Hermes vs Apollo: On Whose Side Are You

The one absolute guarantee that you belong to Hermes is a resistance to conformity and fraud.

Tenured professors in long established departments share an Apollonian bent. So do all coaches. Apollo owns most officers fighting for the rights of oppressed majorities, and thus the entire faculty of any law school. Schools of education bias their hearts to be thought Apollonians. If you would like to determine where anybody in the university belongs on the dividing line between Apollo and Hermes, use as your norm and barometer that cluster of pure Apollonius, the medical establishment. The closer anyone in a university comes to a medical school the more complete his identification with pompous Apollo.

Now how about you? Which side are you on?

The moment of taking a degree is a decisive moment, and each of you will have to be on one side or the other. It is not so much an option about the future as an analysis of a present. In other words the choice between Apollo and Hermes is not made on what you would like to be but on what you are.

Auden generously gives us the ten commandments of the god Hermes, which I think we might consider. I will put them in bunches, for brevity's sake. At the end of each grouping you can draw your own conclusions about where you belong. Here is the first bunch of commandments by which the sons of Hermes identify themselves:

 Thou shalt not be on friendly terms with guys in advertising firms, nor speak with such as read the Bible for its prose, nor above all, make love to those who wash too much.

The one absolute guarantee that you belong to Hermes is a resistance to both conformity and fraud. If uniforms make you nervous, if you hear a siren which raises in your presence you feel a positive nausea; if you are not sure just what you are, nor with compliance take any test. Thou shalt not sit with statisticians nor commit a social science.

Here we have a cluster of Hermetic commandments which one hopes any good university has obeyed. Irreverence is an ancient Hermes virtue, exemplified in Mr. McCawber to the Wife of Bath, picking up Falstaff on the way. Irreverence normally means a clear sense of oneself, almost worthy of the stuffy title "individualism." Self-possession is, of course, impossible without a sense of the ridiculous. No man really sees himself without the mirror of laughter.

Commencement is, in truth, a time of dividing.

Let us return to the Decalogue. Here is the next bunch of commandments.

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Nation's Youngest Governor Heads List

GU Honors Statesmen Scientists Educators

by Tracey Hughes

The nation's youngest governor and School of Foreign Service graduate, Arkansas's William J. Clinton, heads up a list of Honorary degree recipients from Georgetown University in recognition of their various contributions to the worlds of art, politics and science as speaker at the Main Campus graduation ceremony Sunday.

Other degree recipients include Walter G. Davis, Roman Jakobson, Henry Cabot Lodge, Donald McGannon, Ilya Prigogine, Joseph Samuel and James G. Serpe. In addition, William F. Ragan, a graduate of both the College and Law school will receive the John Carroll Medal of Merit, awarded every year to "honor an alumnus whose career reflects the ideals and spirit that led John Carroll to create this institution."

Ragan is a partner in the Washington based law firm of Ragan and Mason. According to the degree citation, Ragan was selected for the honor for his work in the Alumni Association and with Georgetown hospital. The citation reads, "His leadership has been a major factor in the foundation and development of the Lombardi Center." The Center, newest addition to Georgetown's Medical Center, is dedicated to cancer research.

Commencement Speaker Clinton, who graduated from Georgetown in 1968, left Washington to pursue his studies at Oxford as a Rhodes scholar and later attended Yale Law School. In 1976 he was elected Attorney General of Arkansas and two years later successfully campaigned for the governorship, winning the election with over 64 percent of the vote. From the field of politics, Georgetown honors an elder statesman, former senator and ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge. His varied career has spanned the globe and includes serving as ambassador to South Vietnam, the United Nations and as special envoy to the Vatican. He was elected to the Senate and ran as the Republican party's candidate for the Vice Presidency in 1960. The degree citation notes that Lodge has "played key and history-shaping roles in the search for international peace and stability."

