

GADFLY

A man with short dark hair, wearing dark sunglasses and a white suit with prominent black lapels, is walking towards the camera on a dirt path in a park. The background is slightly out of focus, showing green trees and other people in the distance.

OUR TOP 14
SPAS
AND MAD PROPS
FOR MISSY SKOOG

WHAT'S
HOT
NOW

THE
NEW
PERM

SHE IS A DIRTY
SQUIRREL
WITH A BLUE
HAT ON

BRAD DOLLARD, LIGERS
AND IRAQI STATEHOOD

YOU'VE-GOT-
TO-HAVE-IT
DESSERTS

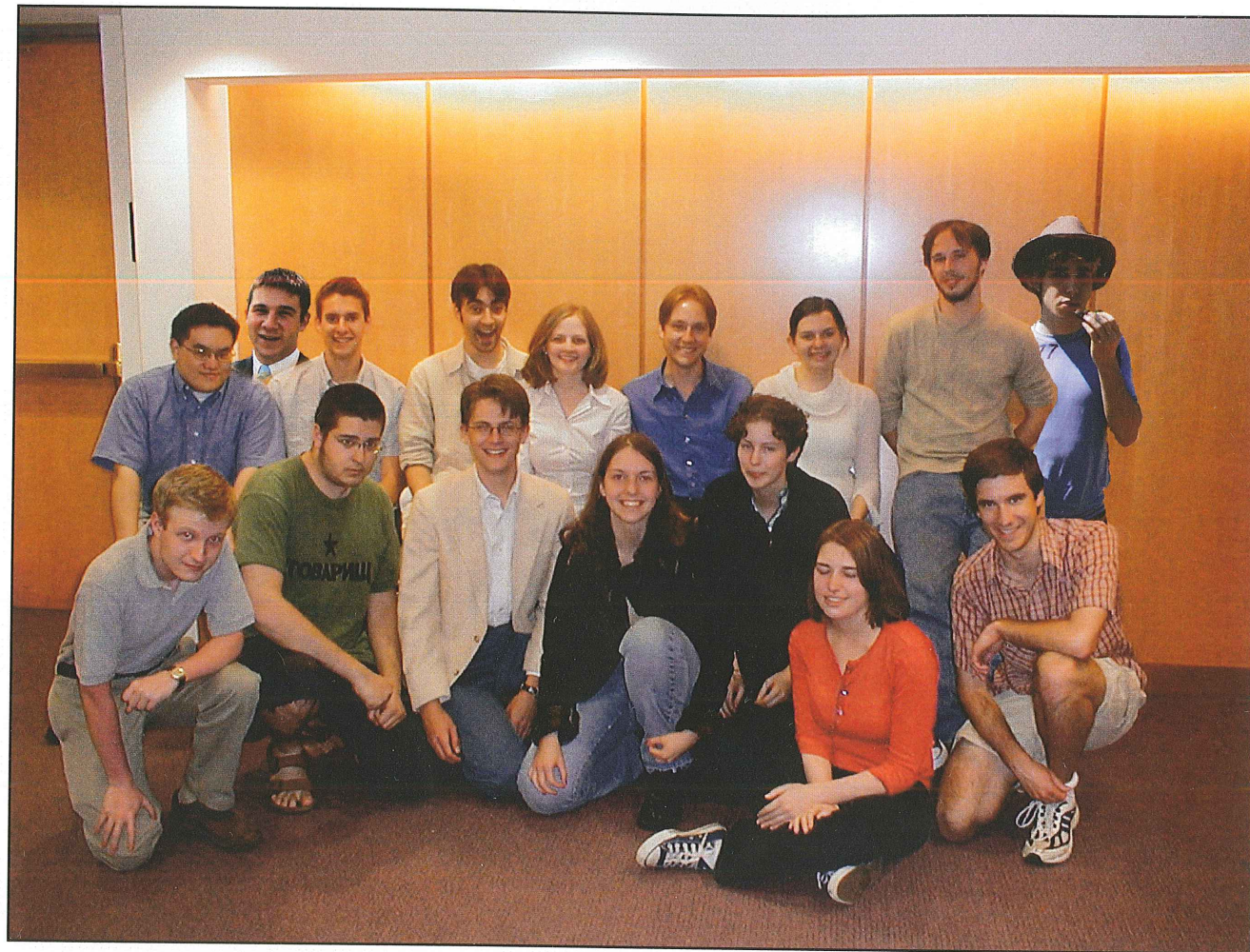
NOT ENOUGH
SCI PANIC?
A YEAR'S UPDATES
AND THOUGHTS INSIDE

SHE
LETS ME
CHEAT
WHY YOU
SHOULD TOO

YOUR BODY
YOUR BIKINI
AND WHY YOU NEED TO
KILL YOUR NEIGHBORS

STEPHEN CLARK
A MAN WITH A PAST
AND A FUTURE

THE 2003-2004 GADFLY STAFF



Not Pictured:

