

and hark! . . . when mister felisarta, on leaving the territory, got back his card, he found the picture mutilated by a very imperious "x" smack dab on the face, together with the annotation that the picture be changed. and her manner, sez this felisarta chap, was superlatively rude. now, i am moved to ask: what seems to be the matter with this library monstres? does she want to be a hellcat dictator? is she the university's official photographer censor? the quondam miss genson believes, perhaps, that her size confers upon her the powers of a despot. as for photography, because i am destitute of any pretension to loquacity on the subject, the former genson will be in a hurry to deride me for my inexperience in darkrooms because she has probably gone to a lot of darkrooms before.

i'm confused why, if her only qualifications are her size and her darkroom visitations, she has to arrogate unto herself the might and attendant roughness of a dictator. about time somebody whittled her down to size.

3. the prohibition of cca parolees from further involvement in intramural battles. . . .

4. the awarding of a medal of honor to delfin campos, jr., fa, esquire, to compensate the loss of his thumb during last year's tactical inspection; moreover, that the thumb under discussion be exhumed from its subterranean boardinghouse and be buried with full military honors under fitting and appropriate ceremonies; with the further proviso that the subject appendage be promoted posthumously to the rank of colonel or general, the determination to be left to the pleasure of the bereaved relative, herr delfin campos, jr.; the last proposed in re the heroic thumb being that upon it be conferred the position of usc rotc commandant *honoris causa, en absentia, ex-officio*.

● on the day the removal exams were wheezing full steam, the varsity team did not practice. which means that. . .

● we are hard put to explain why the carolinian has always exhibited stubborn insouciance, not to say dislike, towards everything that the ceg [college editors' guild] elects to undertake. talk about ceg conferences and all that and where does that place the carolinian? it is always out looking in. if it looks at all. everytime the membership of this mag is brought about, somebody starts queering the discussion by throwing his tonnage around and stamping his foot. result: the discussion gets stashed.

i can't imagine anything wrng with our joining the ceg. the organization isn't subversive. it isn't anti-something we oppose. the ceg counts with the membership of the nation's better-known magazines and periodicals. many of its former officers are now occupying positions of honor in the government. will anybody be divine enough to tell us to our naive faces what's bad about joining the ceg?

● three of usc's most beautiful madonnas, in the view of three of usc's handsomest squires [boing!!] are: miss lourdes sequerra, who carries the ballot of flechi; fraulein annie ratcliffe, whose sponsor is vrranud and, fertius, signoretta perla goyeneche, whose patron extraord is. . . uh. . . me.

● classmate dario bacol recited a case in succession and hit upon this documented classic: "one-half of the estate went to the mother of the son while a portion went to another who was the father of the father of the cousin of the testator." (or words to that effect). law is quite easy. harrumph!

● a very confidential source would have it appear that usc is mulling the plan of installing a radio station similar to those of usc and su. this source has it that the university administrative council, in a recent meeting, gave the plan more than a playful twirl. which is to say that the project is definitely high in priority among those in usc's crowded timetable.

whatever may have transpired at that "summit" meet, this much we can say apropos: for one thing, putting up a radio station would, i ques-

(Continued on page 19)

Sanity's

IT IS WELL that I am alone, alone with this pain, this pain, this painful pain in my head — crushing my senses, sending them reeling in an alley of fear. Alone with this pain, this painful pain, this painful pain, this painfully painful pain, this, painfully, painful, pain.

A heavy throbbing is in my head — pulsating with every changing pace, unequal staccatos — metal balls rolling down fast and furious, bouncing high and low, high and low, high and low — now weak, now strong, now fast, now loud. My head feels big and swollen — a ripe tomato, wormed and rotten — smelly and red and shiny and slimy. In me, I could feel my blood running thru, making life — making lifeless like live.

I now open my eyes, knowing . . . so carefully assured . . . with warning bells ringing around me — I am no longer me. I shall no longer be ruled and caged and bounded by fixed, stupid, unmovable laws and inhibitions. No definite rules for me . . . no world, where mistakes are outlaws and cheaters — bandits and trespassers. I shall be free and my mind shall know no limits: it shall have wings of freedom to fly with, the plight of thought to guide it . . . I shall be me, at last . . . I shall be me.