Georgetown also honors two men for their work in educating high school students, James G. Serpe and Joseph Seavone. Serpe, a graduate of Loyola University of Chicago, has spent the last 39 years teaching mathematics, starting at St. Ignatius then moving to Loyola Academy in Wilmurt. The honorary degree recognizes Serpe's "enthusiastic application of his teaching skills... and devotion of a lifetime to the development of mind and character in young men." New to the University and Columbia Teacher's College graduate Seavone pursued his teaching career in the public high schools of New York City. He began his career at Upper T. Washington High School in a dual role of teacher and guidance counselor and currently teaches at The Bronx High School of Science. Georgetown honors Seavone for his work in nurturing "the whole range of urban students, cultivating the literacy of the underprivileged, challenging the powers of the most gifted. And he has exemplified the commitment of the complete educator, forming students minds as their teacher, guiding their lives as their counselor."

On a University level, Georgetown recognizes the achievements of professors in the fields of language and science. Roman Jakobson, born in Moscow in 1906, is being honored for his work in the field of Slavic Languages and Linguistics. Among his many accomplishments, Jakobson has advanced many branches of contemporary linguistics through work in such areas as children's acquisition of language and phonological studies. From science, Georgetown honors Nobel Prize laureate Ilya Prigogine for his contributions to understanding spontaneous self organization in non equilibrium systems. The citation notes these discoveries have had "profound consequences for the concepts of being and becoming and for interpretation of the nature of scientific knowledge."

Several prominent educators also will be honored at this year's graduation ceremonies. Among these is Walter G. Davis, director of the ARL-CIO's Department of Education. Davis joined the labor movement in the 1940's and was appointed to his present position in 1966. His work was instrumental in the establishment of the George Meany Center for Labor Studies in Silver Spring, Maryland, and in the initiation of the National Urban League's LEAP program which aims at increasing black participation in the construction industry.

Degree recipient Donald H. McGannon is best known as the Chairman of the Board of Group W (Westinghouse Broadcasting Co.). The fourth largest broadcasting company in the country, Group W owns and operates 16 radio and TV stations in 11 major US cities. In addition, however, McGannon also serves as trustee and advisor to seven institutions of higher learning, and is currently in his second term as Chairman of the Connecticut Board of Higher Education. He is the founder of the Broadcast Skills Bank (since renamed the Employment Clearing House), a nationwide effort to recruit, train, employ and upgrade minority manpower in the broadcasting industry.

"Also to be honored is Rear Admiral Jesse M. Scott, for his development and implementation of a national program to attract nursing education. Scott became a commissioned officer of the United States Public Health Service in 1955, and served for 15 years as Director for the Division of Nursing until his retirement last May. She is still a member of the International Council of Nurses, headquartered in Geneva."

GU & the Pre-Professional Abyss

A Jesuit involved in higher education (not here) once remarked that he believed a Jesuit institution was a "living museum" of the world's leaders. Unfortunately, Georgetown does not do this to the degree it should. Georgetown encourages its students to focus on their pre-professional studies, prior to law, pre-MBA, pre-grad, etc. The emphasis here tends not on personal, hard to measure achievements, but more and more on grades and other measurable indices which make the difference. Since we are a Jesuit Institution, the need for something to be done.

Well, that is this writer's panacea for Georgetown. Am I bitter about the school? Not at all--I'm critical because I care. That may sound trite, but I feel that most seniors who are critical, are, for the most part, not doing so out of any sense of malice. Rather, they are doing so because of an affection for the institution and a desire to see it reach the heights it envisions for itself, and the goals they see for the school. Hopefully their criticisms will not go unheard.

I've grown to know many faculty members, administrators, and students, and have made friendships that will hopefully last a long time. I'm going to miss this place. Parts of me will never leave. Georgetown can fulfill its goals and can maintain and strengthen its personal character and truly develop and encourage tomorrow's leaders. But only if it can meet the challenge.

Take care, Georgetown, and good luck.
is Coming From and Where It’s Heading

The seventies is a hard decade to summarize, especially the latter half. As far as Georgetown is concerned, the years 1976-1989 might be characterized as a transition period, during which the cast of characters and major plot developments were laid down for the eighties.

To understand what has been going on during the college careers of the class of ‘80, we have to regress approximately 10 years...

The late sixties were a time of great upheaval for GU marked by the wholesale sacking of traditions. Dress codes were dropped. Course requirements were cut. Administration censorship over student publications was relaxed. The student councils of the individual undergraduate schools were merged into the present student government structure. Women were admitted to the College for the first time in Catholic males where you majored in your major. (It is noteworthy that next semester the four most influential positions of student leadership on campus - SG President and Vice President, and the HOYA and Voice editorships - will all be held by Jews or blacks. And three of these students are women.)

