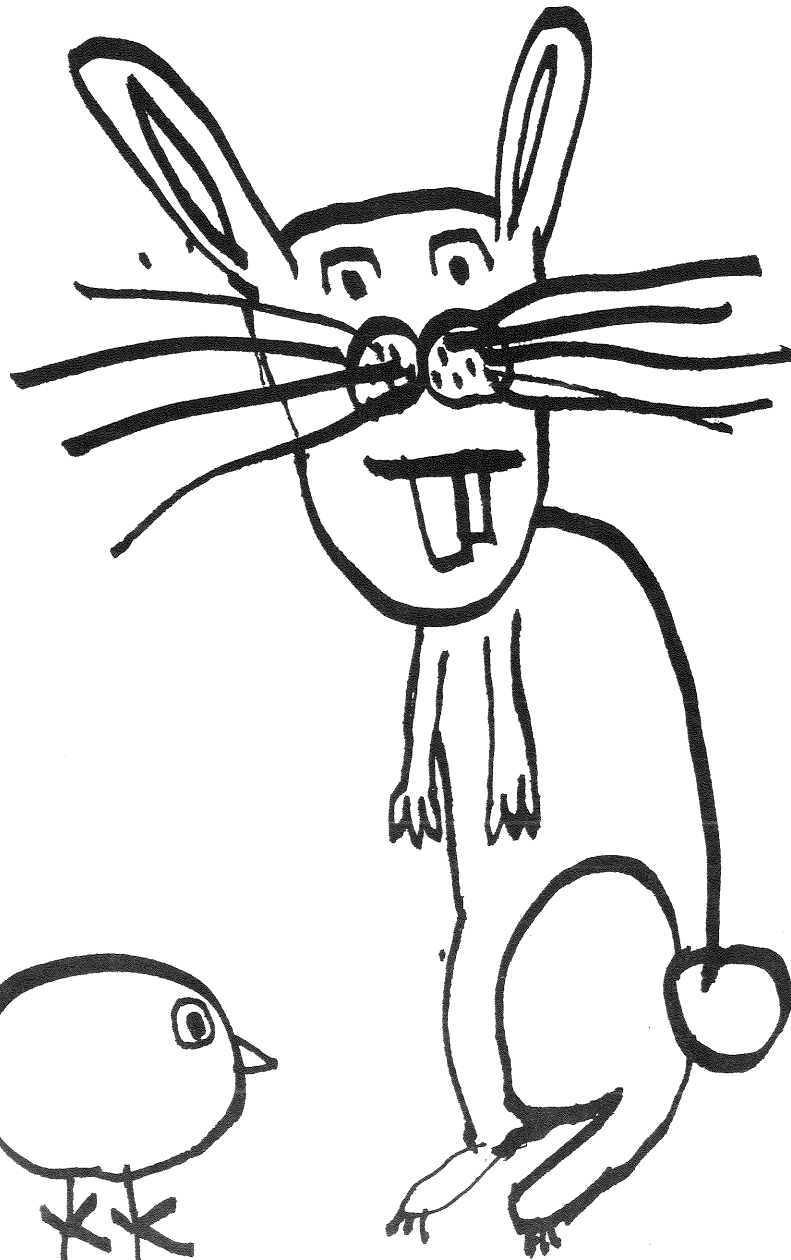


THE

OPEN FLY

INDEPENDENT OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE NEWSPAPER - APRIL 1, 1985 - ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND



APRIL
FOOD!

NEWS IN BRIEFS



New Faces



President Ronald Reagan in order to persuade Congress to Pass the MX Peacekeeper Missile, argued that the Missile Project, admitted by All to be a Military Fiasco, was Necessary to National Security, the Geneva Arms Reduction Talks, World Peace, and the American Way, because it would Scare the Cowardly Russians, with its Strategic and rather Conventional Placement in Obsolete Concrete Silos now holding Minuteman Missiles capable only of destroying One Red (coat) City at a time, Silos over which a Hallmark/TV Curtain has been Thrown to shut the Draft from the Window of Vulnerability, into making Concessions at the aforementioned Talks and thus allowing the People of this Nation to Scrap the \$40 Billion worth of Missiles, recouping Approximately \$257 to be put toward REDuction of the \$200 Billion Budget Deficit, through Sales of the Peacekeeper Bomb Tips to sNicauraguan LaFayette-Type Freedom Fighters, and twisted the Muscular Arm of many a Congress Man by promising Help on such Relevant Items as Tobacco Price Supports, Dam Projects, and Free Appearances at Campaign Rallies by Bonzo, a Movie Monkey and earlier Reagan Supporter.

You might have noticed a few new faces around campus this year, and not all of them are present in the classroom.

Our president has decided that its time to face the facts. It's 1985 and these faces are here to let us know it.

There's the new liason between Admissions and Development, the liason between the Business Office and Financial Aid, a liason between those two liasons, and a liason between that liason and the President.

There's five new secretaries in the Business Office, and a student aide for each of them. New secretaries also compliment the library, Mr. Dumm, and the liason between the Graduate Institute and Alumni Offices. "What a joy it is to have pretty faces helping us through the day," declares Mr. Dumm.

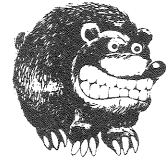
But that's not all.

There's the secretary for the committee of architects



living here temporarily to plan the new high rise to be situated between the tennis courts and the boat house; and there's the liason between them and Mr. Dumm.

This high rise, when built, will be filled with still more faces. Some will be directly involved with the life of the community. Others will pay lots of money to the college to rent office space. "We like money," explained President Doolittle.



The tennis courts will become a parking lot, and needy students can earn money memorizing liscence plate numbers of the cars which park there, after financial aid is severely diminished.

Why is all this happening?

"It's important to make the College visible," said Mr. Dumm. Dr. Doolittle added, "It's time to bring this College up to the standards of other Colleges. Our neighbor, the Naval Academy, still has a much larger staff than we do."

