

The Staff

St. John's College

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On Campus: Coffee Shop committee looking for new caterer

Slave Auction Successful

Chris Anderson '96

Reality's annual indentured servant (A.K.A. slave) auction was a success at Saturday night's party in the Boathouse. The fun started around midnight when Reality chair Victoria Printz brought forward sophomore Marshall Kass, who was quickly picked up by Will Marshall for \$6. The prices offered for slaves ranged from \$5 up to \$100, but it was the freshman who got the big bucks. +Big+ Ben Sullivan and Rich Bravo were bought by Laura Buchan, and freshmen Lori Freeman and Camille Finefrock, purchased via a proxy bid by Aaron Finkelstein, went for \$100.

Celebrity guest auctioneer Alex Battles came to the mike to sell off a few of the indentured servants, including himself, to the pleasure of all those in attendance. All totaled, the auction raised over \$300 for Reality.

Jennifer Coonce '97

Since Marriott's contract has expired, a Request for Proposal will be available in the Treasurer's office in the near future. This request will ask potential Coffee Shop managers to give a description of the hours they would be open and the food that they would serve. Mike Pfister says that the reason Marriott is no longer running the Coffee Shop is that they are losing money at the coffee shop. The consequences of this would be that Marriott would either cut down its already small hours or that there would be a new caterer picked to run the Coffee Shop.

To decide this, the Coffee Shop Committee was appointed. This committee is composed of Bud Billups as chair, Marilyn Mylander, Jeanine Hoffman, Kim Kerns, Jon Tuck, Wendy Allanbrook, and one student, Micah Pharris. Mrs. Mylander says that the committee is looking for

more students and that anyone interested should contact one of the members of the committee. Also according to Mrs. Mylander, there is a list of about 13 caterers who have worked for the school in the past who may possibly run the Coffee Shop next year. She says, "This committee need not select a caterer, but that may be done by a group of students." The possibility that students will choose the new Coffee Shop caterer depends on student interest, though.

Several students this year have expressed discontent about the limited number of hours that the coffee shop has been open. Students have expressed that they would use the coffee shop if it were open on weekends. Freshman Celine Bocchi says, "I hope that the new manager doesn't keep the Coffee Shop open less. I would eat at the Coffee Shop more if it were open more often."

Until the Committee meets again (it meets at 3:45 p.m. on Thursdays) nothing else will be decided about the next coffee shop manager.

Blood suckers speak on Donating and Virtue

Robin Locke & J. Maya Johnson

Walking into the cafeteria used to be a safe journey with very little harassment or endangerment. All of that changes three times a year. Most of you have probably noticed a team of short vampires, who beg, plead and threaten you for blood. Well, we're back. No, the bloodletting is done for the year. We're just begging early for next year, and trying to inform those students who have never given blood what the process is like.

The first step, which all of you have turned into an art form, is making up excuses to test our refuting techniques and knowledge. This is one part of the process which is not required for all donors. Once you decide that saving someone's life is a Virtue (Yes, we checked the answers in the teachers' edition of Aristotle.) you sign up for a time and come all the way down to FSK lobby to donate. The donation is really not as bad as Micah Pharris would have you believe. You sign in and a nurse will ask you some simple questions and give a physical to make sure you can donate. Everything you tell the nurse is confidential. They hand you a small bag so that your blood doesn't have to be collected in the nurse's hands, and you become a donor with a bar code.

Now, the idea of the needle is quite disturbing to most, but there is no other way to get the blood, except of course, by playing Spartan Madball, which takes a lot longer and involves more pain. The pint of blood will be liberated from your body in approximately ten minutes. The needle goes in

without causing much trauma. If you pinch your arm for a few seconds, you can feel it yourself without having to go to a bloodmobile. The best part of the day is the fun and games at the refreshment stand. Two beautiful women will escort you from the table to the canteen. We will do everything for you. By special request, cookies and pretzels can even be fed to you like a choo-choo train or an airplane.

So, please, if you are able to give blood, do it every 56 days, and if you cannot give, volunteer and help us run the drive. We cannot keep running it alone. We may have joked around a lot in this article, but it is a very serious matter. So think about it, and we'll be back in October.

D.C. Minutes

April 12th, 1994 in King Bill's All-Nite Lounge and Dance Revue--

"When I legislate, I feel the hot air of God in my entrails." - *Somebody in a British movie resembling Chariots of Fire*

1. We approved the Medieval Re-Enactors (formerly Society for Creative Anachronists) new, modern, shiny charter overwhelmingly. (15-0-0)

2. We gave *The Collegian* staff \$1350.00 for next semester overwhelmed and awestruck to the same degree. (15-0-0)

3. The Delegate Council was stunned by a surprise appearance of Robert Goulet and Liza Minelli, who performed the ex-

tended dance remix of "I Can See Clearly Now." Ms. Lockhart wept, and we had to wait for the sobs of ecstasy to fade away before we continued.

4. Victoria Printz came to ask for whatever we could give her. We obliged by cutting her a check for \$760.75. (14-0-1)

5. One of these items is false, and the first person to correctly point out my embellishment gets a spanking from Mr. "Omni-Hair" Hodges.

Agenda for April 19th in the Conversation Room-

1. Huxley AOC- Clubs cannot use funds from the D.C. for the payment of punitive fines.

2. TBA



Phelan

Anonymous 4: one of a kind, refreshing

Cathi Hander '96

Anonymous 4 is a vocal quartet which specializes in the performance of medieval chant and polyphony. The four women members, Ruth Cunningham (soprano), Marsha Genensky (soprano), Susan Hellauer (alto), and Johanna Rose (soprano), are all musicologists; this makes the authenticity and correctness of their performances of obscure medieval music seem reliable. What's more, this quartet is really one of a kind; they are an all women ensemble singing women's music which is dedicated to the Virgin Mary herself.