During the 1970s, students increased their influence in the academic and administrative domains through their representation on the academic councils, the Student Life Policy Committee, the Main Campus Finance Committee, and most recently the Security Task Force. Beginning in 1974, student government was permitted to send an observer to the Board of Directors’ meetings. In 1975-76, when the University convened a search committee to replace retiring President Rev. Robert Henle, S.J., a student representative was included among its members.

In the late 1960’s, students had petitioned the Dean of Men to establish parietals - hours during which visitors of the opposite sex were permitted in the dorms. By 1973, student leaders had succeeded in abolishing parietals in favor of 24 hour intervisitation rights (or the right of individual floors to set their own policy). Increasingly, the dorms have gone coed.

The 1970’s saw a continuation and consolidation of these reforms. Women in the college were a curiosity in 1970, but by 1975 they amounted to over fifty percent of the undergraduate population. Black and minority enrollment also increased. (It is noteworthy that next semester the four most influential positions of student leadership on campus - SG President and Vice President, and the HOYA and Voice editorships - will all be held by Jews or blacks. And three of these students are women.)

"No longer was Georgetown a boarding school where you majored in philosophy and minored in your major.”

During the 1970s, however, we’ve begun to see the limits to the future growth of this university. Fearing for the quality of a Georgetown education, the administration in recent years has decided gradually to cut back on the number of freshman admitted each year. University planners are worried about the major decline in the college age population predicted for the eighties and nineties. As a precaution, the administration this year decided to pump additional hundreds of thousands of dollars into its public relations and administration censorship over student publications was relaxed. The student councils of the individual undergraduate schools were merged into the present student government structure. Women were admitted to the College for the first time in Catholic males where you majored in your major. (It is noteworthy that next semester the four most influential positions of student leadership on campus - SG President and Vice President, and the HOYA and Voice editorships - will all be held by Jews or blacks. And three of these students are women.)

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The Class of '80 and Beyond: Where GU

Carter to declare the Persian Gulf of vital interest to U.S. interests, and call for registration of the country's youth. Once again, the spectre of the draft hung over the college population. However, a recent HOYA poll revealed that at least on the G.U. campus, the clear majority of students support registration and claim that they would serve if called forth, they would serve if drafted.

Nevertheless, it is inaccurate to say that student activism has died. In the recent past it has surfaced in activities such as the D.C. Public Interest Research Group, the Community Action Coalition, the D.C. Bank Campaign, and the now-defunct Students Opposed to the Appointment of Kissinger SOAK. This year's controversial forum on Iran was primarily organized by students.

Student activism changed its style from one of confrontation to cooperation. It's probably true that of the class of 1980, only a minority became involved in a political cause, and that many more spent their four years in a sort of Brownian movement between Pierce Reading Room, the Pub, and their rooms.

But then again, we have to ask ourselves: how many of the class of 1970 were really sincere about the popular causes of that day.

...tion ads, which were dropped after implicit or explicit threats of a shutdown by the administration. Two years ago, the Student Corp's plans to sell contraceptives were in Vital Vistas prompted the administration to insert a clause in the Corp's lease giving it the right to veto the sale of certain products. Last Semester, a high level administrator filed a complaint against the Corp's sale of Playboy and other adult magazines. (So far however, no action has been taken).

This year's seniors may remember an administrative shake-up at the end of the '76-'77 year, when Dean of Residence Life Val Yoldie and VP for Student Development Patricia Rueckel resigned within days of each other. Their resignations had been prompted by an extensive investigation of the Student Life Policy Committee into the operation of Residence Life. The following September, to curb the tempestuous SLPC, the administration reduced it from a policy-making committee to a merely advisory one.

With the eighties barely underway, two important administrative posts are being held by newcomers (not to Georgetown, but to their present jobs).

Former VP for Academic Affairs the Rev. Aloysius Kelley, S.J., the leading Main Campus administrator beneath the president, resigned in 1979 to assume the presidency at Fairfield University. Fr. Donald Freeze, S.J., Kelley's long-time assistant, is currently completing his first year as the new Academic VP. VP for Administrative Services Daniel Altubello resigned last October to accept an executive vice presidency with the Marriott Corporation. In doing so, he ended 15 years of service to Georgetown, during which he also served as an associate director for the Alumni House and an assistant to two University Presidents.