The Admissions Office has been asked to obtain twice the number of applicants next year than they have in previous years. They need to keep enrollment up to give still more faces more work to do.

What do our tutors think of all this?

"It's political," said one. "We don't do politics here."

Another asked, "What faces? What changes? What politics?"

Family Psychiatry

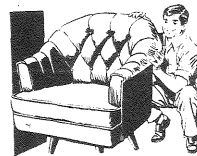
with the
Tender Touch

Drs. J.&H. Moriarty

Appointments available 11:30pm-4:30am

13 East Street

263-6669



Campus Planning Revisions

President Doolittle recently announced his decision to expand his office space to encompass the top three levels of McDowell Hall. The move will go into effect next week, when the furnishings on order are expected to arrive.

When questioned about the motivation behind the move, Dr. Doolittle announced that there was simply not enough space in the downstairs part of the very old building to accommodate the many activities of a busy president. Members of the current presidential team, Mrs. Simpleton the secretary, Mr. John Fetchit the assistant, and Mr. Fredapeople the hard working student aide, will each receive a private office, and 20 more staff members will be hired to assist them.

In a simultaneous move, Mr. Charles Dumm will complete his takeover of the Carroll Barrister House, renovating the grounds to include a swimming pool, which should become a good source of revenue from outside groups wishing to hire College facilities. Students will not be permitted to use the pool, for fear that it might detract them from their studies.

Those displaced by these changes, including the Admissions, Registrar's, Dean's, and Assistant Dean's offices, will share two offices in the back corridor of Mellon Hall. Classes will also be held in those Mellon rooms currently occupied by tutors, until such time as the architect can plan the new adobe second story of Mellon Hall. Tutors who are left without offices will be asked to rent apartments large enough to accommodate their needs.

"After all," said the President, "the President is the leader of the community, and it is only right that he should occupy a prominent




position on campus." As a gesture of good will, he plans to create a faculty gaming club from what is currently the Registrar's Office.

The faculty is reported to have held a series of closed meetings to discuss the changes, and are in the process of drafting a secret resolution for the purpose of complaining. Board Chairman Clodson responded at the last Board meeting, "Who cares what they think? Who's running this place anyway?"

Governing the Controversy

This month the Boring Visitors and Grovellers will visit the Annapolis campus to effect the final mutilation of the centuries old St. John's Polity. They will finalize the current proposal for future governance and modernization of the College.

The proposal entails having one President for the two colleges. However, to solve the problem posed by the current lack of regular presence of the President at each campus, under the new system the president will have his headquarters in Peoria, Illinois. This way, neither campus will complain that the President spends more time on the other, knows more about the other, or cares more about the other, because he will spend time on neither, know about neither, and care about neither. Hence, he will have no vested interests and will have complete impartiality in making his intractable decisions. This move will also put the President in closer contact with the Board, as he will share their



D T

by C.D.B. '87

Delicate Trounce Moments
from April 1, 1984
Absent: Badly, et al.

Though absent myself, I know the D.T.'s did not meet this week. Therefore, Ol'Avalanche couldn't say a word, and we didn't discuss the proposal that we not take over the offices of the administration.

There will be a meeting next week, over cookies and white russians.

perspective on the College.

Governance at the campus will be in the person of the interim dean, who will be chosen at six month intervals from the faculty. Service in this position will be mandatory, and it is hoped that fewer tutors will object to the job when its duration is so brief. The dean's job will be to oversee faculty meetings and to enforce the dictates of the President. When asked to comment, Dean For A Little While Moscow smiled and said, "You should be writing your essay."

It is not yet clear whether President Doolittle will become the Peoria based president. "It's up to the Board," he said, "I have no volition."

The St. John's faculty, unaware that there is a student newspaper on campus, could not be reached for comment. One source, however, said that the faculty was proposing to go on sabbatical next year. It is its place, randomly selected members of last year's senior class would be hired as tutors.

Truth to Tell: The History of Truth at St. John's

When Messrs. Barr and Buchanan took over St. John's in 1937, they brought with them an ardent desire for the truth. Accordingly, Truth enrolled in the first class; but his mysterious and fleeting appearances have plagued the College ever since.

In the early, golden years of St. John's, the students frequently found Truth in their Seminar readings, though he was often hidden

and stranger, and students complained that the unpleasant Truth frequently disrupted their classes. Finally, in 1958, the DC met with the Dean to determine whether the matter of Truth should be taken lightly, or whether the Truth should be recalled.

Virtue was present at the meeting. Truth's sister, she had finally been allowed to enroll with the women in 1951. she silently governed

following year, to be Ignorance. He demanded that the Truth be revealed. Juniors testified that Truth had lain before them at the beginning of the year; but during the first Kant Seminar he had gotten up and walked out, and since then, they had not been able to find him. Most seniors were not even aware that he existed.

The Dean, after consultation with the faculty, put Truth on academic probation, and of a time the College was well aware of the Truth. But some time in the early sixties, the Truth was lost, and the students tired of their search for him. There were rumors that he had moved to Santa Fe.

Then, around the middle of the seventies--at the same time that Virtue made a brief appearance from her sabbatical to give a lecture, and then left again--Truth returned. He has remained at St. John's since then--it is his only home--but his state is poor, and his visits still sporadic. He confines them mainly to attending the Mortimer Adler lectures.

Skeletons on the Street

between mundane Observations, who tried to disguise him. What exactly the Truth was, nobody could really say, but his presence was often apparent. Several students--and tutors--tried to define Truth, but he always escaped definition in the end. Be that as it may, there was always at least some Truth in what the students said.

But as the years went on, the Seminars came to be governed by less than the Truth. Truth became stranger

the meeting which dealt with whether the Truth was wanted at St. John's.