Friday night's performance of 'An English Lady mass, 13th and 14th Century Chant

and Polyphony in Honor of the Virgin Mary," was phenomenal in every aspect. As the house-lights went down, the four ladies sang a common note to begin the first movement, "Prosa: Gaude Virgo salutata." Most striking about the performance was the musical unity. Their voices sounded as if the impetus of the music was but one man's bow arm drawing a chord from his violin's strings—they sounded like one instrument, one voice.

They sang or spoke twenty-seven movements, gracefully changing at times from quartet to duo or trio, and now and then moving to a reading presented by a single voice. Each

movement was done with equal facility and musicality, but one of the most memorable pieces was "Polyphonic song: Salve Virgo virgum." Dissonant seconds ended every phrase. Another movement which stood out in the performance was "Sequence Song: Jesu Cristes milde moder;" in this one, every phrase ended with the four voices in unison.

"An English Lady mass" was composed using a common technique for its time period—*fauxbourdon*, or false base. This means that, generally speaking, the chordal structure is determined by reproducing the melody a third and a sixth higher with the cadences deviating from this rule for a sense of resolution. Ornamentation, floridity, and melisma, among other subtle nuances, keep the music alive and interesting.

One thing is certain—this kind of music is an acquired taste for the modern listener; however, exposure to a wide range of styles is refreshing to the ear. Our community has been fortunate of late to have had several performances of music in this style. Just last Sunday, the Camarata made a performance of one of Josquin's *Sanctus*, as well as a *Sanctus* by Pierre Delarue.

If you ever have the chance to see Anonymous 4 in concert, (you can catch their debut in Barcelona or Paris this coming year or you can stop in for one in their New York series) I enthusiastically recommend taking the opportunity. It is truly a majestic experience. They are able to create a sense of another time with their austere physical appearance and through the music they make. It is also important to note that a full hour of music without the break of an intermission helps to pull the audience into the medieval setting they create.

If you were so unfortunate as to have been washing your hair last Friday night, I suggest you buy their CD, "An English Lady mass," recorded by Harmonia Mundi, for a glimpse of this extraordinary performance.



Duffy

Gaston Lachaise art lecture examines deification of women

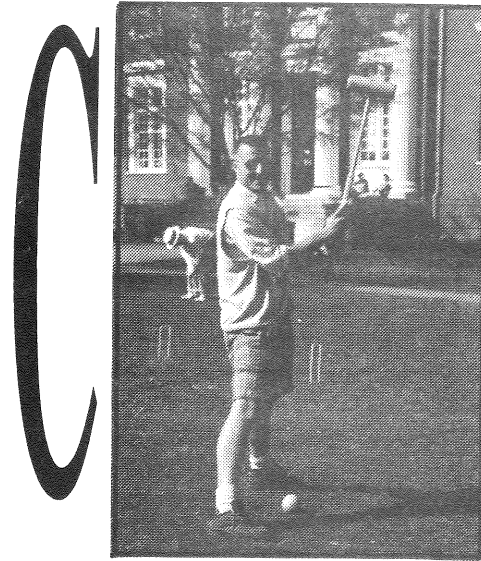
Deirdre O'Shea '97

Last Tuesday, Gerald Norman presented a slide lecture on the longest running art exhibit in this country—Sculpture and Drawings of Gaston Lachaise, which is now on display in the Margaret Mitchell Gallery. Norman began this retrospective twenty-six years ago at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, and it has since travelled around the United States and Canada. This growing exhibit has doubled its size since then as the Lachaise Foundation acquired more works. Norman's lecture dealt primarily with breaking the exhibit into themes, in Norman's words, to "give [us] a skeleton key to see [the exhibit] again." Norman presented Lachaise's sculpture in six categories: the standing women series, portraits, mountains, the circus/burlesque works, his fragments, and the late, final works. All the sculpture and nearly all the pencil and water color works in the Lachaise collection are of women, and are primarily modeled after his wife, Isabel Nagle, and a handful of strong women he admired. *Suicide Woman*, 1931, is modeled after a woman he saw confidently walking into a hotel in a simple dress and open coat on a day he was bundled head to toe. He wanted to express his admiration for her power in his work. What he created is a 17 5/8 inch sculpture that is massive in impact despite its actual size.

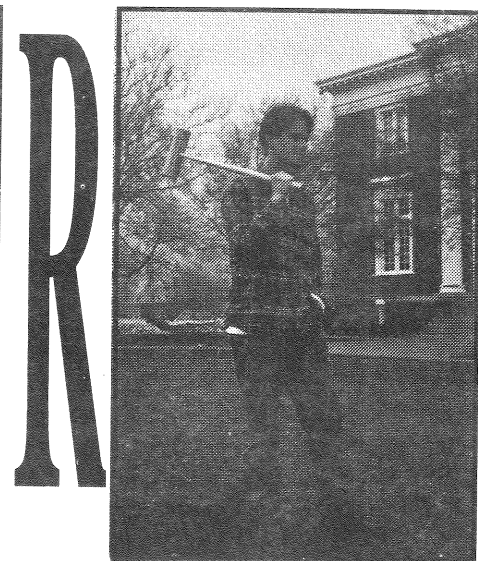
One prevailing theme is the deification of women and the power of sex. He alludes to archaic sculpture in his work, particularly "Little Venus"—a palm sized pre-historic sculpture of a fertility goddess, and the women of Hindu mythology. He had an admitted love for Hindu art and its use of fertility symbols and voluptuous sensuality, but consciously avoided over-incorporating this style so he could explore his own style. The Hindu presence is still felt. The female earth-goddess is a common image in his work, and his women are round and proud. Lachaise felt that America was too puritanical, and did not recognize the power of sex. Lachaise even went so far as to sculpt an image of what he felt is one of the greatest powers of woman—to give birth. Though nude women appear in the art of nearly all cultures, the birthing woman is overlooked. His work, "Dynamo Mater," breaches this gap.

