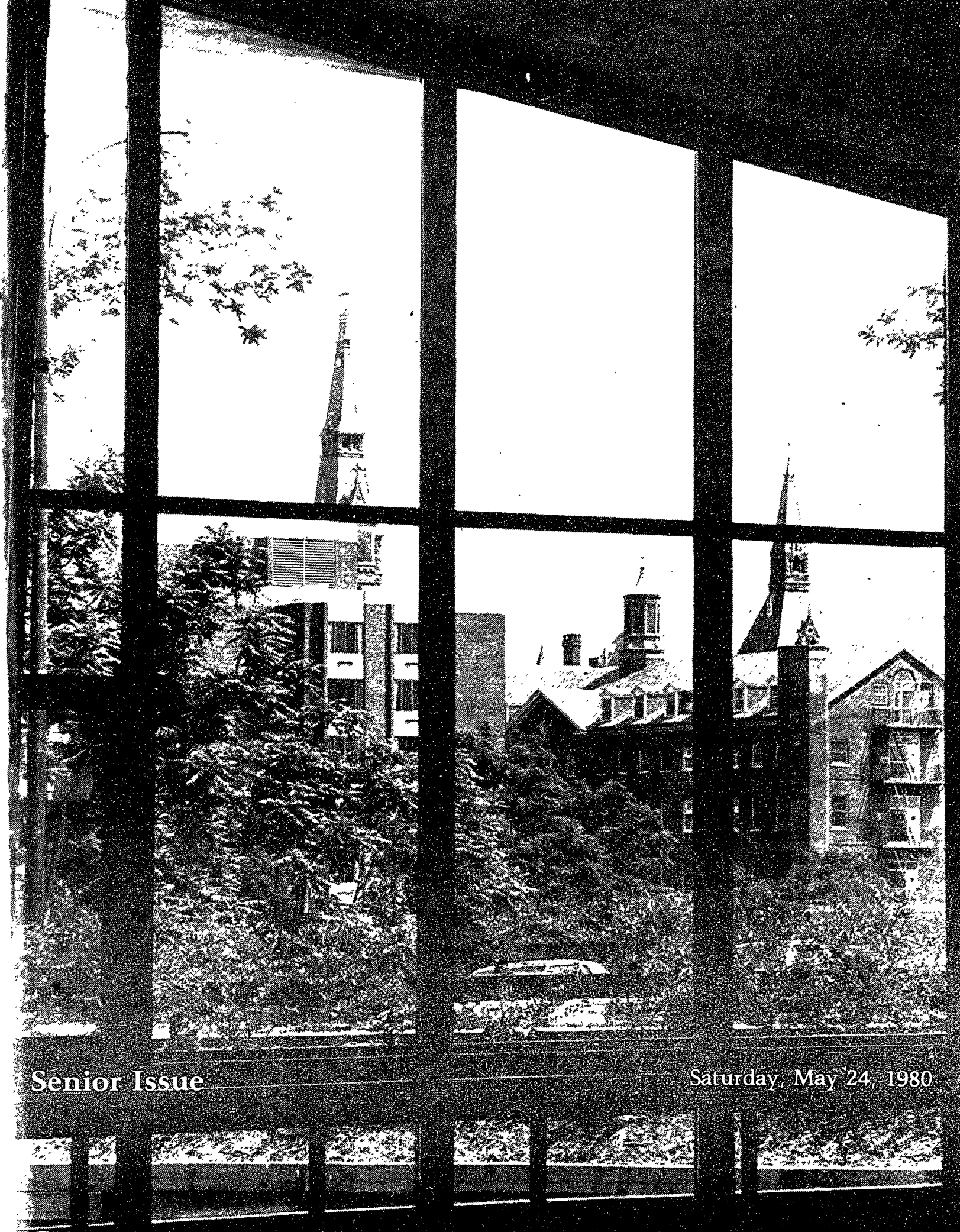


# THE HOYA



Senior Issue

Saturday, May 24, 1980

# Hermes vs Apollo: On Whose Side Are You

Editor's Note: Georgetown University President Timothy S. Healy, S.J., last week delivered the following commencement address to the graduating class of University of Detroit.

Sociologists, you should pardon the expression, are given to remarking that the world is divided into those who divide the world into two types of people and those who don't. I'm afraid I'm going to fall into that trap. Commencement is, in truth, a time of dividing.

I don't want to lock you into any of the classic divisions. For those given to the King James Bible the Old Testament provides "the chosen and the damned", and the New Testament "the sheep and the goats". Any economist worth his salt can give you "the haves and the have nots," "the developed and the developing" or if he's of a Marxist bent, "the proles and the exploiters". Historians love to split mankind into Guelphs and Ghibellines, gnostics and true believers. C.P. Snow is at least original in dividing mankind into rememberers and forgetters of the Second Law of Thermodynamics. Of course as you are probably well aware the city of Washington is currently divided into those who were born again and the rest of us.

The division I would like to propose to you comes from neither a prophet nor a visionary but from a pretty good poet. I am referring to Mr. W.H. Auden, who went to the same University that I did, although I hasten to add that he took one of its lesser degrees. He says that the principal function of a university is to divide its people into those who follow the god, Apollo, the patron of music, math, *Who's Who* and all faculty committees, and those who follow the god, Hermes, the patron of thieves, merchants, con men and Animal Houses. He claims that everyone in the university ultimately must be either Hermetic or an Apollonian, a follower of quicksilver crooked Hermes or establishment pompous Apollo. He then gives us the rules for distinguishing which is which. First he talks of the Hermetics:

the sons of Hermes  
love to play  
and only do their best when  
they  
are told they oughtn't:

then he summarizes the Apolonians:

Apollo's children never shrink from boring jobs but have to think their work important.

As you look around the university world it is interesting to see where Apollonians gather and where the Hermetics are. By and large all students, while they are students, are Hermetics. To my disgrace senior administrators are, by trade, Apollonians.

*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 lust in 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 bred Apollos, 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 the 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 do as the Dean  
p l e a s e s  
Thou shalt not write thy doctor's thesis on education,  
Thou shalt not worship projects nor  
Shalt thou or thine bow down before administration.

