could see was this big beard sticking out from under it.

"You do know who Diogenes was, don't you?" he said.

"Sure."

"Never found what he was looking for, did he?"

"Nope."

"Nope," he imitated. Then he said in his own voice, "And what makes you think you're different?"

"It's not exactly the same thing."

"No, not precisely, but almost. It almost is, I believe."

"And just how do you know so much?"

"I don't know anything," he said and he looked up at me. It was the first time I'd really seen him up close. He had a gentle face. I guess it was really his eyes. Like a child's.

Then he added, "Honestly."

I thought a moment and then sat down next to him.

"You got some more tobacco?" I asked.

He nodded and took out a pouch. I took some cigarette papers from my shirt pocket and rolled myself a smoke. I never was much for ready-mades. I lit it up and handed him back his pouch.

"You know, my Mom is nuts about roses, too," I said. "I don't know what got into her head, but one day she just decided she was going to grow roses. She had my old man make her a little place where the pigs couldn't get in and had him fetch some cow manure from a neighbor. Hell, we had tons of pig shit all over the place, but no, she wanted cow manure. She had read in some book about how it was the best fertilizer for roses and all. It had to be a little rotten, too. So, my old man went and got it for her. I tell you, she is real serious about it. She goes to shows and stuff. She's even won a prize. Her dream is to breed her own rose. She's even got a name already planned for it."

"What is it?"

"She won't tell anybody. But she says she has one, and I believe her. I sort of hope she finds her new breed, just so I can find out

what the name is. Now this time of year, she is working real hard to bundle up her bushes for the winter. I guess you don't have to do that here."

"No," Edgar said. "The winter's here are not harsh enough."

"I tell you one thing, you've done a right good job here. I bet my Mom would just love to see your garden."

"I have not done a thing. It so happens that this little square is perfect for roses. I often think Jehovah himself planned it that way. It's virtually sheltered from all winds. The soil is heavy. There's excellent drainage, see how it slopes slightly? There's plenty of morning sun, and not too much in the late afternoon. The sun gets blocked off by McIntire. All that I have done is water them and give them a little kindness. But you wait. You wait about ten years. Then you bring your mother here. You haven't seen anything. I am not even close to finished. I'm going to cover this entire square with roses and in the middle I'm going to build a small trellised gazebo and grow roses to cover that. In the middle I shall put a little oak bench. Then when the flowers start blooming, I'm going to sit there early in the morning, just when the sun is rising, and just breathe it all in. That's why I have planted nothing but Margaret Merrills. They are the most fragrant."

We were silent for a time and then he said:

"Meanwhile the Mind, from pleasure less,
withdraws into its happiness:
The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
Does streight its own resemblance find,
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other Worlds, and other Seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green Thought in a green Shade."

"Where's that from?" I asked.

He just shook his head and was silent. I looked at him for a while.

"Tell me, Edgar," I said, "when you going to stop play acting?"

"How are you so sure I'm acting?"

"Come on, man."

Edgar sat up. He pulled at a blade of grass. He looked at it and then broke it in two and threw it back on the ground.

"Maybe I did go off the deep end there for a while after my parents died," he said. "When I recovered, I suddenly saw the latitude people were giving me, and I liked that. All of a sudden, nobody expected some great feat from the child prodigy, no achievement for the benefit of mankind. That's the way it had always been for me. I discovered I

really didn't want to do all that. But maybe someday I could do something simple for one man. Anyway, by playing mad, I'm free from all that responsibility that was put on me."

"But don't you think that's a tad bit foolish?"

"Any more foolish than you are by your matriculation at this College? If you ask me, I believe you are the biggest fool I've ever met."

"And just how do you know so much about why I'm here?"

He shrugged. "I don't."

"Well, how come you pretend like you can't even add 1 + 1 when everybody else is around, and with me, right now, you're talking straight?"

"It is pleasant to have a civilized discussion every now and then. I believe that Montaigne said, yes, Montaigne indeed: 'The most fruitful and natural exercise of the mind is discussion. I find it sweeter than any other action of our life.' I think that's partly true. I think we are both alike in a certain way."

"How do you mean?"

"I don't know." He stood up. "Well, break time is over. I must get back to my roses."

"Well, I reckon I'd better be getting along too." I stood up.

Edgar held out his hand. "It was good talking to you, friend."

We shook hands. "It was," I said. "Maybe we can talk some more some time."

"Most certainly," he said. He turned and walked over to turn the water back on. I started to walk away. Then I heard him shout:

"Hah! You! Diogenes! Read Lear!"

"What did you say?"

"Lear, friend, it's all there."

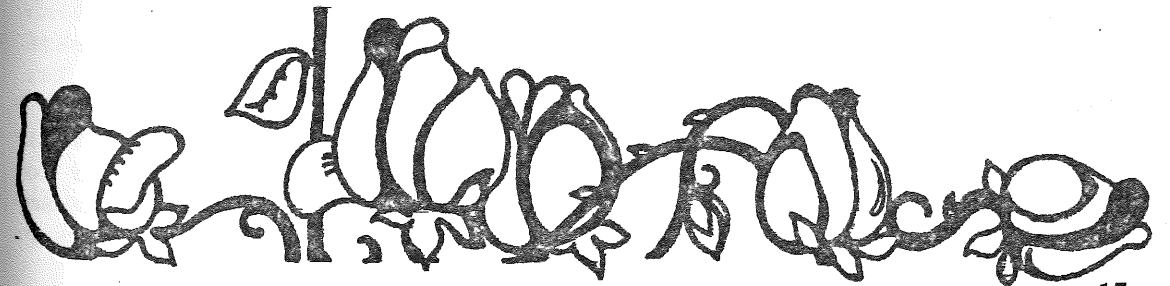
"What?"

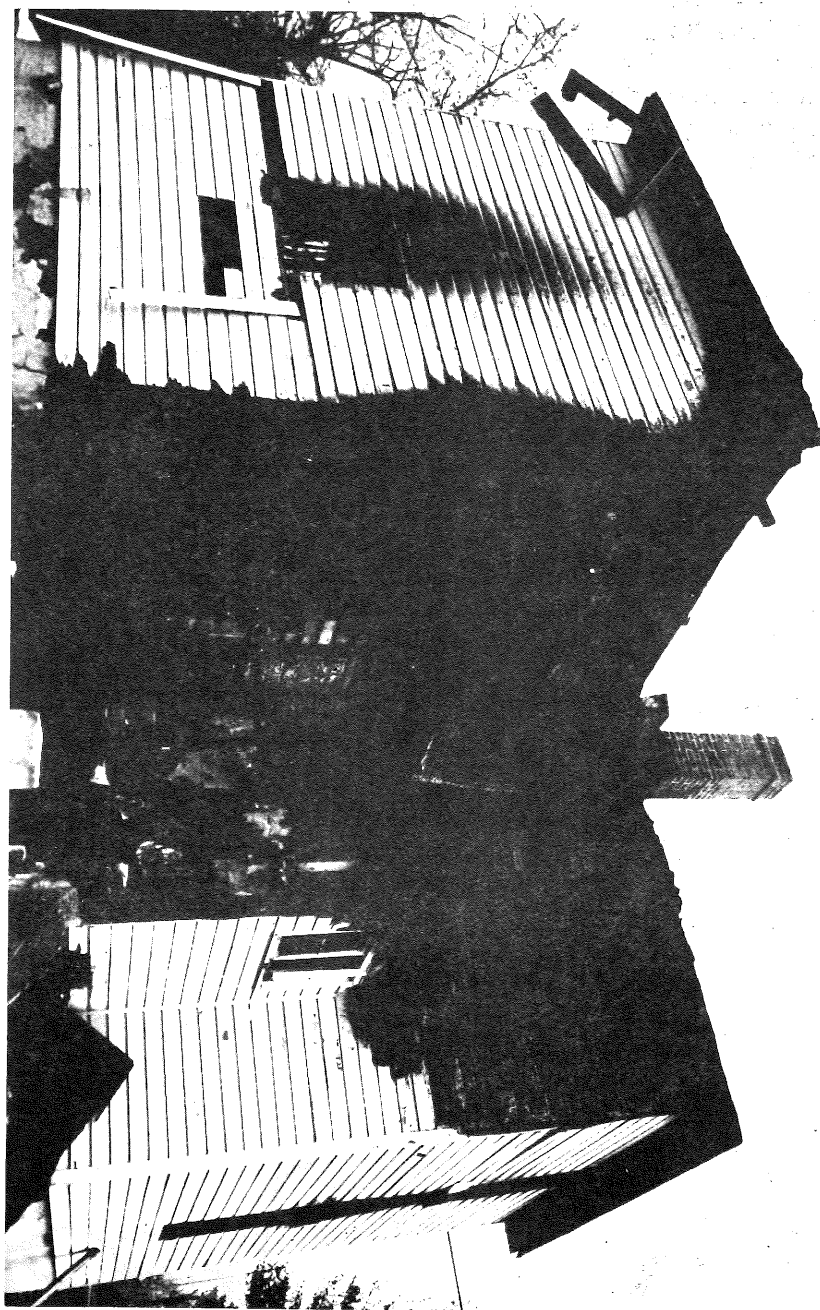
"Just read it. Goodbye."

I just shook my head and walked away.

END OF PART I - TO BE CONTINUED

George Willard





The Skeleton of Socialism

by John E. Stevenson

Before the 1917 revolution in Russia, there might have been some excuse for alleging that Marxist Socialism or Fabianist Socialism is an economic theory with social and political effects, or a political theory with economic and social effects, or even a social theory with political and economic effects, motivated by benevolence aimed at the creation of a better man--the altruistic man--and a utopian world shared equally and with equality by all.

Today, that belief still persists among many despite the historical, philosophical, political and economic evidence and history that tarnishes and disproves the claims by its various prophets and sympathizers. One needs only to look in the daily papers and read about the atrocities committed by Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge, or the followers of the Vietnamese-backed Sameran to discover and to understand that the socialist will condone, sanction and accept, the abolition of all freedom and all rights, the expropriation of all property, executions without trial, torture chambers, slave-labor camps, and the mass slaughter of countless millions in the name of humanity, peace, and equality.

Anyone who thinks that the tragedy inflicted by the socialists on the people of Cambodia is an isolated incident or even a failure of socialism has only to examine the historical record of socialism in this century to detect that this trail of bones is not an isolated event, or even a failure of socialism, but a political pattern that has repeated itself in Russia, China, Korea, Cuba, and every other nation that has been chained or has chained itself to the socio-economic ideological claims of the Marxists.

In those nations which have adopted the basic tenets of socialism, but not completely the abject historical account, economic paralysis and collapse has ensued. The alleged goals of the socialists and socialism per se were: the abolition of poverty, the achievement of general prosperity, progress, peace, and human brotherhood. Yet, to date, these goals have not been achieved, and socialism has proved itself to be a terrifying failure in its efforts to improve the general welfare of mankind.

