

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.  
 --Shakespeare, *Hamlet*

# The Collegian

first est. 1888

Volume I Issue 4

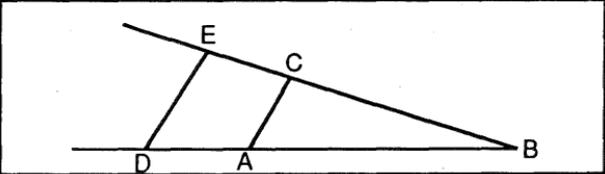
Friday, May 11, 1990

## Some (Incomplete) Notes on Descartes' Geometry

The idea that Descartes' version of geometry is a contrivance or somehow artificial when compared to the Greeks' must be addressed. It is true that the general solution for a hyperbola suffers when compared to, say, Euclid I.1. But I challenge anybody to tell me that the demonstration of the dodecahedron is intuitively obvious.

The problem is that, for Descartes, geometrical figures cease to be important per se. Instead, they become the means to an end. The ratiometric properties of the various rectilinear figures become simply one of the tools of Descartes' new mathematics. This can be seen easily in his description of multi-

Now how does he get multiplication out of this? From Euclid VI.16, he can say that rectangle CB, DB is equal to rectangle BE, AB. Descartes now says we will arbitrarily call the first term in the ratio, viz. CB, the unity, and it will be the measure of everything else. What happens to the means/extremes equality?



plication. We know from Euclid VI.2 that:  $EC : CB :: DA : AB$ . Componendo, we say that  $EC + CB : CB :: DA + AB : AB$ , or  $BE : CB :: DB : AB$ . The inverse ratio of this is  $CB : BE :: AB : DB$ .

Instead of  $CB, DB = BE, AB$  we have  $DB = BE, AB$  and Descartes has his geometrical explanation of multiplication.

The fact that  $CB, AB$ , etc., are lengths does not matter to Descartes. The

### NOTES ON DESCARTES' GEOMETRY

- THE WIND
- TANEY...AND THE CONSTITUTION
- THE PRAYING MANTIS
- LANGUAGE
- LOU REED: WORDS FROM THE STREET
- NIGHTMARE OF EDEN
- RESUMÉ READING
- THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE
- PHOTOGRAPH (FRED)
- ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

- p. 1 DORLAND
- p. 2 COVEY
- p. 3 BROWN
- p. 5 HINSHAW
- p. 6 BENNING
- p. 7 JOHNSON
- p. 8 NELSON
- p. 9 NEASE
- p.12 ROUTT
- p.13 HARRIMAN
- p.14 Collegian Staff

St. John's College, Annapolis, MD 21404

number itself is what is important. When you "square" a line, Descartes does not feel bound geometrically to understand this as the construction of a rectilinear figure from two lines, but thinks of it rather as the number added to itself a number of times equal to itself.

I think that it is this idea of number as separable from magnitude that troubles people. It removes mathematics from the realm of the visible and moves it into the intelligible. Algebraic symbology exemplifies this. The term  $x^2 + y^2 = 1$  is that of a circle. Now, it doesn't look like a circle. This is unlike Euclid where, if need be and you were completely lost, you could usually find a circle or triangle somewhere in the construction.

But there is a trade-off in this motion of the mind. Throughout Apollonius, there is a sense that the visual and prose descriptions he uses are being pushed to their limits. His enunciations become so convoluted that they become meaningless until you have done the problem and understand it. They essentially become pointless.

Descartes understands this problem -- his mockery of Aristotle's definition of motion makes this plain. In fact, Descartes seems to be under the sneaking suspicion that the

## The Wind

The wind moans like a thousand men  
Cheering in a vacant square.  
It gallops through the deserted alleyways  
Of the town, stirring here a stray dog's fur,  
There, tree limbs full of unbudded ideas,  
The moments of my mind as I walk alone  
On cold rock-bound streets seeking shelter  
Even as I fly from shelter. I am the wind,  
Home wherever I go with empty thoughts  
Of half-revolutions spiralling down my days.  
You see me when you glance from your upstairs  
Bedroom window before you turn to sleep  
And you stop for a moment, just a moment,  
To contemplate a figure with upturned coat collar.  
And though I never see you, I feel you there  
And we know that you are too tied and I too free  
Like the wind that howls down all its days,  
Thrashing its relentless lonely fury,  
With no place to go.

-- J. S. COVEY '93

Greeks obfuscated everything with a purpose in mind. It seems clear to me that not only does his method make the old geometry clearer, but it gives us new understanding of the figures.

The formulas for the conic sections are:

Circle

$$x^2 + y^2 + Dx + Ey + f = 0$$

Parabola

$$y^2 + Dx + Ey + f = 0$$

Hyperbola

$$Ax^2 - Cy^2 + Dx + Ey + F = 0$$

Ellipse

$$Ax^2 + Cy^2 + Dx + Ey + F = 0$$

There is a wealth of knowledge hidden in the

formulas that would require extensive (both in effort and time) proofs to uncover geometrically, proofs which most people would be incapable of. But by understanding the meanings of the formulas, we can derive this knowledge easily.