No review of the seventies would be complete without some concluding remark about the much-discussed decline of student activism during the past decade. Activism, in the radical sense, was most visible at Georgetown in 1970-1971, with a student strike cancelling final exams in the Kent State aftermath, and a tumultuous Mayday protest the following spring.

By 1974, however, many of the activists had graduated or returned to the classrooms and libraries. If the era needed an epitaph, it came in early 1979 when the University unplugged WGTB, Georgetown's 'alternative' radio station. Or perhaps the eulogy was delivered at the 1978 Commencement Exercises when columnist George F. Will, the keynote speaker congratulated that this year's seniors for sticking to their studies and not imitating their predecessors of a decade earlier.

Actually last semester the campus saw a brief return to the student demonstrations of a bygone era—only this time it was in support of the establishment, not against it. When the staff of the American embassy in Tehran was taken hostage a crowd of several hundred—most of them students from Georgetown and other area universities—gathered in front of the Washington Islamic Center for a noisy but peaceful protest calling for the immediate release of the hostages.

After about eight years of detente and relative calm on the international scene, the recent turmoil in the Middle East prompted President Pierce to declare the Persian Gulf of vital interest to U.S. interests, and call for registration of the country's youth. Once again, the spectre of the draft hung over the college population. However, a recent HOYA poll revealed that at least on the G.U. campus, the clear majority of students support registration and claim that they would serve if called forth, they would serve if drafted.

Nevertheless, it is inaccurate to say that student activism has died. In the recent past it has surfaced in activities such as the D.C. Public Interest Research Group, the Community Action Coalition, the D.C. Bank Campaign, and the now-defunct Students Opposed to the Appointment of Kissinger SOAK. This year's controversial forum on Iran was primarily organized by students.

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But then again, we have to ask ourselves: how many of the class of 1970 were really sincere about the popular causes of that day.

...
Think where man's glory most begins
and ends,
And say my glory was I had such friends.

William Butler Yeats
Greg Zak

It’s Time for Everyone to Come Clean

In the life and times and politics of ‘68, my soul cries out from its once complacent depths for nothing about a good, smooth fix of down-home, all-American, grass-roots honesty. Isn’t it about time?

It’s about time that the Federal Reserve Board, the Council of Economic Advisors and the Better Business Bureau admit that the American investment in free market economics is a real lemon and that the cosmetic surgery of pricing, prudging and useless injections of creeping socialism simply don’t work.

It’s about time for the oil companies to admit anything and for someone at Mobil’s PR department to realize that fair petroleum pricing might be the best advertisement possible.

It’s about time for all the Reaganites and the neo-Reaganites to admit that free market economics simply isn’t consistent with a system of protected liberty, a commitment to human rights, or the health and wealth of nations.

It’s about time for all the Kennedites to admit that they don’t really want wage and price controls, but need real action, need to nationalize Big Industry, Big Labor, and the Congress.

It’s about time for Jimmy Carter to admit that he doesn’t know the difference between the residence of his presidential hemorroids and a hole in the ground; between the publicity stunt Thanksgiving bird on his lawn and the reflection in his mirror; between Rosalynn Carter and Roslyn Virginia; and to let Fritz or Ted or someone with an ounce of sense have a try. He might also admit, as a general principle, that a small businessman cannot run much more than to catch a bus.

It’s about time for everybody over $& to admit that there is no more idealistic youth and that despite the forgotten lessons of the ’68s, they have managed to remake the next generation in their own hideous, greedy, lustful image.

It’s about time for everybody under $& to admit that they really do think Leno and Brooks Brothers are “good” and that hard work for honest money and the pursuit of health in mind, soul and body is for a small masochistic religious cult from Southern California.

It’s about time for the State Department and the National Security Council to admit that our “allies” do not have American interests at heart and that they themselves don’t either. And to admit that they had better begin to.

It’s about time for Pope John Paul II to admit that Father Robert Drinan, S.J. has no business in the Congress and be and his church have no business in the issue of American civil liberties—spelled abortion.