Women's groups, such as the New York based Guerilla Girls, have been known to protest this exhibit because they feel it is degrading to the female sex. On first passing through the Lachaise exhibit, it was not instantly clear to me what Lachaise was trying to say with his work, but I was by no means offended. After hearing Mr. Norman's lecture, I had no reason to be. Lachaise certainly deifies women, and perhaps some see this as objectifying, but the message he tries to send is by no means derogatory. His mountain series worships the earth mother/earth goddess image that many feminists adopt as religion. The women in these works are simultaneously rising from and becoming the earth as they depict rolling mountains. Fertility is one of the greatest gifts and powers of womanhood for Lachaise, and it is certainly a prime difference

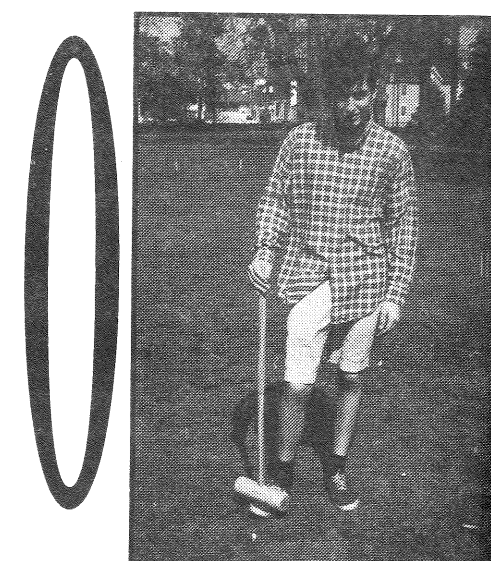
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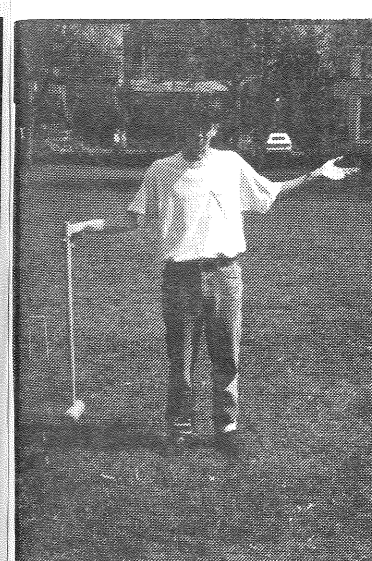
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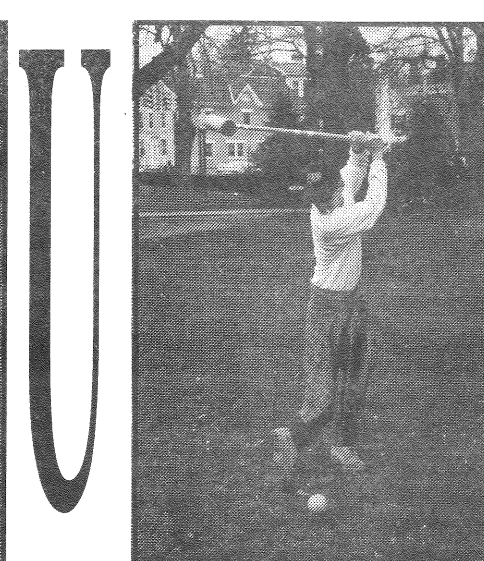
Freeman



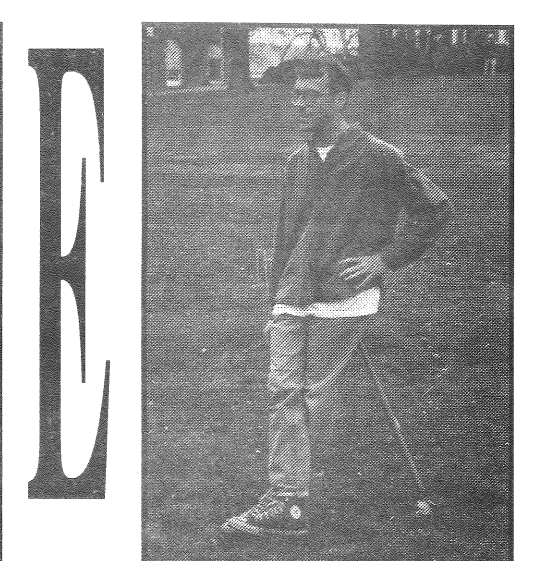
Crimmins



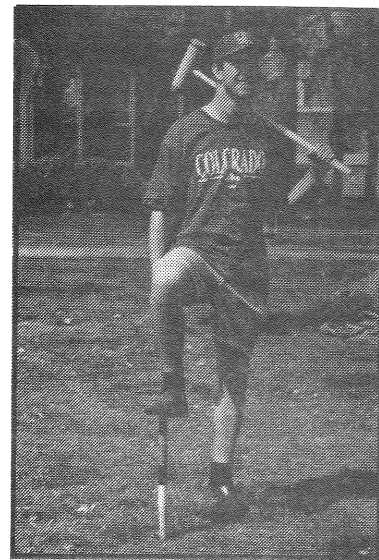
Marshall



Knerr



Morf



Pharris



Sirkin

Edward B. Freeman III Ned recently set a new wicket running record of twelve wickets in one turn, breaking the record of ten, formerly held jointly by Scouse and Alex Vallega, the current and previous Imperial Wickets, respectively. He is provisionally partnered with Mr. Abraham Schoener giving their team a useful blend of experience and youth. Ned is an excellent shot maker with a tremendous three ball break that can end a match before the other team has settled in to play.

Mr. Abraham Schoener (Tutor) Mr. Schoener returns to the team with more experience (and reservations) than any other member of the team. His experience leads him to try new and innovative strategies (such as hitting his opponent's ball) far beyond the ken of most normal croquet players not so blessed by the gods with such immortal insight. With his characteristic dress, playing style and bottle of wine, he is easily the most recognizable player on the green.

Benjamin (Scouse) Power, Imperial Wicket This is Ben's third year on the team and thus far he is undefeated in matches against both the Naval Academy and Ginger Cove. He is feeling somewhat apprehensive about his own game as he seems to have spent most of the spring coaching others in his capacity as Imperial Wicket; however, he is very confident about the overall chances of the team.