Many of the students were upset. The freshmen grumbled that Truth was often absent from Seminar, and that when he was seen, he was frequently naked; they wanted to know why the attendance rules and dress code were not being adhered to. A sophomore protested that he had sat next to someone all through his freshman year who claimed to be Truth, but whom he had discovered, the



The Seminar System

Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. (Wise words from the past and recent past.) Some claim that truth runs around naked, allowing indecent glimpses. Others find truth always veiled and can't tell where the veil is, to jerk it off.

Take it off, take it off. Is that really our cry? What goes on in seminar anyway, if not that? Looking for the veil, looking for the truth, suspecting those silent students of sublime communication with the inarticulable. Maybe they've seen the troubling truth and become free of the need to speak. Troubling, indecent torpedo fish truth? (A

tutor asked us Freshman year, "in what sense can one be said to know something if he cannot say what he knows?")

In the throes of terrible wonderful too often thought and spoken questions (what if there is only a veil? or veils? or no veil and nothing behind it? or subjective versus objective veils? etc.) a tempting thought enters the torpid brain. Why not give up the quest for what it is and where it is and where am I in relation to it?

Don't Mourn, Organize! Give up the lone quest for what is and buy into the system. The Seminar System enables you to stop looking for that perhaps non-existent unmoved reference point (remember the

anguish of Ptolemy?). Instead of looking for the contact with truth or at least the veil (what do I think?), marshal those great thinkers into order of agreement, opposition, chronology, ethnocentricity. Recreate in your seminar the Great conversations we read about in the catalogue. What does it matter what I think, what you think, we are not BRRUUUNNIA.

Instead of experimental personal, top-of-the-head speech with trepidation, we could all begin to speak with absolute confidence of the Books encountering each other. Seminar could be free of embarrassing personal encounters with that indecent almost truth!

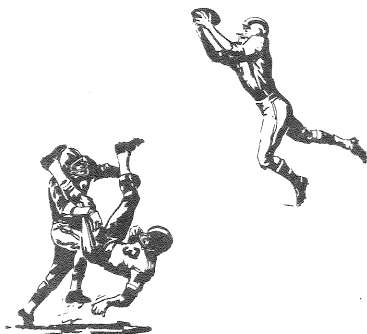


Board Stuns College Community

April 1. The Board of Visitors and Governors shocked the College today when it announced that the college's long commitment to its intramural athletic program would be ended. Their statement said that, "this program had been a pathetic failure, that has turned generations of students into wimps, asthetes and non-competitive type people, ill-prepared to take their places in the outside world." It goes on to say that, "after forty-five years, we are still called the Other St. John's, and we have become the laughingstock of the nation because of publicity about our Prowess at Croquet."

A very rich alumnus has offered to donate \$5,000,000 to get the ball rolling on a new athletic program. Recruitment of the best athletes is quite expensive, but it is felt that this sum should be enough for a start. Football is not in the cards for the moment, but a big push will be made to field a nationally ranked basketball team. Mr. Christensen has been given a tape measure, with instructions to use it. Mrs. Christensen will supervise a special \$1,000,000 fund for these athletes, who will use this for their laundry money.

The present athletic director, Bryce Jacobsen, was "encouraged" to take early retirement. He has been replaced by a live-wire type, a youngish man who has done very well at selling used cars, and who now wants to enlarge his horizons. He will take over the offices now occupied by the Registrar and the President. His first task will be to hire a "name" basketball coach. This is crucial for successful recruitment. He is confident that he can land one of the big names, since few colleges can offer housing as beautiful and as spacious as the college property that overlooks the Severn River, presently occupied by the President.



Paca-Carroll will be reserved exclusively for the athletes. The doors there, which are all a standard six feet six inches high, will be changed to seven feet six inches high. The athletes will all dine together in the private dining room, on specially prepared high-protein food, such as Porterhouse Steak. They will also have their own tutorials, laboratories, and seminars. Special tutors will be hired and trained to teach them. Normal academic requirements for admission and graduation will be "adjusted" so that no promising young athlete will be discriminated against in his pursuit of fame and fortune.

The old gym will undergo extensive remodeling. The new women's locker room will become the locker room for the visiting team. The present racquetball courts will become the new varsity locker room. The present Athletic Director's office will become the private bathroom for the coaching staff. The present mens locker room will become a new weight- and- muscle-enhancement center. Those lanky, gangly "string-beans" need to be fleshed out considerably, if they are to be effective at the "inside" game and effective at pulling down rebounds. The present side walls in the gym will be demolished and moved back far enough to accommodate seating for 20,000 fans. This means that most of the campus between

the planetarium and college creek will have to be paved over for a parking lot. The varsity team will have exclusive use of the gym every day from 2:00 to 6:00.

It seem to you Gadfly reporter that all these changes will have a deleterious effect on the intramural program, and even the academic program. When a Board member was questioned about this, he replied, "Yes, that is correct. But we cannot stay with a sinking ship. We are determined to turn this whole program around. We are opting for excellence, for being a winner. There is nothing like REAL athletic competition to strengthen the characters of young people. The Great Books have just not cut it. Most people in the outside world have never heard of us. We mean to change all that. With enough money, and the right sort of people, we can put this little college on the map. Nobody will ever make fun of us again."

LIVE RABBITS

every
Friday & Saturday night

at the
Animal Club

by the ducks in
downtown Annapolis

COME & DANCE



GOD PREVAILS

God prevails...or at least permeates the sophomore curriculum. Just starting with the A's alonge there is Aquinas, Anselm and Augustine who explore and write about God. Every sophomore step out of the way, God is there. Men are inspired by God. Men confess to God. One famous man even dies for God. gosh, you even begin to feel like God.

One day, I turned on the faucet to brush my teeth and wine ran into the sink. I rubbed my sleepy eyes awake and watched the running wine. I brushed my teeth anyway. Then on my mad dash to my 8:30 class, I took time out to raise my hand above a maimed bird's head. I'm not in the habit of holding my hand over maimed birds, but I had the urge that morning. It paid off. The bird flew off into the morning sky. After that, I forgot all about my 8:30 engagement. I was so excited that I ran down to see if I could walk on College Creek.