The apologists for socialism, be they Marxists, Fabians, or Owenites, argue that these failures are temporary; that given a period of time prosperity for all will indeed come; and that the whole of mankind will benefit from the planning of the proletariat's advance guard. Yet, after more than half a century of social planning,

Russia is still unable to feed and cloth her people, although some could argue that she has found the final solution to the problem of over-population--the deliberate annihilation of her people.

There are many myths enshrouding socialism. One is this notion, that a man or a woman can have full citizenship in a socialist state. Let us ask: "What is the nature of this full citizenship? What form does it take? And, most importantly, can one have full citizenship in a state which claims to own and the right to use your life in any form that the social planners deem appropriate?"

Another myth is this notion of equality and its compatability with freedom. One could argue quite cogently and correctly that the extermination of the mass of mankind is a form of equality; or that the denial of property rights is a form of equality, insofar as everyone is treated alike by the proletariat's advance guard; but in no way can one argue that freedom exists in such a world. Freedom includes the idea that a man must be able to choose his values and actions exclusively by reason, that he has the right to exist for his own sake, and that no one has the right to seek values from others by physical force.

The word 'equality' in the political sense, is an extremely abstract notion, since it denies the right of the individual man or woman to differentiate among various degrees of quality. In fact, the abstractness of the word denies the existence of various degrees of quality--everything and everyone is the same.

Personally, I find such a notion absurd, and I suspect that many other people do too; especially the intellectuals of the proletariat's advance guard. Nevertheless, people do still advance this idea of equality as something noble and good, and even to be desired, and fought for.

Let's suppose that such a state of equality can be achieved. What would be the nature of it? Alexis de Tocqueville wrote: "The foremost or indeed the sole, condition required in order to succeed in centralizing the supreme power in a democratic community is to love equality, or to get men to believe you love it. Thus, the science of despotism, which was once so complex, has been simplified and reduced, as it were, to a single principle."

The principle is that since men are unequal in abilities by nature, the police powers of the state, or the proletariat's advance guard must be created to force men to be equal. Would the proletariat's advance guard, who would be in charge of implementing, creating and enforcing this state of equality, decide that all mankind should be made literate or illiterate? What would be done with those in society that

were already literate, if this group of moral guardians decided that illiteracy was the desired course? What would be done with those who cannot be made literate, if literacy was decided to be the desired notm? Should, over a period of time, the educational standards be lowered in order to produce a class of non-literates? Should job skills be more emphasized than intellectual skills? Should parents be allowed the custody of their children, if any of these goals were deemed to be desired as social telos? These are all such questions that would have to be answered by anyone desiring such an egalitarian state for mankind.

George Bernard Shaw, a socialist of a bygone era, wrote that the schools should be used to teach socialistic dogma 'inculcating as first principles the iniquity of private property, the paramount importance of equality of income, and the criminality of idleness.'

Some schools in the world today do this exact thing. However, I think most of us realize that a school should not teach mankind dogma, but rather to think critically and constructively about the nature of things and our relationship with that nature. In a socialist state, man is denied the right and privilege to think rationally; instead, he is told that the highest aim, the most noble goal in life is to serve the will of the state and cause of the socialist class struggle or utopia. If any man refuses, or doubts the validity of the state to make such a claim on his freedom, this man is deprived economically, socially, and politically. In effect, he is told that he must do the will of the state as decided by the proletariat's advance guard, or else die. There is no middle ground of choice, or even discussion. Simply put--the state has a right to everything, man himself has a right to nothing. Can a man attain a state of full citizenship in such a state? Should the state be allowed the right to everything? Or should there be some restraint made on the state, and some protection for the individual to pursue his own interest, provided that that interest does not infringe upon those of his neighbors?

If anyone doubts that the essential claim of the socialist is the absolute power to control and plan the lives of the mass of mankind, I hereby submit as evidence another quotation of George Bernard Shaw, one of the more benign socialists: "We have to confess it: Capitalist mankind in the lump is detestable. Class hatred is not a mere matter of envy on the part of the poor and contempt and dread on the part of the rich. Both rich and poor are really hateful in themselves. For my part, I hate the poor and look forward eagerly to their extermination. I pity the rich a little, but am equally bent on their extermination. The working classes, the business classes, the professional

classes, the propertied classes, the ruling classes, are each more odious than the other: they have no right to live. I should despair if I did not know that they will all die presently, and that there is no need on earth why they should be replaced by people like themselves."

Such a statement, made in 1928, serves to illuminate much about the nature of socialism and the historical record of human annihilation done in its name. Every class of man, the various divisions of labor, are to be systematically destroyed, or made to serve the dictates of men with contempt for mankind similar to Shaw's.

Again, I ask, can such a thing as full citizenship be achieved in a state which aims at the equalization of misery and poverty? Can such a state even be achieved? Won't some men become the masters and other men become slaves? Is the socialistic virtue in fact more noble than the capitalistic virtue? Is equality compatible with freedom in a state which denies even the most brilliant of men a choice?

Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Russian exile, wrote in Warning to the West: "Human nature is full of riddles and contradictions; its very complexity engenders art--and by art I mean the search for something more than simple linear formulations, flat solutions, oversimplifications. One of these riddles is: how is it that people who have been crushed by the sheer weight of slavery and cast to the bottom of the pit can nevertheless find the strength to rise up and free themselves, first in spirit and then in body; while those who soar unhampered over the peaks defend it, and hopelessly confused and lost almost begin to crave slavery. Or again: why is it that societies which have been benumbed for half a century by lies they have been forced to swallow find themselves a certain lucidity of heart and soul which enables them to see things in their true perspective and to perceive the real meaning of events; whereas societies with access to every kind of information suddenly plunge into lethargy, into a kind of mass blindness, a kind of voluntary self-deception.

The decline of contemporary thought has been hastened by the misty phantom of socialism. Socialism has created the illusion of quenching people's thirst for justice: Socialism has lulled their consciences into thinking that the steamroller which is about to flatten them is a blessing in disguise, a salvation. And socialism, more than anything else, has caused public hypocrisy to thrive; it has enabled Europe to ignore the annihilation of 66 million people on its very borders.

There is not even a single precise definition of socialism that is generally recognized: all we have is a sort of hazy shimmering concept

of something good, something noble, so that two socialists talking to each other about socialism might just as well be talking about different things. And, of course, any new style African dictator can call himself a socialist without fear of contradiction.

But socialism defies logic. You see, it is an emotional impulse, a kind of religion, and nobody has the slightest need to study or even to read the teachings of its early prophets. Their books are judged by hearsay; their conclusions are accepted ready made. Socialism is defended with a passionate lack of reason; it is never analyzed; it's proof against all criticism. Socialism, especially Marxian socialism, uses the neat device of declaring all serious criticism "outside the framework of possible discussion;" and one is required to accept 95% of socialist doctrine as a "basis for discussion"--all that is left to argue about is the remaining 5%.

There is another myth here, too; namely, that socialism represents a sort of ultra-modern structure, an alternative to dying capitalism. And yet it existed ages and ages before any sort of capitalism.

My friend, Academician Igor Shafarevich, has shown in his extensive study of socialism that socialistic systems, which are being used today to lure us to some halcyon future, made up the greatest portion of the previous history of mankind in the ancient East, in China, and were repeated in the bloody experiments of the Reformation. As for the socialist doctrines, he has shown that they have emerged far later but still have been with us for over two thousand years; and that they originated not in an eruption of progressive thought as people think nowadays, but as a reaction--Plato's reaction against Athenian Democracy, the Gnostic's reaction against Christianity--against the dynamic world of individualism and as a return to the impersonal stagnant world of antiquity. And if we follow the explosive sequence of socialist doctrines and socialist utopias preached in Europe--by Thomas Moore, Campanella, Winstanly, Morelli, Deschamps, Babeuf, Fourier, Marx and dozens of others--we cannot help but shudder as they openly proclaim certain features of that terrible society. It is about time we called upon right-minded socialists calmly and without prejudice to read, say, a dozen of the major works of the major prophets of European socialism and to ask themselves: "Is this really that social ideal for which they would be prepared to sacrifice the lives of countless others and even to sacrifice their own?"

It is striking to note that Solzhenitsyn argues that the West is in decline, not because of a failure of capitalism, but because of an uncritical acceptance of socialistic dogma, and that despite the claims that socialism will overtake capitalism, it has been tried before and

failed to provide for the general welfare of man.

Should we simply dismiss his claims? Should we acknowledge him as a mad gone insane, an hysterical quack with a gross misrepresentation of historical events and movements?

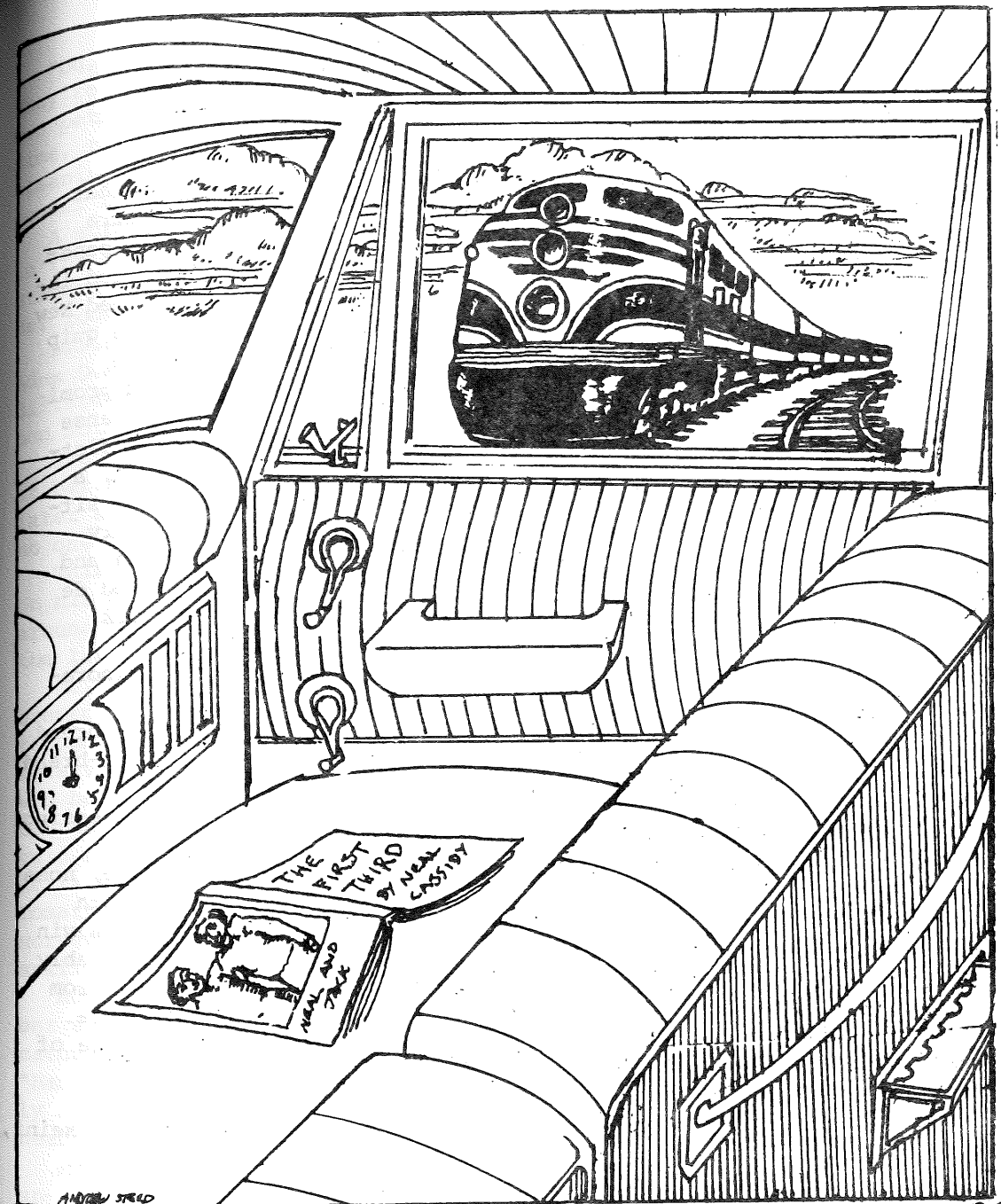
Let me return again to Bernard Shaw. He argued that as capitalism failed, democratic governments would be faced with the fact "that the only real remedy involves increased taxation, compulsory reorganization or frank nationalization of the bankrupt industries, and compulsory national service in civil as in military life for all classes."

