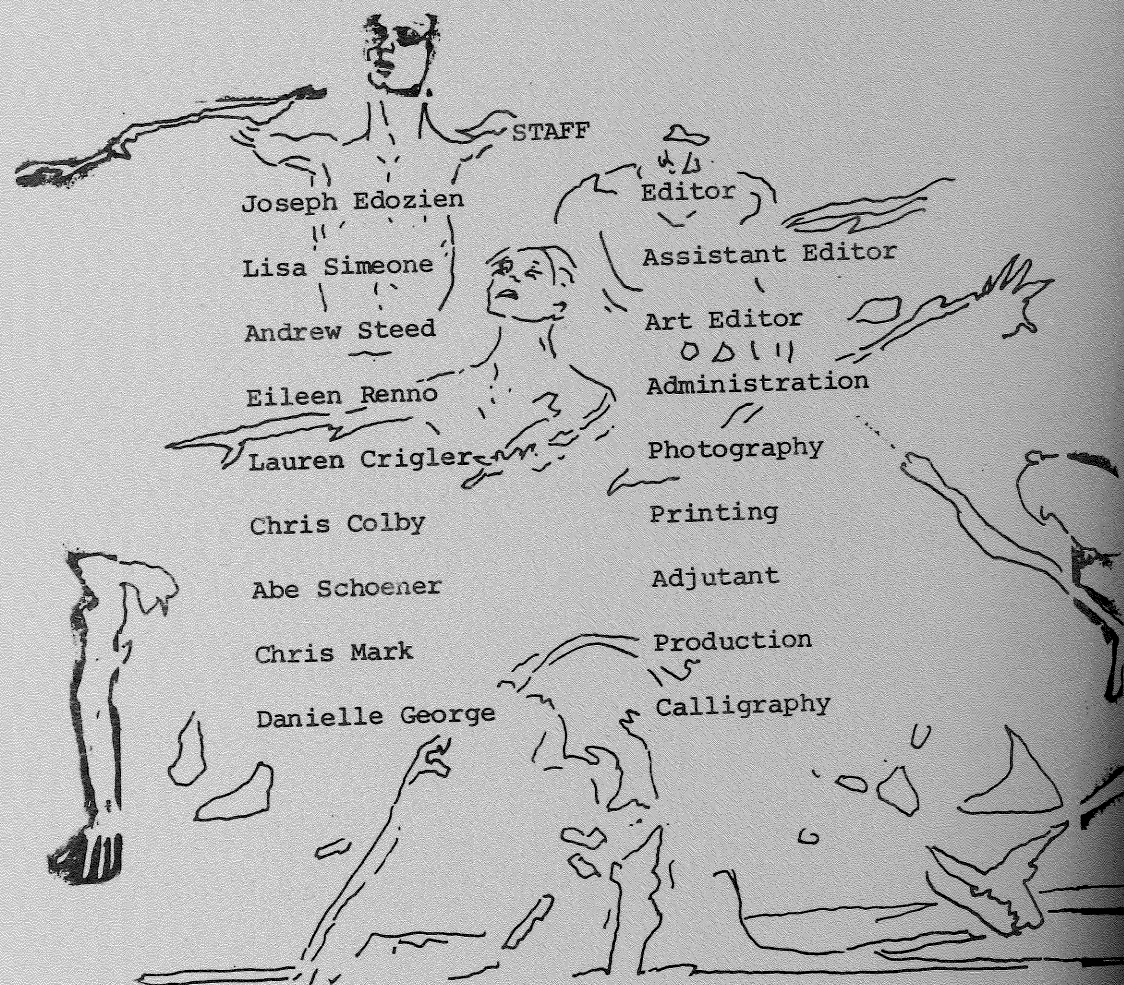


Est. 1888

THE ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

# COLLEGIAN



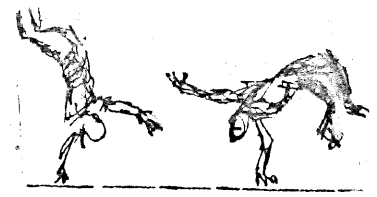
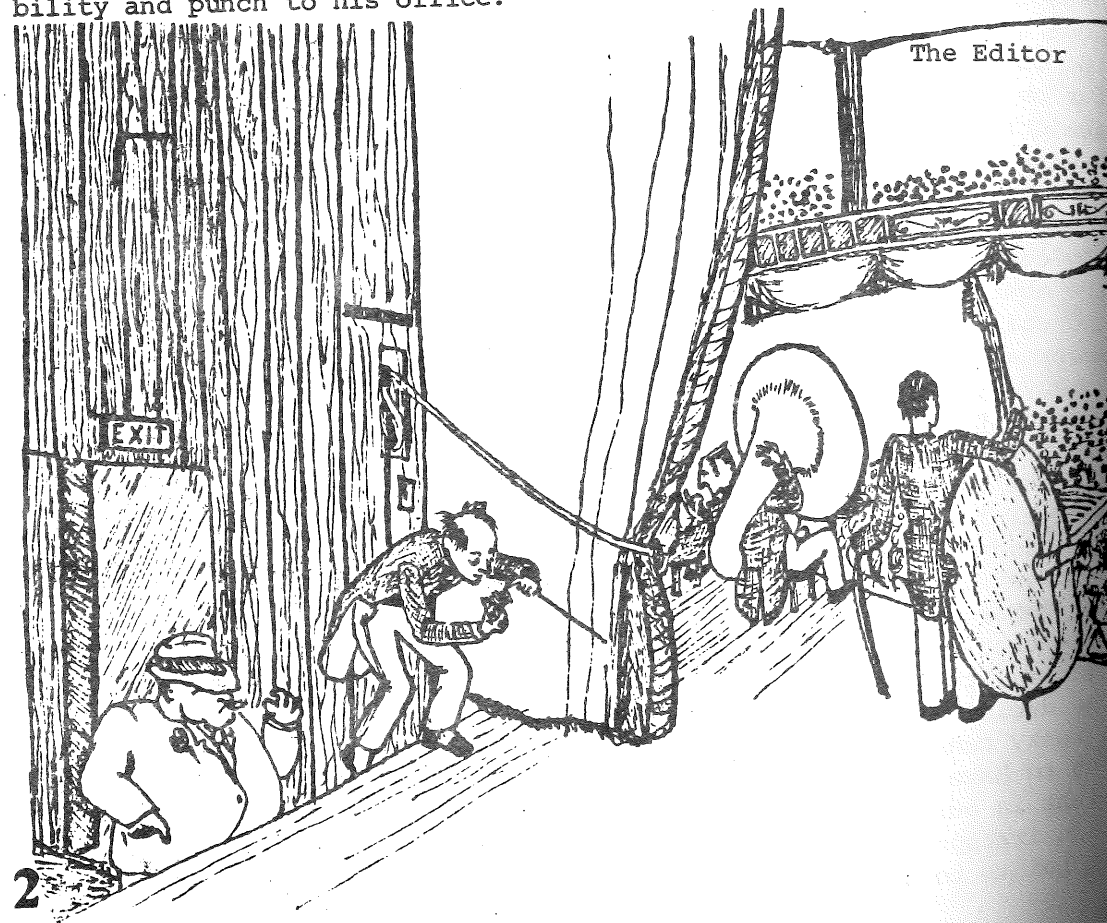


For a place as small as it is, St. John's is quite surprisingly and very thought-provokingly polarized. There seems to be a faction corresponding to every conceivable and fragmentary philosophy, some vaguely constructive, others vaguely destructive, and yet others so vague as not even to be the vague forms of anything discernible. It reminds one of a million balls on a million strings whirring around a center, each straining as hard as it might to fly off into its own space, the common center being neither earth, nor sun, nor galaxy, nor anything other than a few acres by a creek in Annapolis, Maryland. The strings are not gravities, it seems, but a compelling desire to avoid any submission to the forces of incestuousness inherent in a place so small. But these desires are strings and not wings; because, desire as we may, we are bound here by a common core of purpose and endeavor. And, in the very nature of this place, there is the obligation and the need for unity. For it is unity and tolerance for one another that will give wings to this college. However, we are not advocating homogeneity; we are talking about an enlightened vision of unity. Individuals are idiosyncratic; this is good, and this is what it means to be individual. But it is possible for there to be a unity of individuals, a fabric of many distinct and outstanding colors, or a melody of pristine tones. Unity need never imply the absence of individuation. We might recognize all our differences and still cohere, enjoy them rather than spear them, smear them, or sneer at them.