Me, always me. Not him who shouts at the sight of blasting shores, but me who stands and wait silently. Not him who hurts the night with his scandalous vigor, not him who seeks the doorsteps to a lighted room, not him who clogs the mercy from Heaven with sordid soul, not him who peers behind gold-rimmed eye sockets and eats with gold-plated jaws. Not him, not him; but me. Always Me, Me and Me and Me . . . never him, never you . . . but Me. Now and forever . . . here and hereafter . . . Me.

I wonder why a gray and brittle leaf should fall from a tree when it has as much right to stay up there as the green ones — why

LAST STAND

by VICENTE RANUDO, Jr.

does man crush the life of those under his undisputed strength, why does he have to push his bare feet down and mutilate his wriggling brothers, why does he have to master man to muster men? Run a hair of thought. Should we insist with pounded hands that humanity is brutality? That brotherhood is calamity? That the world is going 'round and 'round because we move it with our unconscious feet? That the hair of God is upon us because we were created in the image of Him?

... He who speaks with the speed and tremor of innumerable drums? He who loves with a love tenderer than the motions of a fawning smoke; He who is as humble as the pebbles on the shore and changeless as the rushing sea? He who is the truth of all truth, the King of all kings... who sits and talks with the beggars in the streets; who muddles in dirt all day long and arises from it, cleaner than the skies He made; whiter than the clouds



This wretched brain gave way, and I became a wreck at random driven without one glimpse of reason or heaven. — Moore

He breathed? Know your God, they say... they say, they say... you be the Judge. **Why don't we judge by our hearts. By this mass of emotions pumped out by massive, interwoven muscles. Warped and woofed — pumping out pieces of hate, or love or admiration or courage or... nothing.**

Life — a big word. I've had my share of it — but mostly bitterness. But life could be pleasant should we strive and try to conquer that something that makes slaves out of us. Life could be easy should we use sympathy and understanding as often as we use our hands — as frequently as we use our eyes or nose or the fingers of our hands. Life could be laughter, could be

joy, could be gaiety and starry or... could be a lonely corner, could be darkness, could be a river of tears... could be — should be and shall... if we choose that it should be... and not dream of could-be's in the moonlight.

I wonder... I wonder why I start and end up so nonsensically — pointlessly — drawn by illusions as maddening as my thoughts — compressed, so unreasonably belittled myself.

This seemingly second wall piercing thru my logic — a higher level of outlook upon life — no laws, no tendencies.

My life, your life, anybody's life isn't really a fight or a struggle for survival — your life before and

now had been planned. Each and every scheme, the bits of happiness that happened along your way, the insurmountable sorrows you came across had been there — to hurt or lift you up. Your destiny is there: established, known and unchangeable. No matter what you had accomplished before you reached that destiny — no matter which road you take — you are bound to wind up there at the end; as one must arrive at the end of the road he follows. That is what mainly composes the thrill of being alive — whatever your choice may be — in golden chariot or on foot you'll get there — for that is, ironically, the journey to destiny. You can't

(Continued on page 20)

Sanity's Last . . .

(Continued from page 9)

really fight for that or this destination — but a better way and means to reach that inevitable destination.

The destiny of a destined destination. A destination to port unknown — port unknown — unknown port — port — phort — fourth — fourth of July. Colored pains rocketing in my head — ricocheting in my vibrating skull.

Can this be the process by which man, such as I, rational and intelligent — can this be the slow deliberate method by which a healthy, normal brain is slowly transferred into a state of complete derangement? Is this why I can't seem to grope for something to stabilize my thinking process? My feeling process . . .

You are man and because you are all you think that you are — remember that you are just a creation — a machine or something placed on earth by a Power infinitely greater. You are not as complete as you think you are and your power that goes about you. Your eyes have not seen the most beautiful of things nor all the tremendously inspiring colors — your senses haven't experienced all the feeling — your heart not all the power to love.

Love — always love. Love here. Love there, love everywhere. Love above the clouds, love beneath a fallen leaf, love among the winds — love for a cigarette, love for music; love for books, pencils, ink, pens, schools — schools, always schools.

Love — a cane to a blind man — always ahead, always watching. But love is blind, though it has something better than the eyes to guide it. The faith that is born with it could cross a world and never tire — the inspiration that emanates is strength and determination.

Love — so big and surpassing — it has a thousand eyes and a thousand tongues. In everything, in any form of anything, it takes a hand. Nations and empires are not big enough to be its match — even its self leans on it. What the mind cannot defeat, the heart battles and conquers — nothing too great, nothing formidable. For when all that is here, all whose presence you feel and believe, when all comes to an end — when nothing, not even existence exist—love

(Continued on page 22)

CAMPUSCRATS . . .