Even to Apollonians, those commandments are clear enough. Hermetics, real ones, have a sense of personal independence joined to a bump for the real. The ersatz, the overblown, the bluntly phony, the obsequious--are just not on for Hermes or his troops.

Here is the second set of commandments.  
Thou shalt not answer questionnaires

ture, a satiric bump which can both see and love human folly because one has a humbling and compassionate sense of human limit. For western man these gifts come best in religious terms.

Let me read Auden seriously for a minute. What he says is amusing, but he really isn't joking. I suppose like all survivors of the Second World War, or like all city dwellers, I have the strange feeling that

or quizzes upon world affairs, 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 Hermetic virtue, reaching back through 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.

civilization is only a veneer, that underneath it lies "the primitive terror" about which one of Auden's contemporaries speaks so eloquently. To arm us against terror every university draws lines between the real and the false, between the rewarding and the phony, between what is fully human and really intellectual, and all the fads and follies which are not.

The University of Detroit is one institution in the nation which has its work cut out for it. Along with serving the insatiable hunger of a great city for trained people, this University's principal credential is the ancient magic of undergraduate education; dogmatism, crudity, and the blind swallowing of lies.

*Commencement is, in truth, a time of dividing.*

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

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 everytime you hear a slogan your stomach rises; if everytime somebody gets "with it" in your presence you feel a positive nausea; if the latest fads for organizing sex or psyche or for saving the human race "turn you off", then indeed you belong to Hermes.

And here is his final set of commandments.

Thou shalt not live within thy means nor on plain water and raw greens. If thou must choose between the chances, choose the odd; read *The New Yorker*, trust in God;

and take short views.

Here we have the best of the Hermetic gifts; a taste for adventure, a taste for adven-

Nor do this university's problems stop there. It serves new students who bring new strengths; but recognizing them is puzzling and scary. The city of Detroit itself adds many practical problems as speculative ones, only another way of saying that many men together must love as well as learn, that compassion is as much our purpose as comprehension. The "one we boast in our motto *E pluribus unum*, needs the "many" we so easily, except on our coins, forget.

"Old men ought to be explorers" says the poet, and goes on to add that the end of our exploring is "to arrive where we started from and know the place for the first time." The University of Detroit is really embarked on the unfinished business of America in the first decade of its second century. All our hopes should not blind us to our limits. We in universities are after all a fallible set of workmen, and the most we ever get will be qualified success. We will all end up "crying how bright our frail deeds might have danced in a green bay." We ply our trade at the shock point between youth and age, between energy and experience, in which this republic and its young are continually remade. We have very few answers, and lots of questions. The answer, really what is remade, is tomorrow's--or God's; at any rate not ours. "We are only redeemed because we have gone on trying."

So today, under all your new titles and dignities, I hope the unstuffy smiling face of Hermes peeps out.

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# 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 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 Scavone, Jessie M. Scott 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 each 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 per cent 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, Germany, 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 Scavone**. 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 Wilmett. 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 York University and Columbia Teacher's College graduate Scavone pursued his teaching career in the public high schools of New York City. He began his career at Booker 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 Scavone 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 1896, 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 that 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 AFL-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 Company). 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 adviser 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 the development and implementation of a national program to further 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 her retirement last May. She is still a member of the International Council of Nurses, headquartered in Geneva.

Scott Ozmun

## GU & the Pre-Professional Abyss

A Jesuit involved in higher education (not here) once remarked that he believed a Jesuit institution should be training tomorrow's leaders. Unfortunately, Georgetown does not do this to the degree it should. Georgetown encourages its students to focus on their pre-professional studies--pre-law, pre-med, pre-MBA, pre-grad, etc. The emphasis here tends to be on grades and other measurable indices rather than on personal, hard to measure achievements. Georgetown does not offer the best support for the extracurricular activities where a student can really grow and develop among his peers.

This is by no means an indictment of Georgetown. This problem is probably endemic to higher education in general if not society as a whole. However, I believe Georgetown to be a very personal place, and therefore am more critical of it. We must not allow Georgetown to drift into the pre-professional abyss while masquerading as "liberal arts" tradition.

It is outside the classroom where Georgetown can successfully develop its students to their fullest potential. No professor can teach a course in leadership; that is something that is developed from within. It has a lot to do with the learning environment. Faculty members cannot be blamed for the demands placed on them for "pre-professional" courses. Neither can Georgetown. The problem's roots lie far beyond Healy gates. Georgetown can expand and develop its personal side more to keep its

students from falling into the pre-professional trap. It is outside the classroom activities--the faculty and Administration contacts and the the Jesuit commitment to the development of the "whole" person and to the development of

rank of its student body. It is through these activities that the Jesuit commitment to the development of the "whole person" can be realized. Georgetown should strive to create an environment which fosters this type of per-

### viewpoint

leadership. Extracurricular activities are hindered here. Those involved in "radical" groups such as Student Government, the Student Corp, the Student Entertainment Commission, the Student Activities Commission, the HOYA, the Voice, and any other activities frequently find it very hard to get any cooperation from the Administration. Students are more and more inclined to stay away from these endeavors and concentrate on their Q.P.I. for fear of not making it into the best of Law, Med, MBA, or Grad schools. As a matter of fact, one of the top Administrators on the Main Campus seems to delight in telling students who have been involved in these activities that they do not have much of a chance of getting into law, med, etc. school because they let their Q.P.I. slide due to their involvement in such wasteful activities.

Yet it is through these very same activities that Georgetown can develop leaders from the

sonal development. Sadly, the Administration sometimes loses sight of the fluid nature of an institution such as this one and for them it becomes static. Areas which directly impact on the environment should be more than willing to solicit student input, and more importantly, this input should weigh heavily in the decision making. Yet oftentimes this does not happen.

Georgetown most desperately needs to address this problem, or it will become like any other liberal arts school. Since Georgetown does not (and probably will never) have the facilities a State school or a heavily endowed private school has, the emphasis on personal development has to be maintained and strengthened as an integral of its liberal arts tradition. More participation in extracurricular activities should be encouraged. The Administration should also allow students a more active and involved role in decisions

which directly impact on the quality of their life at Georgetown. More personal contact between students, faculty, and administrators should be fostered. The number of disgruntled seniors leaving on Sunday should attest to student activities--which make the difference.

