YE DOMESDAY BOOKE
Volume II
1973
In the first volume of Ye Domesday Booke, 1973, we have presented a view of Georgetown that everybody knows. In this, the second volume, we present a Georgetown that some people know, have known, have responded to.

Perhaps the "skinny one" will confuse. It is meant to show a Georgetown that perhaps you saw, but didn't see.

But then, perhaps you saw.
The university is more than a collection of buildings, yet in many ways the buildings of Georgetown reflect the feeling of the university. These are not images to show what Georgetown looks like, but rather what it seems to be, to someone who has already been here.

— John Gorde
Randy Newman
Pure Food & Drug Act
Ike & Tina Turner
The New Riders Of The Purple Sage
Intermission, NRPS
Balloons

14 OCTOBER 1972, marked the appearance of the tragicomedy — celebration of life as annually commemorated by the Georgetown student body, sundry alumni, and a myriad of mute eyewitnesses.

One point of view . . .
The Hoya Sports Fan
A Season With Thompson

VIEW FROM THE CROWD

by Patrick M. Early
ALICIA

John Michael Baldoni
Water brings the day's freshness.
Exchange
Friday Afternoon!
Exploration
Challenge
to Express
Fraternal Feasting
Uncertain, but Free
In the great Faustian belief that I can do anything until proven otherwise — held by most of the Big Kids on this Block — I have written this poem. So much for justification. It has grown with me through my years in college; one section was written in its original form in February, 1970. So much for case history. The poem isn’t finished, representing as it does, one revolution of the Great Mandella. The poem slides neatly into this creative response to Georgetown University as it is an exploration into some of the elements of the Eternal Feminine, particularly the transformative feminine character found in all women and in all men, a character, which, at its best, induces men and women to inspiration, which, at its worst, drives women and men to madness.

DAVIN’S GIRL

by Louise Knauf

"... and the figure of the woman in the story stood forth, reflected in other figures of the peasant women whom he had seen standing in the doorways at Clane as the college cars drove by, as a type of her race and his own, a bat-like soul waking to consciousness of itself in darkness and secrecy and loneliness, and through the eyes and voice and gesture of a woman without guile, calling the stranger to her bed."

James Joyce

Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man
1. Kore Dreaming

In the fall we choked on chalk dust, prayed for summer through the winter, when, der Vater, carving at the table's end, his broken dreams of ruling like a Prussian king, and mother, hands large in giving — all she wanted was a little love, and lost him in the war — spoke of nervous breakdown due to long confinement, coming with the onset of March.

Twinkle, twinkle, little bat, how I wonder where you're at.

I would go back to summers, in the mountains, when Heinrik Hudson bowled the ninepins, we on the beach, lake water lapping to our buried toes, and mornings when fog, like so many ghost tongues licked my neck.

Ich weiss nicht, ich weiss nichts was soll es bedeuten dass ich so traurig bin,
when, by the Cocytos,
we sat down, mein Vati
told the story
of our Aunt Mary:
with those tits and goddam never-ending
legs, a perfect image
in herself, learned photography,
the boys in the darkroom assuming:
those tits and goddam never-ending
legs — and what was she doing,
there — she also painting:
you remember the dream song
of seventeen tales in one.
for one child, her son, fatherless
whom she gave to Christian charity,
when she, off to war, assumed —
lady, you may be
Walker Evans, and we still
wouldn’t let you run
around taking dead
soldiers in foxholes,
ein’t decent, you
with those tits, and —
drafting bullet plans, she went home,
one night took the rat poison, awaiting
a final assumption.

Deliver me
from blood-guiltiness, O God,
cried Ishmael, walking lonely
in the night, thirsty, knocking
on my door. Wine, quoth he,
and I shall tell the play of old
Isolde, Hephaestus, and
Joseph was a cuckold, too.
There’s only water
in this vessel, and I, saved for one
who’s coming to break the seals to my soul.
I’ve held him
with my fingertips, yet
he slipped through
and I was left
holding nothing.
I hear his voice, coaxing.
Through fields of sun-fed wheat
and mottled orchards
I’ll pursue
until I find him sitting
in the branches of an ancient tree, holding
the fruit of existence, which
smiling I’ll take, feeling
smoothness hard
against my palms, sensing
sweetness under good skin, which
bitten through
will devour me

Ah, Hades, my Hades
take me riding on the Acheron
in your long, black boat.
II. ICONOCLASTS: KORE IN HELL

I, Cassandra, see
delusions speak.
I know the fates
of all, my own:
mountain flower withering
in its bloom, unfattened
seed pecked by birds.
Clytemnestra, I forgive:
virgin, though, she should have stayed:
so much blood come
from that foolish big womb.