Simply put--this means that the state has the right to everything: that if the state so ordains it can take a man, place him in a labor camp to erect a monument to some Ozymandias, tax that man 110%, and beat him if he refuses to work. In another age, we would call this slavery; in this age we call it socialism.

Rome, one of the earliest welfare states, fell, bankrupted by bureaucratic extravagances and burdensome taxation, while its emperors built enormous public works glorifying their self-proclaimed deity. Louis XIV of France taxed his people into a state of indigence, when he built the palace of Versailles, for his contemporary monarchs to envy. The Russian Commissars are unable to provide their people with adequate food rations, but are able to build one of the most fearsome armies ever assembled, and perpetuate a state of 'cold' war for over 50 years. Mussolini and Hitler led their respective nations to ruin in the erection of the Germano-Roman Empire of the twentieth century, and the creation of the moral superman, the altruistic man born out of the spiritus mundi.

Some may argue that an absolute monarchy of pre-capitalist days differs from the 'democratic' absolute monarchy of now; that Hitler and Mussolini were not socialists, or even influenced by them; that Stalin, Mao, Tito, Ming, Castro, and Amin do not hold the same amount of power as, or even more than, the emperors and kings of antiquity. But the question should be: "Is there any difference between the principles, policies and practical results of socialism, and those of any of the absolute monarchies?"

Are not the public works of the socialist built on the bones of millions of starved, ragged emaciated men and women like the pyramids of the pharaohs and the coliseums of the emperors? When we glance up and look at the statues of Ozymandias, should we not discover the grinning skull and skeleton under the ruined superstructure is socialism?



The Children of the '70's

Chapter Two

"By God, you'd think a 60-year-old lady with a bosom like that would at least have the common decency to wear a bra," said Ezra Whitehall Van Der Wentworth, pointing to the frump in the wallpaper print dress seated beside them. "Whitey's school chums erupted into violent laughter. Whitey was the charmed offspring of gilded New England stock. He was an extremely merry fellow, quick with a quip and handy with the dames. Despite a slightly hunched back, he measured well over six stocking feet. His hulking figure and prominent pocket more than made up for his malicious and spiteful sense of humor. He dined that evening with his closest friends and flat-terers: Midge Stockton, Manhattan Island debutante; Ken Osmond, a sensitive boy, scarred by his early experience in a television situation comedy; Tad Burns, a short fellow, whom no one liked very much, and whose malice and forethought garnered the admiration and substantial patronage of Whitey himself. The place was Le Pied de Couchon, noted for its haute cuisine as well as its local Greek delicacies. The diners: the children of the seventies.

"This pheasant-burger smells a great deal like a Parisian whore-house," said Tad, sniffing disdainfully.

"Yes, I think I detect the faint scent of urine in my sweet-bread pizza," concurred Whitey, flicking to the floor pieces of sweet-bread that met with his disfavor.

"Here, let me smell," said Ken, grinning sheepishly, thus pressing an already striking resemblance to an overgrown porpoise.

"Here, I'll help you," Midge said heartily, shoving his face, nose first, into the pungent Greek delicacy. She honked forcibly with laughter, sounding much like a well-bred goose. Her enormous Calvin Klein glasses slipped from her button nose, and became irretrievably lodged between her midriff and the table. Huge funnels of air from her inflamed nostrils scattered ashes willy-nilly about the table.

Ken's affable grin remained visible beneath the sticky melange of tomato paste and sweet-bread. "That was a good one, Midge," he chuckled apologetically, "Ha, ha."

"Gracious, what a mess!" said a passing waitress, one Carol O'Meini, an exchange student whose father was the Irish ambassador to Iran. She was a tubular beast, with coarse hair and thick claws. "Why, Midge," she said, greeting her friend, "what's the matter, isn't the Jolene working? Your facial hair is showing."

"Oh, touche! Why Carol, you are the wit. Say, I love those shoes. They're very nice--for condominiums," responded Midge, swinging her own petite and sharply pointed shoes into Carol's shins. By this time, the lady at the next table had removed her dentures and was cleaning them in a glass of efferdent and Perrier. Midge rose to powder her nose, waddling off as if floating on air.

A scream echoed off the tiles. A siren shrieked. A gun sounded in the distance. Terri Moto, scared out of her wits, which were standing on end at the back of her neck, ran out of the ladies' powder room screaming, "He's dead!"

Silence swelled in the Club Bombi Xof like the deadly blowfish. Adam Deery, the bartender, chuckled nervously, and said, "What's the difference between a Jew...?" His voice trailed off. As usual, his bon mots fell on deaf ears.

The room collectively gasped as Terry's eyes violently lurched out of her sockets and fell to the floor, screaming. This grisly event later assured her of a job selling pencils in the coffee shop. But no one thought of that at the time.

This sobered Adam. He carefully stepped over Terry's bloody 'balls on his way to discover the cause of her most urgent distress. Damp around the collar, his anxiety was acute as he swung open the door to the lavatory.

Mr. Callimachos blanched imperceptibly. The commotion around him seemed to be a mere manifestation of his own inner turmoil. His thoughts were ensnarled in the fresh memory of the telegram he had received, which told him that Adonis Tomatis, his drinking companion who had momentarily ducked out to the lavatory, was, in fact, his own brother. Beside him, Sally Zocchi searched through her handbag in vain for a first-aid kit, or at least a band-aid. At the next table, Celia Persinger brooded over how to tell handsome, swarthy Adonis Tomatis that his seed had reached fruition in her. Toby Snapdragon surveyed the bar with wuperior calm, commenting only with a snide sniff.

Adam came out in a daze, wiping his bloody hands absently on his bar apron. "What's red and goes whirr?" he said absently, before catching himself. He struck a tragic pose. "Oh God," he said. "Handsome, swarthy Adonis Tomatis has been brutally and most inhumanly slaughtered, torn to bits by violent, repetitive blows about the head and shoulders!"

Mr. Callimachos commenced to wheeze uncontrollably. "Sass-an-frass-an-rass-an could've done it?"

"I didn't see anyone," said Adam, "but--no, you won't believe it--but it's true! I did see it! As I came in I saw--I thought I saw--a five-year-old in a robin's-egg-blue down parka bounding out the window."

Celia barked hysterically, "Donny's dead?"

Adam shrugged philosophically, his gaze falling on his apron smattered with scarlet. "Oh, well. I guess it'll all come out in the wash."

Back at school, Whitey, Midge and Tad hopped out of their cab, laughing politely at a joke the driver had just told. Unfortunately, they had not understood a word, as the driver belonged to a sect of filthy Turks who spoke a dialect unknown elsewhere in the world.

"Gutta percha benen gali," he laughed, holding out his palm.

Whitey put a large American bill in it, while Tad snickered, "Animal!"

"Ki ki ki," giggled the driver.

"Poo chi para kwa."

-- To be continued --

Submitted by
David Auerbach

Note on Senior Lab Manual, p. 103

$$\oint_A^B 2T dt = 0 \quad (1)$$

To identify where the "2" in the above equation comes from, we must first review one of Maxwell's equations, a letter from Leibniz, and a little French history.

Maxwell's third equation has a special form for the electromagnetic flux in a field of uniform nervous intensity

$$\oint \vec{E} d\vec{s} = - \frac{d\lambda N}{dt} \quad (2)$$

where \vec{E} is the electron movement, dt is time, and the arrows point towards Mecca. If we sum this equation

$$\sum_{\lambda \rightarrow \infty} \vec{E} d\vec{s} (N dt) \quad (3)$$

we find that all the parts fall out before we get to infinity except for the electrons, who are remarkably good travelers. Bringing the electrons back from infinity

$$\sum_{\epsilon \leftarrow \infty} \overleftarrow{\text{car}} \quad (4)$$

results in Work done. We can express "Work" as "ouvrage."

This brings us to Leibniz's definition of Work. In a letter to his Mother, Leibniz wrote

$$W = \frac{1}{2} BH^3 \quad (5)$$

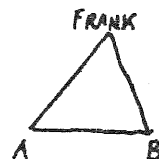
(cont'd)

where "B" is a bagel and "H" is the height from which the bagel is dropped.

But a connection is still missing, a connection which was supplied in 1922 by the French Physicist Bob Smith. It was Smith who noticed the similarity between a bagel and hydrogen's electron orbit. Smith displayed the movement of the electron as this:



(In 1929, Smith's diagram was awarded "Honorable Mention" in the Nobel Prize ceremonies.) Smith then thought to join the diagram into a triangle.



If \overrightarrow{AB} represents the electron's outward movement, and \overrightarrow{BFRANK} represents the electron's inward movement, the problem is to account for \overrightarrow{FRANKA} .

We can solve the problem by using the well-known trigonometric identity "I am a cosine." This identity has not always been so well-known; in fact, it was greatly ignored by Frenchmen in the mid-1900's. However, it has gained quite a following recently, especially after its appearance in the March 1977 issue of Scientific American.

If we set

$$\sin \overrightarrow{FRANK A} = \frac{\cos AB}{\text{off } AB} \left(\frac{1}{2} \overrightarrow{BFRANK} \right) \div ("I \text{ am a cosine} ")$$

then it is immediately clear that

$$\overrightarrow{FRANK A} = \tau$$

So $\overrightarrow{FRANK A}$ is the time taken for the electron's movement, which movement is usually estimated at about 2 minutes; hence, the "2" in equation (1).

Note: The other terms of the equations are too difficult to explain here.

S. Ball



S. CHMIEL

DEPTHS

Hypnotic pools
Secrete the thoughts
Of hidden fools.

Addictive schemes
Inhume the heart
With dewy dreams.

Sequestered woes
Flourish in minds
Of unknown foes.

Amorphous wants
Blossom partly
In lightless haunts.

Relinquished ties
Vanish darkly
With muted sighs.