Unfortunately, this personal side of the school is in danger as we drift more and more into the void of pre-professionalism. The draft statement of the Goals and Priorities of the Main Campus states in very clear language 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 gotten 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 1969.

No longer was Georgetown a boarding school for affluent Catholic males where you "majored in philosophy and minored in your major". With several great swoops, the potential applicant pool to GU was enlarged dramatically.

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 per

cent 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.)

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 were also a time

of expansion for the University - academically, athletically, and physically.

The size of the freshman class grew each year. With more students applying the GU Admissions Department could be more selective - the result being that two years ago, *Barron's Guide to Colleges* promoted us to the most competitive category.

As far as Georgetown athletics are concerned, the major story of the seventies was the basketball team under John Thompson. Taking over in the aftermath of a disastrous 3-23 season in 1972, Thompson brought the Hoyas this season to the final eight of the NCAA championships.

Physically, the campus has come a long way during the seventies. Lauinger Library was unveiled in the initial year of the decade (and in fact just celebrated its tenth anniversary last month).

Henle Student Village opened in August, 1976, just and the Class of '80 was unpacking. This year's graduates can easily remember a time before The Yates Recreational Complex was even a construction site, and when the space between the library and New South was occupied by tennis courts and not Village A.

During the final years of the

70's, 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

parent that we cannot afford two scholarship sports each for men and women.

Future construction projects include an Intercultural Center between Copley and Reiss Science - to provide much-needed classroom and office space - and possibly a Student Center and "Village B" dormitory.

After this, however, we will have to be less ambitious - not only because of rising construction costs, but because we are rapidly running out of space, and risk burying a once verdant campus into a concrete and

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

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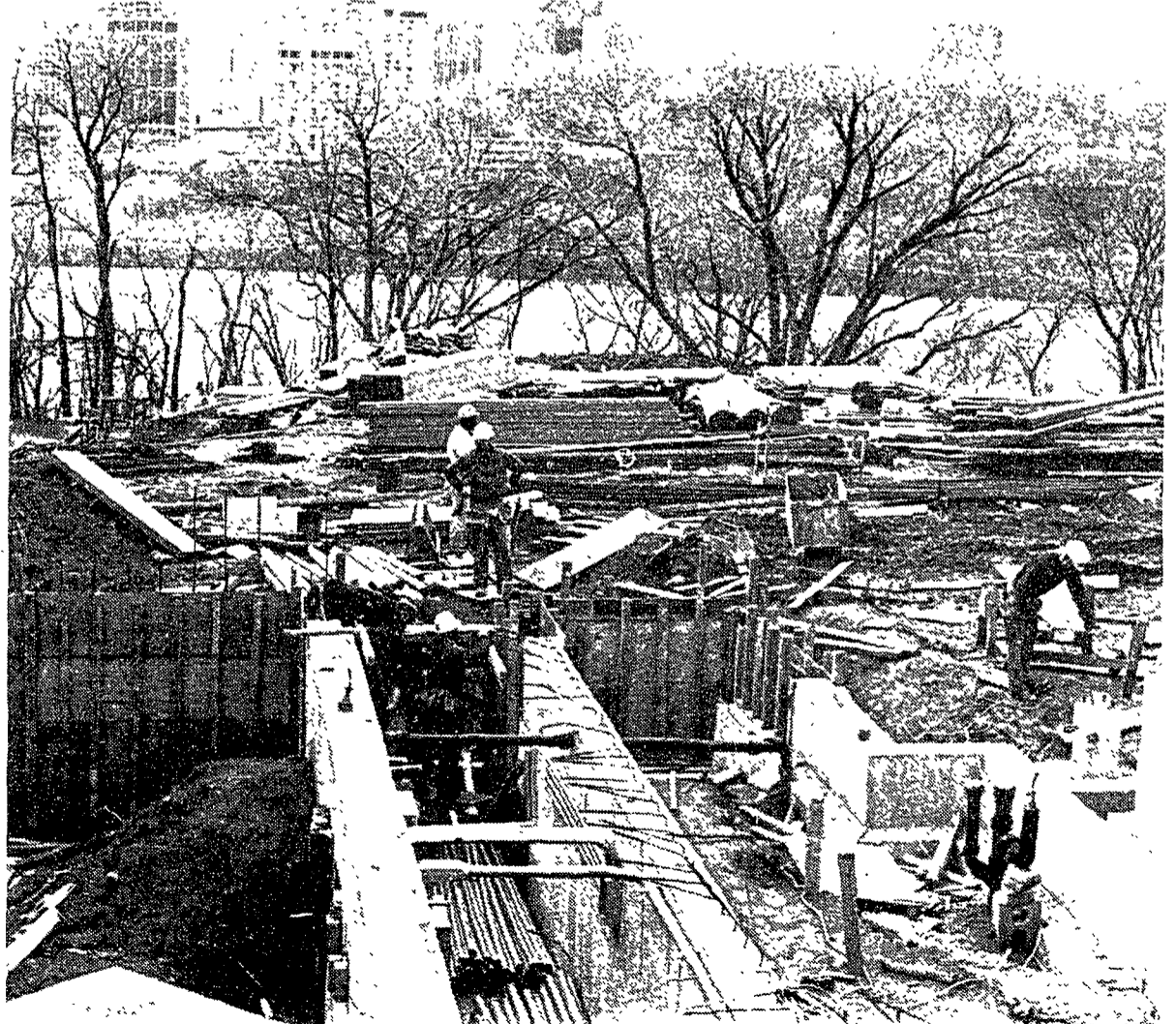
admissions department so we might continue to attract and recruit the best student applicants. Critics of this policy have suggested that maybe we are stressing appearance at the expense of substance

Athletics at Georgetown have brought us considerable publicity, but with the athletic department running seriously over budget this year and academic departments clamoring for needed funds, it is becoming increasingly ap-

steel jungle.

As for a student voice in University affairs is concerned, we have reached an impasse with the administration on a number of issues - most including some real or putative violation of Catholic doctrine.