Anyway, the occasion for these sentiments is the election of a new president of the Student Polity of St. John's. THE COLLEGIAN extends its full support to Mr. DeMartini, and we whole-heartedly wish him success and your continued support. We have little doubt that Mr. DeMartini will surprise us all, including most of you who voted for him, and turn out to be a president worth taking seriously and well. What we find disturbing, very disturbing, is, of course, not that Mr. DeMartini is well-qualified for the job, but our strong suspicion that his qualifications as a leader or an administrator were incidental to his election, factors not taken seriously into account in the decision to vote for him. It seems as if he was, to most, simply a wacky candidate, therefore, a wacky choice, and therefore, wacky fun to have as a wacky president. This worries us, because if we are right in our suspicions, and hopefully we are not, it points to a certain irresponsibility and childishness on the part of the electorate. It points to a puzzling attitude of obliviousness to one another. If

the Polity is not worth taking seriously, but serves only as another target for ridicule, for more spearing, smearing and sneering, then we probably should not have a Polity Government, a flimsy slap at unity. We should always remember that the person we elect as president will represent us to the Administration, the Board of Visitors and Governors, other presidents of other student bodies, and the outside world in general, when he attends inter-collegiate conferences or whatever. It will be from him that others will judge us and form an impression of how seriously and respectfully we take ourselves as a group. But others aside, and this is the most important thing of all, it does tell us something very revealing about the way we view one another and ourselves alone.

Happily, but coincidentally we fear, we have not made a mistake; for it is our hope and our belief that President James "Agamemnon" DeMartini will surprise us all and lend an air of dignity, responsibility and punch to his office.



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## *The Ginko Tree*

Poison grows in this dark.  
It is in the water of tears.  
Its black blooms rise.

from "Another Weeping Woman"  
by Wallace Stevens

Amy sat at the window watching the evening deepen. Her hand rested lightly on a metal slat of the venetian blind and her fingertips were dusty. Her eyes were swollen.

A Ginko tree grew just outside. She heard the rain falling on its bare limbs and the hollow coughing of the gutter spouts. A student, hunched over and carrying books under his coat, passed quickly by. She heard his footsteps slogging through the wet leaves under the tree and afterwards clacking on the brick walk leading to the library.

Since September she had watched the tree so closely. Yet how was it that she never saw the precise moments of its change? The leaves were green a short time ago, such a short time ago, Amy thought. Then they began to turn and they looked like bright oriental fans, the color slowly spreading across the leaf from the edges inward. There was that last warm day and the tree was all yellow and lovely. That night it rained and the temperature fell. The next morning the branches were stark and there was a bright yellow pool around the trunk.

At room drawing last spring, Amy remembered, she had drawn the slip of paper with the number One on it and so had the first choice of all the rooms at Anburey. All the girls thought she would pick one of the suites on the basement floor of Charles Hall. They were always the first choices among the women. The rooms were large and airy with high ceilings. Each had a private bathroom. The walls were beautifully papered and there was wainscoting and crown molding. French doors opened onto a wide brick patio; in the spring you could open them and watch the sun go down.

How everyone had looked at her when she chose a room on the third floor of Ashton Hall! It was a small room, and it was directly below a men's floor that was so disorderly and noisy it would be hard to sleep or study. The room's only window faced north; there was never direct sunlight, and a large tree grew in front of it and blocked out any indirect rays, so the room was always dark. She had chosen the room precisely because of the tree, but nobody knew that. Not even Thomas. It all had to do with him, too.

She had met Thomas when they were both freshmen. They were in the same seminar together. She had thought he was handsome and he seemed much older and more manly than the rest of the boys at school. All the freshman girls talked about him. He was a serious student and he rarely spoke in class; but when he did, he spoke well, as if he carefully considered what he was saying, and everybody listened. He had seemed so different, Amy remembered. She didn't know exactly what it was about him, but she knew he was different. She remembered that one seminar. She was trying to make a point, but was not quite sure of what she was actually saying. She saw the blank stares on the faces of her classmates sitting around the table. Then she saw Thomas. He was looking at her intently, his brow knit, listening to her every word, as if he cared about what she was trying to say. No one had ever looked at her that way before--not even her parents. She had blushed and forgotten what she wanted to say, and for the rest of the seminar, she was quiet and stared down at her book. She realized then that she was in love with him.

Her love had been a secret she guarded carefully, as if it were a treasure hidden in a box that she opened only in the safety of her locked room with the blinds drawn. She told no one. She had always been that way. She never understood girls who could talk freely to almost anyone about matters she considered so deeply personal. Least of all could she approach him, because her love made her shy; and when he was near, she was terribly self-conscious and withdrawn. Sometimes he would sit next to her in the dining hall or in seminar. He seemed so interested to have her tell him what she was doing and what she thought about, but she always clammed up, Amy remembered. She had hoped her quietness did not put him off.

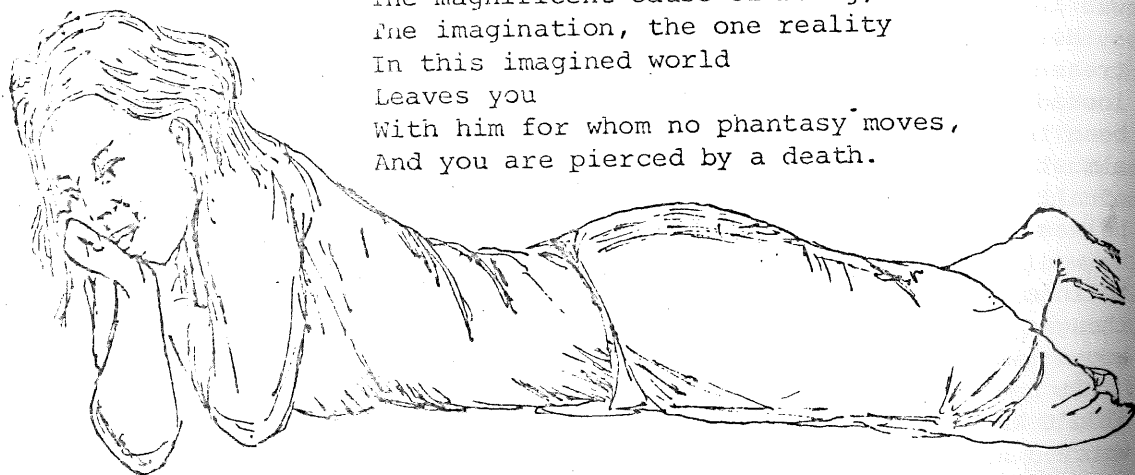
It had been a joy for her to see him walking across campus when he didn't know she was looking. She had gone to his soccer games and watched him from the sidelines; looking at his legs and strong arms and chest gave her a wonderful and crazy feeling inside. He was a splendid athlete and when his name would appear in an article in the sports section of the college's weekly newspaper, she would cut it out and save it.

Then one day in mid-November he had asked her out. They had gone to dinner and then to a little jazz club in town and heard Earl Johnson play saxophone. She drank a little too much wine and loosened up and became herself with him. Afterwards, they had gone to an elementary school playground on the other side of town; they had played on the swings like children. When they finally got back to campus, they

crossed under the Ginko tree next to Ashton on their way to her dorm. He threatened to fill her hair with leaves. She had laughed and said, 'Just try!' He then picked up bunches of dried brown-yellow leaves in both hands and she ran and he chased her until he caught her and then held her and crushed the leaves in her hair and then he kissed her for the first time, and . . .

Amy looked down at the open book in her lap. The pages slowly darkened and were grey. The print was soft and diffused and barely discernable. She couldn't see it, however, because she was crying. It didn't matter, though, she thought. She didn't need to see it. She knew the words by heart. How many times in the past two weeks had she run up to her room and taken the book from the shelf and turned to this poem? She had become obsessed with it, reading it over and over, until she thought she must be going mad. She couldn't concentrate on any of her studies, and in her pain the poem was her only refuge. She whispered some of the lines:

The magnificent cause of being,  
The imagination, the one reality  
In this imagined world  
Leaves you  
With him for whom no phantasy moves,  
And you are pierced by a death.



God, would she never stop crying, Amy wondered. She would give anything for her eyes not to be so swollen. If only she could stop thinking about it, but how could she when she felt that a hole had been burned clear through her body and that she was bleeding? She must sleep. That was the only time when she didn't think about it; but she couldn't sleep. Did he ever think about her anymore? She couldn't help wondering about that. No, she didn't think he did, and she would never forgive him for his ignorance of her pain. And he had seemed so different. But how could she deny that he had loved her? He had meant those things and she wished she could go back to last year again, before everything had dissolved.