Lord, no mercy
Christ, no mercy
on the altar of God,
the God of my joy,
with the knife of his youth.

To bed, to bed, there's knocking
at the gate. A gift, they said.

Odysseus born again
from its belly, to kill.

I wish that I'd been Circe then.

Eye blood of Polyphemous
on his head: there's comfort.
Marked like Cain, he'll sail
Forever for a great, white whale.

Let us be churched;
On candlemas, I'll light three,
for the mother, for the son, one
for thee.

Above the river, I, sitting,
comb my golden hair,
singing for the sons of
mothers wronged to hear.

My voice a lullabye of wine —
Drown Orestes! Whirlpool,
Breast! Sucking on the bones of men.

So many murders done
in good faith;
So many
wash wash wash wash
He has me for the thrill,
this blue-eyed, white beard.
It's to be expected,
this petting — a caged rabbit
I'm felt, soft, soft
eyes fixed in fear.
He trots me out
like an Eleusinian mystery,
so men can drool, and lust,
and offer roses, saying
mother, take them, we are yours.
I'm purity itself, white
hope, bright virgin evermore, and each
would be the first.
He calls me child,
he calls me daughter,
he calls me grail;
I hold no wine, only water —
that and blood
I'm nursing to my son, born
of the eastern wind.
And shall we tramp the way to Golgotha —
I'm asked to keep that in my heart.
I swear, I won't. I'll hold him
in my crucible, offering
changelings of fine gold, calves
that men can prick and hang upon a tree.
Mother of Messiah!
Mother of the narcotic god, sole
salvation. Come, come
to safe harbor in my cloak:
it hides snakes feasting
on their own tails

And I'm burning in the sun,
I'm burning in the sun,
burn burn

but out of the ash I'll rise, I'll rise
III. KORE RELEASED

Their ships have floundered on me,
deo, deep draughts were drunk
of my salt wine. Still I
am a calf liver,
cow's udder, to be pulled on,
sucked,
as they drown,
my babies drown.

Mother always said: pray
to the blessed virgin
when she pulled me from my bed
and scarved me in woolens
so I could trudge through seven o'clock winter,
so she could sit
with rosary
bound hands
as seven children peeped
through a hole
in the pew.
I was rabid for the telling:
Mary was the Paraclete's whore.
She cried. You laugh. Still
times like this you need
a faith, at least, there's little else
supporting, only fingers
pressing the buttocks
of a wronged nun's
whelp.
In the beginning
were the words which
I believed.
No man saw
my pain, a diamond
in its facets, a phallic
symbol in my sea, sinking
titanics, grounding
little men in the shallows
of their ignorance.
They'd told me all
I ever do is take,
when I was letting go,
entering, exiting, leaving.
poor gifts of gold,
frankincense, and myrrh,
taking my toll in hammered nails

Journeys, alone,
so hard, mother.
A stranger's at my door. Alone,
I'll open, alone hand him the glass,
invite him in, and
though it hurt me, send
him on his way washed
come morning.
He came,
corn tassled head rippling
with the eastern wind,
eyes, gray-green sea anemones
under glass, flowing
with innate electricity.
A bleak loneliness
of sun-washed cliff walls,
smooth stones in deep pools, and
the spirit of a dry white wine
with just a touch of kick,
in that loving
signalled the very subtle
first life of spring.
NOTES

Much of the symbolism and theme of this work were suggested by Erich Neumann's analysis of the archetype, The Great Mother. The Greek word “Kore” was applied to Persephone, daughter to Demeter, wife to Hades, queen of the underworld, symbol of the rebirth of spring, and according to one legend, the mother of Dionysus. Also, Athena was sometimes addressed as Kore.

The poem’s theme is found in the quote from Joyce. For those who are interested, the story of Davin’s encounter with the woman, and Dedalus’s reflection upon the story, are found in Chapter V of the Portrait.

Thanks are, I think, in order to Drs. Herdeck, Ayers, Flint, and Callahan, all of whom, whether they know it or not, had a finger in the making of this pie. For some elucidation, I am including notes on various sources.

I. Kore Dreaming:

11. 12-13: q.v. Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll; Chpt. 7, where the Mad Hatter says of the March Hare, “We quarrelled last March — just before he went mad, you know... it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing: Twinkle, twinkle little bat: How I wonder where you’re at.”


21-23: q.v. “Die Lorelei” by Friedrich Schiller. The opening lines are: Ich weiß nicht was soll es bedeuten/ Daß ich so traurig bin.