An example is the question of scale. At a small scale, we know what the figures look like. But what effect does increasing scale (increasing x) have upon the figures? By looking at the formulas above, it is plain that at great scales, certain properties of the various formulas assert

themselves. At very large x distances, the ratio of the Dx, Ey, and F factors to the  $Ax^2$  and  $Cy^2$  factors approaches zero. The equations might be rewritten as:

Circle

$$x^2 + y^2 = 0 \text{ or } x^2 = -y^2$$

Parabola

$$y^2 = 0 \text{ or } y = 0$$

Hyperbola

$$Ax^2 - Cy^2 = 0 \text{ or } Ax^2 = Cy^2$$

or  $y = [\pm \sqrt{A/C}]x$   
Ellipse

$$Ax^2 + Cy^2 = 0 \text{ or } Ax^2 = -Cy^2$$

Both the circle and the ellipse have no solution at great scale, which is reasonable considering they are closed figures. The parabola tends to become a line on the x-axis. The hyperbola has two solutions, each of which is a line from the origin whose

slope is  $\pm \sqrt{A/C}$ ; in other words, the asymptotes.

The Cartesian method is a much needed breath of fresh air after a year and a half (or two thousand years, depending on your perspective) of being yoked to magnitude and visual explanation as the Greeks would have it.

-- BRYAN DORLAND '92

## Taney, Douglass, and the Constitution

At St. John's we read the work of many authors dating as far back as Homer and including many diverse figures from Europe and America as well. Curiously enough, one of these authors was actually reared here in Maryland only to rise to the honored position of Chief Justice of the United States. That man was Roger Brooke Taney.

Having read the *Dred Scott vs. Sanford* case for which the Chief Justice delivered the majority opinion and having discussed the case in seminar, I was curiously drawn to inspect the bronze statue of Taney located behind the State House. The statue is large -- bigger than life. Taney is

sued in ill-fitting robes. His leather boots now rendered in bronze jut out over the tip of the statue's base -- very near to eye level. The pits of the Justice's eyes serve to accentuate the length of his crooked nose. Beneath what would be considered a shock of hair by today's standards, Taney is frowning. His countenance is mean and determined. His back is bent as though he bears an invisible weight which drives his gaze to the ground; and as he peers ahead into stark silence, one might meet along with this unwavering gaze the pitiful disposition. Beneath his left hand is a bound volume entitled *The Constitution*.

Taney gained his greatest recognition by writing the majority opinion for the *Dred Scott vs. Sanford* case in which he infers from the Constitution the alienation of American slaves from the American people. Because of sev-

eral remarks which were presented to me on behalf of Taney's opinion, I intend to expatiate upon my belief that Taney's arguments are incomplete, rhetorical, and slanderous in their assumptions. In so doing I hope to free myself from any moral principles which may be at stake, attacking Taney's principles on the weakness of his logic.

Clearly the topic I have chosen is a sensitive one. However, while one would like to think that racism is behind us, in many ways it is not, nor will it be for generations to come. Racism is not an emotion perfectly natural to the human heart. On the contrary, I believe that hateful prejudices such as racism are promulgated by institutions such as, given the example of Taney, the Supreme Court. Furthermore, I believe that educational institutions are far from guiltless. For while they may not teach racial

hatred, they often do little to address the problem of racism in our country which continually needs a forthright and honest perspective.

Taney claims that the language of the Constitution and of the Declaration of Independence was universally understood as excluding the negro race. Nothing could be further from the truth. Taney supports his conclusion with the idea that were this not the case, (i.e. if the language of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence were inclusive of the black race) that the authors would have been flagrant hypocrites. Taney's calculated misconception of documents such as the Constitution serve no end but the continuation of slavery in perpetuity. What Taney fails to interpret with accurate completeness is the passage he quotes from the Declaration of Independence: "in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another." This passage effectively illustrates that the Founding Fathers of the United States need not be considered hypocrites, but instead men who understood change in the course of human events. They were men who effectively understood progress. In

saying that all men are created equal, and by emancipating the thirteen states from their position as British colonies, they acted to preserve equal rights before the law.

Had he not been given to support the economic mainstay of his home state, Taney might have been disposed to finish his line of reasoning. The Founding Fathers did mean the entirety of the human family when they used the word "people" or "human" precisely because they knew what these words meant. They were not hypocrites because of the inconsistency which existed between their use of the word "people" in the Constitution and obvious inequalities of social conditions. The authors expressed their belief that "all men are created equal," and that "in the course of human events it becomes necessary to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another." I presume that this statement reflects the necessity of political liberty and equality before the law for all peoples. The argument has been presented to me that words evolve in usage and in meaning. I find that this is true in many instances, but laughable when we consider the words "human" and "people." These words have been used by Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Locke in the same

manner in which we would use them today. There is no reason to believe that such words would be used any differently by the authors of the Constitution.