Outside there was the sound of footsteps through the leaves. Amy rubbed her eyes and looked out the window. She saw a couple with their arms around each other walking under a single umbrella. How could they be so foolish and trusting? she thought. Can't they see? Everything gets ruined and there's only misunderstanding and pain. She wished again that everything could be as it was. Now she had to fight from going to see him, and it was all she could do to keep from going over to his room because she missed him. She didn't dare, though. But how could she avoid him? The campus was too small. She was always afraid that every corner she would turn she would see him, and how awkward it was when they actually did meet. Why did she go on torturing herself? Seeing him was only prolonging the pain because it gave her false hope. There were too many memories here, and this tree, this damn tree, it was killing her. And then this other matter. She had just learned about it. She had been too careless. But she would never tell him. No, she would take care of it herself. But she must do it soon. She had to leave. Get away. She would go to her sister's in Philadelphia. There was a good clinic there, too. She mustn't think about what her parents would say.

Amy looked down at the ring on her finger and twisted it nervously. She must take it off. She must make herself stop wearing it. She had tried a few days before, but the feeling of her fingers rubbing together had bothered her unbearably, and she had put it back on. Now she must get used to it.

- - - - -

Early the next morning, Lucy, the old negro maid, walked from the parking lot toward Ashton Hall to begin her cleaning. It was cold and still dark and a fog hung just above the tops of the buildings. The rain had stopped but the brick walks were wet and shiny. The campus was quiet except for the sound of dripping leaves. Lucy felt like shouting; she always felt that way early in the morning. She didn't like getting up when it was dark and cold outside, and having to work while others slept all around her. She looked up and saw a light burning in one of the rooms on the third floor of Ashton.

"Some folks always still up in the morning," she said to herself. Studying, I guess. Can't for the life of me figure what's in some book worth losing a good night's sleep over."

She walked down the path to Ashton and climbed the steps to the door. As she reached out for the knob, the door was pulled open from the inside. She saw a girl in a raincoat and a tan beret.

"Why, Amy," she said, happy to talk to somebody. "What you doing up so early? You should be in bed." Then she saw the suitcases.

"Where you going to?" she asked.

"Good morning, Lucy," Amy said, and she picked up the suitcases.

Lucy held the door open and Amy walked past her and down the steps. Then she stopped and turned.

"Oh, I almost forgot. I left you some things I thought you might like," she said. "You still take things, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am. I sure do."

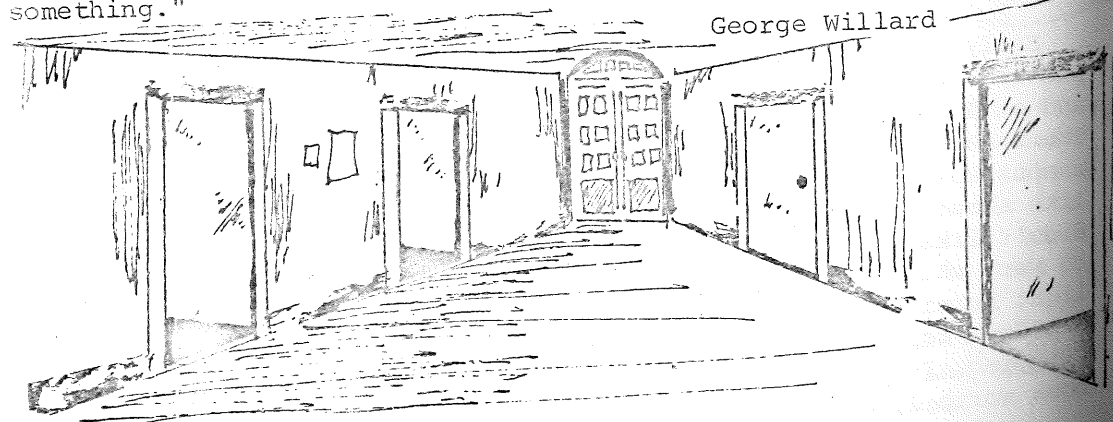
At the end of each year, as all the girls packed to leave for the summer, Lucy told them to put the things they didn't want anymore in bags by their doors and she would take them.

"Fine," Amy said. She turned and walked away.

Lucy stood for a moment and watched her go. Then she walked quickly up the stairs to the third floor and went down the hall to Amy's room; she was anxious to see what Amy had left her. She stooped over the shopping bag and pulled out a turtle neck sweater and held it against her chest. It was large, a man's size. She set it down on the floor next to the bag and then pulled out a few men's tee-shirts and sweat socks, all carefully folded. Then she pulled out a pair of blue jeans. She could give these clothes to her boys, she thought. Lucy looked once more in the bag to make sure it was empty. She saw something in the bottom. She reached in and pulled it out. Lucy smiled. She put the ring on her finger. She walked over and stood underneath a hall light and held her hand out away from her and looked at it.

"Lord, that's pretty," she said. "Real pretty. Must be worth something."

George Willard



α

*J'ai entendu que vivre pour vous,  
et pour l'aurore plus belle,  
est le plus beau:  
c'est vrai.*

γ

*Ma flamme brûle pour votre amour  
comme le feu brûle pour l'éclatant.  
Lorsque la lumière est noire,  
la mort qui vient  
vient comme le baiser.*

~ Pour Mon Beau

Danielle

11/79

# Le Crapaud

Jules Renard

Né d'une pierre, il vit sous une pierre et s'y creusera un tombeau.  
Je le visite fréquemment, et, chaque fois que je lève sa pierre,  
j'ai peur de le retrouver et peur qu'il n'y soit plus.

Il y est.

Caché dans ce gîte sec, propre, étroit, bien à lui, il l'occupe  
pleinement, gonflé comme une bourse d'avare.

Qu'une pluie le fasse sortir, et il vient au-devant de moi. Quel-  
ques sauts lourds, et il s'arrête sur ses cuisses et me regarde de ses  
yeux rougis. Si le monde injuste le traite en lépreux, je ne crains  
pas de m'accroupir près de lui et d'approcher du sien mon visage  
d'homme.

Puis je dompterai un reste de dégoût, et je te caresserai de ma  
main, crapaud!

On en avale dans la vie qui font plus mal au coeur.

Pourtant, hier, j'ai manque de tact. Il fermentait et suintait,  
toutes ses verrues crevées.

--Mon pauvre ami, lui dis-je, je ne veux pas te faire de peine,  
mais, Dieu! que tu es laid!

Il ouvrit sa bouche puérile et sans dents, à l'haleine chaude, et  
me répondit avec un léger accent anglais:

--Et toi?

## The Toad

Translation by Noah Blyler

Born of a rock, he lives under a rock, and there will dig his grave  
I visit him often; and each time I lift his rock, I am afraid to  
find him, and fear he may no longer be there.

There he is.

Hidden away in his clean, dry, snug lair, right for him, he fills  
it up, puffed up like a miser's purse.

Sometimes a shower forces him to go out, and he comes to me. A few  
clumsy leaps, and he sits on his haunches and looks at me with his red  
dish eyes. If the unjust world treats him like a leper, I am not  
afraid to squat down next to him, and bring my man's face near to his.

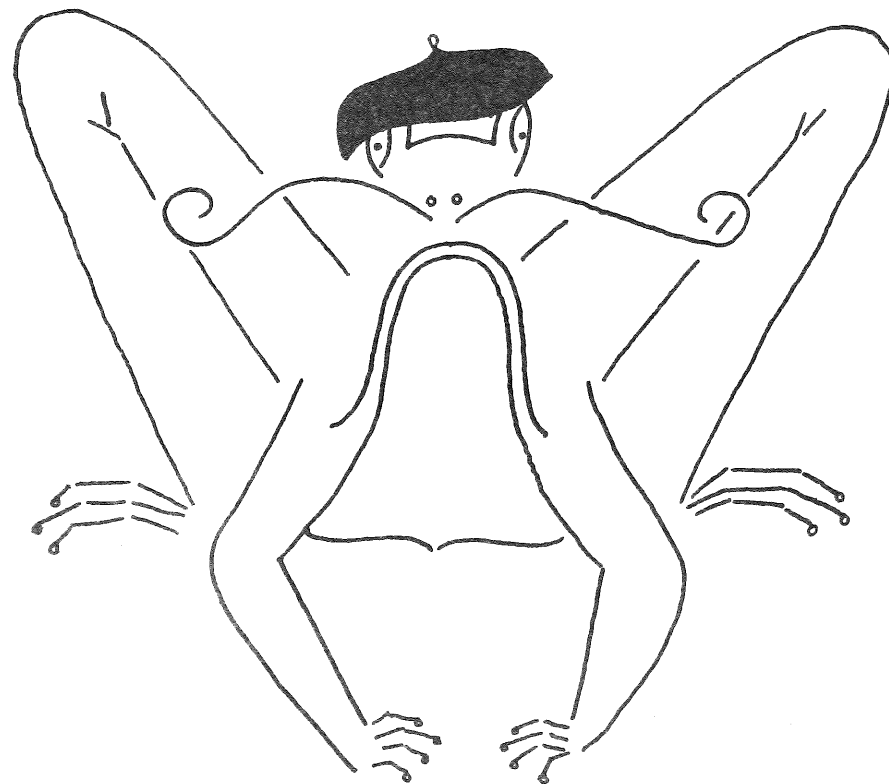
Then I'll conquer the rest of my disgust, and caress you with my  
hand, toad!