Peter Griggs

You think I don't see, but I do,
How heavy, intrusive, and empty my hands are,
and how numb to your meanings my slow words.

B. Bowser

An Interview

DRAGOMAN (late Gr. *δραγούμενος*, Old Arab. targuman, tarjuman, interpreter) strictly applied to a man who acts as a guide and interpreter in countries where Arabic, Turkish, or Persian is spoken.

Thus was I instructed to introduce Fred Drake, one of the three owners of Circle West Books on West Street. As to why he is referred to as a dragoman, Mr. Drake was rather cryptic. "It's applied symbolically, poetically." So you'll simply have to visit Circle West yourself and let Mr. Drake guide you through the dark and musty aisles of some 150,000 assorted books.

It will be three years in May since Fred Drake, Gerrit Lansing, and Samuel Gordon came together to form Circle West, "out of a love of books." They have diverse backgrounds; none were really bookdealers by trade. Mr. Drake was trained in library science and has worked for the Defense Department at Ft. Meade; Mr. Gordon is a lawyer by profession, still practicing; and Mr. Lansing is a poet. (At least, he is the only one of the three who admitted to being a poet. Although I badgered him to talk about his poetry, he politely declined and kindly offered to render the information in a future interview for THE COLLEGIAN.)

Upon walking into Circle West, one is at once deterred and enticed by the confusing array of books. The entire front left wall is taken up by poetry, to the right are reference books covering wine and geography, anonymous books are piled up all about, and somewhere in the depths are scads of sci-fi novels. Circle West's specialty is no specialty at all. It has everything--great books, rare books, cookbooks, travel books, religious books, mystery books, children's books, sports, books, new and used. Anyone who hasn't visited Circle West yet should treat himself to an afternoon of browsing. Unexpected delights pop up all the time; it's too easy to spend money there. And if you are looking for something particular, you only have to ask. Any of the men can usually cite the edition, and its place on the shelf, off the top of his head.

The rare books in the store include Samuel Johnson's Dictionary, John Chesterfield's Letters, and a favorite of Mr. Drake's, Quintus Curtius--Life of Alexander the Great, published by Tottel in 1553. Tottel's Miscellany, published in 1551, was the first anthology of modern English poetry, "modern as opposed to Middle English and Anglo Saxon." The store has sold about 200 such "old" books--old being before 1600, according to Mr. Drake--and has about 100 still. There are many limited editions and fine leather-bound editions of poetry and literature.

The owners acquire their books through auctions (Baltimore, Washington, and New York have the biggest), buying individual libraries, and from people who walk in with books to sell. They've had virtually no trouble with people trying to sell stolen rare documents, which is an increasing problem today, probably because they are not in a metropolitan area, Mr. Lansing said. They started the bookstore with contributions from their own libraries. Don't ask me how they could bear to part with all those beautiful books.

Where does the bulk of their trade come from? "That's a difficult question. Certainly a lot of Johnnies shop here because we have so many program books. But our customers are extremely varied. Businessmen, a lot of regulars for things like mysteries, detective stories, science-fiction, philosophy."

Continually stressing their love of books, Lansing summed up what it's like to run a bookstore: "It's like a game. It's speculative, it's full of fun. We all share the delight of dealing with books--it is particularly individualising in the world today--books are not becoming just another incorporation. There is still room for diversity. Bookselling is a refuge."

Circle West is open six days a week, closed Wednesday, 10-5 on weekdays and Saturday, and 12-5 on Sunday. It is located at 38 West Street.

Lisa Simeone

Men's Sports

BY

Bryce Jackson



A final reminder about the FITNESS TEST deadline on Monday, Dec. 10, 5:30 p.m. You must have passed four of the tests by then.

BADMINTON SINGLES: All those wishing to enter these tournaments must sign up Wednesday, Dec. 12. The tournaments will begin early in January. The doubles will be later in January.

VOLLEYBALL: Spartans-4, Hustlers-0. The Spartans almost won volleyball last year, losing out to the Druids in a play-off game. Several of their starters from that team are still here. . . people like Messrs. Blyler, Giordano, Spector, and Tonjes. Mr. Guaspari, a Druid last year, is now a Spartan. Mr. Nye was drafted. Looks like they will once again be a contending team.

The Hustlers committed too many unforced errors. They need to work on this. Greenwaves-4, Druids-3. The Druids lost four people from last year's winning team. . . Messrs. Brandon, Griffin, Guaspari, and Kolman. In spite of this, they almost beat the Waves. . . had them down 3-1, after four games.

But never underestimate the power and persistence of Waves! They were relentless, incessant, untiring, and formidable. They won the last three games, and the match. We were briefly reminded of Greenwave volleyball teams of a few years ago. They always won! Was this, then, one of those meaningful victories that happen to teams, which signal a change in their future? Was it pivotal? Pregnant? Trend-setting? Did we witness the resuscitation of Greenwave volleyball? Time, and THE COLLEGIAN, will let us know this winter.

BASKETBALL: Guardians-78, Hustlers-71. Our opening game was of some special interest, especially to those involved in it. The Hustlers ended the first period leading 35-29. . . mostly because of 20 points from Mr. Kates. But the second period ended at 47-45, Hustlers still leading. . . mostly because of 13 points from Mr. Campbell.

Then, in the final period, the Guardians picked up the pace, pouring through 33 points. This game, like most close games, was won and lost at the foul line. The Guardians netted 65% of their free throws, which is quite good. Mr. Hoff was 7 for 8, Mr. Putnam 6 for 9, and

Mr. Campbell 7 for 10. The Hustlers, meanwhile, were struggling along at 40%. By the way, in case you are still interested in statistics, there were 29 fouls called against the Hustlers, and 27 against the Guardians.



Even more trivia:

- a) High scorer . . . Putnam (24 points)
- b) Best final period performance . . . Wall (4 points)
- c) The Guardians lost 3 players through fouls . . . the Hustlers, 2.
- d) In the final period, when the chips were down, the Guardians shot 68% of their free throws!

Spartans-53, Greenwaves-45. This game stayed just about even until the final period. Mr. Giordano got his 6 fields in the first period . . . and his 6 in the last one. But the difference was in his teammates, who contributed only 2 points in the first period . . . but 17 in the last one. This was too much for the Waves to bear. Their two-point lead ended up as an eight-point loss. Highlights of the game were:

- a) Mr. Schoener's first goal . . . triggering some noisy fan reaction.

- b) Mr. McCoy out-rebounding some of the big guys . . . and scoring nine points.
- c) Mr. Blyler sinking a foul shot.
- d) Mr. Schoener fouling out . . . triggering some noisy fan reaction.
- e) Mr. Ficco not fouling out.

THIS WEEK'S SCHEDULE

Monday 5:30 Fitness Test Deadline
Wednesday 4:00 . . . Volleyball: Guardians - Spartans

Women's Sports

by Beth Gordon

29 November: Maenads-39; Furies-8

The old Daughters certainly picked an apt name for their team. In this game, by the third quarter, all but two of them had fouled out. Furious, indeed, especially after having to contend with Maenad Athey who stood under the basket, catching each rebound and shooting until she made it plunk through.

Who can stand up to 6 feet, 1 inch of jumping Maenad?

30 November: Nymphs-36; Amazons-23

Quite a rousing victory for the Nymphs! Wish I had been there. Did Miss Schanche foul out in her first game? What a hack. Not to mention Amazons Cobb and Swentzell. Following in the footsteps of the demonic Furies? It must have been a rough game, judging by the number of foul shots taken. Come on, ladies, let's clean up our game!

4 December: Maenads-30; Amazons-26

There isn't much to say about this game . . . see comments on Miss Athey above. The Maenad ladies don't win with high scores, which may be due partly to the screams of "slow down!" by Miss Groff, but it obviously pays off.

By giving center Athey a chance to get under the basket, they are almost certain of making a basket each time (though it may take a couple of tries).

Presently, the Maenads are 4 and 0--quite a promising standing, although the Nymphs aren't far behind.

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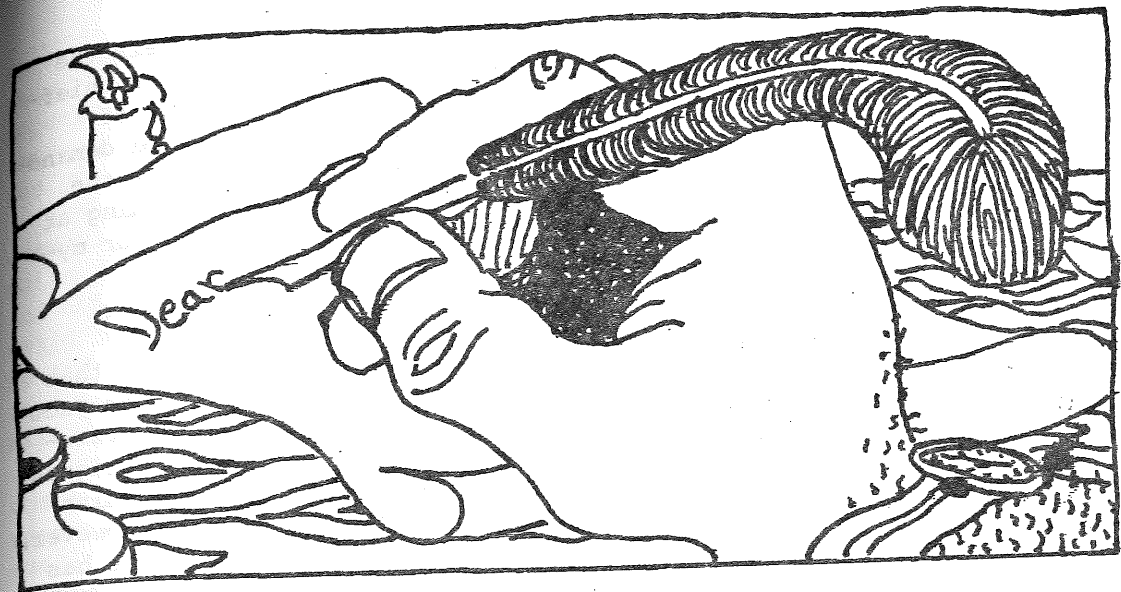
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To the Editor:

Recently I attended a conference at the Fairlie House in Virginia run by our former dean, Mr. Goldwin. I thought that what I learned there might have a certain interest for the college community. Naturally, discussion is invited.

November 16, 1979

Mr. Robert A. Goldwin
American Enterprise Institute
1150 Seventeenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

Dear Bob:

I want to thank you again for inviting me to the conference on "How democratic is the Constitution?"

Of course, the talk round about the session was interesting, but I thought your hope came true, and the sessions themselves were the most profitable part. What happens to me on these occasions--and to others, I should think--is that the main effort goes into a kind of strenuous internal commentary which takes off from the public discussion as it falls into abysses of complication and rises, now and then, to peaks of clarity.

Accordingly, on the third morning I tried to list for myself the results of both of these conversations. They turned out to be chiefly a number of antithetical and criss-crossing understandings of democracy. In fact, what made the discussions fascinating and demanding was the continual peripeties all the terms underwent. Yet the answer to the lead question of necessity depended on establishing at least some clear oppositions, and that is what I tried to do for myself.