Reuben G. Marshall Reuben was the first non-return-

ing underclassman chosen for this year's team and brings a very steady and mistake free game to his partnership with the Imperial Wicket. He recently defeated the aforementioned Ned in only fifty-five minutes during which he missed nary a shot. Says Ned of that match, "When he's on he may be the best player out here."

Jonathan M. Crimmins brings with his mercurial personality a sense of exuberance and excitement to every match he plays. Recognizable by his habit of chasing the ball he has struck down the court, yelling at it and himself all the while, he will play alongside Paul Morf with whom he has developed an exceedingly close partnership. Says Paul of Jon, "Every time a woman comes near to our court, his game goes to hell."

Understanding croquet

by Alexander S. Battles, Former Editor

The St. John's/Navy croquet game is traditionally of the American 9 Wicket variety.

In nine wicket croquet, the players are divided into two teams of two. The object of the game is for both players from one team to go through all the wickets before both both players from the opposing team do. This sounds simple enough, since most people know this much from backyard croquet, but the intricacies of competition croquet stretch farther than that.

There are four balls colored blue, red black, and yellow. These colors appear on the stakes at the opposite ends of the field in this order because this is the order players take their turns in. On Saturday, each team will either be blue and black or red and yellow. Players use the following rule to help their teammate accompany them thence:

Live ball, dead ball. This is probably the most important rule to know. If a player strikes another ball with his ball, he gets two shots more. His first shot is a "split shot" in which he takes his ball alongside the ball he has just hit and hits it again, taking the second ball along for the ride. If it is his teammate's ball that

At this time the IW is considering buying him a set of blinders.

Paul F. Morf As the only senior other than the IW, Paul will be relied upon to bring a (much needed in Jon's case) level head and calming influence to his pairing. Paul, who runs a superb break with single minded determination if given the opportunity, is one of our stronger strategists and knows every break of the Liberty Tree Lawn. Jon introduced Paul to the sport and says, "I taught him everything he knows."

John Sifton is one of two sophomores on this year's team. He and his partner James Knerr played constantly together to such an extent and to such good effect that the IW was obliged both to pick

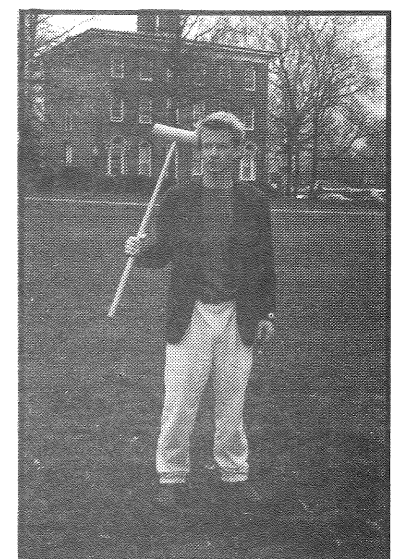
them for the team and to pair them together. John provides an excellent shot making foil to James' strategic thinking. He says, "[Unquotable in a family publication.]"

James "Shaka" Knerr, our second Sophomore went so far as to buy himself his own croquet set in order to practice all summer and is probably the most fanatical of our team members about the sport. Just a year ago he had not yet moved up from backyard style croquet, but he has since become a strong strategist, and his partnership will set the midshipmen quite a challenge.

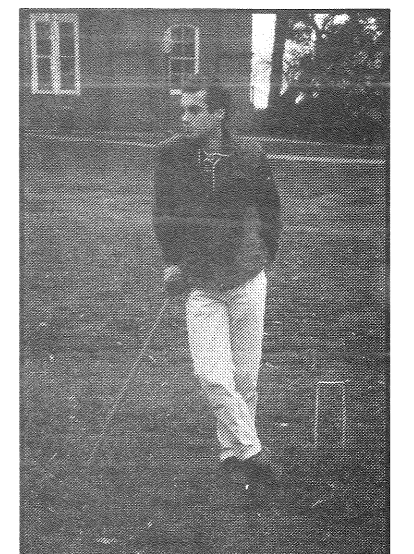
Craig A. Sirkin The "hero" of last year's match is leery of the possibilities for humiliating himself this year. He can be a solid player, combining both strategy and play making, but suffers from lapses much to be expected from a player with as little experience as he possesses. Although Mr. Sirkin has some past USNA match experience, he has been playing for a shorter period of time than some of the rookies on this year's squad. Of his knowledge gleaned from the pressure at the end of last year's match, Mr. Sirkin says, "I know that if I'm way behind, there's always the chance that I'll get lucky again."

Micah Pharris Although Micah is a rookie on this year's team, he may have as much experience (at least timewise) in the sport as any other member of the team, save for Scouse and Abe. Paired with Mr. Sirkin, he is a part of possibly the tallest twosome in Croquet history. Mr. Pharris' shotmaking ability combined with Mr. Sirkin's growing knowledge of Croquet strategy should make for a strong late round team.

Written by the Imperial Wicket



Sifton



Power, Imperial Wicket

News from the Imperial Wicket: Jon Crimmins broke the 12 wicket running record with 13 wickets in one turn on Sunday.

Where the wild things shouldn't be:

Sinister flutters and clutters in Mellon

Cobalt Blue, Resident Cool Guy

Now I know that you're probably thinking this is going to be another one of those wacky man vs. nature, Incredible Journey, Lassie saves Timmy stories that the name Cobalt Blue is synonymous with. Well, go ahead and laugh. Everyone scoffed last year at the article I wrote about the attack of the wild killer opossum who lived in the "E" drawer of the abandoned card catalogue next to the observatory. The opossum was just the beginning of something big, I tell you. He was just the scout for an all-out attack by the wilderness upon civilization at St. John's as we know it. Now we are faced with a far more insidious enemy. One that is not only offensive to the nostrils but leaves our beautiful lab tables hideously decorated. Yes, I am talking about the evil that men call "The Pigeon."