God has forced his way into my sophomore counterparts' lives as well. those of us who can grow the bushy, biblical and not so bushy, biblical beards have done so. I haven't been successful in either area yet. Plus, I caught this one sophomore doing something particularly wierd. He was standing over a long French bread and doing something funky with his hands. I finally realized he was trying to make his bread multiply. That's not all of it. My friend invited me over for coffee. We were having a nice conversation with The St. Mathew's Passion playing softly in the background and drinking mint chcolte coffee. All of a sudden, she tugged off my Pro Keds, dunked my feet in a tub of water and started washing my grimy hand tens. There's more. There are even a couple of students running madly around trying to rescue the rest of us from eternal damnation. Good luck.

I also find myself shocking the outside world with my newfound sophomore conclusions about God.

Recently, I found myself in a heated discussion with nine members of a very religious family. I told them that at my school we have disproved God's existence lots of times in conversations. They all stared at blasphemous me. At that moment, if God had given them the go ahead, they would have stoned me. Another time, I was so mad at my mother and for a lack of anything stronger I yelled, "Judas, you betray me with a kiss." My Jewish mother stared at me in amazement. I don't understand it. When I used that line before with a sophomore buddy, she certainly felt the force of my wrath. Oh well.

I can see my tutors are influenced too. A funny thing happened to my Music tutor when he was playing a particularly magnificent part of The St. Mathew's Passion. He was being magical at the piano and were all spellbound in our chairs when he began to rise two inches off the

piano bench. The tutor was really annoyed because those two inches in the air made it pretty hard to reach all the keys. But we kept on listening and he kept on reaching. Also, sometimes in Seminar when it's painfully quiet I look at both my Seminar leaders carefully to see if they will rescue us. Well, usually they have their deep thoughtful expressions on. But I suspect they are praying to God for patience with us. Or maybe they are having a more enlightening discussion one on one with God. God probably tells them the answers and then they spill their brilliance over unsuspecting us. I think maybe, come to think of it, lots of people must be having one on ones with God in Seminar. I always thought they were just tuned out. I guess God prevails or at least permeates the sophomore curriculum. I'm going to see if I can turn the running wine back into water. May God be with you.

Letters

Dear Editor,

I have been a student at this esteemed institution of learning for many years and have never been so outraged as I now find myself. There is a certain illusory predilection toward the metaphysical and non-practical aspects of life among the members of the community. Given the aim, purpose, and general philosophy of this college I think this is mildly appropriate. However, I occasionally think there is some glimmer, some brief flash of hope for serious down-to-earth preparation for the real world. My investigation into the most recent attempt in this vein has left me disillusioned and reeling. Late in February, last Tuesday, upon a gentle recommendation of the Career Counseling office, I attended the Job Study Group, thinking "Aha, at last some level headed compatriots among whom I will find some true companions in the confrontation of the miasmic

sea which laps at the edge of senior year!" But noooo! I have now been attending said study group for nearly a month now, with the intention of supplying myself with some serious thoughts and plans concerning secure employment. Have I succeeded? There are ants in my dorm room, my heat won't come on, my goldfish have died, my stereo was stolen, my girlfriend has herpes, I was traded to the Hustlers, I am on academic and absence probation, and they have asked me to take a semester off as "a show of sincerity." In short, the Job Study Group is a farce. I went there with visions of security and profit and find my live has turned to goo. O ye who have considered searching among extraneous study groups for some hidden agenda of practicality, abandon the hope! They are Rocks of Sisophyus, false idols, Trojan horses even. Beware the innaccurate advertisements for wisdom; shun the Job Study Group.

Sadder But Wiser.

The Last Glower

I sit lonely in this room where rain falls on damp leaves
Writing Gadfly poems that jar scholars and poets alike.
This quatrain, a tangent with no memory of its own,
Vacillates like a note suspended in some unfinished

Libretto. Time eludes me. The moment plays peekaboo.
I fear death, even though it's probably an illusion.
If I do die, though,, I want to die as a lover,
Or at least as one who watches lovers.

Oh to list the things I love...LOVE! LIFE! DEath. Stars-
Night! Tropical sandwich dusky dawn rays east-a-ways
Buddha/Taoist warriors caress - pious pope's finger wags-
the wave splashes crash foamy illusion beneath the surf
to the quick on the ragged edge over the fence to the
final frontier in the last analysis of the give and take

The Importance of Philosophy

Philosophy is important because it show us the truth. Or rather shows us where the truth lies, so that all we have to do is go dig it uup ourselves. And even if we never actually find the truth, at least we know we don't know the truth, which is better than thinking you know the truth, right? Isn't that worth \$48,000? Of course it is.

Philosophy also teaches us about ourselves. When we read an idea we don't agree with, we learn what we don't like and why. Where else can we get this kind of knowledge besides the great books? and by learning what we are nd what we should do with ourselves from the truths gained, we can plan out our lives following the good. We can follow the lives of Aristotle and Nietzshe as examples, who have shown that contemplation leads to happiness. Isn't that worth \$48,000? Of course it is.

Finally, Philosophy inspires great men to great actions. Look at the philosophers themselves, all of them did great things during their lives. Philosophy gave Socrates the strength to kill himself,gave Lenin and Mao the power to establish a new government, and Thomas Jefferson the reason to keep his slaves. We, too, can be inspired by philosophy and these men to do great acts. Look at all of the St. John's graduates. They are molding the world into a better place, all thanks to philosophy and \$48,000.

From the Polity Effete

by Joe Q* How do ya feel

I come to express a concern for beauty. Not just any old, run-of-the-mill beauty, but, true gosh-darn real absolute beauty. For as Kant says, s"Absolute is where it's at!" (Hey, I know most of you haven't read or understood Kant, buut don't let the stop me.) If absolute's where it's at, Beauty sure can't stand pat. Who's pat? Who cares?