A gay student group was denied University recognition in 1973, and gays have not fared any better since. All three student newspapers, The HOYA, the Voice, and the Law Weekly, have run abor-



# The Class of '80 and Beyond: Where GU



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 Vittles 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 about 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 Yokie 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

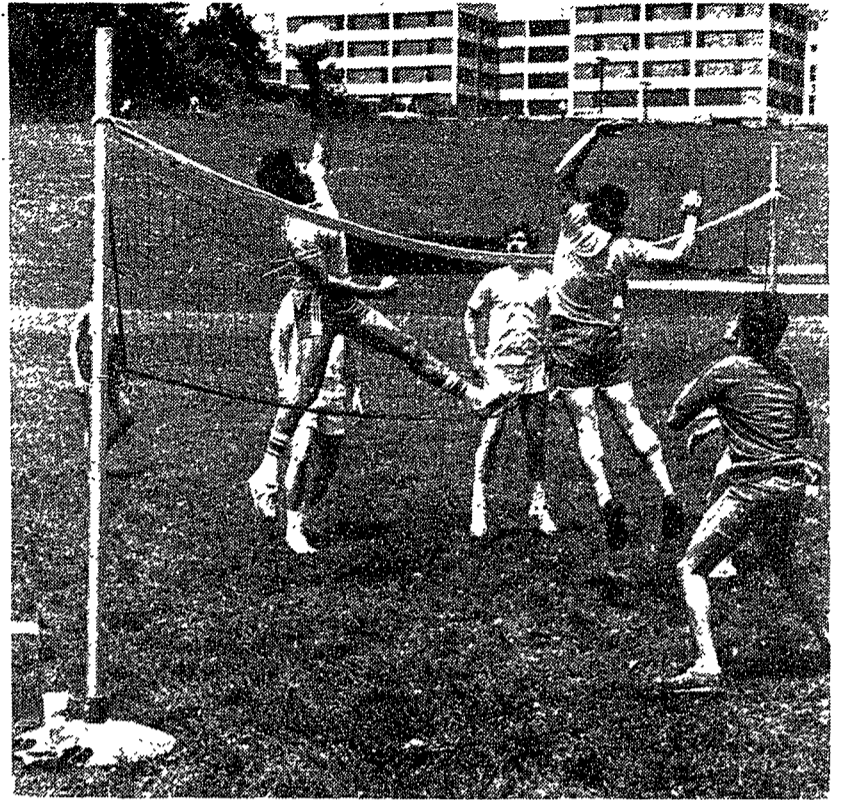
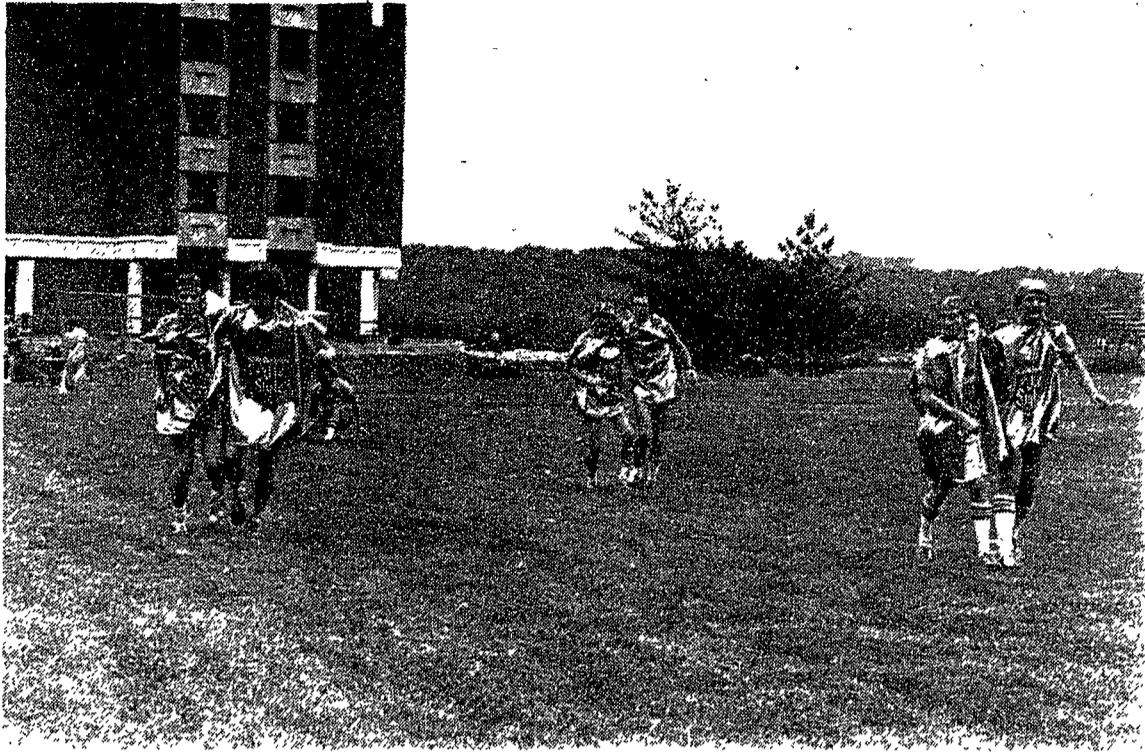
Carter to declare the Persian Gulf of vital interest to U.S. interests, and call for registration of the country's youth. Once again, the spectre of the draft hung over the college population. However, a recent HOYA poll revealed that at least on the G.U. campus, the clear majority of students support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