24: Cocytos, the River of Wailing; q.v. Phaedo, 112B-114B.

II. Iconoclasts: Kore in Hell — Apologies to William Carlos Williams for part of the title.

11. 92: q.v. Kora in Hell by William Carlos Williams, I., I. “Fools have big wombs.”

93-97: See the opening prayers of the Catholic Mass, the Kyrie and the opening prayer: I will go to the altar of God/ The God of my joy and my youth.


108: Candlemas is another term for the feast of the Purification of Mary, February 2. According to the Mosaic law, a woman had to be purified after giving birth before she could resume sexual intercourse with her husband. In the Catholic Church, a symbolic purification for the blood shed in giving birth was carried out in the ceremony of “churching.”

111-112: Again, “Die Lorelei”: Sie kämm’t ihr goldenes Haar.

129: Eleusinian mystery: A cult connected with the worship of Demeter. See Chpt. 12 of Classical Mythology by Mark P.O. Morford and Robert J. Lenardon for an explanation.

154-m155: The snake biting its own tale, is, according to Neumann, the symbol of the psychic state of beginning, in which conscious and unconscious elements are not identifiable, and in which the self is not apparent — like being back in the womb.

III. Kore Released

188-189 The Gospel according to St. John, Chapter I, Verse 1. A take off on, “In the beginning was the Word.”
Alma Mater

Ad collegium ire acervi laetitiae est.

Edited by Ed Blanch
With Special Thanks to John Camilleri
Volume CLXVII
April, 1973
Case No. 368: rags to riches

What makes a "juvenile delinquent" and what makes a juvenile delinquent? This is the lamentable story of a young man who, through lack of guidance, was lured down the glittering path of temptation to a Meaningless Existence. His father, a partner in a prominent Wall Street firm, talks to us about his son:

"I can't understand it. He had everything going for him. From the day he was born I knew he had the potential to be a top-notch broker. I really had high hopes for him. Then this mess. I think it was the public high school he went to. He had those strange new friends and was acting so... funny... all the time. Anyway, our family life has crashed, so to speak. He's broken his mother's heart and stabbed me in the back — I was in the hospital for two weeks! He's been more of a curse than a son."

In these photographs we catch our first glimpse of the "delinquent." An aimless wanderer, he became a familiar sight to motorists (left) as he "bummed" his way across his home state of New York. Unable to cope with his personal problems, he often took to drink (above). A psychiatrist who knew the young man described him as "depressed."

Name: John Oechrav
Age: 18
Level of education: high school graduate
Destination in life: Nowhere
Resorting to a life of crime

Money began to run short for John. He often participated in criminal activities to boost his meager income of $1.75 an hour at a nearby supermarket. The boy's employer, Abe Hemostat, summed up John's attitude as "pretty doggone snotty." We see John (series at right) engaging in petty car theft for a "joyride." At left, the unscrupulous John even beats a young paper boy for a total of $4.78 and 36 newspapers. John's mother told ALMA MATER correspondent Barbara Munchkin that he was "wild and unmanageable" at this stage of his life.

"Yeah I break the law 'cause society likes to turn me off, you know."

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"Yeah I break the law 'cause society likes to turn me off, you know."
Finally, a friend helps out

Finally, a hand reached out to pull John from the gutter. Harry Pensive, a longtime friend, told John's probation officer of his whereabouts and recommended the boy be sent to a major university. Pensive, himself a graduate of a prominent midwestern college, is now a gas station attendant in Buffalo, New York. He felt that John could find a career and "straighten out a little" if he were sent to an institute of higher learning.

"Yeh, I knew him."

"Told his probation officer 'bout him."

"College done me good, y'know?"

"Do him good too."

"Shucks! Tweren't no trouble."
John's parents and his probation officer, Ben Zedrine, heeded Pensive's words of wisdom. Zedrine, a qualified guidance counselor, assisted John in the selection of his classes and completion of registration forms (right). In September, 1966, he was enrolled at a major eastern university. Mr. and Mrs. Oachray were greatly relieved and their hopes for John began to rise. These hopes seemed to have no basis, however, for John's attitudes were unchanged and signs of disenchantment manifested themselves in small but obvious ways (below).
Rough going at first

As a freshman at Georgetown, John was still seeking a purpose for his existence. His parents implored him, "Find a career, something you'd really enjoy working at after graduation." In John's case, this was easier said than done. Swamped with first year reading, John often ignored it by diverting his mind with underground magazines (above) and, as before, alcohol (right).