Lately these creatures have either developed the uncanny ability to unlock the windows from outside or some careless student has forgotten to shut the windows to our precious lab rooms after partaking of their quaint ambiance. These feathered guerrillas have entrenched themselves in the tiles above our ceilings and are watching our every move. They wait in darkness

until the students retire for the day then they swoop down upon the lab tables like some fowl version of Angels of Death and deposit their messes like stinky, little land mines of excrement just waiting to be discovered by the next poor soul who ventures in unaware.

Ah, but take heart, young friends, for leading the battle against the ruthless pigeon is our very own custodian, Jimmy Matthews. I have been fortunate (or maybe unfortunate) enough to see a few of these battles first hand. These skirmishes are fierce and not meant for the weak of heart, so anyone who faints at the sight of the word "blood" should stop reading right now. First, Jimmy - who, by the way, bats .386 against medium sized feathered creatures - gets a long metal pole and begins to tap the ceiling tiles until he forces the pigeon out of hiding. Then, with nostrils flaring (his, not the pigeon's) and a mighty cry of "Gol' darn pigeons!!" comes a powerful swing. There is a "Whack!" as another pigeon bounces off the lab room wall. It is a sound of metal on feathers that I will never forget.

When I first saw this I thought it was hideous. Now I'm not so sure. Maybe all that TV violence has desensitized me. But I do know Jimmy takes great pride in keeping those classrooms clean and those pigeons stand in the way of his job. Is this our own little spotted owl problem just like in Oregon? I don't know. I asked about ways to prevent the pigeons from coming here. I was told that plastic owls were used for awhile but then they were stolen. They're

probably looking really nice on someone's fireplace mantel right now. I was told that chemicals were used once but they were costly and ineffective. Jimmy seems to think that if

the metal shutters on the outside of the windows were removed it would be less inviting for pigeons to roost there. I don't know if that would work and I think we will sooner see a pigeon pass through the eye of a needle before we see this course of action take place. For in order for that to happen, it would require the action of two bureaucracies. It would first have to pass through the Campus Planning Committee which is very aptly named because it does a lot of planning but very little actually ever seems to get done. This is not entirely their fault since the college is short of funds. The other is the Historical Foundation of Annapolis--a group so intent on the idea of "preservation" that they probably wouldn't let you change your mind unless you could find someone to vow that your ideas weren't original in the first place. Sometimes I dream of those lost days on the farm when if you wanted something done you grabbed a handful of tools and you went out and did it and then you waited for someone to object. If no one objected then it was a finished job. Instead we stand here with the Historical Foundation Shutter Police looking over our

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Dating services, lies and videotape

John Williams '96

I've been receiving questionnaires from dating services for years, and was always curious about them. Another one came in the mail over spring break from a company by the name of Great Expectations. It was the usual, asking what kind of person I was and what kind of person I was looking for. I filled it out in the most general way I could and mailed it back to them. I approached the editor of *The Gadfly* about doing a story, and he said okay. I told him that they would probably send me some information in the mail.

Within a week, "Jacelyn" was calling every day. Jacelyn was a Great Expectations sales pitch inmate. She worked herself up into a kind of manic frenzy, until I could no longer make myself heard over the horrors of the singles bars and the low divorce rate of couples that met through GE. She couldn't stop. She said that they were a very selective service, but that I fit a certain valuable profile. I asked her what that profile was. She said that she could tell from the questionnaire that I was financially secure, honest, serious, and would not break the hearts of all their members. "You've got to be kidding," I said. She said I would be perfect for them. So I asked her how the service worked. She was vague, but I picked up that it had something to do with video profiles. "Jacelyn," I asked, "how much does all this cost?"

"I can't tell you that exactly."

"Can you give me a ball-park figure?"

"I really don't know," she said.

"What do you mean, you don't know?"

She went on to explain how there is no set price, and anyway, she never comes into contact with prices. I said, "You mean you never go to lunch with the girls down on the service floor?"

"They just don't tell us these things," she said. I found out later that everyone who works there was once a member of the club, so she could have told me something. But the point of the whole conversation was, When could I come down for a private screening? Tonight? Tomorrow afternoon? Tomorrow evening? I said that I wouldn't be able to make it down there for at least a couple of weeks. I had an essay to write. "Well, what about tomorrow night?" she asked.

"Jacelyn. Are you listening to me?"

"We just want to get things started as soon as possible," she said. We went around on that one for awhile, but finally I put my foot down and told her that there was no way that I was going to come down there at all unless she stopped what she was doing and listened to me tell her when I was free.

So a few weeks later, Nathan and I drove to Towson. Jacelyn had told me that since I would have to trouble someone with a ride that he would be able to sit in on the interview. That was certainly what I wanted to hear. There's nothing like a backup memory for a story. Unfortunately, it was a lie. When I got there, they were "private

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Josselyn

WHY I HATE YOU WHY I LOVE YOU

"So what was it like living in a small town," I asked. He fidgeted for a moment, his face contorting with an odd, manical grin.

"It was alright I guess."

"Was there alot a Satan worshipping?"

"Yes. Definitely. They were into all that crazy shit."

People's general opinion of small towns has always been less than favorable, which has led me to wonder why everyone at this campus toots the "small community like ours" horn with such pride. I am not from a small community myself. My home county has more people in it than the entire state of Alaska. I fully admit to the prejudices I have about people from small towns. I imagine that they are probably a little bit weirder and a little bit spookier than the metropolitans I would find more favor in. However, I chose a school with four hundred people and not twenty thousand, so there must be something to a small school that I find redeeming.

It only took about three or four weeks for me to be completely sick of the phrase "a small community like ours." Its use is catholic. It is used in any excuse for behavior or any punishment for behavior. It is used from the Dean down to the freshman. I admit that even I have said it upon occasion. In every issue of *The Gadfly* the phrase is uttered. I decided that maybe I should examine what this small community thing is all about, why would I like it, and if Satan worship is a necessary part.