(Continued from page 14)

(Hey Ed: one of your boys is an "almost convict". You know what? All the time that we were flying along, and I don't mean cruising, we had an unlicensed "pilot". No wonder we had so many near places, crashes, that is. And we got pinched too. I mean, he got pinched. You should tell REX G. not to prowl around in nobody-knows-whose car without a permit.)

Carmen del Prado — there's a girl for you, Joe. Now — don't get me wrong. What I mean is that she's a wonderful friend, refined, cordial and fine. And **Pat Estorco** is just as swell, and just as made of the same fine threads. **Vicky Manguerra** and **Tita Cui** are quite some girls, don't you think? (I'm presuming that you know them, which you should . . . Ed: who doesn't?) . . .

I never knew, but our own Nene "last toy" **Ranudo Jr.** is the grand ol' man of the "martinets". You know what? He's quite a guy, huh? (Does that entitle me to an invitation, Mr. President?) . . .

(Overheard) . . . "women nowadays are getting stranger and more complicated . . ." Oh yeah? Say that to **Tita Mabugat** or **Mila Evangelista** . . . (I know her . . . she's my sister . . .) . . . Boy! I certainly dare you to . . .

Why is it that some "wimmin" . . . (is that right?) in spite of being cool, maybe indifferent and discreet, are so appealing, they scatter a man's composure and rattle whatever peace of mind he has. All **Lida Baring** has to do is . . . smile and — w.o.w. . . the results are supersonic. Can you beat that? And **Nena Cespon** . . . she's just a wisp of a girl, (but with such disturbingly beautiful eyes) . . . she looks at you, like she does at these pronounced eccentrics and what happens . . . boinggg! Follow me? In fact, **Jun "I thank you"** beg your pardon **Uytengsu** is all out with me on that. You can ask him. Say, I didn't know **Enrique Yap** writes such nice "balaks" . . . it's really strange, this world we live in.

Bobby Coligado . . . I've been persuading this guy to teach me the tap dance, but he's stingy. He won't give. Not even **Charito Beltran** can goad him into displaying his wares . . . (somebody's getting red in the face, and it isn't me at all . . .)

By the way, **Jim Borja**, who I must say, knows "too much" for his age, is "after" a certain education lass . . . I've done everything to make this **Clemente Rama** dig the whole works . . . I'm simply curious . . . (all women are . . .) and . . . Clem simply isn't cooperative . . . yeah, somebody should declare him an "evader" for lack of cooperation.

Balloon skirts, gypsy earrings and flat shoes make up a wonderful bundle of femininity called **Zenaida Capada**. So is **Gopi Gurbuxani**: neatly attired and looks chic. You know her sister, **Sawatri**, don't you? She might be a bit frolicsome, but she certainly is also worth any man's price . . . How's that J—?

Yep! Pert'n cute and super these girls **Linda Arcilla**, **Jolie Mercado** and **Lupe Campo**. You wouldn't regret meeting them folks! Gee! I really pity **Mario Beltran** and **Tommy Misa** . . . they've been going through these initiations for three days already . . . those masters are having their "ven detta" proceedings, they were last year's neophytes too.

Just can't help associating **Florentino Osorio Suico, Jr.** with that slap-happy frat called the Alpha Kappa Alpha. He looks so "akan" that akan almost imagine the wimminfolk's eagerness to have him re-initiated (is there such a thing?) Junior goes in a big way for such teenage things as ponytails and petticoats and . . . of course . . . teenagers!!!

Everytime **JPR** swishes into the "C" office, he is a-dither with tales and tales. Piece d'réistance of Joe's yarn-spinning is **Taling Espiritu**, that pert but shy education co-ed. Taling's favorite den is the library and we hazard the guess that she has read of l-o-v-e from A to Rrrrte. Tee hee.

Golly! Some speech I have made hey? I could make some more (notwithstanding the hoarseness . . .) . . . but I have no time . . . In fact . . . oops! there goes the gong . . . I gotta go folks . . . cheerio . . . see you next time . . . as Mr. Morelos used to say . . . "gom byee" . . .

it was universally held that our earth is afixed and immovable body, situated at the center of the universe, about which all heavenly bodies are in revolution. To account for the apparently complicated motions of the planets among the fixed stars the so-called 'epicycles' had been introduced. That is, each planet is moving about the circumference of a small circle the center of which pursues a larger circular path about the sun. This older system was devised as early as 140 A.D. by Claudius Ptolemy.