In the Constitution the authors certainly speak of "securing the blessings of liberty." I am now compelled to ask along with Frederick Douglass what in the Constitution guarantees the right to enslave? (from Douglass' speech *The Constitution of the United States: is it pro-slavery or anti-slavery?*)

Like Taney, Douglass was born in Maryland only to reach the exalted status of authorship on the Great Books Program. While Taney was from Calvert County, Douglass was born a slave in Tuckahoe on the Eastern Shore. Later Douglass was brought to Baltimore where he learned how to read and write. After a time he escaped to New York; and, after moving to Massachusetts, he won fame as an outspoken abolitionist. Douglass writes: "the American Constitution is a written instrument, full and complete in itself. It is a great natural enactment done by the people, and can only be altered, amended, or added to by the people." Douglass appeals to the words of the Constitution while he rejects the practices of its authors. He is angered by the persistence of those who would look

everywhere but to the Constitution in order to decide whether or not the Constitution is pro-slavery. His most compelling argument comes from the insight which he offers to words which are commonly distinguished, but are somehow often equivocated by interpreters of the Constitution. These words are "persons" and "prop-

erty". Douglass claims that these words cannot be equivocated by inference, but must be done so by plain English.

These two men -- Douglass and Taney -- held opposite views, even as they lived on opposite sides of the Chesapeake. Both men's lives were exceptional, but Taney held to the status quo while

Douglass had the courage to look to the present and the future of the nation. I believe that this is especially true when I consider Douglass' wise words: "act for the abolition of slavery through the government, and not over its ruins."

-- STACEY BROWN '90

## An Observation of the Praying Mantis

Sprawled out gracefully on the window frame, silhouetted by the light outside, the praying mantis attentively observes its surroundings. Its black eyes protrude from either side of its head, the remainder forming a small pointed nose and mouth between the eyes. The only other distinguishing feature of the head is the two constantly wavering antennae.

The body of the mantis is shaped like a baseball bat, the head being the handle. Its abdomen is light green, and its head, limbs, thorax and wings are the brown of dead grass. It is around four inches long, with wings starting behind

the thorax, extending half an inch further than the abdomen. It has four legs extending from the middle section and two thicker legs directly underneath the head. These two legs are held in an unusual praying position under the chin and have been observed to be used for catching and devouring insects.

There is another mantis in the window. The second mantis is approximately two-and-a-half inches long and is brown, save the green upper halves of the hind legs. It moves less steadily and not as often as the other praying mantis.

The window is also occupied by two bees. When the mantises were observed on other occasions, they always seemed to have a devoted following of a few insects. Although insects seem to be attracted by light, the other three light sources in the room contain no insects.

The bees also tend to walk directly underneath the mantises, seemingly provoking them. If the bee comes close enough, a mantis will grab for it, usually unsuccessfully, but the mantis will not chase it. After a while, a bee will become very uncoordinated. One bee was observed to approach the first mantis four times, in spite of falling several times along the way, within two minutes before it was actually caught. For these reasons it may be inferred that the mantises produce a sensory signal (probably olfactory) which attracts prey.

Two days ago, when observation began, the larger mantis was standing on the fluorescent ceiling light with its four hind legs and with its two forelegs grasped. Apparently, it was trying to consume the smaller mantis. The smaller mantis was struggling valiantly and after a

few minutes managed to be dropped. The actions leading to this struggle can be treated only as speculation. The following day the larger was observed briefly on several occasions to have moved very little, remaining in the light. The smaller was about one foot away from the larger. Two interactions ensued. Parallels can be drawn between these interactions, although of a purely speculative nature.

The smaller mantis initiated the first interaction. After a few tentative advances, it boldly approached the larger mantis. The smaller was ignored until it was directly beneath the larger. The larger then pounced, both fell onto the sill, and the struggle proceeded for a few seconds, ceased for several seconds, then restarted until the larger walked away. During the lull, it appeared to the observer that the mantises were simply gripping each other with their hind legs, and that no other body parts came into contact. It appeared, although it is not necessarily true, that mating did not take place. The smaller was left stunned for about five minutes, then it again approached the larger. Once again the larger pounced when the smaller was immediately under its nose. The second interaction was much briefer and, once again, the

larger walked away, ignoring the smaller.

The appearance of a second large praying mantis has opened the possibility that the initial interaction on the ceiling light and the following two on the window may have involved two different large mantises. The small mantis was almost certainly the same in both cases.

Many similarities can be seen between the large mantis' attacks on the bee and on the smaller mantis. In both cases the prey was observed, yet ignored by the larger mantis until it

came into very close proximity. In both cases the prey was ignored if the attack was initially unsuccessful. In both cases the prey continually approached the mantis, in spite of becoming weaker and less coordinated after each attack. For these reasons it can be postulated that the purpose of both sets of interactions -- that is, to consume the prey -- was identical.