Look to me. I seek the absolute beauty. But the absolute beauty is the common beauty. But common is vulgar. Can beauty be vulgar? See above paragraph. I seek the absolute beauty. The beauty common in both the Mandarin orange and the Mandinka warrior. Is there a common beauty? But, of course. As someone famous once said, "Man is the measure of all things." And sure 'nough, "Man" is part of both Mandarin orange and Mandinka warrior. This, I deem both beautiful and they are. Voila! But it is not enough. I must bring these two objets d'art (French, frosh) side by side.

A quick run to the local market got me my Mandarin orange. The maarket being fresh out of Mandinka warriors, I knew I had my work cut out for me. Skipping the whorey details, I found my Mandinka warrior at the tres chic club Chez

Alcibiades. Orange firmly in one hand, I waved with the other as he complteted his Mandarin, no, Mandinka dance (See! Alreyd the bauties become obscured). The orange had to be peeled. But the warrior also had appeal. Dance, Mandinka man, Dance! Shake your booty, beauty! Shake your beauty, booty!

He finished. We chatted. I spoke of Plato. I spoke of the Philosophers: Kant, Hegel, Borlein. He spoke of poisoned spears. We had nothing in common, but he had something in common with my orange. I peeled the orange, opened it and let the juices flow. My Mandinka warrior got the message. Unpeel yourself! Let the juices flow! But he would have no part of the fruit. Instead he pointed his spear at me. I fled postus hastus (Latin, lovers)>

Alas! Alas! If he could lose enough intellectual pride to join my misery, his own life might be lifted up to tragedy. As it stands, only finely-sculptured yet nonetheless impertinent reasoning speaks for him, leavign him outside the tragic and immersed in the pathetic. Ahh! Orange you glad? Remember:

Roses are red
Violets are blue
I can't rhyme
Can you

*Do ask what the 'Q' stands for.

Carl and Trindy

Trindy entered the party for only a few seconds before she caught sight of Carl. Carl had been her childhood heartache but he had moved away for so many years; now all time stood still as she glanced up and down his lean body. The protrusion told her enough; Carl was sporting a chub. The chub swayed and crouched as Carl propelled himself toward her. Trindy tried to look into his eyes but the chub was there, always inclined forward like a spear.

Carl: I've thought only of you for so long.

Trindy: IN my dreams I've adored you, Carl.

Chub: I have no volition no conscience, stiff and languid I drip thru the situations of life.

Trindy: Excuse me Carl, did you hear something?

Carl: No Trindy, I didn't, frankly I've been too caught up inside myself to hear what anyone says to me at all. You see I've been in and out of a billion jobs, I try to settle down but this voice inside me won't allow it. I believe that making love is special, no really special Trindy, it's this unison of so much that's mysterious. Poetry, you know, is like making love. OHH I've had sex but that's no longer for me.

Chub: (aside)

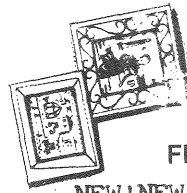
Bestill my heart
this Trindy
E ateth
coverlets
windy
Do I take her
now, do I dare
After speaking
in such an
air?

Trindy: Ohh! Carl... your noble sentiment sounds like rot to me, thinking that one not ought is not what one ought to think. I've adored you Carl but I yield to your convictions.

Moral of the tale:

The chub has
gone far away
The chub will
not be back
today

PUDDLES II PICTURES



MON.-TUE. 8-9

WED. 8-9 THUR. 8-9

FRI.-SAT. 4-4 SUN. 8-9

NEW! NEW! NEW! NEW! NEW! NEW! NEW! NEW!

Never before seen! Untouched by human hands! Just made! O-so new!

Really new! Brand New! Super New!

Hyper new! Wow are they new!

Ying yang- Beat Up (12" Frames)

Los Locos- Climbing Walls

The Yodelers- Mountain Muggers

Thrilling Wolfy- Mike Meets Mozart

The Robert Stories

Editor's Note: The Surgeon General has determined that SAGA is dangerous to your health. As evidence, we hereby present anecdotes concerning one poor soul who has worked for our Food Service for nearly three years now. Draw your own conclusions. Names may or may not have been changed to protect the innocent. But then, no one is innocent.

Robert Ea Dinner

Robert bent slaving over his plate, then drove his knife into the bloody, red chunk of meat that was his dinner. He raised it to his gaping, insatiable maw and tore off a piece with his razor-like teeth, red juices spilling down his chin to the floor. This process was accompanied by a virtual cacophony of slurping and chewing noises, enough to make a person of weaker constitution wretch. Robert finished his repast, wiped his face, now almost totally covered with gore, on his ragged shirt sleeve, and left the room.

Robert Gets Dressed

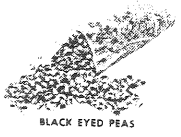
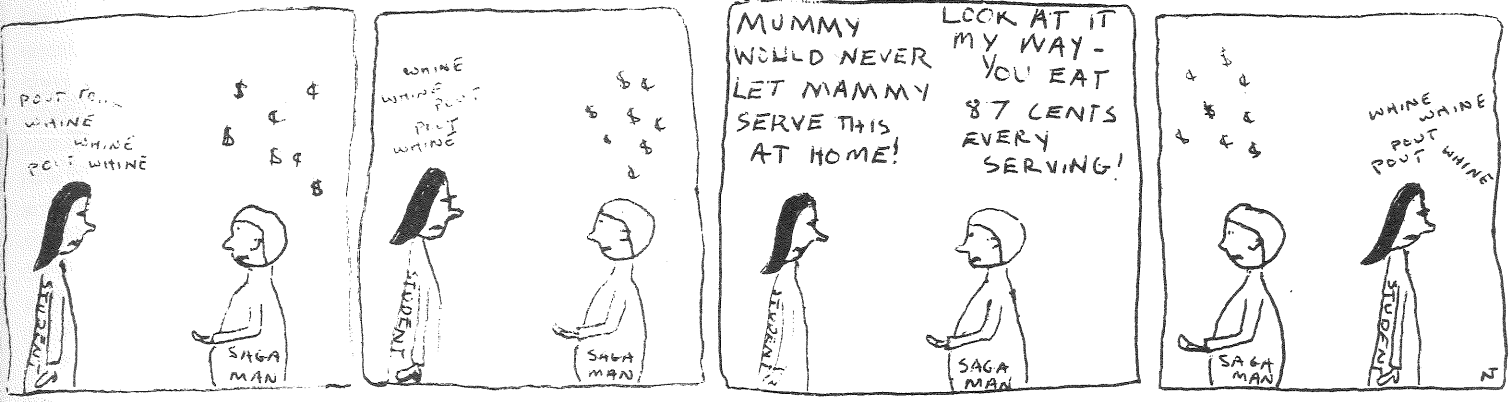
Robert rummaged through the pile of clothes that covered the floor of his unkept room. The place reeked with an odor that reminded one of a primate's cage. He couldn't find a single shirt that still had buttons on it: they continually popped off whenever he flexed the muscles of his massive chest. Finally he found a rag of a T-shirt that would suffice for clothing. True, it was covered with grease