The new system was based on two fundamental principles: (1) The diurnal motion of the heavens is not real, but only apparent, being due to the rotation of the earth on its own axis. (2) The sun remains at rest, while the planets, including our own globe, revolve around the sun. Since Copernicus retained the ancient postulate of uniform circular motion, he was not able to place the sun at the center of any of the planetary orbits. And he had to add a few epicycles to account for certain disagreements between the computed and the observed motions. The new system was then by no means perfect; its harmonious working was disturbed by many grave anomalies. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the heliocentric theory won its way slowly to being accepted as a truth. It was fully a century after the death of Copernicus before the simplicity of the new theory finally overcame the older, very complicated system of Ptolemy. At the present time many direct observational proofs are available for the essential truth of the Copernicus theory.

THE FATE OF PUBLICATION

Copernicus, in 1530, had finished his great work, but hesitated a long time to publish it. His friends who had become interested in the new theory prevailed on him to write at least an abstract for them. Therein he stated his theory in the form of seven axioms, reserving the mathematical part for the principal

Sanity's Last . . .

(Continued from page 20)

will still be here. Not as an existence, not as matter, not as force, emotion or feeling . . . but love as love, as love is. Immaterial, insensible, incomprehensible . . . without life, without meaning, without purpose — it will be here in its rawest form — untouched and undeveloped by man.

Undeveloped by man's evil mind. What is a mind but a contraption to get a result that is already there. Just like fire. Always hot — never cold — never sweet — always hot — always hot, monotonously hot. Man is stupid to rely on such a foolish machine — man is insane and thoughtless. How could he bear to bear sons with nothing but stupid nothings inside his head to guide him, to teach him — so he could judge for his well-being.

Why couldn't we be more sensible and sane? Why don't we stop everything for betterment?

Stop breathing, stop thinking, stop feeling, stop time by stopping the Sun, stop night, stop dreams, stop love — stop the pelting of water, the warmth of heat. Stop here, stop there, stop tomorrow, stop now . . . stop everywhere . . . stop . . . stop . . . stop . . . stop.

Stop this infernal sound that is wracking my brain so — stop this pain, this painful pain, this painfully painful pain, painful pain, painful pain, painfulpainpainfulpainpainpinapin. Stop this mumble and jumble of words, this rigmareole of endless carousel. Stop this colors and prisms dancing and prancing and dancing and prancingdancing. Stop this pain, this painful pain, this painfully painful pain, thispainfullypainfulpain, thispainfullypainfulpain.

work. This was in 1531; since then the doctrine of the heliocentric system began to spread. But all urging of friends to publish his discovery was in vain until, when feeling the weight of his sixty-eight years, he surrendered his manuscripts for publication. The first copy of the "Six Books on the Revolutions of the Celestial Orbits" was handed to him the very day he died, May 24, 1543.

Fortunately for him, he could not see what Osiander who took care of the publication had done. This reformer, knowing the attitude of Luther and Melancthon against the new system, introduced the word "hypothesis" on the title page, and replaced the preface of Copernicus by another in which Osiander made Copernicus propose the heliocentric theory as a mere hypothesis or mathematical fiction. In addition he omitted the references to Aristarchus which Copernicus had made; this omission brought upon Copernicus charges of dishonest plagiarism. The dedication to Pope Paul III was, however, retained, and the text of the work remained intact.

There can be little doubt that Copernicus was convinced of the truth of his theory. Opposition was first raised against the Copernican system by Protestant theologians for Biblical reasons. On the Catholic side a clear statement about the interpretation of Biblical texts was already made by Nicolas Oresme in the 14th century: The scriptures speak according to a common mode of speech. From the statement in the Bible that the sun was stopped in its course one is no more entitled to draw the scientific conclusion that the heaven moves and that the earth does not than one is entitled to draw from phrases like "God repented" the conclusion that God can actually change His mind like a human being. — For nearly three quarters of a century no difficulties were raised; neither Pope Paul III, nor any of the nine popes who followed him, nor the Roman Congregations raised any alarm. Trouble arose when Galilei proclaimed the truth of the Copernican doctrine with stubborn persistence. Although there were as yet no sufficient proof of the system, no objection was made to its being taught as a hypothesis which explained all phenomena in a simpler manner than the Ptolemaic, and might for all practical purposes be adopted by astronomers. What was objected to was the assertion that

(Continued on page 42)