Nonetheless, yesterday, I lacked tact. He was festering and oozing  
from all his broken warts.

"My poor friend," I said to him, "I don't want to cause you pain,  
but, God! how ugly you are!"

He opened his fleshy, toothless mouth, with fetid breath, and re-  
sponded to me with a slight English accent:

"And you?"



"ET TOI?"

S. CHMIEL

## *The First Sonnet*

I saw beneath your gown a soft design  
Of features modeled from a timeless clay  
As Adam to your Eve I made you mine  
And with you walked a Paradise away.  
No Paradise we lost: how could we lose  
When both together we had but to choose  
One choice when we both met beneath the boughs  
Of that damned tree we swore off taking vows . . .

I'd rather dress you up and dress you down  
When we are done with taking in the town,  
And once more walk the farther side of fear  
When you leaned on my shoulder and a tear  
Rolled down your cheek. You trembled thinking Fate  
Would be unkind. And shivered when He shut the gate.

## *The Twenty-second Sonnet*

Come back and take my hand, don't run ahead,  
The gate is closed behind us, but we two  
Have life and its sweet garden in the stead  
Of that which we have lost by going through.  
Stand still and watch the land, see rivers run,  
See all the hills around us, oceans lie,  
See waters crash on cliffs which snag the sun.  
That tempts us being starlike and nearby.  
Come touch this land that you are party of  
And watch this seed I plant into this earth:  
There is no clear beginning, but there's love,  
That can from birth to death be what from birth  
Hurls us at stars and makes us dream of Heaven.  
Hurls us beyond what's now and into then.

William Candon

## *Catullus II*

Passer, deliciae meae puellae,  
quicum ludere, quem in sinu tenere,  
cui primum digitum dare appetenti  
et acris solet incitare morsus,  
cum desiderio meo nitenti  
carum nescio quid lubet iocari,  
et solaciolum sui doloris,  
credo, ut tum grauis acquiescat ardor:  
tecum ludere sicut ipsa possem  
et tristis animi leuare curas!

Sparrow, my girl's delight  
(she's always toying with it  
holds it in her lap  
gives its longing pointers  
and rouses sharp bites too  
when my bedazzled desire pleases  
to play sweet "I wouldn't know whats"  
and small easings of her pain--  
I believe so as to allay that grave fire)  
I wish I could toy with you just as she does  
and raise a soul's sad cares.

Submitted and translated by  
Joseph de Grazia

## *From the Spectator*

No. CCCLXX. Friday, August 29, 1712

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,  
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.

'Tis folly only, and defect of sense,  
Turns trifles into things of consequence.

I have been very often disappointed of late years, when upon examining the new edition of a classic author, I have found above half the volume taken up with various readings. When I have expected to meet with a learned note upon a doubtful passage in a Latin poet, I have only been informed, that such or such ancient manuscripts for an "et" write an "ac," or of some other notable discovery of the like importance. Indeed, when a different reading gives us a different sense, or a new elegance in an author, the editor does very well in taking notice of it; but when he only entertains us with the several ways of spelling the same word, and gathers together the various blunders and mistakes of twenty or thirty different transcribers, they only take up the time of the learned reader, and puzzle the minds of the ignorant. I have often fancied with myself how enraged an old Latin author would be, should he see the several absurdities in sense and grammar, which are imputed to him by some or other of these various readings. In one he speaks nonsense; in another makes use of a word that was never heard of: and indeed there is scarce a solecism in writing which the best author is not guilty of, if we may be at liberty to read him in the words of some manuscript, which the laborious editor has thought fit to examine in the prosecution of his work.

I question not but the ladies and pretty fellows will be very curious to understand what it is that I have been hitherto talking of; I shall therefore give them a notion of this practice, by endeavouring to write after the manner of several persons who make an eminent figure in the republic of letters. To this end we will suppose that the following song is an old ode, which I present to the public in a new edition, with the several various readings which I find of it in former editions, and in ancient manuscripts. Those who cannot relish the various readings, will perhaps find their account in the song, which never before appeared in print.

My love was fickle once and changing,  
Nor e'er would settle in my heart;

From beauty still to beauty ranging,  
In ev'ry face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming face enslav'd me,  
An eye then gave the fatal stroke:  
Till by her wit Corinna sav'd me,  
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting anguish  
For Belvidera I endure;  
Hourly I sigh and hourly languish,  
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the false unconstant lover,  
After a thousand beauties shown,  
Does new surprising charms discover,  
And finds variety in one.

### Various readings.

Stanza the first, verse the first, 'And changing'. The 'and' in some manuscripts is written thus, &, but that in the Cotton library writes it in three distinct letters.

Verse the second, 'Nor e'er would.' Aldus reads it, 'ever would,' but as this would hurt the metre, we have restored it to the genuine reading, by observing Synaeresis which had been neglected by ignorant transcribers.

Ibid, 'In my heart.' Scaliger and others, 'on my heart.'

Verse the fourth, 'I found a dart.' The Vatican manuscript for 'I' reads 'it,' but this must have been the hallucination of the transcriber, who probably mistook the dash of the 'I' for a 'T.'

Stanza the second, verse the second, 'The fatal stroke.' Scioppius, Salmasius, and many others, for 'the' read 'a;' but I have stuck to the usual reading.

Verse the third, 'Till by her wit.' Some manuscripts have it 'his wit,' others 'your,' others 'their wit.' But as I find Corinna to be the name of a woman in other authors, I cannot doubt but it should be 'her.'

Stanza the third, verse the first, 'A long and lasting anguish.' The German manuscript reads, 'a lasting passion,' but the rhyme will not admit it.

Verse the second, 'For Belvidera I endure.' Did not all the manuscripts reclaim, I should change Belvidera into Pelvidera; Pelvis being used by several of the ancient comic writers for a looking-glass, by which means the etymology of the word is very visible, and Pelvidera will signify a lady, who often looks in her glass; as indeed she had very good reason, if she had all those beauties which out poet here ascribes to her.

Verse the third, 'Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish.' Some for the word 'hourly' read 'daily' and others 'nightly;' the last has great authorities of its side.

Verse the fourth, 'The wonted cure.' The elder Stevens reads 'wanted cure.'

Stanza the fourth, verse the second, 'After a thousand beauties.' In several copies we meet with 'a hundred beauties,' by the usual error of the transcribers, who probably omitted a cipher, and had not taste enough to know that the word thousand was ten times a greater compliment to the poet's mistress than an hundred.