To do this, I have tried to figure out what the fundamental principles of a small community are. What are its core axioms, from which all other attributes can be discovered? I have come up with three which I believe to be the first principles:

1. There is close camaraderie.
2. There is nowhere to hide.
3. We are no financial market.

From these, all other aspects of this college fall out. What we can and cannot do are dictated by these points. To know anything about this college all we have to do are ask questions.

First question: Would a small community have good food? Well, because there are only four hundred of us, no intelligent caterer with good food would serve us. Would McDonald's or Pizza Hut want to open any eateries on a campus which can only promise at best four hundred people a day? No; they wouldn't make enough money. Nor could Marriott have decent staple foods like hamburgers (correction: good hamburgers) every day. Though I like hamburgers and would eat

them every day, others would want choice. (Choice, of course, being the essence of life.) They would want other things. If only a few of us ate hamburgers each day, while everyone else was particularly enamored of the reubens, there would be too much waste. Thus, due to our lack of a market, capitalism dies, fascism sets in, and I end up having nachos for dinner every night.

Second question: How are classes? Well, seeing as everyone knows everyone, there is a closeness and, thus, decent participation. Classes can be personal enough that one can get one's point across. However, it is true that when there's a bad seed in a class, there's nowhere to hide.

What's the law enforcement like? Because there's no financial market, there are no funds for huge staffs of people to enforce the laws of St. John's. Also, because we know everyone, there is no need for large investigative work. Therefore, at St. John's we have an alcohol cop, a sheriff, some deputies, and a judge. The cop is Steve Werlin. He strolls the campus. The sheriff is Larry

I have come up with three fundamental principles of a small community:

1. There is close comradery.
2. There is no where to hide.
3. We are no financial market.

Adams. He and his deputies can easily squelch any noise disturbances that may occur. If, however, the offense of any individual is too great, that individual is sent to one man. The Judge. Mr. Tuck. Quite a few of us develop a very personal relationship with Mr. Tuck as he judges our sins and sets out due punishment, and if we are mad at The Man, he is in fact only one man.

All of these answers are easily understood by referring back to the first principles. For most questions about quality, however, there ends up to be no definite answers. For instance, if one asked about the dating scene, the response would consist of two sides: those presently enjoying a close camaraderie with the opposite sex, and those dreading the reality that there is nowhere to run when a relationship ends. Enjoying oneself at this small community depends on which principle is affecting you at a certain time. That is why my feelings for this place are in a constant flux. Right now the principle most affecting me is the second one: nowhere to hide. Maybe next week I'll be bogged down in the "no financial market" woes only to enjoy myself later because I feel so close to everyone. There will never be consis-

tency.

I said earlier that I don't like small towns, so why would I like St. John's? My reasons are founded in the three principles, as are everyone's. My personal reason for enjoying this place, aside from the program, is the fact that we are saved from most modern political fashions that stink up the hallowed halls of your larger universities. We don't bend and twist and mutilate our minds with the present rhetoric of moral judges. We develop our own politics and our own standards of ethics suited to a small campus. Why can we do this? The fact that we are no financial market also means that we are no commercial market; thus, few of the politicians of the modern world can afford to litter our minds without large scale acceptance and decent commercial exposure. We aren't big enough to be worth it to Queer Nation and The Young Conservatives of America, or Amnesty International, or Extreme Feminists and Extreme Fraternities. We are freed from these organizations because we are not worth it to them. Thank God. Also, having such close camaraderie, we don't need others to decide how we should treat each other. We can figure it out for ourselves.

This is how the principles work for me and keep me satisfied. Others will find their own happiness or distaste through a combination of principles different from mine. But as far as I'm concerned, we don't need law at this school. We don't need an alcohol policy or a drug policy. We could live in a perfectly natural state where we would be free to do what we want, try not to hurt anybody, drink and smoke a lot, go to class, study hard and try to figure it all out. Only in a small community like ours could this occur. A bit unrealistic, but hey, I'm just dreaming. A final note: the principles involved in a small community do not explain the high level of Satan worshipping that is the glory of the Midwest.

WORDS
by Sam Dillehay



Ohme

OPINION

The Dean's personal opinion of *The Gadfly*

To the Editors:

First, I cannot resist expressing my deep personal satisfaction at the civil and receptive conduct of everyone who went to the remarkably well attended *Gadfly* forum. I think that as a community of discourse we are in pretty good shape.

Second, I would like to clarify my own view of the matter of placing announcements in *The Gadfly*. It is indeed a fact that a substantial part of the community has learned not to read the paper, and so there is no point in trying to reach them through it. As soon as some effort is made to regain that audience, for example, by a statement of editorial policy, the editors can count on my cooperation in telling the faculty of it.

Third, while I am in principle and in practice opposed to an attempt to control *The Gadfly* through the funding it gets from the college, I see no duty to refrain from personal expressions of opinion. Along with others, I have in fact spoken and written to the editors, and cannot complain of not having been heard.

Fourth, there is the issue of the seriousness of *The Gadfly*. I am evidently not alone in wishing that the proportion of important issues to attempted amusement were greater. After all, this country is awash in entertainment with which to relax, but this school has had, so far, only one weekly in which matters that just have to be of interest to students can be aired. A short list of these might be:

- Our calculus text
- Our senior laboratory
- Our relations between the sexes
- Our drinking habits.

In each case, if reporters from *The Gadfly* came to me, I would be glad to refer them to the students, tutors, or other faculty who have especially thought on the subject.

And last, I think it will be very healthy for the campus to have an alternative paper, and I look forward to its contribution.

Sincerely,
Eva T.H. Brann
Dean

What are North Koreans thinking?

To the Editors:

I must agree with Brady Parkhurst that not enough attention is being paid to the situation on the Korean Peninsula [March 23]. This article is exemplary of the naive and uninformed opinions that exist regarding the growing crisis.