Seeking some direction for his life, John often identified himself with bizarre cults (above). One by one, however, he rejected them and found himself again floundering in The Existential Void. Angry and frustrated (left), he gives a terse opinion on college life: "College is supposed to train you for the outside world, right? That's way out of context, man. I'm not learnin' nothin' except how to study and pass exams."
The accuracy of his words about student training became so blatant that John began to realize where his future lay. Laying his plans, he began obsessive reading on many diverse subjects (above). His grades skyrocketed and he graduated from Georgetown with high honors (left) in 1970. He soon brought his schemes to fruition and opened a small business (right). Explaining his odd ambitions, John told correspondent Munchkin: "It would be foolish to throw this opportunity away after 17 years of training. I'm doing what I do the best. I have the highest hopes for the future."
Mr. Oachray's wisdom and foresight have borne out his words. His enterprise, under the registered title of "Knowledge Unlimited," was instantly successful and Mr. Oachray began to make honest money — oodles and oodles of it. Professors all over the country wanted to sign him up for their courses. This nationwide demand for his services as a student enabled him to open branch offices from New York to L.A. Mr. Oachray presently employs thousands of professional students who attend, for a small fee from the teacher or school, classes at all major universities. At 25, Mr. Oachray is almost a millionaire and another college success story.

No teacher is too boring or difficult for Mr. Oachray, seen above attending an unpopular professor's class. Below, Mr. Oachray poses with his impish wife Honey before their home in Rockville Centre, Long Island. The Oachrays are expecting their first child in October.
A final recommendation

“...My advice to kids these days is to get out of the street and into the classroom. Anyone who wants to follow my line of work has to be well trained for a demanding job. Any major university can provide this training.” Finis
Oh, bliss... bliss and heaven.
Oh, it was gorgeousness and gorgeously made flesh. It was like
a bird of rarest spun heaven metal, or like silvery wine flowing
in a space ship, gravity all nonsense now.

— Anthony Burgess
A university is made of a multitude of different people performing highly specialized jobs, many of which only a small portion of the college community ever encounters.

One of these unique people is Earl Morris, Georgetown's master glassblower. Advanced scientific research requires specialized tools, and if it can be made of glass, Earl Morris creates it.

Emanuel Maida
The glassblower, blowing a bulb, is photographed on infrared film, which "sees" no visible light, only the heat of the molten glass.
The Lindberg Perfusion Pump
This pump, a modification of Lindberg's original, keeps organs alive for research purposes.
Double Dewar Flask  

X-ray of the Dewar  

Device for the Collection of Rabbit Eggs
Econo-cell Distillation

Apparatus

Gas Rack
Crystal, Def. Physics: A homogeneous solid body exhibiting a definite and symmetrical internal structure, with geometrically arranged cleavage planes and external faces that assume any of a group of patterns associated with peculiarities of atomic structure, (Funk and Wagnalls Standard Encyclopedic College Dictionary, 1968).

At Georgetown, scientists work with crystals daily, as the springboard for further research. The intricate beauty of these bodies is not routinely observed, by the researcher, let alone the less scientific.

Emanuel Maida
Growing Gallium Crystals
Gallium metal melts at 29.78° C — it melts in your hand. . . . The liquid metal is injected in a mold and the solidification process is begun by touching the droplet of liquid that protrudes from the mold with a seed crystal at the desired orientation.

The crystals are used for the study of gallium's properties at low temperature. This basic research may be technologically applicable to society in the future.
The Microscopic World Of Crystals

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K₂Na₄[Fe₆O₇(OH)₂]·nH₂O

Erdman Salt
trans-dichlorotetrapyrricene rhodium (III) chloride

Art and science are separate though not necessarily opposed branches of human learning. On the surface, the cold clinical atmosphere of the scientist’s laboratory must certainly seem hostile to the type of beauty art traditionally celebrates. The scientist, lost to most of us in his world of impenetrable facts and numbers appears unconcerned with such matters. Yet science, seen through the eyes of art reveals a world of immense beauty, unfamiliar, and mysterious, somewhat foreboding, yet fascinating.
On January 20, 1973, Richard M. Nixon was inaugurated for the second time, to begin four more years as president. Thousands lined Pennsylvania Avenue to view his parade. But, four blocks away, not so many thousands gathered for the last of an endless series of Vietnam Peace rallies. Amid the endless rhetoric were these people, for the last time.

— John Gorde
Another
Mythical Creature
for PEACE.

I AM the President
I HAVE committed genocide
I WILL PAY FOR IT!
NIXON
SIGN
NOW

PEOPLE'S COALITION FOR
PEACE AND JUSTICE
COLOPHON

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