On the following day, the smaller mantis was nowhere to be found.

-- MOLLY HINSHAW '93

### Language

λέγων ψυχὴν φαίναι  
Syllables mixing and meshing,  
Words spoken and lost  
Stain the place of human memory,  
Fill the place between the world and thought.  
The soul is somewhere  
behind the sound ...

ἔρόμενος ὄντων εὕρισκει  
Secret ponderings of the mind  
Public whispers of why  
Lead from the inside-out-back-in-again  
To the heart of being that lies behind  
every question and every human endeavor ...

πράττων βίον φαίνεται  
Bumping, touching, missing;  
Interaction of body and mind  
Gives life to the soul of experience,  
Reveals the experience of a soul living in deed.  
What is known is what is spoken is what is done  
is what is.

-- LORIE BENNING '92

## LOU REED:

### Words from the Street

Some people tend to think that song lyrics are meaningless, stupid, or even harmful to children. Some people don't realize that a number of lyricists can be considered true poets. The songwriters just prefer to intensify and convey the feelings within the words by accompanying music. Some songwriters have even published their lyrics separately in newspapers and recited them to audiences. One such songwriter is Lou Reed. He has "lectured" his words to students at a university in Brooklyn, and the New York Times has printed his songs in their "Op-Ed" section.

Reed's words derive from nearly fifty years experience of living in New York City. His language is street-smart, yet not offensive. His style resembles that of Delmore Schwartz,

with motifs of hate, fear, death, sex, and drugs. Reed and Schwartz were friends when Reed attended the University of Syracuse in the early sixties. More than once, Reed has stated that Schwartz was more than a friend, rather a mentor or an "example." Ironically, Schwartz was one of those people who regarded song lyrics as 'stupid.' On his first album with his band, The Velvet Underground, Reed and his bandmates composed "European Son (to Delmore Schwartz)," a seven-minute song with only eight lines of words, the shortest set of lyrics Reed has ever written. Fifteen years later, Reed wrote a song called "My House (In Dreams Begin Responsibilities)," for his album The Blue Mask. The song told a tale as a Ouija Board spelling out the "proud and regal name Delmore." Reed sings, "He was the first great man that I had ever met."

"I wanted to set out and write the Great American Novel," Reed has said, and over two decades, he has. In 1967, while the rest of the nation was in euphoria about the 'Summer of Love,' Reed and the Velvet Underground released an album containing songs about taboo subjects such as death, drug-use, and sadism. It contained the basic emotions of a me-

tropolis as decadent as the New York of the late sixties: rage, anger, and hurt. The album's centerpiece was a song called "Heroin." Neither for or against the drug, Reed just told what it was like to use it. "It's my wife, and it's my life." Another song on the album tells a tale of drug-use, "I'm Waiting for the Man." Reed said he wrote it "on a subway, goin' to Harlem to do something." That 'something' is an addict's daily trip to see his 'man' or dealer for a 'fix,' a daily dose that curbs the pain of withdrawal. Again, Reed seems neither for or against the drug, but just narrates the tale of his daily chore. The last two lines, though, are praising and denouncing the drug. The first line praises the intense rush of blood and good feeling that the user experiences, while the second focuses on the fact that an addict has to do this each and every day to avoid the sickness of withdrawal.

His use of language here is typically colloquial. He switches from talking about himself as the subject to telling the listener what it's all about. "Everybody's pinned you, but nobody cares." By 'pinned,' Reed means that all the people at this 'heroin house' in Harlem have seen this 'white-boy' walk in, but the people are so 'lit' on heroin that they really couldn't care



NIGHTMARE OF EVERY

-- ARLANE NELSON '91

less about him, but rather about their own state of mind.

Reed's first album with the Velvet Underground was produced by the godfather of sixties art, Andy Warhol. The Velvets owe a great deal to Warhol, for he brought them public exposure with his travelling art show, "The Exploding Plastic Inevitable." When Warhol passed away in 1987, Reed felt moved to join with fellow bandmate John Cale for the first time in twenty years to collaborate on a two-hour tribute. Drummer Maureen Tucker also wrote a tribute song to Warhol for one of her albums.