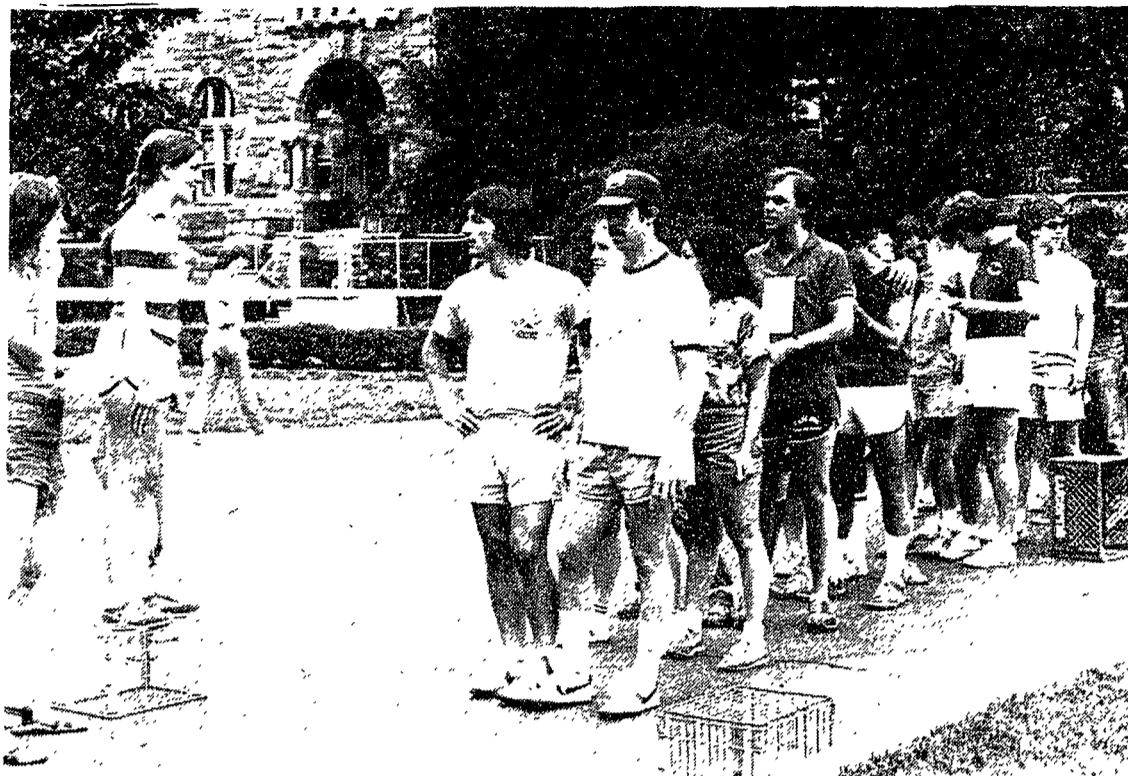
Nevertheless, it is inaccurate to say that student activism has died. In the recent past it has surfaced in activities such as the D.C. Public Interest Research Group, the Community Action Coalition, the D.C. Bank Campaign, and the now defunct Students Opposed to the Appointment of Kissinger SOAKi. This 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.

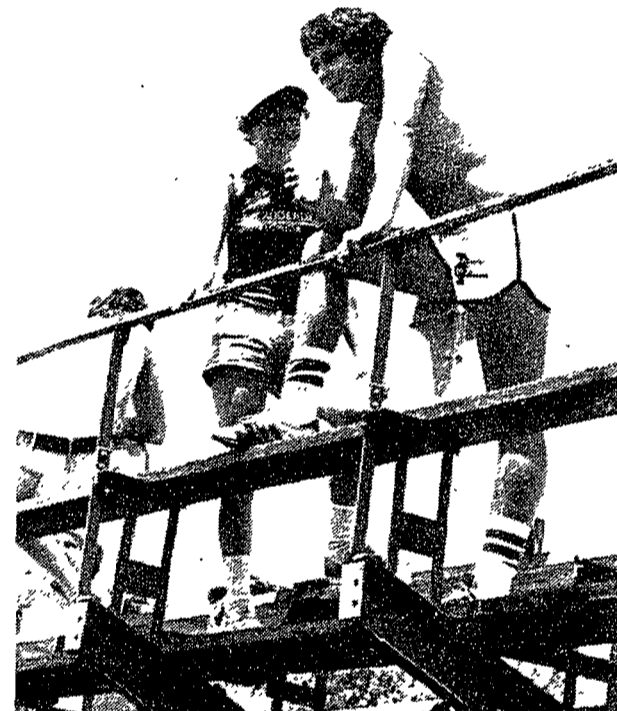






*Think where man's glory most begins  
and ends,  
And say my glory was I had such friends.*

**William Butler Yeats**



# It's Time for Everyone to Come Clean

In the life and times and politics of /é&, my soul cries out from its once complacent depths for nothing but 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 piddling, grudging 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 Mobile'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 Kennedyites 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 hemorrhoids and a hole in the ground; between the publicity stunt Thanksgiving bird on his lawn and the reflection in his mirror; between Roslynn Carter and Rosslyn, 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 /é&s, 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 Izod and Brooks Brothers are "cool" 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 he 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 pa-

tient 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 neighbor's 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 jobs, but not the kind which warm 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, undiplomaed as we are, are only used as audience and excuse for the publicity event parade of honorary degrees and the

lovefest 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 remembering, and their own selves; for the Senior Weakens 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 a world of inequity 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 Schuerman about its concerns and will talk to members 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?

make sense, then, for the Senior Week Committee to try and give all of the seniors a chance to celebrate in ways they enjoy. Being in Washington is an important aspect of Georgetown, picnics, museum visits, concert and theater trips are all possibilities for senior week activities that would not exclude people whose ideas of celebration differs from those of the traditional Senior Week Committees and would take advan-

*"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. Secondly, the purpose should be to recognize the seniors as the latest group of Georgetown graduates. Finally, the week should be one in which we genuinely have a good time. A tremendous amount of time and money have gone towards making this year's Senior Week a success, but the methods decided upon are, for a significant number of seniors, insufficient and largely self-defeating.

The problem begins with attitudes. What constitutes a "good time"?

There is no disagreement with the objectives, a week-long celebration is a great idea and in many ways a fitting end to an undergraduate career. This also is not a tirade against alcohol. For better or for worse, our concepts are strongly tied to drinking, the merits of this are not the topic here. The basic area of contention is the emphasis which the Senior Week activities place on drinking. Free beer all day, the booze cruise, the crawl. Why aren't there any activities which take advantage of our location in D.C. and place a different emphasis than solely the chance to drink? (Or, as in the case of Folgies, watch people who have beendinking?)

All of the surveys which try and determine why students have chosen Georgetown find that location in Washington is a high priority. It would

tage of something uniquely Georgetown.

The tradition of Senior Week at Georgetown is long and storied but we have reached a point of stagnation. There is 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 wished we'd taken advantage of.