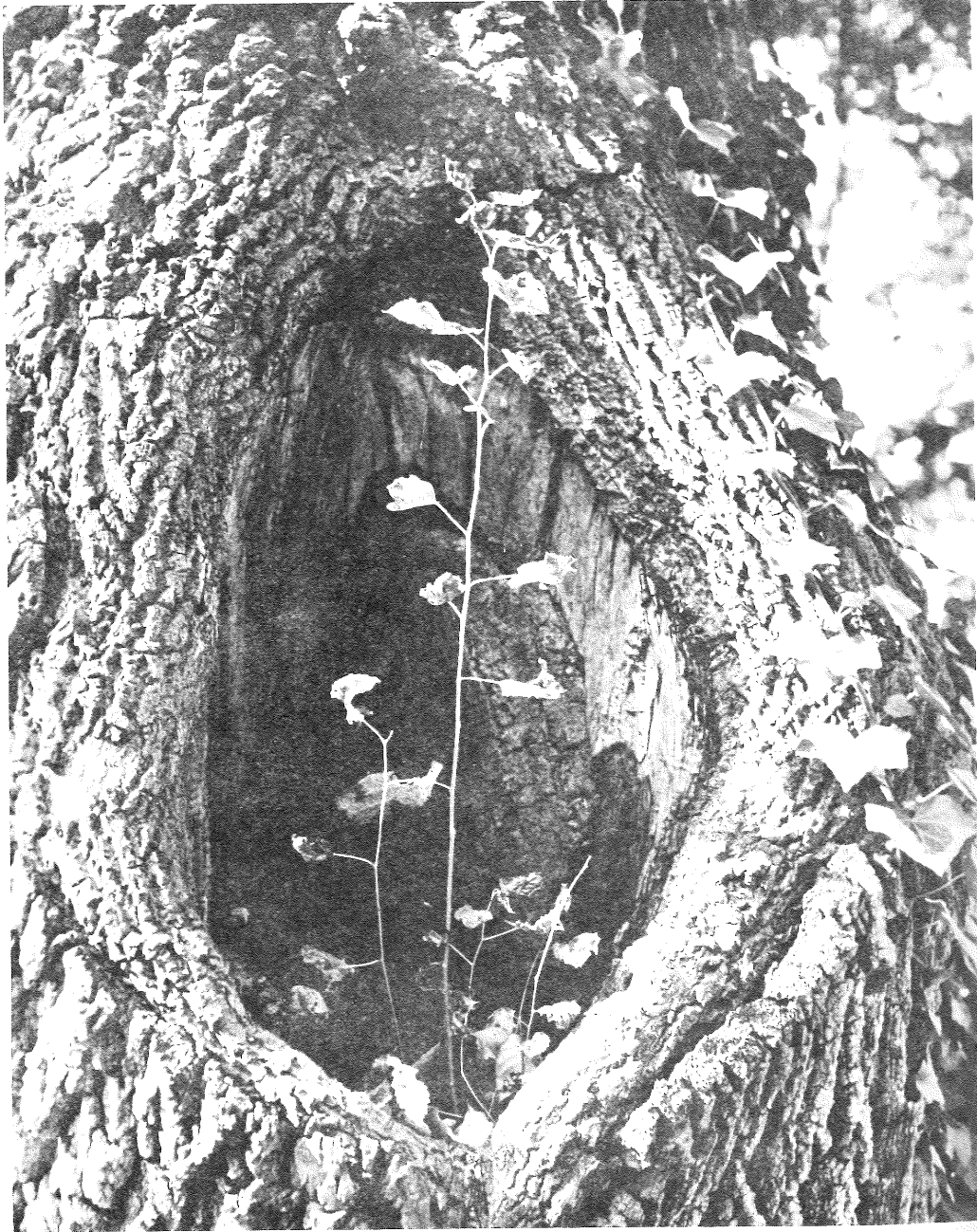
Verse the fourth, 'And finds variety in one.' Most of the ancient manuscripts have it 'in two.' Indeed, so many of them concur in the last reading, that I am very much in doubt whether it ought not to take place. There are but two reasons which incline me to the reading as I have published it, first, because the rhyme, and, secondly, because the sense is preserved by it. It might likewise proceed from the oscitancy of transcribers, who, to dispatch their work the sooner, used to write all numbers in ciphers, and seeing the figure I followed by a little dash of the pen, as is customary in old manuscripts, they perhaps mistook the dash for a second figure, and by casting up both together, composed out of them the figure 2. But this I shall leave to the learned, without determining any thing in a matter of so great uncertainty.

Submitted by Kris Shapar

## Chuang Tzu

While dreaming he was a butterfly  
he woke inside the image in his head  
as he who dreamed and dreamed on yet  
on whether he was a butterfly  
who dreamed on him,  
to wake again but wake into a dream  
and dream himself a butterfly who  
dreams himself a man.

George Iannacone



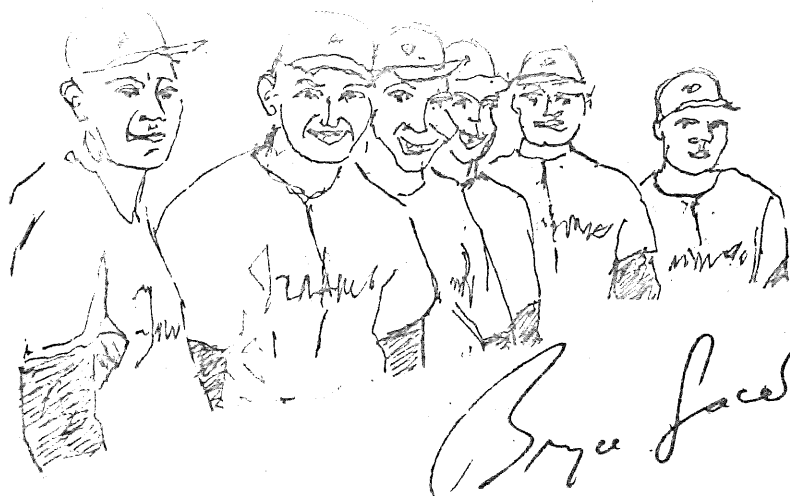
## I. Sunset in the trees of Winter

The black net  
holds the sun fast  
forming intricate patterns,  
black reins on carmine,  
until  
as we fling ourselves away  
in petulance  
the sun falls behind,  
and the sky darkens  
in despair.

## II. Winter Sketch

Drawn delicately on white  
the brush of trees,  
a breath of grey  
sets off the stillness  
of this clarity.  
Birds fly over  
the shaded background  
and never alight.

Patti Nogales



## MEN'S SPORTS

SOCCER: Guardians-2; Druids-0

The Guardians have had their troubles in soccer . . . a pair of ties and an embarrassing loss to the Greenwaves lately. But against the Druids, they have been pluperfect, showing victories of 1-0 and 2-0. This contradicts the managerial cliché that maintains that the way to win a pennant is to break even with the contenders and clean up on the rest of the league.

Mr. Weinstein snuck in a goal from a tricky angle, and Mr. Cox put the game out of reach with a penalty kick in the second half. We have another saut-out from Mr. Hoff, who certainly is impressing many of us with his goal tending.

It behooves the Druids, now, to win their last game; but look what happened:

Hustlers-2; Druids-0!

The Hustlers, with only a so-so record to date, played their best game of the season, dealing an almost fatal blow to the Druid hopes. Mr. Newlin scored in the first half off of a shot that rebounded down from the crossbar into the goal. Wasn't much the goalie could do. Mr. Maddocks nailed down the coffin with a neat penalty kick late in the game.

In their first confrontation, the Druids won by 1-0. But in this game the Hustlers were in control of many things on the field, including themselves. Not only did they not give up any penalty kicks (something that has plagued them in the past), but they did not even commit one foul! At least, none were called by the referees; and that, dear readers, is most unusual for any team . . . and most commendable . . . and most successful.

Now the poor Druids are almost dead . . . only a Guardian loss in their last game could resuscitate them. The Guardians, of course,

have other plans. But so do the Spartans, who might be tough, as they were in the following game:

Spartans-2; Greenwaves-1

Those young tutors who play for the Spartans, Mr. de Grazia and Mr. Guaspari, have acquitted themselves most commendably so far . . . as any Spartan would readily admit. But in this game they outdid themselves . . . or, at any rate, Mr. Guaspari did. He scored both Spartan goals . . . one by head, the other by foot. This was just enough to prevail over Mr. Goldstein's lone tally, a long grass-cutter that would have been stopped on a dry field. But everything was soaking wet, making that impossible.

The Waves, despite their losing, are to be commended for having played a beautiful game. Their subtle blending of various intricate defenses, infinitely variable, was a fine example of artistic balance and primordial instinct. I am sorry that they lost . . . they deserved otherwise. But, as someone said, virtue is its own reward.

Standings	Won	Tied	Lost	Points
Guardians	4	2	1	17
Druids	5	0	3	18
Hustlers	2	1	3	11
Spartans	2	1	3	11
Greenwaves	2	0	5	11

### Schedule after Thanksgiving:

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

## Women's Sports

by B. Gordon

### SOCCER:

8 Nov.: Nymphs-3; D.C.'s-1

This was the last game for both the Nymphs and the D.C.'s. With a good turn-out on both teams, the field looked well-matched at the start. However, the Nymphs quickly gained control and seemed intent on scoring, while the D.C.'s were just as intent on keeping the Nymphs from scoring.

But in the surprising play of the year, after an early goal in the second quarter by Miss Krafft, the D.C.'s came down the field in a formation hitherto unsuccessful, and managed to quietly roll one in under the surprised (and embarrassed) Nymph goalie Kurs. Miss Aler's foot was responsible for the D.C.'s third goal of the season. The third quarter turned the tide with two successive Nymph goals, by Miss Kim and Miss Harvey.