Reed dedicated his tribute song, "Dime Store Mystery," to "Andy-honey." It is questionable whether Reed meant this sarcastically, indicating that their relationship over the years may not have been amicable. This thought comes up again in the line "I wish I hadn't thrown away my time on so much Human and so much less Divine." Reed may have disagreed with people's opinion that Warhol was some sort of demi-god, and regarded him as "so much Human and so much less Divine." Or perhaps more realistically, Reed considered Warhol a true friend and wished that he had spent more time with him before he passed away. Reed may have wished that he

## Resumé Reading

You were right, Dorothy --  
 You might as well live.  
 (Your words, but not  
 your reasoning. I'll explain)  
 Can't determine whether  
 The change would be better or worse  
 Would there be a change at all?  
 That's no reason --  
 If it's no difference, why bother?  
 If it's better, that's a good reason  
 But --  
 If it's worse, that's a good reason not to.  
 Why worry?  
 Soon enough I will know, Dorothy  
 (Too soon)  
 And I have no real proof either way  
 So why should I worry?  
 Dorothy, if I stay  
 In my current condition  
 For long enough  
 When the change arrives  
 I am sure it will interest me  
 So why should I worry?  
 And, Dorothy, having said all this --  
 Why do I still?

ROBBY NEASE '92

had spent less time with the rest of the world, the "so much Human and so much less Divine." A song on the first Velvet Underground album, "Venus in Furs," discusses another taboo of street-life hedonism, sadism. I don't know if Reed personally dabbled in such acts, but since most of his songs are somewhat autobiographi-

cal, chances are that he did. Phrases such as "Ermine furs adorn the imperialists" and "Downy sins" give the piece an almost majestic feel. The tale is another narration about what the actual act incurs. It is a perverted tale of the dominant "mistress" and her "servant." It is not until the two lines "Tongue the thongs, the belt that

does await you" and "Taste the whip, now bleed for me" that Reed blatantly refers to the pleasure-through-pain. Earlier he'd suggested the theme with "Different colors made of tears." This line illustrates the attraction to sadism. The different colors are the two feelings, pleasure and pain, while the tears are the medium. The servant cries because of the physical pain he has endured, but he is also crying because of the intense orgasmic emotions he has experienced.

The one song, however, that fully illustrates the sexual desire is also Reed's career masterpiece. Reed wrote the song in 1978, during what has been called "The Sexual Revolution," when sexual promiscuity became fashionable. Reed has been known to be 'trendy' and write about present social issues. This tale reflects on sexual desire and narcotic use that were so popular in the late seventies. The song is called "Streethassle," and its use of slang and profanity highlight the street background of the story. The story is as follows: part one, "Waltzing Matilda," tells the story of a woman seeking the services of a male prostitute; in the second part,

"Streethassle," the woman has overdosed and a by-stander is now instructing the prostitute on what he's gotta do. The language of the first part gives the story the dream-like, fantastic quality that the woman experiences. Phrases like "cascading slowly he lifted her holy" and "everybody's dream for a day," fully illustrate this. Reed brings a pleasant account to the world's oldest occupation by replacing the sordid act of prostitution with a dream.

In part two, the dream turns into death. This evening would be the last time the woman feels love. The male prostitute just stands there not knowing what to do. After all, to him, she was just another nameless client. It is the by-stander who must act. His attitude is rational. He faces the facts that the girl is dead, she can't come back, and as he says to the prostitute, "you're the one who came here, an' you're the one that's gotta take her when you leave." Death has no meaning to this man. His idea of truth is that "when someone turns that blue, well it's a universal truth, an' you just know that bitch'll never fuck again." In his New York, death is so common that he regards an overdosed corpse as "just another hit-an-run." Most people consider New Yorkers "cold-hearted." They are, but only because

aspects of a city that shock non-metropolitans, such as drug-use, death, and violence, become common factors of life in a big city. The last few lines, however, represent this man's, and ultimately Reed's, philosophy of people's relation to other people. "Some people got no choice..." brings to mind the image of young runaways going to New York for the first time, not knowing anybody. Searching for acceptance, the young runaways become friends with "the first thing they see that allows them the right to be." These first friendships usually don't last long and sometimes end up in pain, anger, and even death. These relationships end up in "bad luck." Reed has said that these lines would make a fine epitaph.

The language here is purely conversational. The use of profanity and colloquial slang terms clearly shows this. Some people consider this language offensive and think it should not be featured in a song meant for radio airplay. This is language that everyone hears at least once a day. The listener may be shocked because songs don't usually contain profanity, but profane words are words of the English language that people use every day.

Just as Reed wrote about sexual desire in the

seventies, he wrote about the aftermath of sex in the eighties -- AIDS. "Halloween Parade" takes its name from the annual event in Greenwich Village where the entire neighborhood, mostly homosexual, dresses in costume for a night on the town. At first listening, the line "This Halloween is something to be sure especially to be here without you," seems to imply that it's a love song about a broken relationship. It is, but not between a man and a woman, but rather between one person and a group of friends that have died from AIDS. This is more than a separation, this is death. The "you" in that line is plural, not singular, referring to the lost friends.

I can imagine Reed standing by a window in the top room of a four story house, gazing down at the street, remembering friends from the past. Reed borrows the phrase "The past keeps knock knock knocking on my door and I don't want to hear it anymore," from Bob Dylan's "Knocking on Heaven's Door." The door here is the door to Reed's memory. As Reed looks down at the people, it brings back to his mind the people that won't be down there. The emotional pain grows and grows until it does become too much to bear, even for the usually cold-hearted Reed. But at this point in time, he

had settled down and moved to New Jersey to think on the past and present.