**Sheridan,**  
What's a last minute *cum laude* graduate?

--- A burger with everything on it.

Congratulations, --M

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# 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 '80 for their will and determination to succeed in the marketplace. She apparently regretted that

tioning themselves and the world rather than planning ahead. If she had "known better at the time," she would have forsaken pursuing an English major at the University of Virginia for a business education at Wharton. Her educational choice

school or Wall Street in the fall. Sure, we worked many long and hard hours to get there. We studied diligently in Lauinger for high grades. We made sure we knew the professors that "counted", and took the "right" courses. We even worked on the Hill or in law firms to dress up resumes and graduate school applications. We should pat ourselves on the back for a job well done. We made our degrees work.

the ability to explore depths that the brain could never penetrate, whether the experience entailed pulling an all-nighter with a friend, eating at Marriott, drinking beer on Healy steps, living in Alban Towers, or dancing in the marathon. In all of these moments and others, one had the chance to transcend chit-chat conversation to learn more about the strengths and weaknesses of the human spirit. At the same time, through synchronization with the mind, one also had the opportunity to determine one's own personal values.

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

she and her less-determined classmates of the early seventies lacked the resolve to score big following graduation. In the aftermath of Viet Nam and Watergate, they spent much of their college careers ques-

had crippled her ability to use her degree as a means to an end.

Many of us here at Georgetown in May, 1980 can sit contently knowing that our degrees will carry us to law school, medical

In the current era of massive professionalization, it is hard not to conform to this pattern during the undergraduate years. Much of one's initial success depends on strong performance in college. Avoiding this reality would be naive. Yet, if a university only serves the function of a means to an end, then it has failed.

I often think of that woman in the New York city cab. Had she failed to learn the value of the heart and mind in college or did she lose that knowledge in the coldness of the "real" world? In my opinion, she either never learned or learned very poorly. The truly educated person would have realized the futility of bitterness. Salary and position only comprise a portion of an individual's totality.

In the light of the Jesuit tradition, the mission of this university is to challenge the development of the mind and soul. We entered Georgetown with our thinking processes unpolished and our values largely determined by our families. Within the institutional framework of academia, we should have undergone a metamorphosis in four years time. Each semester, the mind met tests not only in blue books and term papers; but in dorm debates at 3 a.m. dialogues with professors in Nevils and conversations in Pierce. In the process, the intellect hopefully became unafraid of controversy and ambiguity and hungered to learn more.

I don't mean to discount getting good grades or working on Capitol Hill or planning one's post-collegiate career. Such endeavors are constructive and admirable. Nor do I advocate a lifestyle where one hides behind questions so as to avoid assuming responsibility for one's life. Yet if the class of '80 has not learned to think and love along the way, then Georgetown has failed regardless of how many people were accepted at prestigious law, business or medical schools.

Beyond the life of the mind, the soul had

## Inflated Hoya Egos to Suffer Rude Awakening

In every class, a group of students become notoriously known as "Healy basement politics." The Class of '80 was no exception. Within the web of campus politics, these ambitious young Hoyas inflated their egos while practicing to be leaders. As this year's flock prepares to graduate, they have high hopes of using their "leadership skills" in the "real world" in a "big way." According to the Senior Week crystal ball, however, the futures of these young mavericks may be very cloudy:

-Former Student Government President **Scott Ozmun** will return to Georgetown as the Director of the SG Internship Bureau after unsuccessfully pursuing the office of Dade County coroner, school board rep and dog catcher.

-Former SG Vice President and one-time woman's lib advocate **Tracey Hughes** will marry the mayor of Gainesville, Maryland where she will be "pleased and honored" to serve as president of the local P.T.A., director of the parish Rosary Society, troop leader for the town's Girl Scouts, and Honorary Chairwoman of the Annual Betty Crocker Bake-Off.

-Former Student Corp Executive Vice-President **Marty Bollinger** will be forced to default on his student loans at Wharton and will have to return to Georgetown where he will usurp Pat Metz with a sledge hammer and assume the responsibility of Chief Executive Officer of Healy Basement.

-Former Student Senator **Nick Lamb** will only be able to sustain a job as the night janitor at Saint Louis General Hospital after failing as the labor representative of the Georgetown maintenance crew.

-Former SG Secretary **Mo Sullivan** will finally give up her demanding career as a typist for Georgetown Temporaries to run away with university administrator **Mel Bell**.

-Former Student Senator and Disco King **Joe Cammarata** will have to resort to teaching tea dancing at an all girls Catholic high school in Lincoln, Nebraska following his embarrassing movie debut in "The Polyester Gigilo."

-Former member of the Student Corp Board of Directors **Mary Ann Halford** will be forced to leave a successful banking career in New York to become a mere teller at the GU branch of Riggs.

-Former SAC Chairman **Buddy Giblin** will face malpractice charges for prescribing an overdose of St. Joseph's baby aspirin to an eighty year-old widower.

-Former Hoya editor **Val Reitman** will become editor of the underground rag, *New York City Bag Ladies Daily* following her dispensation as the obituary editor at the *Sioux Falls Gazette*.

-Former Student Senator and All Around Nice Guy **Fred Cummings** will accept his celibate fate after receiving rejections on marriage proposals made to over 500 women, and will join the Franciscan Friars where he will dedicate his life to wine making.

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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 coffee table is crooked. A chair with ripped out stuffing is upside down.

Oh 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.

Hullo, Crawl Headquarters. Yeah hullo 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 car 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 lookin' at us.

You'll goin for some type of record or something?

Did you ever hear of car-pooling mister? We got one in the trunk too.

Gary pounds on the trunk. The old man nearly loses it.

12:20. We arrive at the starting point, Hamburger Hamlet, Wisconsin Avenue, on the D.C.-Maryland border. I, as the journalist am to record arrivals, trials and survivals. Got to try and keep my drinking at a reasonable pace. We have lunch. And a drink - I have two, just to get myself in the mood.

You know, the Wisconsin Crawl used to be a tradition at Georgetown until somebody fell into a manhole or something.