and saliva, but who would be stupid enough to criticize Robert's apparel? He then found a pair of jeans standing by themselves in the corner. He had given up any hope of finding his shoes or socks in the mess, so he put on this wardrobe and stalked out of the house barefoot.

Robert and His Little Brother Play

Robert clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. His little brother was being annoying; Roberty didn't like to be annoyed. His little brother was standing six feet in front of him, pumping BB's at him at the rate of fifty per second with his BB submaching gun. Robert didn't feel them, however: they bounced harmlessly off his rock-hard chest muscles like so many marshmallows. He took two steps forward, wrenched the gun from his brother's hands, and effortlessly twisted it into the shape of a pretzel. His brother stepped backwards, drew out his stainless-steel throwing star, and hurled it at Robert's head. Utilizing his lightning-fast reflexes, Robert caught it between his teeth, then spit it out, burying it three inches into the wall. He was no longer annoyed, he was angry, with a fluid, cat-like motion he struck, sending his brother flying ten feet backwards. His brother landed in a heap, moaning from the pain induced by a ruptured spleen and liver. Robert left him to contemplate on his behaviour.

"CONVERSATIONS WE KNOW AND LOVE"



BLACK EYED PEAS

Randall Hall Saga



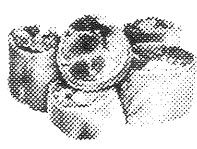
For months I'd been told by trusted friends about this place, unabashedly called the Dining Hall. It had taken awhile to get around to actually trying it, since there were procedures to be followed. This place is almost as exclusive as the Beverly Hills Hotel (in fact Dining Hall employs a pink card system similar to the Beverly Hills Hotel). After completing the necessary membership papers my friends and I waited before trying it, awed by its formidable reputation.

On that eventful day, I prepared myself very carefully, made sure I had a freshly laundered pocket square and wore my best tux. (Despite all I had heard, I didn't think white tie would be required.)

As we entered the massive double door entrance I began to be a bit apprehensive. Once in the foyer, we presented the pink cards (I couldn't help but wonder if Howard Hughes had spent his days here as well as at the BHH) to the maitre d'hotel

who had arranged before him, as an enticement to the guests, that night's technicolor dinner. I heard the people ahead of me comment on how they had had one of the dishes shown, but that the others were new.

Upon entering the corridor we were greeted by the proprietor. He explained that this restaurant is set up like the new breed of California restaurants where the kitchen is in full view (Gourmet, April 1985) I noticed immediately, the trend toward the minimalist.



PIG'S KNUCKLES

The salad bar was a perfect example of this. In it was lettuce (small leaved of course), croutons just this side of untoasted, and mounds of hard boiled egg. Across from it were gleaming beverage dispensers which supposedly impart a unique tast to the drinks as well as being able to determine when a guest has had too much to drink and automatically shutting off.

Tonight was a special night as they were serving turkey, a pedestrian bird, rumoured

to be the Chef's specialty. (Although rumour had also speculated that his specialty was spaghetti with marinara sauce, this could be true since as a child he was tragically deprived of fresh tomato sauce.) The menu changes daily, often a good sign.

After having selected the food, I picked the Veal di Borgia. A nice slice of veal, fattened with pale colouring of cheese and vegetables covered in an ubiquitous sauce. I noticed upon sitting down that they had solved one of Western society's greatest dilemmas. Next to each plate were two forks and two knives. Each exactly the same size as the other.

Finishing my meal I could not help but remember with nostalgia the Great Beverly Hills Hotel, exclusive, elegant, resting place to the likes of Howard Hughes, Her Serene Highness Princess Grace, Marilyn Monroe, the stars of entertainment now dead, like this food. Nostalgia.



WEISSWURST



FLORIDA LOBSTER



MILK

An Immodest Proposition

from Ed Bluejay

This is especially to all you liberal-minded students steeped in the amiable doctrines of moderation, quibbling over the finer points of social and theological issues, idly entertaining this or that fanciful system of morals as if trying on a new suit. I say there comes a time to take a stand on what we simply know to be given as morally right and morally repulsive. It is to you, who are suspending your youthful fanaticism until you arrive at some imagined clear station of ethical values, I offer an alternative. Though there's really nothing wrong with these endeavors, there comes a time for all good men to cast careful questioning aside, as I have done, and adopt an active cause. That's what really gets the blood boiling, after all.

The true test of a liberal artist is not how "good" the values he chooses are, nor how well examined his opinions are, but the degree to which he can manifest physical results in the real world by devoted hard work and authoritative persuasion of others. Neither is it a bane to choose controversial issues to exercise one's verbal prowess upon; on the contrary, the more heated the varying opinions, the greater challenge and service to the expansion of your skill.