The one aspect of city life that people see, but blatantly ignore, is that of class division. While the nation enjoys cocktail parties and little get-togethers, another nation is sleeping in the streets. Reed gives the common Shakespeare love-story a twist in "Romeo Had Juliette." The relationship between Romeo Rodriguez and Juliette Bell is a contemporary one, based primarily on sex. It is not Romeo and Juliette, but rather Romeo had Juliette. They didn't love each other, they "wanted" each other. The class division is evident as Romeo thinks of "his lonely room the sink that by his bed gives off a stink Then smells the perfume in his eyes and her voice was like a bell." Juliette Bell is "lithesome" because, despite her advantages, she desires a man who "curses Jesus" while wearing "A diamond crucifix in his ear used to help ward off the Fear that he has left his soul in someone's rented car." It's not even his own car, but "someone else's rented car." The "diamond crucifix" symbolizes the modern desire for material decoration. Although he lives in a slum, Romeo would rather spend his money on clothes that

make him beautiful to others, which makes him feel good about himself.

The one Lou Reed song that explicitly contrasts different classes is "Men of Good Fortune." Here, Reed correctly equates money with emotion. The three lines, "the rich son waits for his father to die -- the poor just drink and cry -- and me I just don't care at all," contrast the three classes -- upper, middle, and lower. The upper class grow up knowing nothing but parental support, ending with the colossal inheritance. The lower class, deprived of such advantage, only dream of such a life and when the realization that such a life is an impossibility sinks in, they do what they grew up with, surviving -- either by crying to release the pain or drinking to drown out the sorrow. The middle class are just content with their own lives and problems, showing no feelings toward others.

Over the years, each album Reed has made has introduced the listener to another aspect of Lou Reed. His albums with the Velvet Underground and his nearly twenty solo albums are individual chapters of his Great American Novel. It is an autobio-

graphical novel. Reed writes what he does, what he sees, and most importantly, what he feels. He has grown from an angry youth to a wise, angered man. As a youth, he was angry at his own life and how pain dominated it. As a man, he became content with his life, but angered at the things that happen in

the world around him. "Faulkner had the South; Joyce had Dublin; I've got New York." Each of the albums Reed has recorded has been about New York, either directly or indirectly. It started with the first Velvet Underground album and culminated with his recent release, the aptly titled New York. Life in the

city can be harsh, yet at times beautiful, and Reed was the true poet to emerge from there.

-- DAVID JOHNSON '92

## The Street Where You Live

I am walking down my street. Or rather, the street which used to be mine. But you live here now. You live in the house with the black shutters and door, with the green grass in the front sloping gently down to the sidewalk, the black railing that sticks up beside the steps up to the path.

I wonder what you use my bedroom for now? My mother had just made white poplin curtains for the windows when we moved. There were throw rugs to