Gary wants more quotes. Bob Rizzi quote time. (I'm not even writing this. It's a group effort.) If I got a brunette, I want a blonde, if I got a blonde I want a redhead, if I got a redhead I want a black girl. I'm insatiable.

Today could prove to be either futile or useless. Maybe not. Mark Twain has a good point about walking around in other people's shoes. I've got sandals on today.

This is a four year dream. It's one thing the university can't

take away from us. They took away our radio. They took away our Buffalo. But they can't take away this.

I think we'll see the first major casualty at The Round Table.

I can't believe more people didn't come.



Bar five. The Round Table. Time: 9:00. 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 buys me a drink. He's right. The best drink I ever had. Tall stemmed glass. All alcohol - at least three shots. A bottle of mixer to chase it all down. Bill assures me this is the best bar ever.

This bar should be the example for every bar in the United States. We eat here too. I'm not graduating because of this place. I spend three or four nights a week here.

Is this number five? My brain cells tell me number three.

I'm not even drunk yet.

There's a lot of bars out there. Someone throw a blanket over me when I'm down.

Okay Bill.

Cosmic revelation? Maybe a meteor strike? Suddenly we realize a star on the barroom stool. Davie Marlin Jones. Channel 6 TV. His mind has got to be frazzled to be so bizarre. We're striving towards that kind of perfection.

So who's your favorite philosopher?

Hegel's my favorite philosopher, but Nietzsche's my favorite Energy.

What do you think of philosophy in America?

There's just not enough of it. It doesn't really exist. That's a philosophy too. No philosophy at

all.

Yeah, that's about all we have, but it's real enough.

What you're doing is a terrific pilgrimage. If you call it a pilgrimage, you could call it *Cups with Chaucer*.

best dancer in the house someone says. No one could disagree. No time for writing. This is hardcore... Everyone's forgotten everything. We have no minds. We sit and stare and 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 fancier places. Let's go,

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

Where's Bill?

St. Tropez. The Holiday Inn. Time: 7:40. Bar 16. High class businessman crowd. Worthy of a fine cigar. Tia's our bartender. Cute as hell. The beer actually tastes like water. I think I'm drinking water here.

We've definitely lost McLaughlin.

Bill is grilled.

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 drink with. A cross between loudness and nothing. Fluffy, Bill, and Gary are missing. Talking to Bob J. on the phone. Who called who here. He says I'm not 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 unknown: Beam me up Scotty. I think I'm in trouble. no cancel that. We're heading a course for number seventeen. 7:25: We find Gary and Fluffy sleeping on somebody's porch. Bill is a casualty. We left Jim O'Neil behind. He has some catching up to do.

The sun is out. We'll have to fix that.

I think now we're all starting to realize the cosmic appeal of

This is the ultimate alcoholic festival. Drink until the hostages are free.

The Servian Crown was closed for lunch today.

The Adriatico. Arrival: 9:00. Bar 7. A nice Italian place. Mirrors on the wall as we walk in. That's me. I'll write that down. We soon realize that there's a stuffed sheep behind the bar. It's unbelievable. Jamie and Bill get carded.

Shot of scotch.

I'm of age.

Sal will have that sheep in a dirty glass.

The Third Edition, I record this as number 22. Stardate: unknown. Earthtime: 11:10. We got to go for two here. Not me thanks. Don't feel like booting. Remember, I'm the man with the pen. I gotta keep sober. Words and thoughts are useless, but here I am. The Boss wants the Heart and the Soul right now. He's got mine.

They like what we're doing here. I feel like we're doing some kind of social service. The manager wants to speak to us. We gain his respect. He gives me a worthless Chuck Mangione quote. Gary's losing it.

Just a self destructive fool.

We gotta lot going for us.

If anybody hears about what we've done, they'll respect it.

Ever since I first heard about The Crawl, I knew I'd do it.

I'm impressed Gary. You're in top form.

No more rhymes. It's only a matter of times what we can do but put on another shoe. Lets only concern ourselves with things of an ultimate nature. Depths of the brain. Liquid philosophy. Swimming towards Truth. Thinking is an idle activity, I just thought that, but I haven't Where's D'Andrea?

11:40. We make it to M St. Old Mac's. John is refused service. I try to get a beer. I am turned back. We're both stunned. I don't know how to react. Refused service at Old Mac's. An unthinkable concept. But it's happening. All reason is down the drain. We're respectable drinkers. I'm insulted. Says I had trouble walking through the door. At least I can write.

*There's no cause which isn't good enough to drink to.*

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 have the Crawl. We're running out of time. /££ is upon us. It's in our living rooms and our school books. Break the bricks of societal conformity. No need for any walls. We need more Fear and a few more shots of Loathing.

Got to get some final quotes from the survivors. Chuck says its been a long haul and John says we must look awful awful f---ed up gene just wants to know where the next bar is. We decide to try to get served at Gunchers. It's past midnight. The bartender sympathizes with us. We're gaining respect around this town. Some say cupcakes are the ultimate form of the muffin, but we know better. What am I to think of that? The Cosmic Muffins are attacking, Captain. Red Alert down here. Quick, beam me up Scotty.

Rick Jacobs

# Hilltop: Boot Camp for the Real World

Secretary of State Cyrus Vance resigned in the aftermath of what appears to be one of the worst fiascos in recent history. The nation feels emasculated and humiliated over the crazed treatment of the charred remains of would-be American heroes in Iran. The economy looks gloomier and gloomier. Crisis looms heavy, not on the horizon, but on the front page of every newspaper and on the lips of every scared American. But at Georgetown University, in the physical heart of all of the world's activity, all goes relatively unnoticed. Students splash their way to the library, glide to the Pub and dress better than ever. The "crises" which consume our leaders not five miles from campus, the impending end of the world, have passed Georgetown by. And thank God for that.