It’s about time for the American Medical Association to admit that there isn’t a patient in the country, just fleeced customers; for the American Bar Association to admit that there isn’t a client in the country, just bargaining chips in a great barter market, and that there is no milk-of-human-kindness, Marcus-Welby-MD care and no justice to be found.

And it’s time, here at Georgetown, for most of us to admit that we want our fair share of the big pie, and most of several of our neighbors’ as well; for Father Healy to admit that a Georgetown education is not underpriced; for the graduates of the Business School to admit that they have a right kind of winter nights; for the Student Entertainment Commission to admit that beer is not only not the only answer, but none at all. It’s also about time for the University Board of Directors to admit that the graduates of this and every other modern class, unimplicated as we are, are only used as audience and excuse for the publicity event parade of honorary degrees and the lowliest of potential contributions— the only ideal of higher education they understand.

It’s about time, too, for the Seniors to start thinking about something besides beer, the good times never so good as in remember ing, and their own selves; for the Senior Week Committees to admit that alcoholic oblivion won’t make the four year nightmare stop running through your mind, nor make the future anything but a hurdle to be jumped, an enemy to be beaten and a prize for the strong. It’s time for us all as a class to appreciate what we have been given, to scream loudly against the injustices which are a world of reasonable deals to honest men, and to take what good we have found here and give it to a world in need.

And, I suppose, it’s time for me to admit that, though I try, I’m not always right, that love is the only answer and people are our only resource; that radical change comes slowly or violently or both; and that I am responsible for the garbage problem in South Arlington. And so are you, Mike.

Bill Gillett

Senior Week: 7 Day Binge

The sentiments and ideas herein have come out of discussions by a group of seniors both before and during Senior Week. The group spoke with Associate Dean of Students Bill Schueerman about its concerns and will talk to the faculty of the Junior class this week.

Senior Week ’80. The campus party to end all campus parties! Leave Georgetown with a bang.

Well, here we are in the midst of this celebration, one final fling with all the gang. While not unique, the ideal of a Senior Week is very rare among the nation’s universities and colleges. Most have a day or two at most for senior activities. Setting aside an entire week provides a tremendous opportunity to give the seniors a memorable send-off. Why, then, do we have only a very narrowly-focused celebration based on drinking and getting drunk? Why do we ignore the diversity of Georgetown and Washington and also the variety of interests the seniors have?

It’s also about time. For the State Department to admit that alcoholic oblivion won’t make the four year nightmare stop running through your mind, nor make the future anything but a hurdle to be jumped, an enemy to be beaten and a prize for the strong. It’s time for us all as a class to appreciate what we have been given, to scream loudly against the injustices which are a world of reasonable deals to honest men, and to take what good we have found here and give it to a world in need.

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“Why aren’t there any activities which take advantage of our location in D.C.?”

What are the objectives of Senior Week?

The principle goal would seem to be a celebration in which the senior class can be together one final time. Secoondly, the purpose should be to recognize the seniors as a decided lack of creativity in regard to this year’s events as evidence by the lack of variety. Despite this, the Senior Week Committee should be recognized for the great amount of work and planning that they have done.

In the future, however, a greater effort should be made to involve a more representative group of seniors, both in planning and participation. The “beer blast” precedent is strongly entrenched in Senior Week, and while it need not be completely eliminated, it should be toned down and subordinated to a broader concept of celebration and camaraderie.

Senior Week should be a time in which all of the seniors can find some way to remember their friends and Georgetown, a farewell which is in accordance with the time we have spent here or at least in accordance with the opportunities we hoped we’d taken advantage of.

Sheridan

What’s a last minute cum laude graduate?

--- A burger with everything on it.

Congratulations. --M
The Value of the Heart and Mind in College

When I was in New York for a job interview recently, I rode in a cab with a twenty-six-year-old woman who expressed much envy of the class of 18 for their will and determination to succeed in the marketplace. She apparently regretted that she and her less-determined classmates of the early seventies lacked the resolve to score big following graduation. In the aftermath of the early seventies she was forced to leave a successful banking career in New York to become a night janitor at Saint Louis General Hospital after failing as the labor representative of the Georgetown maintenance crew. Mary Ann Halford

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...the mind met tests not only in blue books and term papers, but in dorm debates at 4 a.m."