9 Nov.: Maenads-3; Amazons-1

It was the last game of the season, and the Maenad offense was determined to remain the most successful in keeping the ball from the other team. They scored early, dominating blacks at the blue end of the field. Miss Groff was all over the field on practically every play, making sure the ball remained in Maenad control. Miss Hahn scored first, with Groff and Craven scoring in the second period.

It was heading toward a Maenad shut-out until Miss Buck, late in the third quarter, drove one in for the Amazons.

From then on it was a holding pattern between Amazons Murphy and Cobb, and Maenads Dornich and Groff. A fine defense on both teams then prevented either team from scoring. A well-controlled game, I must say.

(Please note that in the game of Nov. 2 it was Miss Nogales, rather than Miss Pratt, who scored for the Amazons. Sorry 'bout that.)

### BASKETBALL:

13 Nov.: Nymphs-26; Amazons-22

The first game of the season, and what a game. It was close--close the whole game, the score see-sawing first in one team's favor, and to the other's. It'll probably take a while before these ladies realize that they cannot slap the dribbler's arms or charge into them.

here were very few technical fouls, though, and the game went relatively quickly until it became a matter of shooting one-on-ones every time a personal foul was called.

Let's aim for a little cleaner playing next time, okay?

## Collegian Game of the Week

A Greek paper handed in too late

by Abe Schoener

In this week's column we will discuss what it means to say "somebody's gotta win." (Please read as if the stupidest person on the team which just beat yours in the most crucial game of the year were saying this with a mouthful of mashed potatoes.)

Let's choose a game in which to ground our discussion: oh, how about, say, Saturday's Druid-Hustler soccer match--a dull, meaningless, uneventful, unsurprising affair; made all the less interesting by its following the magnificent, marvelous Greenwave Soccer Show. Surely, such an inconsequential game could never prejudice our conclusions.

First, let us analyze the statement in question, according to the principles of apophantic speech, a wonderful ability acquired in the Sophomore language tutorial:

$$X: (3X): \rightarrow p(p \cdot (p \vee q \rightarrow q \cdot r) \wedge (r \wedge q) \rightarrow q \cdot q \\ \therefore q \wedge (p \cdot q) \wedge \neg p \cdot q$$

Now, having understood its full logical implications, we can examine its less important and revealing aspects; namely, player impact and fan approval.

1) Player impact is what usually occurs to the person who just said to you, "Well, somebody's gotta win." In fact, no doubt anticipating the ultimate outcome, the Druids were noted for some player impact even before the final result.

2) Fan approval: the question of fan approval is, of course, "do fans really approve of someone winning?" The answer, in this week's commentary, is "Yes." In fact, no doubt peeving some sharp-eared Druids, the voices of the stadium were one-and-for-all unanimous in their support of the Hustlers and deprecation of the Druids. In the words of one observer: "Geeee, everybody haates the Drooids." Some fans, at their meanest, were even urging Hustlers to "hurt" specific Druids. Yes--this is surely the zeal of a fan who wants a winner!

Having thus established that the fans do, indeed, desire a winner, we should next ask how they go about choosing exactly whom they want to win, and whom they want to get hurt. Some sources suggest that the fans go for an underdog; others say it is a hustling team which catches the fan's eye. Some posit the team's look, its color, dash,

vigor. Others suppose the smell is influential.

But--for shame: these arguments from the appearances! This is St. John's soccer, these are St. John's fans. Where, then, can we look for one answer but in The Republic?--where, as certain late scholars point out, the good itself is subtly revealed to be a soccer ball. Now, it is clear why the fans, who are good people, insisted on urging the Hustlers to keep the ball in the heart of the Druids: because (inhale deeply for a complex Socratic argument, the requisite responsive panu men ouns\*omitted for brevity) they, the fans, wished for the good to become implanted in the heart of the Druids so that they may benefit of it; and since the Hustlers were willing to put it there while the Druids were resisting, the fans, for the sake of the Druids' own good, were encouraging the Hustlers while trying to call off the Druids. Which is why some particularly good fans wished the most resolutely resisting of the silly Druids to be forcibly removed from the game.

So, we see that it is not that nobody likes the Druids, but that everybody really loves them and is only wishing the good for them. Further, we see that the appearance of losing the game is only a third-level trivial consequence of gaining the good. In sum, having now completed symbol-logical, subjective ontological and objective responsive analyses of "somebody's gotta win," we understand that the person who says this, like a Hustler for instance, is only lamenting his own lot while enjoying the good of, say, a Druid. Which goes to show that what the Hustlers got out of the game, some beer and a few points, has no compare with the Druids reward. In conclusion, somebody has to lose.

\* Typist's translation of Schoener hieroglyphics.



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## Movie of the Week

Repulsion, directed by Roman Polanski, starring Catherine Deneuve  
Saturday & Sunday, 8:15. FREE

Persona terrified me. BUT, Bergman left me one escape from my fear by showing me that I was watching a movie. Polanski, deviant that he is, does not allow me to do anything but fear. Bergman let me think; Polanski does not for one moment allow me this luxury.

Catherine Deneuve (in her pre-Chanel days) plays a mentally disturbed young woman who lives alone. Her disturbance is this: she is unnaturally afraid of men. As she walks through her apartment, we get terrifying glimpses of her world, as hands reach out of nowhere for her.

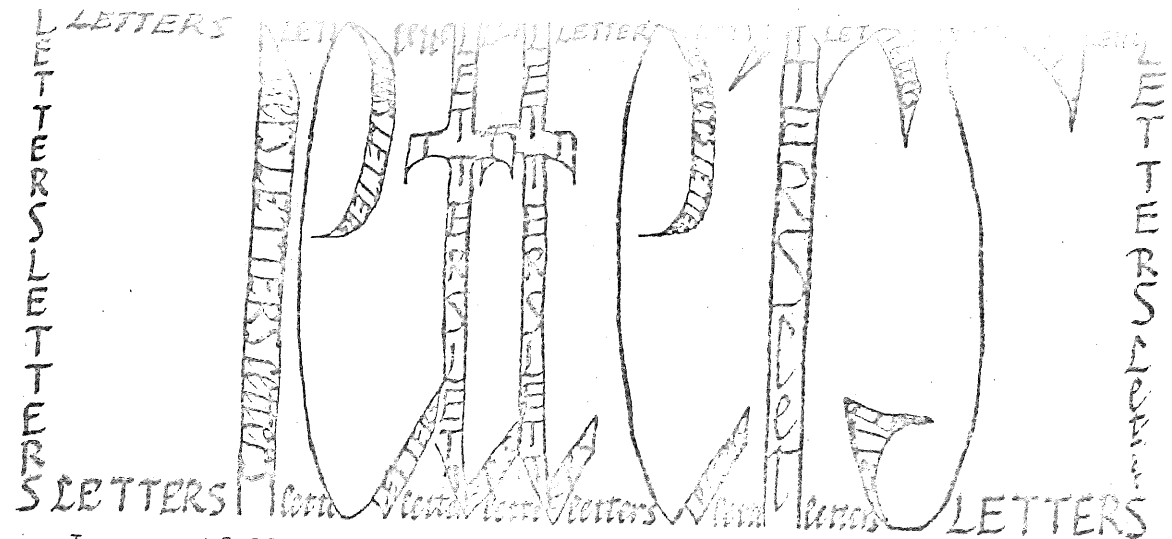
There is murder and mystery, and above all, tension. Try not to slip off the edge of your seat.

This is one of Polanski's earlier films, before he got egotistical, so he tries very hard to scare you, and not merely gross you out.

Enjoy.

Jim Sorrentino

P.S.--How about a film of "Bloodstain?" We could call it,  
"The Greek Tycoon Comes to Annapolis."



I respectfully submit this as a rebuttal to Mr. Hazen Harmel's critique of the Spartans in last week's COLLEGIAN.

### LA VIE BLANCHE

Comment nommer cette peur nouvelle qui n'est pas de la poltronnie et qui accable tant de gens, peur de la vitesse, de la grippe, des cambrioleurs, du mariage, de la viande hachée, de l'aspirine, de l'Eglise, des autos-stoppeurs, de l'embonpoint, des femmes, du manque, du trop, de la guerre et même de la paix, génératrice de chômage et de névrose . . . ?

Nos contemporains ont peur de tout et se tracassent pour tout.