I use this preamble to approach one of the most heinous situations of our immediate community: abortion clinics and their clientele who use them in utter moral oblivion and inexcusable disregard for the life within them. In a society so deeply rooted in sensational materialism, these clinics and the easy practical solution they represent have rendered those who use and might use them unapproachable by reasonable means; there has been erected an impregnable barrier in law, in custom, and in their very minds such that all attempts to dissuade them are rendered ineffectual. The call of responsible social action beckons beyond our recent means to find new ones that will begin to restore the possibility of rectitude to the Gomorrah in which we live. I

believe I have found a viable solution attacks the problem at its cancerous source; a two-forked answer to the problem which will at once preserve innocent life and arrest the tide of moral corruption which these murderers perpetuate.

In any attempt to move a society from within, there is the need to meet the problem on its own terms. The terms in this society and this problem are at the root of evil: money. Thus, we must arm ourselves with the devil's tools to render him ineffectual against us. In order to have power to sway in this society, we must find sponsors. The initial steps must be carefully and judiciously enacted to only the most enlightened of audiences. Yet, there is certainly no shortage of high-minded, long-sighted brotherhoods, (though at present at the edge of our commercially censored society) who are willing enough to support such an endeavor with handsome, though necessarily officially unacknowledged, endowments, with only, perhaps, some inconsequential compromises on our moral foundations. Such means must be kept in realistic perspective to the grandeur of the vision of what we are to apprehend.

Of course, certain doctrines will be only too easy to assimilate. For instance, one like-minded group of social visionaries has a quite feasible scheme of socio-physiological organization, hierarchical, of course, and given that there is no shortage of those who would abort in every race, creed, and color, not to mention mixture of which, there is no reason not to exercise some intelligent degree of selectivity along these criteria. This measure would align any number of those who deem these distinctions important. Indeed, many of these causes could be served at once, (to the ignorance of the others, of course) be they opposed or not, to further our central one of, if you will, planned parenthood.

Which brings me to the central issue: the preservation of innocent life. That

is our driving cause. Yet, what remains is the necessity of involving those morally destitute ones into our grand plan. Some, granted few, of these misguided individuals and couples are only resorting to these measures out of desperation or ignorance of an alternative to this all too easy practice. These potentially salvageable ones are easily persuaded to the furthering of a greater cause than their own convenience, and their moral strength in the face of such a socially unacceptable move will be quite inspiring, though the pain of which will be more effectively salved, not to mention, their ranks increased by a small recompense.

Yet the far greater number are only too attached to their evil ways, claiming "different" values—a lie to themselves which no mortal will wrest from their dogmatic hides. As for them, a solution did occur to me which will be thoroughly effective and which *smacks not a little of a certain delightfully just moral symmetry.*

New clinics of our own sponsoring will pop up in various "high occurrence" locales, posing as private businesses with, of course, competitive pricing to draw the money-groveling rabble. The clientele, in accordance with all charitable appearances, will be only those who have nowhere else to turn, no one else to care for them, and no one to notice if they go away. Their very rejection of society and its ideals will undo itself. Further, as a part of the post-abortion trauma care program, there will be a relocation plan, designed to sever all former, painful, difficult ties, and the details of the patient's new life will remain entirely confidential, if not conveniently lost. These clinics will run under the more than appropriate title, "New Life Clinics."

The unrepenting sinner, delivering herself into our just hands, will, of course, render herself analogously into

(cont.'d on p. 11)

the dreams of our professional anesthetist, she being willing enough to sleep away her problems, and having finally surrendered any possibility of committing a right action, we will save nearly lost soul from doing the unjust action she so readily assented to, by absorbing what is left of her in her corrupt state and the innocent life within her into our greater will, directed to a meaningful end.

The nearly perfected systems of electro-shock therapy (presently in use in prisons and some insane asylums) makes it possible to divide the living soul from the demented habit patterns of these hopelessly misguided pleasure-seekers, without any significant danger to the life within.

What is more, the practicality of long-term, low-cost life support systems is being advanced to ever increasing efficiency, mostly due to the technological advances of what are known as T.L.C.'s (Terminal Longevity Computers) In fact, it has come to my knowledge that several private alternative hospitals have been founded in the southern California area to preserve the God-given lives of comatose patients to their natural ends.

Further, the development of these new generation of children through the fetal stage having been guaranteed by our treating of the womb more reverently than the very mother herself by rendering these potential murderers comatose, those very carcasses will have reached their natural end following the surgical extraction of the child. Being of no further use, the flotsam that was

preserved from committing mortal sin and of course, being devoid of all will, good or evil, will be justly released from the physical bondage it had entrapped itself to, so as to render that facility so that another innocent child may be saved from its murderous malcontent progenitur.

The scope of what is possible from this humble beginning cannot help but win social acceptance and reformation. Imagine the moral cleanliness this new generation may rise to given the possibility to shape the situations these children of a new age will see! They will be saved from certain depravity, which is all that they might have hoped to learn from their begettors, which only ever leads to a corrupt spiral of social degeneration. Instead, these children could be passed to the able hands of those who have displayed their moral rectitude. This progeny of virgin, "tabula rasa", potentially great-souled citizens will be raised in communities only such as you, my liberally educated audience, can provide. Finally, we have the stuff which will allow for Plato's visionary society to come into glorious realization. I exhort you young and willing of heart to combine to preserve and extend this ivory vision. Forswear the materialistic social spiral to join in this great plan. Write your congressman today.

The steps into the new shoes of social responsibility are not to be accomplished by the squeamish and short-sighted ones who beg the preeminence of "feelings". Some things must be transcended, or, as it were, sacrificed, in order to preserve the favor of a jealous God. To stretch an age-old saying, you have to hang a few fowl to save the eggs.