For many, the University appears dead or tucked neatly away in its protective pink and green cocoon, riding out the storms of world confidence like a submarine in a sea cave. All around us rise cries for the "return" to the days of student activism. The departing seniors (hopeful of this fate, at any rate) who have been involved in various activities from scouring the hallowed Healy hallways for the story, to issuing detailed diatribes against the excesses of the alternate (though somewhat more influential) government in the upper floors of Healy, to the committee members demanding careful consideration but changing without delay the SFS curriculum—all view the current situation at GU as nothing less than disastrous. Somehow "things" have changed since the passed eternity of freshman year. Remember freshman year? Freshman year all the upperclassmen seemed to be involved. Everyone cared, and the few who didn't well, there were not enough of them to think about anyway. The seniors of that time were brilliant, never to be equalled by anyone. We wanted to emulate them. But today, no one takes any responsibility: the student press will die without leadership; no students voted in the last SG election and no one cares anyway; we will never see the philosophy of the School of Foreign Service articulated. As we leave, the whole University sinks into the abyss of preppydom, and we are impotent, left to sit on the sidelines and weep at our four year invest-

ment in the future greatness of this hilltop fortress of advanced intellectual growth as it dies a quiet, all too quiet, death.

For four years, students at Georgetown act out the rituals of Anatevka in Fiddler on the Roof: we are overworked, underfed, we laugh together, we cry together and we learn together. And, as in Anatevka, we often feel

the individual involved did waste his time, and sadly so. Anyone who enters any activity at Georgetown convinced that the Cossacks must die and that I personally must kill them, has tilted at one too many windmills. The purpose of involvement in these activities must be the development of an improved living climate and a growing self-education. Other purposes

thrives "out there."

Sure, incompetence and pettiness and tunnelvision exists among administrators. Perhaps among too many. But for the most part, Georgetown has provided a stomping ground for bright young citizens to practice, to fight, to concede, to grow, to compromise, to learn, and occasionally to become educated. If we succeed in attaining this last element of "humaness," than 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 secluded 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

*The University appears dead or tucked neatly away...riding out the storms of world confidence like a submarine in a sea cave.*

pursued by the fiery Cossacks—the University administrators—who crack the whip at our backs, who drive us harder and harder, who enjoy their duties only because the freely "lord it over" the oppressed students. At last, the Cossacks win; we march slowly and sadly out of our "prison" of four years; we are forced to go beyond Georgetown, to a mystifying, dizzying world of people well-seasoned in the art of snuffing out the flame of youth. Soon enough, we shall wander the streets "searching for an old familiar face." Although for four years we have struggled to extricate ourselves from the bonds of GU, the future suddenly appears shakey, perhaps grim. The present appears in a fog obscured by the glory of our past. As the gates fling open enticing us to flee for the freedom of "the great beyond," we can think only of the way it was—and surely it wasn't like this.

Over the past years here, my colleagues have worked in those activities—which they now see going to hell in a hand basket—for the improvement of the GU community. Think about it. Ask any "politico," any HOYA or Voice staff member, any of the committee members "Why, why did you spend and squander your time so freely on these meaningless chores?" For any who did spend their time on these "extracurriculars," the answer must be that the time spent was an investment to better the community in which we live for us and for the future. If the response differs then

are worthless.

Many of us have worked very hard over the past four years on a myriad of causes, chores, duties, and plans. We have strived to build, to augment, to constructively critique. Occasionally, perhaps too often, we have overemphasized the criticism, lost ourselves in the all-consuming cause, be it townhouse maintenance, curriculum changes, or junkets to villas. When we see our causes have died at the hand of the Administration, these beings become Cossacks trampling upon the populace they purport to protect. But look back a year or two: did the changes we made really alter the face of the campus or conversely, did that defeated cause end student happiness at GU? What will the battles and occasional wars with the Administration mean in ten years? Hopefully, one hell of a lot.

If we have fought for any reason at all, this reason must have been our education at Georgetown University. We do not fight to receive an education; that is, we do not have to claw and scratch to learn at GU. We fight for our own future. Through action and attempts to constantly improve our environment, we have learned to face the world, to emerge from the gates into the that world which needs constant improvement and demands energetic, frenetic fighting against real Cossacks of every kind. Yet the world demands a conciliatory, honest, educated individual—the individual that survives and

*...the fight must exist*

*in the*

*realm of ideas.*

McSorley was arrested again a few weeks ago: the world of education shall not die so long as we assure that it continues. Sad the day when our Universities look like those of the Iranians in which the fads of the moment bind the would be student to a world of sterility and gloomy reality. Idealism, philosophy, education have no place in such a world. Georgetown must continue to tread the tightrope between total isolation and total immersion: a fall in either direction is fatal.

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 of *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 activities and enterprises of the student body have come under the control of a small group of socially elite individuals. Whether one seeks back door admission to the Pub, tickets to Cabaret, or influence on student events, the course is always easier if one is well connected to a member of this elite.

Now, elites form in every society and every organization. Whether their initial rise is deserved or not, their prolonged ex-

istence 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 check on such developments is loud and frequent criticism by those who remain outside the elite. The question at Georgetown is whether the bulk of students have been honest and forthright in their criticism of the campus elite.

The Georgetown student body seems to suffer from the same reticence that marred the people of a fairy tale kingdom. The tale is that of the *Emperor's Clothes*. Like the courtiers and townspeople of that story, we seem afraid to acknowledge the nakedness of our elites. Look around at the people who are socially elite on this campus, at the people who are so often at the center of student events and ask yourself if you really respect them. We all claim an aversion to preppyness and snobbishness and yet these are the very traits that characterize many

of those who travel so comfortably in the elite. We all pride ourselves on our individualism and yet so many of us flock like sheep to inane fads such as Toga par-

than criticize when the elite and the system stand in the wrong.

While we blew it at Georgetown, I retain a wistful hope that our class will wake up when it leaves this place. Humphrey

*"Over the past several years, a growing elitism has plagued our campus.*

ties. Gradually we've become so complacent and accepting that we fail to speak up even when our elites make decisions that are obviously unfair. How many of us, for instance, really think that the admissions policies of the Pub are fair, or that the sale of Cabaret tickets was fair, or that the fiasco of line-cutting for cruise tickets was fair? Yet few, if any, people ever speak out against these and similar failures. On campus, as in the real world, the establishment rewards those who go along and punishes those who take exception. Seduced by the promise of privilege and petrified by the fear of isolation, we meekly conform rather

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 this 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 us some points in the great penny scramble, at least we'll have the satisfaction of having called 'em as we saw 'em.



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 do not own  
And where you are is where you are not.

-T.S. Eliot