

opinion/editorial

Credibility damaged

Unanswered questions left by report

The manner in which the English department and the chairman of the College of Arts and Sciences have handled the alleged eviction of two male students from a women's poetry class has raised more questions than it has answered.

After reports of the incident were released nearly two weeks ago, John Robinson, chairman of the English department promised to look into the incident and make a report to the dean of the Arts and Sciences College.

That report given to Dean Max Larsen last Thursday, but not released to the public, concluded that no formal vote had been taken, said Larsen.

The method used to investigate the incident and the name of people whose comments were included in the report were not released to the public.

It has since been revealed that at least 12 members of the 20-member

class had not been contacted during the making of the report, and both Robinson and Larsen this week have refused to comment when asked why the members of the class were not questioned.

These questions need to be answered. The university needs to know that a thorough investigation has been completed.

Without such a report there will always be the question "Why?" Why didn't Robinson talk to everyone involved? Why won't the chairman of the English department and the Dean of Arts and Sciences College answer questions about the incident?

Question such as these, left unanswered, are bound to raise doubts in the minds of many people about last Thursday's report. A matter of alleged discrimination which reflects the entire university is of serious enough concern to all members of this university that we deserve answers—especially when the reputa-

tion of the instructor involved is on the line.

We need to know what happened, why and how, with no questions left

unanswered. Otherwise the credibility of our administrators and this university as a whole have been damaged.

Violence convention held by Air Force Association

WASHINGTON—Once you become desensitized to the aura of violence and destruction, everything at the national convention of the Air Force Association seemed rational. A membership group claiming to "support peace through strength," the AFA had brought together the buyers of the Pentagon and the sellers of the arms industry.

An acre of floor space at dignified hotel was given over to display models of the latest and presumably deadliest missiles, bombs, planes, gun pods and other weapons from the country's major contractors.

IBM, ITT, General Electric, Lockheed, Westinghouse, Northrop, Martin Marietta,

Rolls Royce and others were exhibiting their shiny wares of death. To be sure, this was a proper convention of high respectability, which meant that no one talked of killing human beings or the gore and messiness of leveled cities. Pentagonese, the dialect of disguise, was spoken: strategic deterrence, surveillance responsibilities, reducing risk.

colman mccarthy

Should anyone still doubt that this arms bazaar was anything but a gathering of patriots, the Air Force Association had a number of awards to bestow on great Americans. Sen. John Stennis, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, took top honors for leading the nation "toward firm commitments to modernize our strategic forces." Aestheticism also had its place amid the weapons. In the Awards for Arts and Letters, George F. Will was hailed for his "penetrating analysis" about "threats to our national security."

BUT IT WAS hotel security that had the AFA worried. A crowd of about 100 protestors—a few priests and nuns, some pacifists, a group from a local church known as Sojourners—staged a peaceful demonstration on opening night. Perfunctory arrests were made by police used to hotter stuff than pacifists. Still, a day later when five demonstrators came back, 30 cops were on hand, overkill now being used outside as well as inside.

The pacifists never passed beyond the front door. Even the credentialed faced screening at five security checkpoints before getting to glimpse the mock-ups and hear the briefings on the display floor. This was an "invitation-only selection of key military, government and industry officials." The non-key—the citizens who are forced to pay for the immense cost of overruns, the planes that become turkeys, the weapons that are poorly designed—were kept out.

THOSE WHO fear that the military budget is beyond control, those who know that after SALT I America's stockpile of nuclear warheads went from 4,600 to 9,000, those who agree with Rep. Ronald Dellums that "military power, bombs and missiles cannot bring down the price of oil" or end inflation—this large group of citizens fear that the militarists of the AFA meeting were all too reposed and rational.

They understood the thought of Thomas Merton: "We rely on the sane people of the world to preserve it from barbarism, madness, destruction. And it begins to dawn on us that it is precisely the sane ones who are the most dangerous. It is the sane ones, the well-adapted ones, who can without qualms and without nausea aim the missiles and press the buttons that will initiate the great festival of destruction. . . . Psychotics will be suspect. The sane ones will keep them far from the button."

I look on the display floor for the newest technology in button design. But none was there. Apparently the nuclear button itself a low-cost item. This was the moment in which the high cost was being celebrated. Life is cheap, not weapons.

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Love library—destination of diverse group

It's Thursday afternoon, and you finally admit to yourself that you really do have to take two exams within the next twenty-four hours.

You take a good, hard look at those two books and pages of notes and problems.

You decide it is time to do some—no, a lot of—serious booking.

jan stahn

When it comes down to that final action of sitting down and paying close attention to what was highlighted in baby blue or fluorescent yellow three weeks earlier, there are those of us who find it almost prerequisite to spend 10 minutes walking from our "home territory" to neutral ground—Love Library.

I don't know quite why that is. Several evenings ago, a friend and I joined the throng passing through the turnstyle at about 7 p.m. The whole situation suddenly appeared pretty baffling, considering how few of us actually would be using the library's services, and how many just needed to get some studying done.

There must have been 25 people heading for the stairs within about two minutes, and I wondered out loud, "Why do we all come here? Are we the real dedicated, die-hard, serious students, or is this the last resort for people who reason "If I can't do it here, I just can't do it at all.?"

OF COURSE WE decided that we library students are of an extremely

academic nature, and find Love's bookish atmosphere mentally stimulating. But then, what was our alternative—admitted desperation?

Whatever the motivations, the fact remains that students do flock to the library nightly—some, I suppose, on a regular basis.

Without taking any surveys or conducting any independent study research, I would assert that there are three basic types present in substantial numbers on any given weeknight. There are (a) the Social Students, (b) the Good Intentions, and (c) the Hard Cores.

The Social Students are likely to show up first, because they want to put in their time and still be able to salvage the evening by bar-hopping or dorm-storming or whatever. They come in groups, or at least pairs, but never individually, because studying is something that should never be endured alone.

They spread themselves around the big table in the main lounge and begin inspecting everyone who walks in. Blue windbreakers with little white symbols on one shoulder seem to attract the most attention, but even a remotely familiar face merits an invitation to stop and chat.

BY ABOUT 7:30, most groups have expanded and start becoming unsuitably boisterous. But by 8 or a little after, all hope of studying is abandoned and they gather their neglected books for the big exodus.

The Good Intentions make their appearance anywhere from 6:30 to 8. They have set aside an entire evening for studying, and, by God, they are going to study. They

often come alone (obviously, they don't relate to the Social Students' study habits very well). These people either sit with their backs to the main walkway between North and South, or actually venture into the semi-isolated areas, such as the desks along the reference book walls, or North side's first floor.

Their biggest pitfall appears to be those orange chairs in the main lounge. I guess they envision a cozy but long study session ahead; they frequently end up being cozy to the point of no return, and sleeping the time away. And they had had such good intentions. . . .

Finally, we must recognize the group made up of those people who know their way around Love Library. They walk through the doors at any time—it's tough to pin this group down because you never know where they will pop up or, worse, how long they have been there.

If one of this type were to mention to a Social Student that he/she had been in Love the night before, the Social Student would answer with genuine surprise that she/he hadn't noticed. To which the Hard Core could reply, "Oh, I was in the stacks—level seven, cubbyhole 12." Wow.

I could devote this entire space to a description of the stacks, cubbyholes, and graffiti and refuse found there; it will suffice to say that they offer a fascinating viewpoint on studying—sort of monastic.

Some students claim to avoid Love Library at all costs; I would like to compare GPAs. In closing, I will just add that I have discovered the existence of vending machines somewhere within the maze-like structure. But the secret is safe with me—the discovery is its own reward.