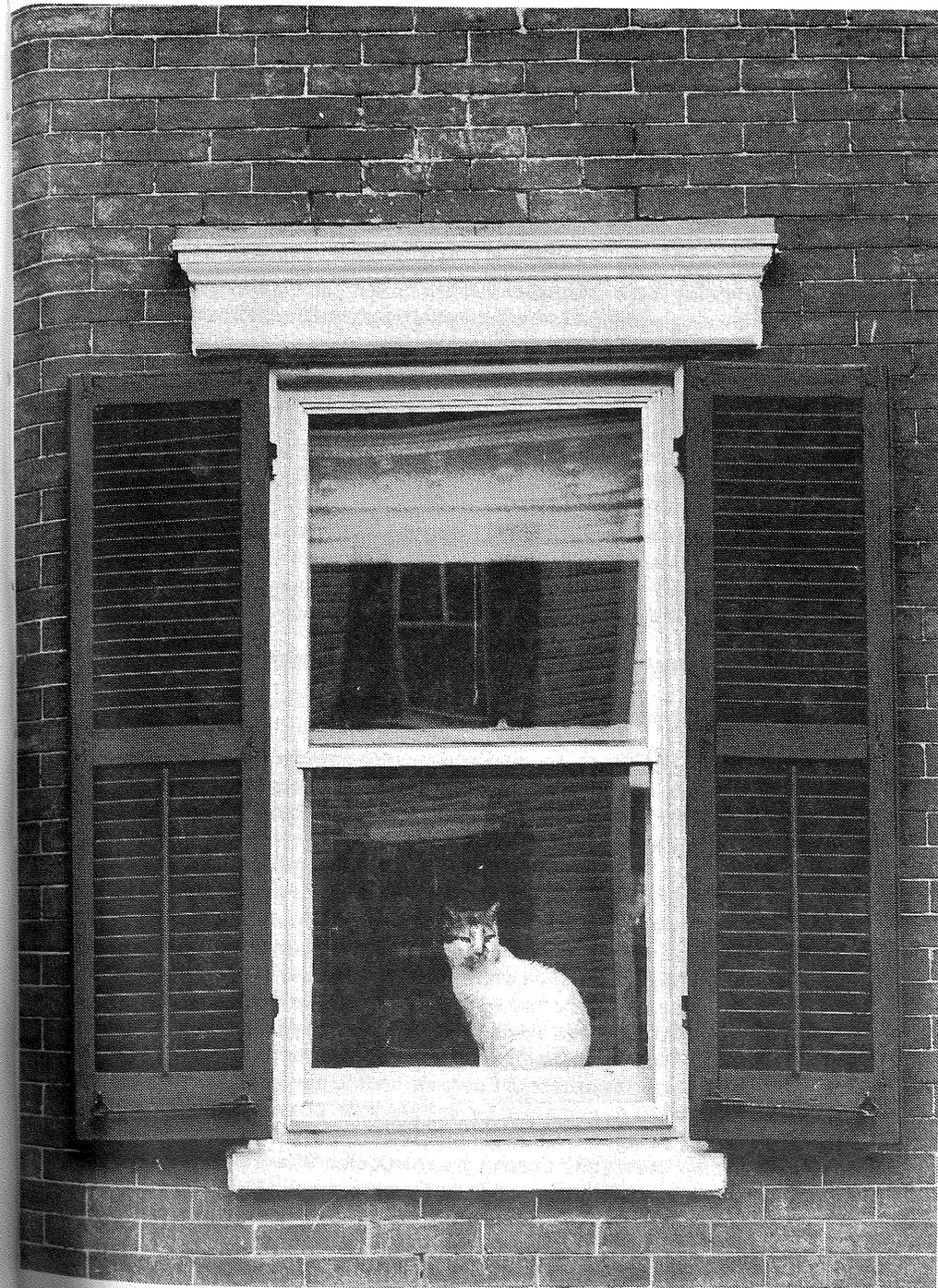
cover the wooden floor, rugs my grandmother had made. Clothes hung in the small built-in closet on one side of the room. A radiator stood between the two large windows. My books and toys filled the bookshelves. My bed was in the corner by the door -- for an easy escape. On top of the dresser which held my clothes was an Indian stuffed elephant, a gift from my name-mother.

I can remember when my brother pulled the pink rug out from under me and I got my one and only nose-bleed when I hit the bookshelves. How I posed on the little table for photographs for our sculptor friend. And how frightened I was of robbers or monsters or vampires hiding somewhere in my room.

My room was safely encased by my parents' room and my brother's. My brother's room was smaller

than mine but it too holds memories for me. He saw Santa Claus fill his stocking there one Christmas. It was there I discovered the note saying he was running away, and that we would have to tell Miss Henry, his teacher, who was coming to dinner. My parents' room had matching curtains and bedspread. When the hurricane came we all spent the night safely together in here.

Our rooms came off a passageway forming the private part of the house. The rest were public rooms. The kitchen is now an important part of a house for me, and it was then -- even at age five. I can remember helping, standing on a stool. And my mother on her knees, vainly wiping at the floor, practically dropping from the Victoria flu. There was a swing door between the kitchen and the butler's



-- VINCE HARRIMAN '90

pantry where we ate most of our meals. A toaster sat at the far end of the table next to the radio which broadcast our advertisement for someone to give a home to Wolfsbane. From the butler's pantry there was another swing door that led into the dining room. I climbed that door frame many times and never fell. I did wind myself once, when I fell while rushing excitedly through the doorways and passage in my winter pajamas.

The dining room was mainly a living room really - and sometimes even a guest room. The orange

couch which could transform into a bed was there. We ate our first meal in the house in this room. And we ate lunch there the time when I badly skinned my knees because Lady Day had pulled me along as she chased a cat; she apologised by licking the newly cleaned wounds from under the table. Adjoining was the sunroom where plants and television were kept. My brother and I would get up early on the weekends to watch cartoons there.

But the major room of the house was sort of my father's study. There was an open fireplace. The

record player was in there, and there was a big area to move about in; my brother and I made up a dance to the Nutcracker Ballet in that room. Every year the Christmas tree was put up in the study. One day the tree was so big that it touched both of the walls and seemed to go right through the ceiling. Another year the tree fell on my father three times.

The house had three stories. We rented our part of it from the lady on the first floor. Tilly was a wonderful woman who came from an old New England family. A couple of times each year she was over-

seas, and then we looked after her part of the house and her elderly Siamese cat, Keiko. Her rooms were cluttered with all sorts of objects collected on her excursions. They are beautiful rooms, rather Victorian in appearance just like her. Surely they remain the same?