DOOLITTLE TAKES A FLIGHT

As this issue was getting depressed, the OPENFLY learned that, in a sudden, shocking change of mind, NASA has decided to allow St. John's own president, Dr. Edwin J. Doolittle on the next space shuttle journey. Original plans were for Senator Jake Garn to be the first "civilian" in space. No exact reason for the change was immediately forthcoming. However, it is believed it may have something to do with the

President's well-known desire for more "space" (see related story in this issue) Sources close to NASA assert that a special space station has been launched into permanent orbit above Peoria, Illinois (see related story in this issue). Whether this move contradicts Dr. Doolittle's previous assertion that he is the first SJC president to "completely have both feet firmly planted in the ground," is not known. More details as they become more absurd.

Lecher Review

Last weekend Moribound Gabbler delivered a lecture entitled "How to Read Undergarment Labels."

Mr. Gabbler, a founding member of the Great Boogie Society, looked wearily disdainful as seniors Saltpeter Breslin and Hebe Swinger abruptly appeared onstage to churn out the theme from the popular TV series "People's Court." Gabbler's expression changed from disdain to alarm as seniors Jaguar Cablejumper and Judy Famish half-nelsoned him onstage, where senior Alex Tuemer was presiding over the ersatz People's Court.

Mr. Gabbler threw a piercing glance at the much-distracted jury, comprised of seniors Broken Xylophone, Eric Vermin, Fauna Tijuana, Tom Camptownraces, Jamie Hapless, Kim Brinck-O'Destruction, Inga Finga, et. al. (inexplicably, senior Sallow Pshaw was not in attendance). The defendant, Mr. Gabbler, then exchanged bon mots with the plaintiffs, ably portrayed by seniors Dave Pretzel, John Badly, and Sivad anna davis.

Next, senior Alex Fairto Middlin conveyed the jury's "guilty" verdict, whereupon Gabbler, sentenced to guzzling cheap beer, was shoved stage left into the bowels of Chez Alcibiades. He was greeted there by seniors Jason Walrus, Hunk Brown, David Youngblood, Rene Durandurand, Joe Q - who prodded the protesting Gabbler into position - and Wry Spaniel, who proffered the lethal brew to Gabbler.

Gabbler, who was flabbergasted at the juvenile yokkiness of the senior class, and shocked at the rest of the college community for its licentious indifference, also read parts of his lecture.

EXAMS

The final Algebra and French Reading Trigonometry Knowledge test of the year will be given Sunday afternoon, March 3rd, Tuesday April 2nd, Thursday May 3rd, Friday June 10th, Wednesday July 16th or whenever else the Instruction Committee gets conned into further dates.

Examination of both parts of this passage is a prerequisite for enrolling as a human being.

PRINCE STUDY GROUP

The Prince Study Group will have its first meeting this Wednesday, April 3rd, at 3:15 a.m. in Humphrey's 206. People interested in joining, drop a note in Campus Mail Box 1999.

The first meeting will discuss the philosophical truths and ambiguities in "Let's Go Crazy>"

Denouncements

VOYEUR MEETING

Wednesday, 7:00 p.m. outside Art Room. Thursday, 11:30 p.m. Darkroom.

Guard Baiting. Back campus 3:00 a.m. Friday. Please come.

Underclassmen Essay Completion Celebration: Miss Leonard's Living Room, 2:00 a.m. Friday.

PSYCHIC STUDY GROUP

If you don't know when and where already, you're not welcome. (signed) Mr. Chime.

STUDENT LECHER SERIES

Proposed Speakers: Howie Eithersex, Sweet Salvage, J. Q., E. Merit Mulling, E. Z. Elliot, Slim Jim Fairy. See Student Committee on Seduction.

RELIGION STUDY GROUP

College Creek, Dawn, Sunday.

CAREER COUNSELLING

Professional Dishwashers and Sanitation Engineers will be available to discuss career opportunities in their fields in the East Pinkney Common Room sometime in April when their busy schedules permit. This is a fine time for Juniors and Seniors to line up future employment contacts.

Annual Dog Drag, Punt, Kick, and Throw. Sparrow's Front Lawn. 2:00 p.m. Saturday. See Miss Ostrom.

New Hours for Indoor Pool. See Jeri Rhodes.

Computer Room Hours: Who REALLY cares?

Happy birthday to Douglas Allanbrook and Roger Burton, resident fools.

Any resemblance to any persons living or dead is purely intentional and pre-meditated. Furthermore, the OPENFLY formally endorses all the radical garbage printed herein. So there.

DOMINATRIX: Margaret Garish
NEGRO EDITOR: Boy George
JEW EDITOR: Hebe Swinger
LECHER REVIEW: Michael Disdain
GEEK REVIEW: Michael J. Vitalis
CHOPPY EDITORS: Leather Peterson and Rabid Johnson
ARTSY-FARTSY EDITOR: Carrion Martyr
SROUTS: Tielice Jacobsen and Roberta Bumsrusch
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BIG DICTATOR EMERITUS: Karl Friedrich-Wailing
MISPRINTED IN THE ST JOHN'S PNRIT SHOP

BEDTIME: 6:00 or 7:00 PM or AM, Friday or Saturday or whenever we recover from our hangovers. All submissions should be typed, signed, bound and gagged. Opinions expressed are the problem of the one stupid enough to utter them.

Founded in antiquity, the OPENFLY is a non-profit (but not for long, kids) student newspaper published bisexually heretofore for free to over 500 students, diminished faculty of the Annapolis campus as well as orifices in Fanta Se, ex-tutors, ex-wives and members of the Boring Visitors and Grovellors. Well, clowns, forget the free ride. It's pay-up time. This rag exists now to solely MAKE A BUCK. Anyone not coughing up dough to this paper guarantees its continued existence. Donations aren't tax deductible, but are good for your health. Ah pity de fool who don't contribute! Ransom will be \$1000 from each of

the people named above, except for the Boring Visitors and Grovellors who can afford \$5000. To pay, please send your name, address, next of kin, and a list of your favorite poems and make your Czechs payable to OPENFLY Bermuda Fund, St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., 21404. Remember, only you can prevent more OPENFLIES.

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