Parkhurst says, "I cannot help but think about what my perspective on this whole situation would be if I were North Korean." If you do want to know what the North Koreans think, I would suggest listening to what the North Korean Government says in its press releases, or pick up a North Korean newspaper. Don't pretend you can know what they think; it is condescending and inaccurate.

Parkhurst later asks, in a nutshell, why the US can have nuclear weapons, but North Korea cannot. Well, to be blunt, it's because we're bigger than they are. If you value geopolitical stability, (trust me, unless you have dreams of being a war hero, you do) then you'll appreciate the importance of non-proliferation of nuclear weapons. The only way to prevent small and developing countries from developing and deploying nuclear weapons is for the larger countries (the US, China, Russia) to lean on them. As far as "North Korea will never have a chance to show whether or not it can be responsible," this is not the family car. If they are "irresponsible," Allstate doesn't give South Korea a check to cover the damages. There are some chances not worth taking.

Lastly, the issue of US Patriot Missile Batteries. Why are we sending these? Because there's this country over there, South Korea, that is worried about becoming so much radioactive dust. International diplomacy is an *ad hoc* mixture of threats and promises. If your promises don't work, then you try threats, and you show that you will back those threats up with force. North Korea invaded South Korea in the '50s, in part, because the US sent mixed signals as to how such an action would be viewed. They thought we wouldn't like it, but that we could live with it. If the US had sent a clearer sign that this would not be tolerated, the

Letters policy: Letters will not be edited for grammar, punctuation or spelling, and will be printed exactly as submitted.

Korean War may not have occurred. By sending these missiles to South Korea, President Clinton is showing clearly that an attack on the South will be viewed as an attack on the US, and that Pyongyang does so at its own peril.

In short, I would say: Grow up. The world is a dangerous place, far too complex for such simplistic understandings and solutions as Parkhurst's article showed. Read *The Economist*, read *The New York Times*, read some of the history of the Korean Peninsula, then get back to us.

Sincerely,
Christopher Budd, G.I. '95

Sean Stickle's article is found offensive

Dear Nathan Jongewaard,

I hope I am not the only person to express disappointment in your choice to publish Sean Stickle's article [April 5] which was not only malicious, but had no intention of improving life here at St. John's. This is the type of attitude which I find offensive, not bawdy humor or plastic penises, because it is hurtful and alienating to members within our own community. You asked us to remember the title of this publication in your defense, but I am not sure how it applies. I thought the analogy was used to explain how Socrates spurred the men of Athens in an attempt to bring out their full potential. How ironic that it is now the community which is spurring *The Gadfly* through our letters, in an attempt to bring out its full potential. I hope you understand why I am offended, but if not, I am more than willing to talk whenever you have the chance.

Sincerely,
Dominic Crapuchettes



Hoepfner

A report on the *Gadfly* Forum

Aaron Lewis '95

Members from every part of the college community convened in the King William room at 7:30p.m. on Wednesday, April 13 to discuss with the editors and the staff of *The Gadfly* the particular problems of that publication.

The meeting was originally called by the student Delegate Council in order to address the multitude of complaints that a good number of the student body and faculty expressed towards *The Gadfly*.

The editors of *The Gadfly*, Messrs. Lewis and Jongewaard, opened up the meeting by reading a prepared statement in which the editors conceded that the way they had engineered *The Gadfly* was possibly offensive to the members of the college community. But while the editors admitted that they did have some flaws in their handling of the paper, they also stressed that they had improved many aspects of the paper.

"As opposed to the editorial policies of some of our predecessors, who relied almost universally on unsolicited community contributions, Mr. Lewis and I have tried a more active approach," said Mr. Jongewaard. "In addition, we have tried to find topics and issues of interest outside of our campus community to report on." Mr. Jongewaard concluded the statement by petitioning the audience for their help in fixing the blemishes that existed in *The Gadfly*.

For many of those present at the meeting, the active stance that *The Gadfly* takes was a great point of contention that evening. In the past, editors of *The Gadfly* allowed just about anything to be printed in its pages, thus relieving those editors of most of the responsibility for the content of the articles, and placing the onus of accountability on the authors of the various pieces. Because *The Gadfly* now seeks out material, rather than waiting for the student body to rely upon its own initiative to write articles, the paper appears to many in the college community to propagate an attitude of flippancy, and mean-spiritedness that is ultimately hazardous to the peace of mind of the college community.

Dominic Crapuchettes, a junior, said "a lot of what *The Gadfly* prints is hurtful to the community." Other members of the audience said that just

the tone of the magazine was annoying and irresponsible. The audience cited the recently published article on the Society for Creative Anachronism as an

example of the mean-spiritedness that they claim is typical in most issues of *The Gadfly*.

Still, the editors and the staff of *The Gadfly* had its defenders. Molly Hinshaw, an editor of the college literary publication, *The Collegian*, which was lampooned in an issue of *The Gadfly* last semester, complimented *The Gadfly* for the escape it provided from the widespread seriousness of the college.

Others present criticized the college community for making *The Gadfly* controversy something a little too overbearing and unnecessary. One student said that the faculty's boycott of *The Gadfly* would do little to ameliorate the problems of *The Gadfly*, because the paper could only be bettered by the influence of more articles of a higher quality.

Dean Brann responded that the faculty was not boycotting *The Gadfly* for any moral reasons; rather, the faculty was simply not publishing any announcements in the pages of *The Gadfly* because the readership of *The Gadfly* declined substantially since the editors took over the paper in the late fall.

When asked if they thought that the readership of *The Gadfly* had declined, some members of the audience said they thought that the contrary occurred. "In my two and a half years as a student here, I never really read *The Gadfly* until Mr. Jongewaard and Mr. Lewis took it over. That may be a poor reflection on my taste, but I do read it more now," said Alice Brown, a junior.

Though many expected the meeting to be acrimonious and heated, those in attendance conducted themselves civilly. Rarely did the exchanges between *The Gadfly* staff and the audience become rude. In the end, many of the members of the audience who had rebuffed *The Gadfly* for its faults stepped forward after the meeting to ask if there was any way they might help develop *The Gadfly* into a publication with which the entire college community would be pleased.