X X X X X

First, then, and most immediately, democracy may mean merely that "the people" are the ultimate source of sovereignty. Beyond the fact that there must be a founding compact, no specific system of government need follow; any government that secures certain definite rights is permissible, even a monarchy. The Constitution in fact contains certain monarchical elements in the office of the president. However, as the election of the president has in effect become direct, he has more and more often assumed the democratic function of tribune of the whole people defending them against special interests - not to speak of the fact that presidents think of themselves as fairly powerless. (One of the recurrent themes of the conference was the extraordinary scope of this document which accomodates changing conditions - such as the rapid means of communication which obviate the electoral college - without loss of authority).

Second, democracy, for example in Madison's understanding, is majoritarian government, which means that issues are ultimately decided by numbers. A constant question was whether the restraints the founders themselves put on the majority, for example through the Senate in which representation is not strictly numerical, are to be counted as anti-democratic, or as protective of democracy inasmuch as they stabilize and moderate it, saving it from the self-destruction characteristic of direct democracy. The very notion of a restraining Constitution, and the Bill of Rights in particular, poses a problem: insofar as they protect individual rights they may be counted democratic, being safeguards of a "decent democracy," but insofar as they hinder the will of a majority as expressed in its government, they may be counted anti-democratic.

Third, since democracy was thought, particularly by Madison, to work safely only on a large scale where interests were diffuse, government had to be representative. The principle of representation, besides being a necessary consequence of size, is also a protection against "mob rule." But "mob rule" is only a pejorative term for di-

rect democracy, and so a representative system is in some sense anti-democratic. To complicate the matter, there are different kinds of representation, roughly exemplified by the Senate and the House: what is to be represented may be the best judgment to be made in behalf of the people or the direct wishes of the people.

Fourth, at the time of the Constitutional Convention democracy was commonly identified with local rule, namely the state legislatures, while a national government was feared as being remote from the people and dominated by aristocrats. Hamilton, who called for the most energetic national power, was indeed vigorously anti-democratic; however, he left the convention early. The governmental system produced was in fact the most radically democratic of its time, though federalist far beyond the general expectations. It had the enthusiastic support of the craftsmen; supporters and opponents divided along the lines of industrial and agrarian interest rather than aristocratic and democratic persuasion. In this connection it was questioned whether the founders should be called "accommodating conservatives" for moderating their desire for a strong central government with many checks on directocracy centralized far beyond the common expectation. It was observed that in the long range, with special reference, of course, to the Civil War, the union has actually tended to be more responsive to democratic sentiments than the states, although at present, by reason of its remoteness due to sheer size and its intrusiveness due to regulatory activities unforeseen in the Constitution, the locus of democracy may again have to be sought in local government.

Fifth, democracy can refer to the enforcement of the general will, in Rousseau's sense, which is not expressed in votes but known to discerning interpreters. Or it can be applied to the protection of the rights of minorities over against the majority, where "minorities" are to be distinguished from Madisonian factions, the shifting and diffuse interest groups on whose conflicts he counted precisely for the prevention of organized demands for special treatment. Or democracy may mean populism, or liberalism. In this regard questions were raised about the Supreme Court: is its present latitudinarian trend, which is probably both anti-majoritarian and possibly unconstitutional (although liberal), actually anti-democratic? And in general a tacit but pervasive question of the conference was the clouded relation of political democracy to liberalism.

Sixth, democracy may mean equality, especially economic equality. From this point of view, the Constitution appears to be an instrument wholly designed for the protection of property and therefore anti-

democratic. On the other hand, it was pointed out that just because the founders undoubtedly considered the human being a property-owning animal, the Constitution was written not to maintain the economic status quo but to protect the liberty necessary for the enterprising acquisition of property.

Finally, democracy may mean social equality. It was pointed out that almost all the founders were from the landed aristocracy, although the landed aristocracy by no means supported the Constitution in a body. Furthermore, they (or at least Jefferson) distinguished a natural aristocracy of merit from a pseudo-aristocracy of condition, and in general their views cannot (as Beard tried to do) be tied to class interest. The question is finally whether equality or liberty is the primary object of the Constitution.

X X X X X

Democracy, then, in the constitutional context is understood under two aspects. When seen strictly politically, it implies the choice of any governmental system which will secure the natural rights of men, though a federal constitutional government with separation of powers, checks and balances, a dual legislature and a bill of rights by now seems the uniquely appropriate democratic instrument. But it can also be understood less restrictedly as an interconnected group of ideological and economic desiderata, primarily egalitarian.

Very roughly parallel with these two views are two interpretative approaches to the Constitution, whose opposition persuaded the conference. There were those who regard the Constitution as a kind of secular scripture harboring a definite discoverable meaning, revealed above all in its words and in the recorded arguments of its authors and interpreters. And there were others who considered the demands developing and shifting with the age; under the latter view to interpret the Constitution would mean to observe what people thought it meant at a particular time.

As to the question: "How democratic is the Constitution?," it seemed to me that the implicit answer was: very democratic. For those who considered democracy a stable and well hedged-about political system for the long-range realization of the will of the majority certainly thought so, while those who looked on democracy primarily as a socio-economic condition seemed also to think that the Constitution had been, and could be, subjected to metamorphoses of interpretation complete enough to accommodate even radical change. Even those who thought that the Supreme Court had recently usurped the functions of the democratic majority only argued that the court was exceeding its

constitutional bounds, and, it might be added, in a liberal direction at that.

X X X X X

There is always a certain exhilaration in coming together to talk about the political bases of one's life - it is like assisting at a small second founding. But for that very reason, I kept asking myself in what the palpable superiority of the founders lay. I think one part of the answer came to me: they had a genius for passing very naturally and masterfully back and forth between theoretical principle and political devices such as we lack - which is only a way of saying that they were more genuinely educated than we are. This first conference connected with the "Decade of Study of the Constitution" seemed to restore a little that broken continuity between reflective and political thought - and that effect, however small, seems to me invaluable.

Yours,

Eva T. H. Brann

To the Editor:

As I approach the end of my time at St. John's, I stop to reflect upon the moments that I have experienced in these past three and a half years. Sometimes, while walking under the Ginko tree, the moments that I have spent here have seemed worthless and bleak. Is there any happiness here, I wonder, any truth? But then the clouds on my countenance subside and the sun comes out again. I see the players on the soccer fields, light beads of sweat clinging to their bodies, and the darkness and smokiness that collected in my soul is cleared.

I have known the feeling of being right in seminar. I have known the gratifications of academic excellence. I strongly anticipate the rigours to come. But I will always feel a twinge of despair not only at leaving St. John's but at leaving Annapolis and its tourist town bustle and antique character. Thank you for the experience of my intellectual life, St. John's.

George Willard

This letter was submitted
on the author's behalf by
Randy White

Editor's Note: This letter has evidently been submitted by Mr.
Randy White on the behalf of a fake George Willard.

To the Editor:

Okay, boys and girls, let's try this one more time. I never thought that my simple request not to lump feminism with Marxism would stir up such a controversy. I never dreamed how picky people would be with my last statement. But this being St. John's, where one cannot assume ANYTHING (even the possible reasonableness of a writer), let me amend my now much-quoted phrase, "all feminists want to be is equal people" to add, after "people," the phrase, "in the eyes of the law." Certainly, I consider women to be equal, inferior, and superior in varying ways when compared to individual men. Some women are stronger than some men, for instance. Some men are stronger than some women. Some men are equally as strong as some women, etc. etc., and etc. I thought we at St. John's had joined the rest of civilization in deciding that arguments about upper body strength in individuals and in general was a bit passe in light of our industrial society where mind is more important and strength is, in the majority of circumstances, just needed for button-pushing. But if we must, I would agree with Mr. Salter that I am not his equal in many ways. I'm woman (?) enough to admit that, say, Mr. Salter's arms enable him to throw a softball to shame my ability. Then again, my physical endurance when it comes to child-bearing is, I hope, superior to Mr. Salter's. You see, of course, the absurdity of such comparisons. But I am sure Mr. Salter, being a reasonable man, would grant that I should be treated legally as an equal to him no matter what my right arm cannot do and my uterus can do. All I objected to was equating feminism with Marxism in one sweeping statement, left unexplained. I would do the same if feminism and lesbianism had been equated in such a manner. Obviously, I recognize that boys and girls are different, which brings me to Mrs. Stevenson's article. Vive la difference, I say, except when it comes to the law. But it is a fact that in most states of the union, women, particularly married women, have abridged freedoms, especially with respect to economic law. I will defend Mrs. Stevenson's right to be as unequal/different from men as she wishes as long as she is treated under the law with as much dignity as men are and as a full citizen. Finally, with respect to the silliness of whether Janelle Stevenson is Mrs. Stevenson and is-that-contrary-to-feminism: Ms. Stevenson can be Mrs. Stevenson as long as she wants. Betty Ford, a feminist, is still Mrs. Ford, etc. I personally would never want to be a Mrs. So-and-So. This does not mean I am a pinko, a lesbian, man-hating, anti-marriage, etc. I personally believe it is a subjugation of identity; I would never ask anyone to be Mr. Leslie Smith; and I believe that my marital status is just as irrelevant to my title as a man's marital status is to his, so I sign myself,

Yours sincerely,

Ms. Leslie S. Smith

To the Editor:

Contrary to what was stated by Mr. McKee in a recent letter to you, I was not a candidate for President in the polity elections held last November. The candidates opposed to Mr. Coss were Karen Anderson, '79, and Rick Campbell, '81.

Jamie Whalen

To the Editor:

I am appalled that you, who claim to be editing THE COLLEGIAN for content, could have let the gross errors in Mr. McKee's article of 2 December slip by you.

