

Read How . . .

TO WASTE AN EVENING

An Avant to the Library

Which Type Are You?



If there is any place in the world which tests one's ingenuity, it is the library. The really precocious student will think of dozens of diversions when faced by something like this: "In the romanticism of Schopenhauer the protest against the divisiveness of self-conscious reason results in an ascetic rather than primitivistic morality. The unity of vitality (the world as will) which Schopenhauer sets against the diversification and disunity of life in primitive social forms" . . . well! the people you see in the library these days! I wonder who he's looking for? Hmm—taking her out for coffee. Wait till I tell the boys about this!

"... the divisiveness of self-conscious reason..." "No, I read that..." the diversification and disunity of life in primitive social forms but the absolute unity of vitality is the noumenal world, before reason has objectified it into separate entities of will..." dead! 23 more pages of this stuff "... noumenal world!" I wonder if there's anybody interesting in the Sub... it up.

Our student then proceeds to the dictionary, but somehow is distracted by the home-town paper. The next half-hour is devoted to absorbing the adventures of *L'il Abner*, sympathizing with Jane Arden's latest heartbreak. After flipping through several more magazines, he listlessly wanders back to his book and once more tussles with Schopenhauer. He re-reads the chapter as far as the "absolute unity of vitality in the noumenal world" when he remembers with a shock that he has been this way before. Horrified, he decides that, in order to save time, he'll skip such words as "noumenal", and just continue on his way. So for the next half hour, our student ponders and plods his way through four more pages, and leaves the library, exhausted, at nine o'clock.

Then there is the type who develops a quick case of claustrophobia as soon as he hears the library door click behind him. Just look at his eyes and you can tell that he yearns for the wide open spaces. He gets restless and wants to know if his roomie is studying in the stacks. Having deposited his books on a table, he pulls out his horn-rimmed glasses, assumes a studious air, and rushes upstairs. His roomie isn't there.

Settling down at the table, he props up his book, makes him-

self comfortable, and remembers, with a sudden flash, that he was going to do math tonight. That calls for a return trip to his room, where he has a few quick hands of bridge. Returning to the library he seats himself with the determination of Napoleon, confronts his maths, and is immediately seized with an irresistible impulse to see who is downstairs. Finally, he returns to his books, tells himself that "life is real, life is earnest," that this is a test of his endurance and stamina, and, furthermore, there is to be a quiz in math next week. He starts on a problem and wrestles with it for about ten minutes.



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A. V. RAND

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