Inflated Hoya Egos to Suffer Rude Awakening

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The Senior Crawl: From Beer to Eternity

by Thomas Minogue

In the back room newspapers and open phonebooks litter the dirt-colored carpet. One leg of a college football team is creckling under the weight of a chair with ripped out stuffing is upside down. Give me a home where the buffalo roam... A knock on the door. Welcome to the Crawl.

Sir. Goodmorning. The Who blast in the background, gonna drown in cold water...

Talk is cheap. Shots.

The phone rings. Hubby, Crawl Headquarters. Yeah hello Mr. McLaughlin. Oh Bill? He's been drunk. Shall I have him call you when he gets in? Has Bill got a problem? No. I think he's just partying.

We're waiting for Bill. He went to the bank and to get mints.

So where's the other cat buried?

Outside Sal's window.

Under the kitchen sink.

Listen everyone, we have to pay attention to traffic rules. If we don't, we may get killed. It's worth the extra five minutes. Let's GO. LET'S GO

Good Luck.

I've come to take one last look at you before you go.

May the best man live.

Fluffy's can't make it. Ten people in a five passenger car.

Feet hanging out the window.

Gary's in the trunk.

Hope Gary has enough oxygen.

What ya doin in there Gary? I'm in the lotus position. A cop passes us. Either he's blind or just ignoring us. Probably couldn't care less. At a stop light an old redneck in a red pickup truck is chuckling just blind or just ignoring us.

We're getting out of Good Guys. We're doing two beers here. I'm on my second. We're getting buried tonight. Drunken funeral. When they bury me I'll say that there's no cause which isn't good enough to drink to and there isn't anybody who I wouldn't load them with. A cross between pretentious and nothing. Fluffy, Bill, and Gary are missing. Talking to Bob on the phone. Who called? I'm saying buying beer, I'm only renting it. I guess it's cheaper that way.

Fluffy, Bill and Gary are still missing. TiA is beautiful, but I don't think she fully comprehends our predicament. I think we're all amazing. Captain's logbook, stardate 3:54. We find Gary and Fluffy sleeping on somebody's porch. Bill is a casual, he left O'Reilly behind. He has some catching up to do.

The sun is out. We'll have to do.

We're waiting for Bill. He left his keys at The Round Table. We don't have a car. We make it to M Old Mac's. John is refused service. I try to Swallow respect around this town. We're encountering the world of the heavy drinker. A shady little German Chinese waitresses.

Have you ever heard of the Wisconsin crawl?

Sure I know The Crawl. Where've you been? We haven't seen you for two years.

We just revived the tradition this year.

Gary walks in, half a drink behind.

Gentlemen, I'm not graduating. I just spoke with the Dean. I gotta take the Comps over. They don't offer them till August. Can I have a shot of vodka please?

Good Guys. A mecca. The oasis has been reached. It's six ten, bar 14. A lucky number.

The girl on stage now is simply incredible. Words are useless... The best dancer in the house someday. They're one of your kind. No trouble for writing. This is hardcore... Everyone's forgotten everything. We have nothing to lose. We sit and drink. When we're feeling good. All else is behind. All is forgotten. We're starting from scratch now.

We're drunk but we're not disorderly.

I can walk any line.

We get royal treatment in much finer places. Let's stop.

That's the last time they see me in there. In Philly, if you have money you can drink.

Where's Bill?

St. Tropes. The Holiday Inn.


We've definitely lost McLaughlin.

Bill is grilling.

Jim O'Neil is back with us. Just getting out of Good Guys. We're doing two beers here. I'm on my second. We're getting buried tonight. Drunken funeral. When they bury me I'll say that there's no cause which isn't good enough to drink to and there isn't anybody who I wouldn't load them with. A cross between pretentious and nothing. Fluffy, Bill and Gary are still missing. Talking to Bob on the phone. Who called? I'm saying buying beer, I'm only renting it. I guess it's cheaper that way.

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I think now we're all starting to realize the cosmic appeal of our venture. The scale of reality has been altered. We're weighing everything now. Rationality is losing its appeal. Cancel my subscription. Long live the Round Table. We don't need no education. I think that's what we're trying to express by this voyage. Pink Floyd has the feeling well expressed in album form. We're running out of time. #6 is upon us. It's in our living rooms and our school books. Break the bonds of societal conformity. No need for any walls. We need fewer and a few more shots of Loathing.