Cette anxiété n'est pas la sinistrose que décrit Louis Pauwels dans sa Lettre Ouverte aux gens heureux, car la peur dont je parle est à droite comme à gauche, elle vient de partout, elle atteint toutes les classes de la société, elle est toute simple, ni métaphysique. C'est une peur d'information. Ce n'est pas une peur d'intelligence, c'est une peur de connaissance. Une peur encyclopédique. Une peur érudite, une peur du possible. Ce qui ne veut pas dire qu'elle soit fausse--on peut très bien prévoir la réalité--mais qu'elle est une peur de perspective, une peur distanciée, une peur anticipée. En Occident, le corps ne tremble plus, finie la peur animale, c'est le cerveau qui frémit.

Nous souffrons donc beaucoup plus que nos ancêtres, car nul ne supporte un danger imaginé aussi bien qu'un danger réel. Les New-Yorkais sont traumatisés parce qu'ils pensent qu'en sortant le soir, ils vont être agressés. Un médecin me dit que cela finit par leur faire plus de mal qu'une véritable agression. L'attente d'une épreuve est souvent pire que l'épreuve. Cela fut toujours vrai, mais aujourd'hui nous sommes beaucoup mieux informées des dangers que nous courons. Pour

notre bien, on nous dit a longueur de journée tout ce qui nous attend sur les routes, au coin des rues, dans les bois, dans notre lit, dans notre bureau, dans notre assiette et jusque dans nos milliards de cellules. Savoir que nous sommes composés de 92% d'eau nous inquiète. La multiplication de l'information multiplie nos craintes et dans nos têtes gavées grandit l'angoisse, véritable cirrhose de la volonté. Affolés, nous vomissons notre civilisation, nous sommes écoeurés de tout et d'abord de nous-mêmes.

Bientôt nous serons au bord de la vie comme l'écrivain devant la page blanche, paralysés. Un supplice. La vie blanche, la vie à vivre, la vie imaginée, est déjà pour quelques-uns une si terrible épreuve qu'ils préfèrent se tuer. C'est le cas extrême. D'autres se droguent. D'autres se terrent. Certains s'enfuient. Beaucoup avancent comme sur des oeufs. En vieillissant, la plupart des gens rurent et pour échapper aux grandes peurs, se réfugient dans les petites craintes. Combien d'hommes et de femmes redoutent davantage de grossir que de mourir? Ce n'est pas une boutade. Une enquête faite aux USA révèle que les Américains ont deux phobies majeures: la calvitie et l'obésité, et deux phobies mineures: le cancer et le communisme. Et c'est bien là un des malheurs de la jeunesse qu'elle ne craint encore ni pour sa ligne ni pour ses cheveux: elle est au bord de la vie blanche sans écran, sans paravent.

Comment s'en tirer? Mon Dieu, comme font les romanciers qui se délivrent en écrivant, les jeunes ne peuvent se sauver qu'en vivant. Ceux qui se jettent à la vie sont vite guéris, comme l'écrivain dès qu'il a noirci la page blanche. L'oeuvre reste difficile, la vie reste dangereuse et douloureuse, mais l'action est un si grand remède, à tout.

Les dieux, dit-on, aiment les audacieux. Oui, si l'on ne considère pas le succès comme la preuve de la faveur divine, mais l'audace, qui, avant l'intelligence, aura toujours été la clé de la vie et qui, plus que jamais, est vitale à une époque où la peur risque de nous tuer plus vite que le danger.

Françoise Parturier  
"Figaro" Oct. 1972  
Submitted by J. Brunner

Dear Editor

The seeds for a discussion of the women's movement have been sown. This ground is so fertile yet so neglected, but I'm sure that if only more of us were willing to tend it, its fruits would strengthen and refresh us all. Perhaps we neglect it because we have been overwhelmed by political propaganda or cliché rhetoric, perhaps our thinking has come to a halt where our experience seems to provide us no substantial evidence, or perhaps we have been a little frightened to address the essence of the matter, which has been deeply imbedded in each of us and in our heritage.

It seems as if all too few of us in our intellectual community are comfortable in speaking our thoughts and, especially, our questions about the women's movement. It has been my experience that we all have some initial response to the issues involved, though it be nothing more than an instinctive emotion or a general confusion which may long for a solid base in reason. Certainly others of us have thought more deeply about the meaning of such expressions as women's liberation, feminism, equality, humanism, male chauvinism, masculinity and femininity. I think that if any of us are ready to acknowledge some difference between woman and man we ought to examine just what difference we mean. I personally would welcome any such information.

Here at St. John's it seems we tend to speak as though we have no prejudices--after all, our community is based on the ideal of intellectual commonality: our seminars are conducted with respect for ideas as ideas and without regard to the femaleness or maleness of their authors. We try to follow what seems reasonable in all things --or do we?

In last week's COLLEGIAN Ms. Leslie S. Smith attempted to dissociate feminism from the gross slur of political assumption labelled radical and liberal. What such epithets do is to categorically costume the genuine considerations of the women's movement, which makes them seem understood by those who least understand them. There is, I believe, a vast ground lying imprisoned behind such statements. There is also much room for explanation of Ms. Smith's statement that "all (feminists) necessarily want to be is equal people."

In my opinion, the most important realization which can be inspired by the women's movement is the ability of a woman to see herself as significant, not in terms of a MAN, or MANKIND, but in terms of herself, in terms of humanity. Whether we are aware of it or not, most of us measure everything we see against a standard of masculinity which has come down to us in this society, somewhat

mysteriously, as being the highest good. Even God is called "He."

I have found one experiment which puts forth convincing evidence of the fact that we are, practically all of us, imbued with this notion of a masculine standard because our language itself fosters it. Remind yourself of this experiment one time when you are engaged in a philosophical discussion wherein the word "he" or "man" or "mankind" is being used as (so it may be defended) a "generic term" meaning to include really both females and males.

1. Picture in your mind the actions or facts that are being described. (For example, "Man is a political animal," "Men should be responsible to the state," "When a man is out trying to get an education," etc.) What picture comes to your mind? Is it both woman and man? Is humanity generic (whatever that may look like)?

2. Now, every time one of the so-called generic statements is made, replace the masculine with "she," "her," or even "humankind." Does your mental picture change? Is it something of a strain to picture a woman doing all the actions? Do you understand the distinction your mind portrays?

Remember, this is only an experiment, but I think it shows simply that we tend to think of man as the paradigm of humanity. It would be easy for us to go on asserting this paradigm as the true one without proper reason; or it would be easy for us to say we don't believe it, while deep down it still colors our view of the world because we have not proven to ourselves its falsehood. But can we accept either so blindly?

I pass along my thoughts, though scattered and incomplete, in hopes that they will open some serious discussion for us all.

G. Ironside



## A Reply to the Bloodstain

The Children of the Seventies

Imagine a generation. Young men and women who have grown up through years of heartache and turmoil. These children have witnessed Kent State, Watergate, and Sharon Tate; McGovern, cocaine, and gas lines; TV, disco, and punk. These are the children of the seventies, the leaders and managers of tomorrow.

Observe, if you will, a small liberal arts college in a sleepy town on the coast of Greece. A pleasing place, where young minds grapple with great thoughts. An incredible diversity of individuals traverse the multitudinous paths of this tiny enclave of minds devoted to knowledge. Here, the carpenter's son mixes with the son of a chemical engineer; there, the son of a department store executive mingles with the progeny of a Swiss financier; everywhere, there is a common sense of destiny. But within this tiny community of learning, isolated from the Greek fishing town which surrounds it, passions become twisted, desires become inflamed. This is the story of that school and of its students, children of the seventies.

The sea was calm. It was a balmy autumn evening. Students were getting out of "seminar", a forum for ideas, an agora of the mind. One of the "tutors", as professors are called there, walked down the steps from his class. Though but in the prime of his life, Mr. Callimachos was considered a foremost authority, and even an historian. Wide of girth, with a restrained and dignified gait, he wheezed slightly from the effort of walking down the stairs. "sass-an-frass-an-rass-an students", he mumbled to himself, with a paternal smile.

Sally Zocchi rushed up to him. Though not very bright, her full figure turned many a head. "Oh Mr. Callimachos," she said, "would you like to come with me to the Clud Bombi Xof for a drink?" Mr. Callimachos chuckled. "Shall we say, then, that we care nothing about words, if it amuses anyone to twist and turn expressions, knowledge, and learning?" he said, giving her a sharp poke in the ribs. He guffawed again. Sally giggled.

Seemingly as capricious as a feather in the wind, inside, Sally burned with a desire to be consumed in love. Oh when would she find a man who would make her feel like a woman? Sally giggled again. "Oh, Mr. Callimachos," she said, "you always make me laugh." "Hmph", he said. "Duh, uh, Sally can you hear me?" "Why, yes, Mr. Callimachos," she responded rather testily. "I'm standing right next to you." "Well, can you tell me what time it

is?" "Yes." "What time is it?" "10:15." Later, much later, he was to discover that she had been taking PCP, "angel dust" for three years. And that accounted for her extremely irrational behavior on this and varied occasions.