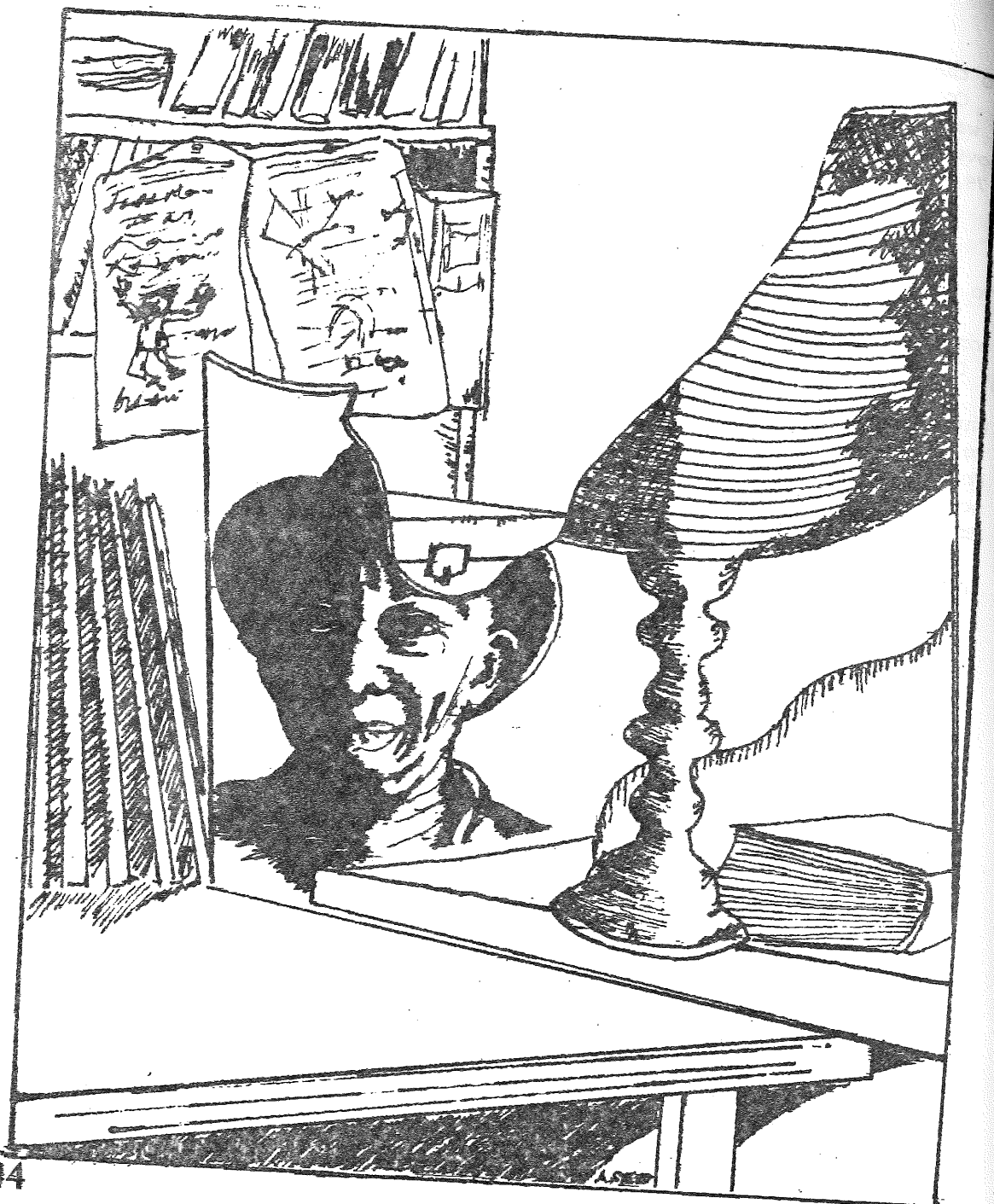
Mr. McKee represents Mr. Whalen as a petty, "shyster lawyer," who, when he discovered he was losing the election to Mr. Coss, resorted to a shabby effort to invalidate the election. This, sir, is libel! For, as we all know who were in school at the time, Mr. Whalen was not even a candidate in that election. The candidates were Mr. Coss, Mr. Campbell, and Miss Karen Anderson (who has since graduated). It is true that Miss Anderson ran a close second to Mr. Coss; however, she expressly stated that she did not wish to contest the election. Mr. Whalen, who was Chief Justice at the time, decided that the matter should be considered. The complaint was then dismissed because the rules had not been properly promulgated.

I am not saying, Mr. Edozien, that you should have refused Mr. McKee's article--he, too, has his right to speak. But it is your duty, as an editor and as a member of the community, to see that the facts are straight. Many impressionable freshmen are probably right now thinking poorly of Mr. Whalen--something he does not at all deserve. It is your duty, Mr. Edozien, to set things straight and to endeavor to prevent this sort of thing from happening again.

B.J. Sisson

From the Editor:

THE COLLEGIAN regrets the unfortunate misrepresentation of history that took place in the letter from Mr. McKee last week. Apparently, as you have heard, Mr. Whalen was not a candidate for Polity President in the 1978 elections. He was at that time Chief Justice of the Polity Court. The candidate in question was a certain Karen Anderson, now graduated, on whose behalf Mr. Whalen thought to pursue an investigation.



To the Editor:

This Speaks for Itself:

From the current (October) issue of "The College," p.1:

The Dean reports that grades and grading procedures were a subject of considerable debate during the year. Much of this was stimulated by a senior who withdrew from the College because she felt she had been unjustly treated by the Fellowships Committee and that she should have been granted an interview about her application for a fellowship. A new publication, Democracy Wall, sought to express student opinion. The Student Committee on Instruction debated the entire matter of grades and procedures. The final decision of this Committee and of the Delegate Council was that current policies and practices were adequate, and that no change in these or in the transcript need be recommended to the Dean and the Instruction Committee.

From the third issue of "Democracy Wall" (April 20), p.4:

The following proposal from the Student Committee on Instruction was brought before the Faculty Instruction Committee at their meeting of Tuesday, April 17. It is the final work of this year's SCI on the grade issue.

Dear Sirs,

In January, at the request of the Delegate Council, the Student Committee on Instruction began considering St. John's grading policy. The several questions we posed for ourselves were these: What does a grade at St. John's represent? What recourse does a student have if he feels that he has been graded unfairly? Should grades be abolished at St. John's? If not, how can the present grading policy be improved? Why was a new transcript introduced? Since then, we've held many meetings, spoken with many students and many tutors, and read many articles on the issue, published both in the Collegian and in our own bulletin, Democracy Wall. Having discussed so long and heard so many opinions, we still have not agreed on any proposal to change the present policy.

We do, however, feel that the present policy must be stated clearly in some official College publication, most likely, the Student Manual. Such a statement should answer the first two of the questions enumerated above, namely, 1) What does a grade at St. John's represent? and 2) What recourse does a student have if he feels that he has been graded unfairly?

While we know of no official policy statements on the latter, the Catalog says this about the former: "The tutor's appraisals of a student are based...on the student's total performance as a member of the

learning community. The tutor's comprehensive judgement of a student is reported to the Dean each semester as a conventional letter grade" (pp. 34-36). These statements, although misleading, are perhaps appropriate for the Catalog. They cannot, however, be policy. The policy statement that we seek would have the benefit, by answering the inevitable questions about grades at St. John's, of de-mystifying grades here, and preventing some of the, perhaps, undue attention they have received during the past months from recurring in the future.

Sincerely,

James M. Melcher
Chairman, SCI

(There followed the signatures of the members of the SCI and the D.C. President. The President signed after an unanimous approval of the proposal by the D.C. at their meeting of April 10.)

It is contemptible and cowardly that the President of St. John's College in the official magazine of the College has declared the discussion on grades dead when neither the faculty nor the administration EVER answered ANY of the questions which were raised.

It is also despicable that the cause of the discussion be characterized as merely the sour grapes of a drop-out. I am sure I am not the only one who resents this insult to my independence of mind and the attempt to degrade the discussion by an ad hominem reference.

Kristina M. Shapar
Risen from the dead.

From beyond the grave . . .

TO WHOM IT OUGHT TO CONCERN:

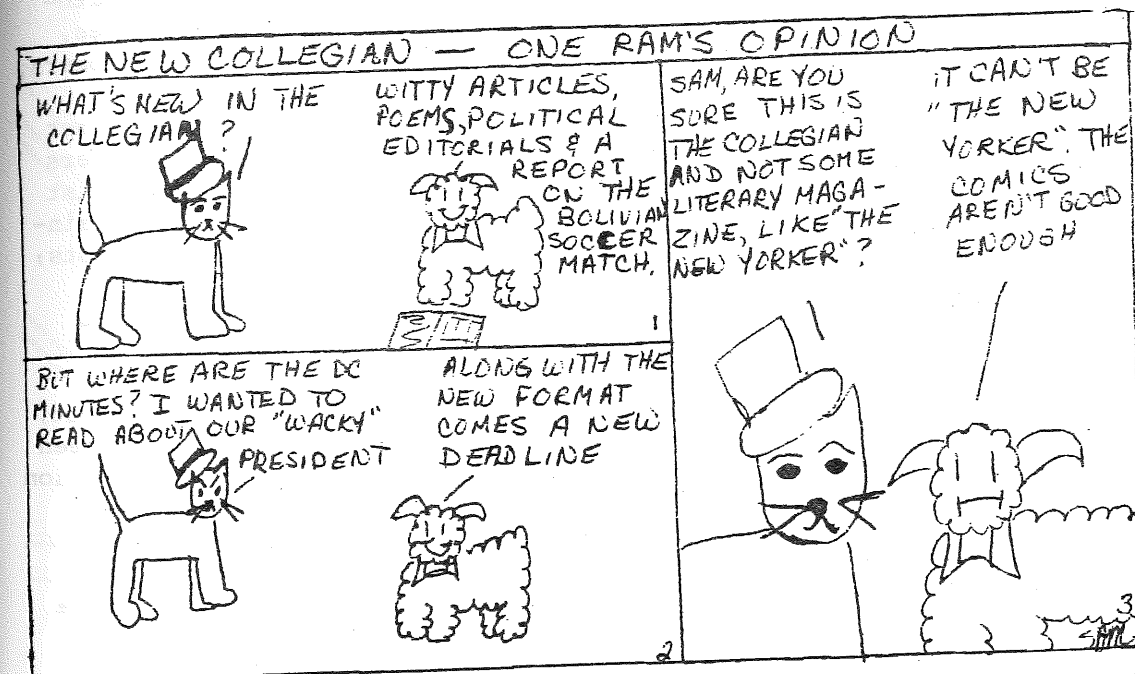
I find the administration's dismissal of the "discussion" of grades utterly objectionable. At the very least, it is tactless and unprofessional to regard such an essential matter as a triviality. Furthermore, it is an insult to the intelligence of the students. The statement in the College suggests that there is an established policy concerning grades. Presently, there is neither a written nor any established policy; and, so far as I know, there never has been. Therefore, the statement in the College is not only degrading but outrightly false. In addition, the SCI and D.C. never reached a con-

clusive decision on this matter, as the College article suggests. I remind the St. John's Community that no response has ever been made to the questions raised by the SCI; namely,

- (1) What does a grade at St. John's represent?
- (2) What recourse does a student have if he feels he has been graded unfairly?

I ask the faculty and administration, as reasonable men, to respond to these questions. It is the student's right to know these things, particularly since he will soon be paying over \$7,000/year for the dubious privilege of having capricious letters attached permanently to his life.

Joan Ellen Price
One of the Grateful Dead



Announcements

What makes Chris White and Jim Stout slave away in an unheated, sparsely furnished building on Cathedral Street, 7 days a week? What makes them lick envelopes and peel labels furiously, negotiate on the telephone using words like "ichthyological," and work their shivering typist to the bone?

Lust. It was lust that brought these two together, and, by their own admission, lust which keeps them together.