We also rented part of the top floor, which was rather small. My mother had a study and a workroom up there. It was also a guest area, complete with its own "facilities." This floor joined the first by way of a stair to the kitchen and the outside. The backyard

seemed very large. There was a winding driveway where we played badminton and a large tree beneath which, every year at Easter, violets and pansies came up. In the same place mother found Wolfsbane once when he managed to escape from the house. The garage housed Tilly's land rover and was a general storage area. There was a space behind it where we planted chives and where my brother and I played. He and a friend lost my Jane West doll, which they had kidnapped, somewhere there. Did you ever find it? Everitt Street is a long

one and especially beautiful in the fall with all the crisp, colorful leaves. The house next door was rather like ours. When it came up for sale we hoped my grandparents would buy it, but they didn't. I think we would still be here if they had.

The far end of Everitt Street leads to East Rock Park. Two doors away from our house is a church parking lot. Here it was that I learned to ride a two-wheeler, and we played baseball here, and we used it as a short-cut to Whitney Avenue. Away down at the other end of the street I can

## Acknowledgments

It is the purpose of *The Collegian* to be a meeting place of the minds and hearts of the college community. We may have faltered some in actuating this purpose - some of the essays have been too long and the columns may have been too narrow for all that we intended.

We hope at the least that we have been able to bring before the eyes of the community works which did not fit into other forums at the college -- humorous short stories too long for one publication, commendable essays too short for the other, and pieces of writing meant to communicate but which had no place to do it in. Now these are set down in record for students who will come after us.

The people who should be thanked the most for this magazine are Tequila Brooks and Akiba Covitz. Akiba did all of the legwork and pleading with Mr. Henry Higuera (faculty advisor to *Energeia*), Assistant Dean John Verdi, and Treasurer Robert Harner to obtain the excess of *Energeia* funds to pay for *The Collegian*. Had he not done this, the magazine would never have been possible. Tequila acted as the mainstay and guiding light for the whole enterprise.

The Computer Society and students Sascha Cocron '90 and Aaron Rosenbaum '91 we give our thanks and recognition for the newly revamped Computer Room. Although their influence is indirect, all *Collegian* production is done on the Macintosh computers.

We owe much to Miss Eva Brann for the advice, encouragement and criticism she gave us, as well as the many essays she recommended. She would not let us lose hope even when it did not seem a good idea to continue.

Rachel Boyce deserves to be commended for lending her talents to editing although she only wanted to do a little bit of lay-out. She has been invaluable as editor

and artist and we will miss her sorely when she graduates. She brought energy and ideas when others of us began to despair.

Robby Nease has also been invaluable. He has been constant and true to the magazine from the beginning. It is to Robby that we owe the low percentage of typographical and spelling errors.

Heartfelt thanks goes to the other students who had the spirit to begin but whose schedules would not allow them to continue with the magazine, and to the students who have just begun to work with us.

We thank Carin Calabrese and Zoe Beatty at *The Gadfly* for those pieces they passed on to us which were too long for their format.

Gratitude to the writers and artists for the pieces they have submitted goes without saying. It is inspiring to think that the community can produce so many good ideas.

It is the hope of *The Collegian* to continue publication in the future. May it always be a magazine which holds to ideals and which makes the attempt to treat all concerned with decency and respect. It is a magazine large enough to affect the lives of its readers, but small enough to not be affected by the forces which make larger publications compromise their ideals for other purposes.

We enjoyed producing *The Collegian* and it is our hope that the community enjoyed reading it.

May 1990

Thanks to Chris Colby, David and Donald Murchake in the St. John's College Print Shop for the printing of *The Collegian*.

see my friend Celia's house. Do you know her, I wonder?

After the hurricane everyone on Everitt Street came out for a big clean-up, and a lot of tree branches were piled in front of the house.

At Halloween we would Trick 'n' Treat with friends all up and down the street. And at Christmas we would go caroling along

it in the snow. But where is the corner where almost every week I used to skin one or the other of my knees? Events have faded and melted in my mind, so that I can no longer be sure of what is true. I know I will visit this street again. It will seem even shorter, smaller, less pretty then.

Now you live here, and for you the images of the past are different. Yet it will

always be Everitt Street and the house will always be 134. Now I have relinquished my hold. I have honored my past in my way. I leave the present to you. They are your house and your street now.

-- DEIRDRE ROUTH '91

**Students who have contributed to  
the Production of The Collegian  
during the 1989 - 90 school year:**

Rachel Boyce '90  
Tequila Brooks '91  
Akiba Covitz '91  
Elizabeth Didato '92  
Vince Harriman '90  
Molly Hinshaw '93  
Robby Nease '92  
Maureen Spectre '91  
Vanessa Stratton '93  
Kevin Young '92

The publishing policy of The Collegian is to treat all writers or artists and the pieces they submit with respect. A piece will not be accepted if the staff judges that it does not reflect the capabilities of the originator.

No revision will be adopted without the inform and consent of the writer. Please address correspondence and criticism to **Box 391 Campus Mail**.

**An organizational meeting will be called at the beginning of the next term.**