Bar five. The Round Table. Time: **9:46.** The sun is still shin­ing, but there are clouds to be seen. The sky has a certain bluish quality to it. Blue. This is where the danger begins. You got to get a mixed drink at The Round Table.

Bill says me a drink. He's right. The best drink I ever had. Tall stemmed glass. All alcohol-at least three shots. A bottle of Stroh's. A Tall stemmed glass. All alcohol-

Bar 1. Mr. Henry's Tenley Circle.

Three-thirty o'clock. We happen upon our first Happy Hour. Neil Young's telling us that it's better to burn out than to fade away. He may be right. Most people don't realize what he's saying cause they've never lit the fire. Swapping drinking tales with a guy named Powell. Ours is still going on. He left his in New Jersey last year. A perfect day.

Maggies. 4:20. A milestone. Number ten. We've reached double figures. Everything is coming together. I could be drinking too much. I'm just sup­posed to report what happens. History doesn't come easy.

Motown and Stroh's. The good Doctor is with us. A steady rap. It's all right there, it's all right.

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There's no cause which isn't good enough to drink to.
The University appears dead or tucked neatly away...riding out the storms of world confidence like a submarine in a sea cave.

Ed Jerse

Telling the Big Shots Where to Go

We blew it.

College afforded us the opportunity to momentarily step back from society, to gain a perspective on the world about us. We could have used that opportunity to become critics of the established social and political structures. Like Benjamin Franklin in "The Graduate," we could have discerned the false and superficial aspects of our parents' world. Instead, we quietly accepted many of the flaws of the society we are about to enter.

Over the past several years, a growing elitism has plagued our campus. Increasingly, the policies of the student body have come under the control of a small group of socially elite individuals. Washington and Lee prides itself on being a "true Ivy," but the reality is something else. The elitism that is so palpable in our society is the same elitism we are about to enter.

Now, elites form in every society and every organization. Whether their initial rise is deserved or not, their prolonged existence inevitably works to the disadvantage of the majority of people. Being narrow and self-contained, elites tend to set a course which increasingly varies from that favored by the majority. The only chance such developments have is enough time and energy, but the ones who are socially elite on this campus, at the Hilltop, for this is the realm of ideas.

Ed Jerse

Saturday, May 24, 1980

Bogart once said that the best thing about being a success was being able to tell some big shot where to go. As Georgetown graduates, most of us will be what society terms "successes." We have a unique opportunity as we leave. There are a lot of smug, overbearing "big shots" on this campus and in this world and it's about time that someone told them where to go. It may not make that much of a difference, but at least it will show that at least someone's awake in this world. And while it may lose some points in the great penny scramble, at least we'll have the satisfaction of having called 'em as we saw 'em.

Rick Jacobs

Hilltop: Boot Camp for the Real World

The only check on this course which increasingly varies from that favored by the majority of students must be the individual that survives and thrives "out there." Sure, incompetence and pettiness and tunnel vision exists among administrators. Perhaps among too many. But for the most part, Georgetown has provided a stepping ground for bright young citizens to practice, to fight, to conciliate, to grow, to compromise, to learn, and occasionally to become educated. If we succeed in retaining this last element of "humaneness," that we have begun to prepare ourselves for the world at large, where the fight must exist in the realm of ideas; only then can we deal with the realm of the reality about which we so frequently hear complaint. In the final analysis, we must take heart, we must be proud and thankful. We must be thankful that the world of realities may not constantly invade our sequestered little world on the Hilltop, for this is the "boot camp" for training in the ideal. Though we who leave after four years of this training may feel that our limited world charges forward on a leaderless horse, and no one replaces us in our fight for justice against the oppressive administration, they will. Take heart. Father
To arrive where you are, to get from where you are not,
You must go by a way wherein there is no ecstasy,
In order to arrive at what you do not know.
You must go by a way which is the way of ignorance,
In order to possess what you do not possess.
You must go by the way of dispossession,
In order to arrive at what you are not.
You must go through the way in which you are not.
And what you do not know is the only thing you know,
And what you own is what you are worst off,
And where you are is where you are not.

- T.S. Eliot