Chris White and Jim Stout manage Expedition Research, Inc., a consulting firm and membership organization for scientific and exploratory expeditions around the world. From its Annapolis office, ERI maintains cross-indexed files of the personal resumes of hundreds of anthropologists, dogsledders, physicians, spelunkers and sailors. Within 24 hours of any request, ERI provides these resumes to expedition leaders, research teams, and organizers of all types of exploratory journeys. Expeditions register with ERI free of charge, giving them unlimited access to its many services, including information research, equipment discounts, sponsorship, funding, and finding additional team members. Expeditions registered with ERI have been endorsed by such organizations as the Explorers Club, the Leakey Foundation, the Smithsonian Institution, the National Speleological Society, universities, and outing clubs. Commercial organizations (film makers, yacht brokers, etc.) also seek qualified employees through ERI.

If all this sounds a bit intimidating, look again. Expeditions not only need experts, but unskilled college students and adventure-lovers as well. They place everyone from the highly skilled marine biologist and professional photographer to the would-be scuba diver and mountain-climber. And there is a demand for linguists, historians, journalists; so you can pass on the "dangerous" stuff if the thought of plunging 2,000 feet scares you, and put your academic skills to use. All you need do is share the same lust with White and Stout--the lust for adventure, for travel, for learning.

Chris White is a biologist from Princeton University, and Jim Stout, a geographer from the University of Washington. Now 24, they have been mountain-climbing together since the age of 12. The idea for Expedition Research, Inc., was the product of mutual frustration when they had problems finding a qualified team member on their bicentennial expedition to Mt. McKinley.

Some of the more interesting expeditions scheduled for 1980 include the Chinese-American Goodwill Tibetan Expedition, an historic anthropological dig for Ramapithecus in India, and the Mt. Aconcagua Ascent.

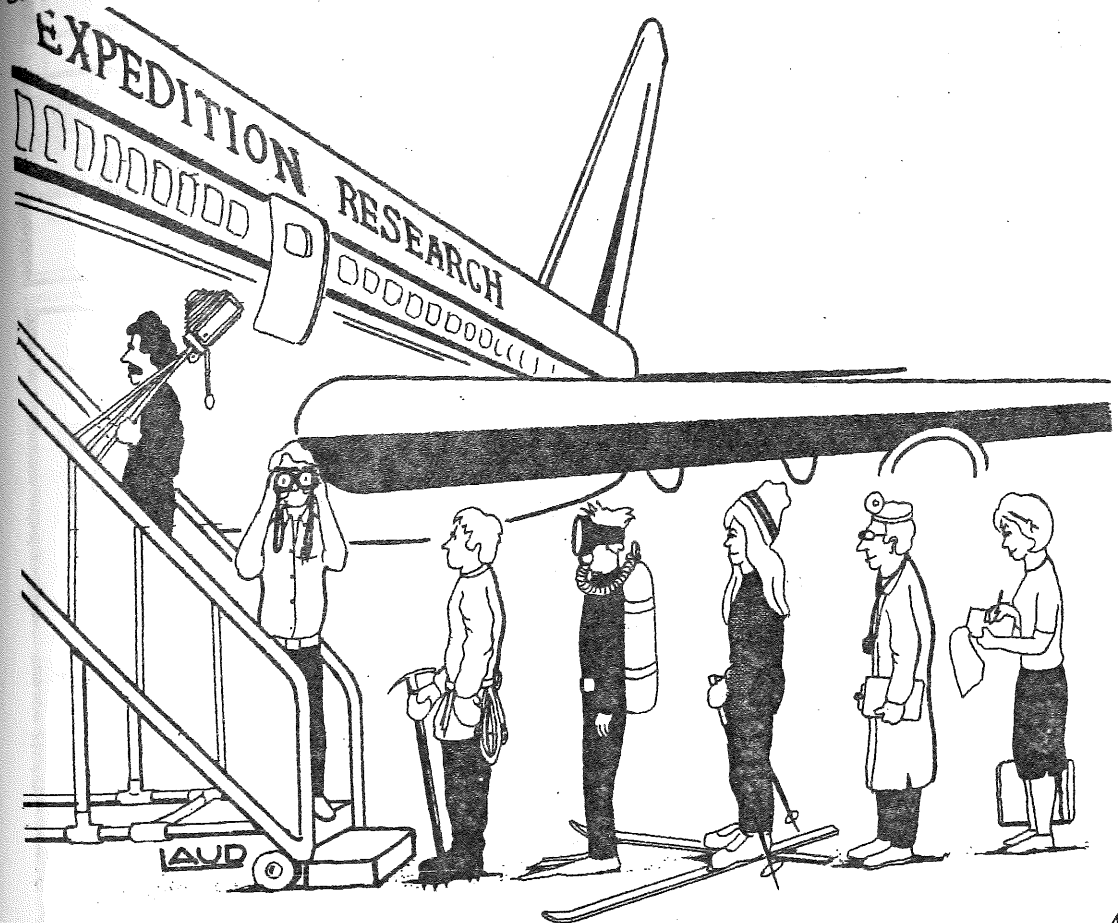
Lisa Simeone

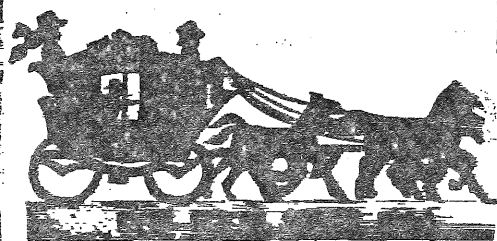
Expedition Research campaigns for students

Expedition Research Inc., a placement service which matches outdoor enthusiasts to scientific and exploratory expeditions, is conducting a campaign to register college students and professors.

Expeditions which have approached ERI for team members range from archaeological excavations to Himalayan mountaineering, and from oceanographic surveys and cave exploration to scientific investigations on all six continents.

For more information, write Expedition Research Inc., P.O. Box 467R, Cathedral and Franklin Streets, Annapolis, MD, 21404.





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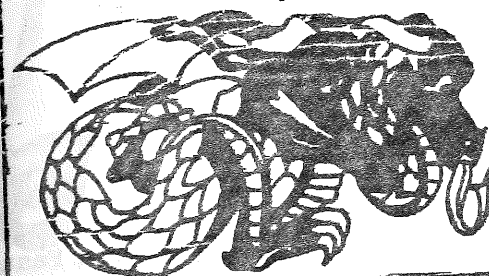
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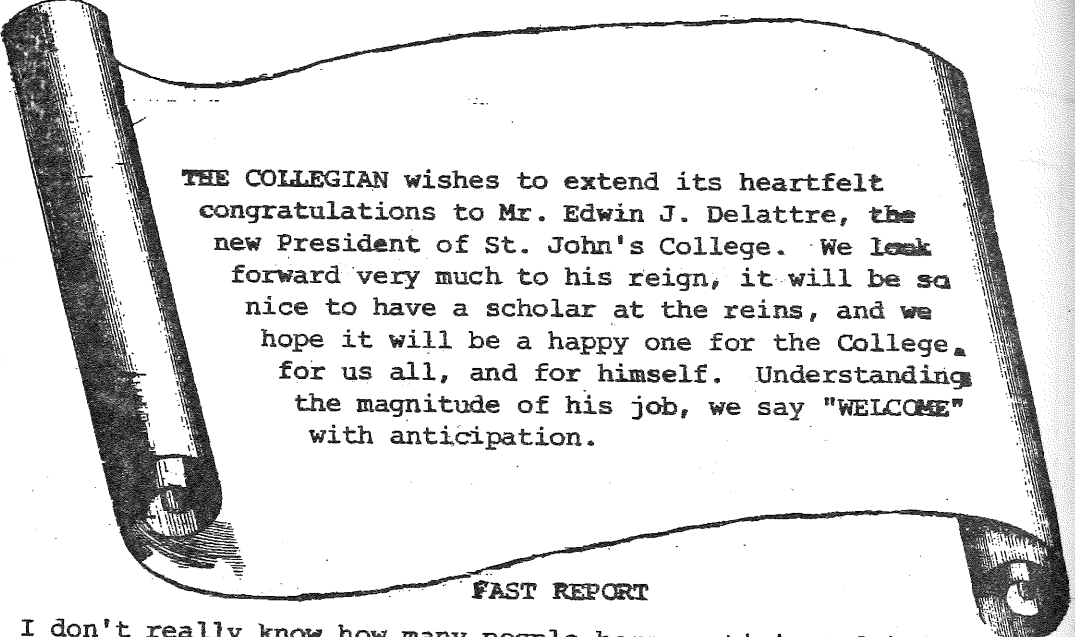
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THE COLLEGIAN wishes to extend its heartfelt congratulations to Mr. Edwin J. Delattre, the new President of St. John's College. We look forward very much to his reign, it will be so nice to have a scholar at the reins, and we hope it will be a happy one for the College, for us all, and for himself. Understanding the magnitude of his job, we say "WELCOME" with anticipation.

FAST REPORT

I don't really know how many people here participated in the Fast for a World Harvest. The food service made a donation of \$4 per person for each of 25 people. I know of three people who live off-campus who fasted and donated what they spend on a day's food. The total contributions I handled were \$10 from off-campus people and \$26.65 from people on campus. The envelope I sent to Oxfam America contained two checks and a money order totalling \$396.65.

The kind and amount of commitment to this project varied among the different fasters. I hope the fast served not only as a way to raise funds for Oxfam but also as a way of increasing people's awareness about conditions in the world and their sensitivity to their positions in it.

If you would like to see this repeated next fall, it would probably be a good idea to write to the person who sponsored Marriott's donation this year to tell him how wonderful you think it is that they were willing to sponsor this program. Such letters will probably make future generous agreements seem like a good idea. Since far more fasters signed up than either I or our anonymous donor expected, that person's resources were overextended, and we cannot expect such an offer in the future. Since few people on campus were willing to actually donate money, a generous agreement with the food service is fairly important to the success of any future fast; so I would encourage you to write something along the lines of a nice thank-you letter. Send it to: Jim Nugent, Marriott Corp., Food Service Management, 1 Marriott Drive, Washington, D.C. 20058.

From the Admissions Office

If you are going home over the Winter Vacation, the Admissions Office would appreciate your help. What we'd like you to do is contact prospective students in your hometown or nearby. If you'd like to help, please come by the Admissions Office, and we'll be glad to supply you with names, addresses, and phone numbers.

Thanks,
John Christensen
Director of Admissions

From the Placement Office

In addition to the small internship book mentioned in last week's COLLEGIAN, we have now received a new two-volume set which covers a great many internships and work experience programs. Please come in and look through them.

We have received applications for summer jobs from Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming.

I plan to have an alumni-student career discussion at the end of January. Let me know of areas of interest to you.

We would be very grateful to have all of our books returned before vacation.