When Sally and Mr. Callimachos arrived at the club, Celia Persinger and Toby Snapdragon were loudly carrying on a spirited discussion. As Sally took a seat in a booth, she overheard much from the adjacent party. Celia barked, "Oh come on, Snapdragon! You're just saying that to be cynical!"

"No, no, no," Toby replied, with a fetching lisp. "You have to realize, some people are simply natural slaves, and weren't made to think." He jabbed a rigid finger against his spectacle, and toyed with it contentiously.

Now Celia was visibly miffed. "you're just jaded, Snapdragon." She sniffed, which summoned the waitress immediately. "I'll have another white Russian", she said, with a touch of a nasal twang, which was very becoming in a girl of her size and age. She sighed, burying her head in the collar of her enormous blue sweater. She reached tentatively into the pockets of her snug Sassoon jeans. "Hey Toby," she pleaded, "can I have a cigarette? I quit smoking yesterday, but now I want one."

Meanwhile, Sally's head was gently tilling from side to side, as she polished off the second basket of potato chips. "God, Mr. Callimachos," she said, daintily filling the innermost crevices of her mouth, "I love these things, you know?"

Mr. Callimachos, however, was paying no attention, as he was deep in a conversation with a swarthy student at the Greek Naval Academy located in a nearby fishing village. "I'm afraid that is too deep for my wits to fathom", he was saying. He roared with laughter, and his hand lingered for but an instant on the lad's muscular knee.

"'Scuse me", muttered the sailor, his words drunkenly slurred, "I gotta piss."

As the boy's form receded towards the lavatory, Mr. Callimachos muttered, "Sass-an-frass-an-rass-an boy's name, anyway?"

"Oh, him?" said a passing waitress, "That's Donny."

"Donny?"

"Adonis Tomatis. He's quite a guy."

At that moment, they heard the familiar tinkle of the Western Union boy's bell. "Telegram for Mr. Callimachos."

"I am he", said Mr. Callimachos, offering the boy a substantial tip and a light peck on the cheek, a quaint local custom.

Before he could read it, however, the telephone rang. The

tip and a light peck on the cheek, a quint local custom.

Before he could read it, however, the telephone rang. The bartender, Adam Deery, picked it up with a casual snap. "Hello? Yes?" He continued shaking his jigger with his free hand. "Is there a Celia Parslin-jerk here?"

"That's Persinger", she snapped back, with a slight cackle. "Excuse me, Toby. I have to get the phone."

At his table, Mr. Callimachos began to perspire heavily. He re-lit his pipe and sank back limply into his chair, which creaked rather loudly. Celia returned to her seat, trembling, pale.

"Uh, uh, can I confide in you, Miss Zocchi?" said Mr. Callimachos.

"Who was on the phone?" asked Toby.

"Would you like a drink?" Sally offered.

"It..it was the school gynecologist."

"You know that boy, Donny?"

"Do you know Donny Tomatis?"

"Yes, what about him?"

"No, I've never met him."

"Well, this telegram, it says-- it says--"

"I'm pregnant!"

"He's my brother"

"oh, no!!"

David Auerbach



COME ONE, COME ALL! to the Thanksgiving Eve Party in the Coffee Shop Wednesday, November 21. Sit before a cozy fire and toast your toes (and your health) to the strains of Bach, Mozart, maybe even Rosa Ponselle. There will be wine, port, berry, cider, and appropriate edibles.

As Barbara Leonard said: "It's my favorite party."

This invitation comes to you courtesy of Arthur Kungle.

If you are going home over the Thanksgiving break, 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

#### NEW DEADLINE!

From now on, the deadline for all submissions to the COLLEGIAN will be TUESDAY at 5:00 p.m. instead of Wednesday. We have been on a tight schedule to begin with because we cannot print on weekends, but it is now tighter because of new regulations governing use of the Print Shop. We have less time to type and print; consequently, we must get submissions sooner. Speaking of typists--WE NEED YOU!! Even if you think you type badly, never fear! We're using IBM Correcting Selectrics, which do the work for you.

A note on the condition of some of the submissions we've been receiving: Please include your full name, legibly, along with your address or phone number or extension, legibly. To prevent our Assistant Editor from taking the desperate and woeful step of requiring that all submissions be typed, PLEASE PRINT or TYPE, DOUBLE-SPACED, your submissions, unless they be poetry, or something dependent on form.

A note on editing: you will save us a lot of time if you check grammar, punctuation, spelling, etc. before you submit to the COLLEGIAN. We won't be as aggravated going over every sentence, and you will be free from the suspicion that we may be "tampering" with your writing.

Thank you.



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Mrs. Barret needs a steady odd-jobber to work four hours each week. She also throws fortnightly parties that she would like some help with. The only hitch is that you need a car--she's about six or seven miles from campus. Call at 757-2492.

Here's a goodie. Mrs. Clark, at 198 Prince George St. needs people to cut patterns out of paper: flowers, birds, bees, ashtrays, etc. She provides the material and equipment. You can do it on your own time, anytime, at home. Pay is on the honor system at \$1.50/hr. Freshman: this will be great for Aristotle; read a paragraph, cut a flower. Read a paragraph, cut a bee. You will notice an improvement in your comprehension and your nervous state. This one is sure to go fast, so if you are interested, call now at 263-0755.

From the Placement Office:

Announcements from the Federal government with information on summer jobs have arrived.

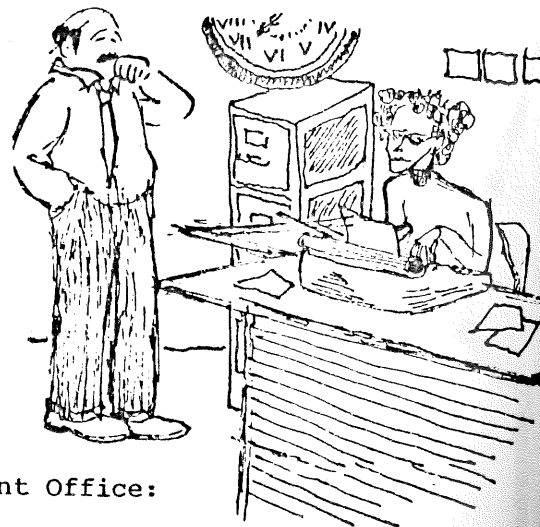
The YMCA of the Rockies, in Colorado, is looking for college students for summer work. Come in for details.

If you are interested in knowing what our alumni are doing, come in and ask to use the new alumni file. It was completed just this fall, and represents current career and graduate school information on approximately 500 alumni. Most of these men and women are willing to have students write to them for more detailed information.

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Marianne Braun  
Director of Placement

## Weekly Calendar

Monday, November 19 - Sunday, November 25, 1979

### Tuesday, Nov. 20

7:00-10:00	Pottery Class	Mellon 207
8:00 p.m.	New Testament Class - Mr. J.W. Smith	McDowell 21
8:00-10:00	Study Group II: Wagner, <u>Tristan and Isolde</u> , Mr. Elliott Zuckerman	Mellon 146

### Wednesday, Nov. 21

4:00 p.m.	<u>Iliad</u> Reading Group	McDowell 23
7:00-10:00	Life Drawing Class	Mellon 207
7:00 p.m.	Small Chorus	Great Hall
8:00-10:00	Study Group I: The Poetic Vision of Lao Tsu, Mr. Robert Zelenka	McDowell 23
8:00-10:00	Community Seminar: Pope, "Essay on Man, Man, Epistles 3 and 4"	McDowell 24

### Thursday, Nov. 22

THANKSGIVING RECESS

### Saturday, Nov. 23

9:00 a.m.	Sculpture Class	Mellon 207
1:00-4:00	Painting Class	Mellon 207
8:15 p.m.	Film: "Repulsion"	FSK Audit.

### Sunday, Nov. 24

1:00-4:00	Pottery Class	Mellon 207
7:00-10:00	Life Drawing Class	Mellon 207
8:15 p.m.	Film: "Repulsion"	FSK Audit.

### ART EXHIBIT

Nov. 5 - Dec. 11 Barye's Animals - bronzes by a major French romantic sculptor of the 19th Century

### ART GALLERY HOURS:

Mon., Thurs. & Fri.

7-8 p.m.

Mon. - Fri.

2-5 p.m.

Sat. & Sun.

1-6 p.m.