"Flutters and Clutters" from page 8

shoulders, waiting for us to just try to take down one of those pigeon magnets so they can fine us some huge amount or maybe cart us off to jail. I don't know what they do to shutter-removal violators, because no one has stood up to them with a problem like ours. Pigeon droppings are considered a public health hazard. Somehow, when I view it as such it makes it easier for me to handle the thought of Jimmy breaking pigeon necks in the classroom.

It's a problem that isn't going to fly away, so remember--shut the laboratory windows when you leave the room.



Sasso

Announcements

All-college Seminar

Anyone interested in participating in the all-college seminar on Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* this Friday should sign up in the coffee shop.

Guerilla Seminar on *Tao Te Ching*

On Wednesday, May 4th, there will be a guerilla seminar on Lao-tzu's *Tao Te Ching*. As many people may know, Lao-tzu has a very important role in the history of Chinese philosophy. His thinking has affected Eastern philosophers in many ways. Now, many Western philosophers are also interested in his thoughts. *Tao Te Ching* is his most important work.

It has been almost two years since I came to America and entered St. John's College. Certainly there are many differences that I can see between the Eastern and Western world. But when I read Plato, Aristotle, and the Bible, I find something familiar. There are similar ideas shared by these works and Lao-tzu's. I wonder all the time what makes for the great difference between the thinking of the Eastern and Western worlds, if originally they are quite similar. Maybe both of us neglect something? I hope through this guerilla seminar we can find something new, something helpful to understand what may be puzzling you. Mr. Yee will lead the seminar; books are available in the book store. Everyone is welcome. Please mark your calendar and read the book carefully. from J. Wang

A fabulous evening of theatrical excitement

This Saturday and Sunday evening at 8:00 p.m., amidst croquet, waltz, and collegium madness, take an hour or so out of your schedules for a bit of theatrical relief.

Seascope with Sharks and Dancer

is a two person play by Don Nigro tracing the development of a relationship involving a more than slightly neurotic, hyperactive woman and a writer who thinks he wants nothing more than solitude.

Kathy Stolzenbach is directing; Aaron Finkelstein and Lori Freeman play "shark and dancer," respectively.

Admission is free.

"Dating Services" continued from page 8 interviews." Nathan went off to a bookstore up the street.

My "service representative" was an attractive woman in her late twenties. She led me into one of about fifteen glass cubicles and asked to fill out another questionnaire. They were the same questions as in the mailing and I filled them out the same way, but I couldn't decide whether I was "not interested in dating" or "looking to get married," so I left it blank. She collected it from me and left the cubicle so I could watch a video. I guess she thought I might enjoy it more if I were alone, but I kept looking around for two-way mirrors.

The video was an infomercial full of statistics: forty percent of Americans are single, in "an epidemic of loneliness," and Great Expectations has 150,000 members nationwide, all of them waiting to meet me. There were testimonials by members; one woman said, "I had just gotten out of a bad relationship, and so I joined Great Expectations to show him how many people I could date." Another woman said, "with Great Expectations, I had twenty dates in one week." I was trying to do the math on that one when another woman said, "I just wanted to get out of the singles bars and auto parts stores." What?

The video ended just as my service representative came back in and asked to see my driver's license and credit card. I handed them to her. She said she just had to run into the next room with

them to show her manager that I was a serious customer.

"Can't you tell that from the questionnaire?" I asked. She gave me the runaround for a few minutes until it became clear that either she left with the card or it was over. I wanted more information, so I let her take it, and she came back a few minutes later with the bad news that it just didn't seem like I had enough money to join the club. Gosh, I wonder how she found out how much money I had? She said she could tell by the questionnaire.

We looked at each other and nodded for a moment, and sensing that the interview was about to end. I started asking questions, like how much it would cost. So I said to her, "Well, maybe I can afford it." She asked me was I really in a position to spend \$250 dollars a month? Gee, I don't know. Could I afford \$200? \$150? Well, that's a little steep. She got all the way down to \$85, and when I agreed that maybe that didn't sound so bad, she immediately requoted the price as \$100 a month. I began to wonder if that you-can't-afford-it routine was a ploy to get my pride to reach into my wallet for me. There is also a \$500 initiation fee. I asked her what I would get.

What you get for the money is access to their video library. Everyone gets interviewed on video. They ask you a list of questions that you've made up yourself. Then, if another member

watches your video and wants to date you, they turn in a card with your number on it. You can turn in up to five cards a day, seven days a week. That's thirty-five potential dates each week. Then each person you've picked has thirty days to come and watch your video, and anyone of them that decides they want to date you gets your number.

It's a simple idea, but it's expensive and somewhat tedious. The only way to find people is to search through the 4500 videos at the Towson center. I asked my representative about any methods used to narrow down the field. She said, "Well, we're not a match-making service. We just provide people access to each other. So you could start with the As, or the Bs; or some people like to go randomly. It's all up to you. It's all at your own pace." No wonder they charge by the month.

If you can afford it, and if you don't mind that the whole thing is a little like two prostitutes hiring each other while the pimp gets all the money, it may be a good alternative for people who find themselves isolated from a decent dating environment. Personally, I can't imagine ever joining their club, not because of the system nor the concept, but because the people I had to deal with were so slick. The service they provide may well be worth the money they're charging, but you can't know for sure until you've called their bluff by forking it over. I don't know. I didn't buy it.

The Gadfly

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Yearly subscriptions are available for \$35.00. Tax-deductible contributions are greatly appreciated. Please make checks payable to *The Gadfly*.

For display advertisement prices and information, call 263-2371, ext. 320.

Deadline: Thursday at midnight. Submissions may be submitted in any Macintosh-based word processing format on a 3 1/2" floppy disk along with a typed, double-spaced copy. Otherwise, typed, double-spaced submissions are acceptable.

The Gadfly
St. John's College
Annapolis, MD 21404



Hash



Hutchison, Team Captain