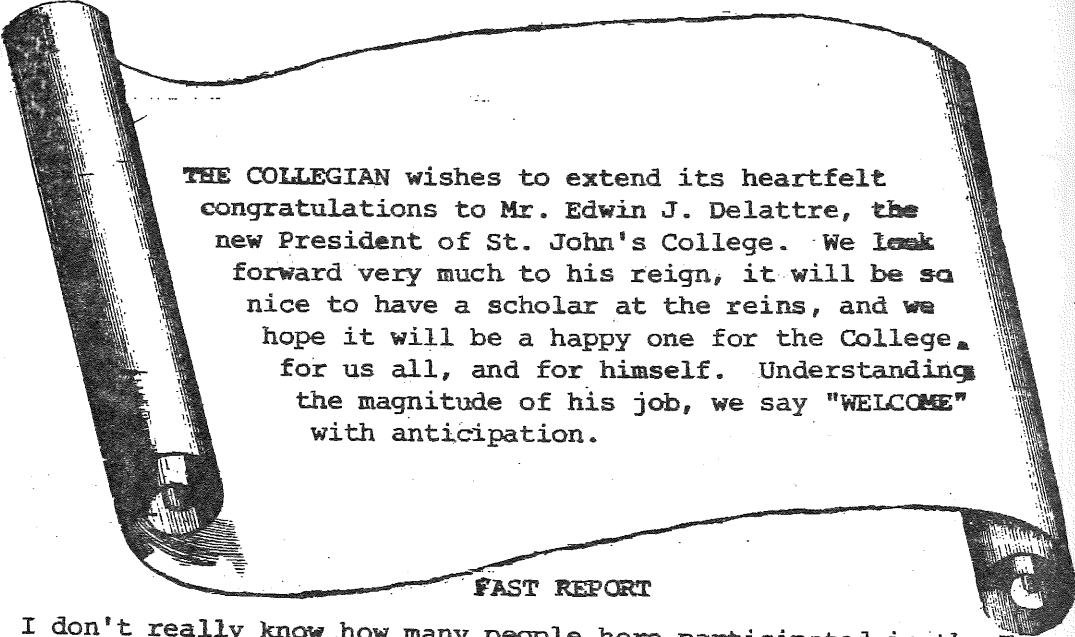
Marianne Braun
Director of Placement

PARENTS' WEEKEND

Parents' Weekend this year will be April 25-26. Customarily, the cover design for the announcement brochure is created by a student. I therefore invite any interested students to submit possible designs. I suggest you see me or Ingrid Miller about size, proportions, etc.

Deadline for submissions will be January 7, 1980.

Thomas Parran, Jr.
Director
College Relations



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In addition to the small internship book mentioned in last week's COLLEGIAN, we have now received a new two-volume set which covers a great many internships and work experience programs. Please come in and look through them.

We have received applications for summer jobs from Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming.

I plan to have an alumni-student career discussion at the end of January. Let me know of areas of interest to you.

We would be very grateful to have all of our books returned before vacation.

Marianne Braun
Director of Placement

PARENTS' WEEKEND

Parents' Weekend this year will be April 25-26. Customarily, the cover design for the announcement brochure is created by a student. I therefore invite any interested students to submit possible designs. I suggest you see me or Ingrid Miller about size, proportions, etc.

Deadline for submissions will be January 7, 1980.

Thomas Parran, Jr.
Director
College Relations

LOST AND FOUND

Books

Blue Notebook of Freshman Seminar Notes and Questions
Marx, Capital (New World)
In His Steps

Clothes

| | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Blue jacket | Maroon sweater ('V'-neck zip) |
| Grey sweat-jacket | Black hat |
| Blue 'V'-neck pullover sweater | Blue "Great Outdoors" T-shirt |
| Beige cardigan sweater | 1 scarf |

Miscellaneous


Black plastic-framed glasses
1 pair plastic-framed sunglasses
1 pair metal-framed sunglasses (This makes 9 pairs of glasses!)
Tennis racket
Typewriter
Umbrella
1 set keys w/whistle
2 watches
1 CB radio

LOST:

One maroon, ring-binder note-book, and one freshman lab book.
by

Merrill Ahrens
209 Randall, Ext. 45

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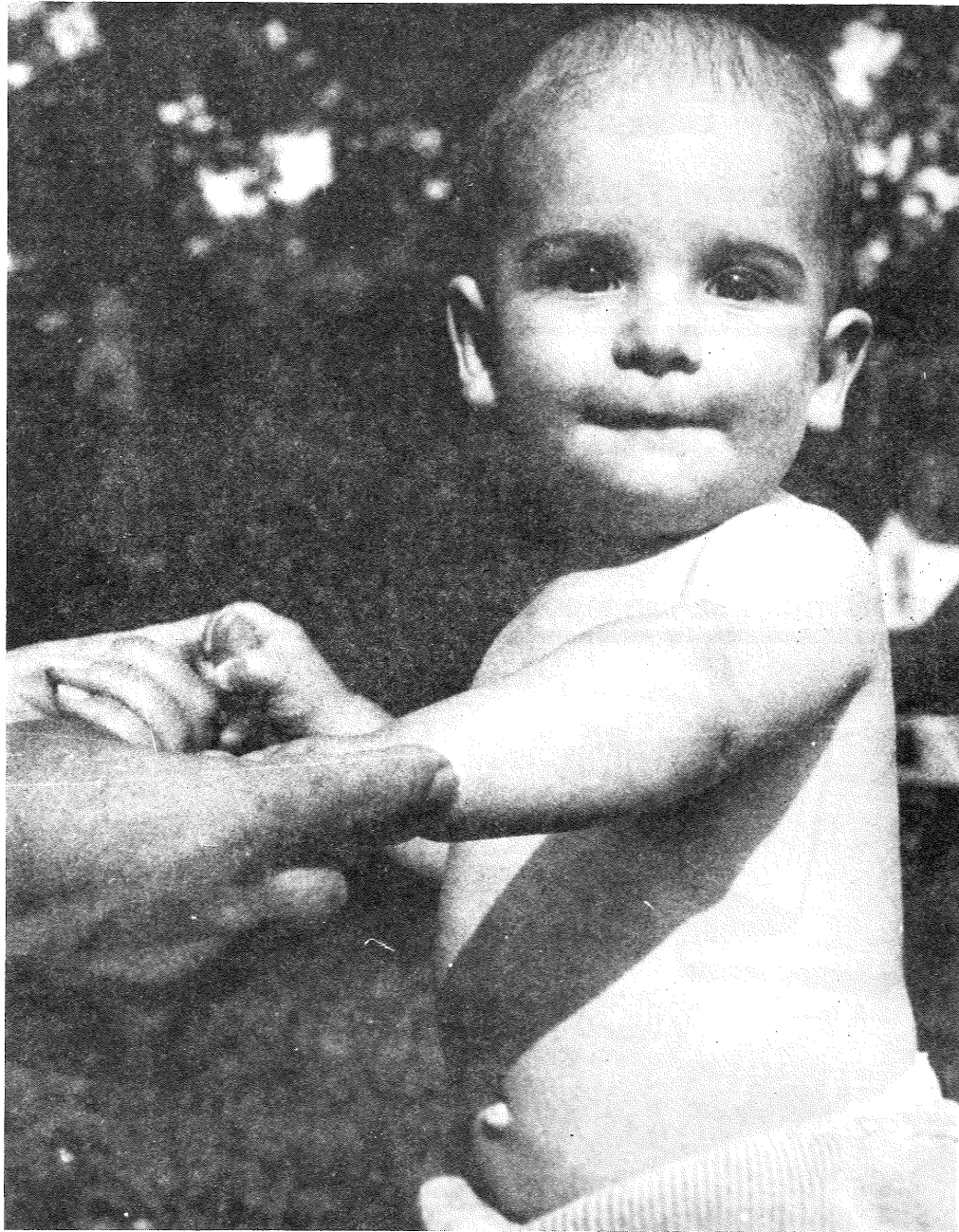
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Sun
12~12



Weekly Calendar

Monday, December 10 - Wednesday, December 12, 1979

Monday, Dec. 10

Student Aid time sheets due Financial Aid

Tuesday, Dec. 11

7:00-10:00

Pottery Class

Mellon 207

8:00 p.m.

New Testament Class - Mr. Smith

McDowell 21

8:00 p.m.

Small Chorus: Faure's Requiem

Great Hall

9:00 p.m.

Assistant Deans' Christmas Party

Lobby FSK

Wednesday, Dec. 12

4:00 p.m.

Iliad Reading Group

McDowell 23

7:00-10:00

Life Drawing Class

Mellon 207

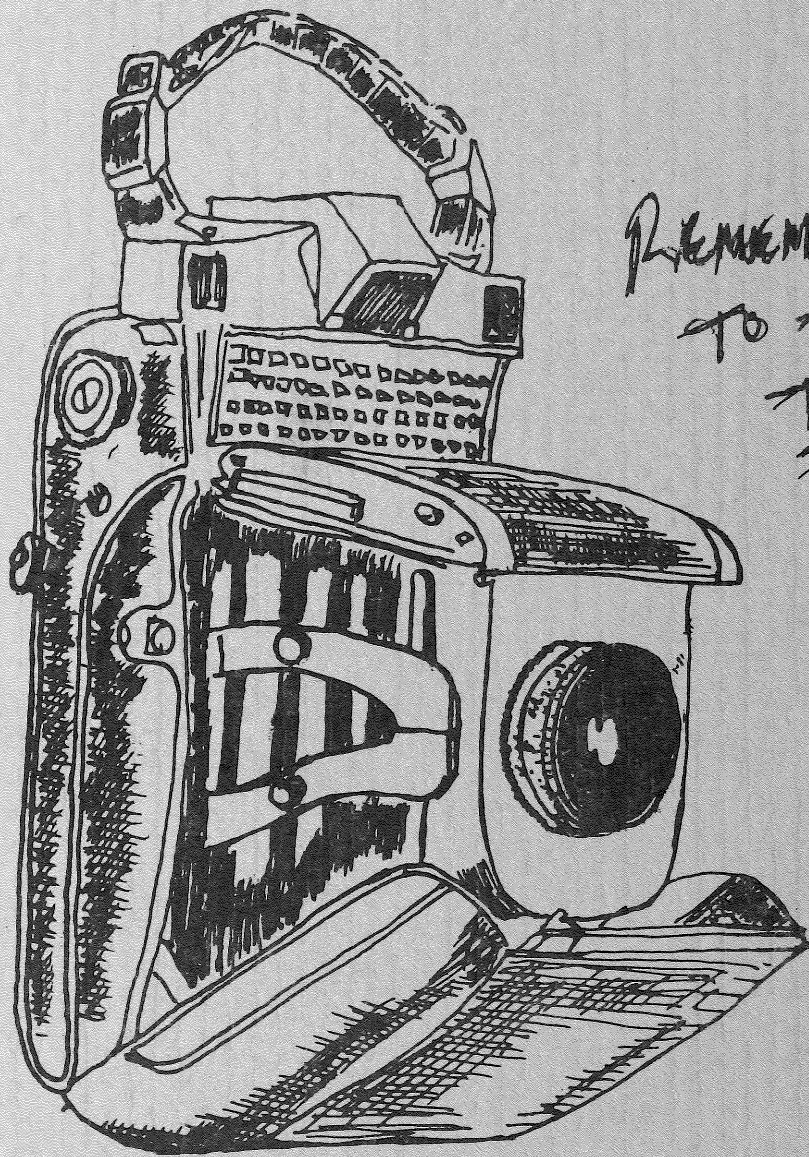
8:00 p.m.

SEMINAR

College Classrooms

Student Aid Payday

Happy
Holidays



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