March Ingband
J.A.M.
Natalie Rinn
Lee Goldsmith
Jerry Salyer
Ben Strickland
Dave Prosper
Laura Traina & Beth Siekiera
Charlie Pashayan
Probably some others

p.s. Some of our staff was not present for this picture and had to be Photoshopped in, poorly—I assure you, intentionally so.

Gadfly Mailbox

Thank You, and Good Night

Dear polity,

Please forgive me if this farewell is not terribly eloquent—I have poured the last of my writing brilliance into my millions of tutorial papers and no longer have the ability to put words on paper. Indeed, this is a serious handicap for a reporter and an even worse one for an editor. Anyway, here it is. (Just remember: you have been warned.)

It's been a long, crazy year. We've had a lot of fun, done a lot of work, and made a bunch of enemies. Not actually as many as I would have expected, but enough to make life interesting and, at times, somewhat dangerous—especially after "Jews' Clues" started writing. (*Shalom* to those guys for keeping Ian and me on our toes.) However, regardless of these trials, this job has been worth every minute of insanity.

For one thing, our staff has really come together this year. We started our first issue, way back before classes started, while sitting around Ian's kitchen table chugging Mountain Dew. Similarly, the same people, plus several vital newcomers, completed this last masterpiece in Julie's and my apartment—over several boxes of pizza. Through it all, we have

gained more than we have lost—in reporters, ideas, food, and friendships. Now that the year is drawing to a close, I just want to thank all of you seniors and sophomores, plus the few juniors and freshmen, who have helped out from time to time. You guys made this year's *Gadfly*.

Now, in an attempt to cut this farewell short, I need to get to the real newsy part of my "good-bye." (Yes, I did say, "good-bye.") It's been a wonderful year, but I don't really think I will be able to handle all of the Sunday night layouts next year—I've been told junior year is pretty tough. That's why I'm demoting myself to Business Manager and turning things over to Mr. Chris Utter. He actually will be ready to brave the editorship/junior year craziness once it rolls around. (Just keep in mind, folks, this has not been done since the days of Nelson Hernandez, so give Chris a little bit of credit. He is attempting the near impossible.) I congratulate him on his new position and wish him the best of luck. If anyone can handle it, Chris can.

Well, I guess that's about it. Thank you all for a wonderful year. I've really enjoyed it. See you in the fall.

*Most Sincerely,
Cathy Keene
Editor-in-Chief*

Dear Polity,

Personally, I can't help but be eloquent. At this point, however, it's 8:24 in the morning and I haven't slept in a while. Suffice it to say that, of all those who've worked on the *Gadfly* and have not yet graduated, I've been doing it the longest. Rhonda too, but she stopped, while I kept on.

People Ian Should Have Put On The Opposite Page But It Has Already Gone To The Printer So Too Late:

Julie Janicki
Daniel Schwartz
Leo Pickens
Jen Silgals
Anna Rubin

Anyway, this has been the best year to be on the paper. We had two former editors, in addition to the lovely Ms. Keene. We had representation from all the classes, more or less, which kept us from leaving out things that didn't affect us. Best of all, we had a huge dedicated staff, which makes things considerably easier. Well, for Cathy. My job was mostly in the morale department, so that got harder.

Like Cathy and Malone say elsewhere in this issue, working on the *Gadfly* has been a wholly worthwhile experience, and, to those who will be here next year, *help*. At least *write* for the paper—you think a lot more carefully when everyone's going to read it, and the paper can only benefit from your submissions. The *Polity* can only benefit.

I'm really glad people read the paper this year. It was fun to work on.

Ian McCracken

THE GADFLY

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Ian McCracken

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A&E Editor Julie Janicki

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Outside News
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Mike Malone
Jerry Salyer
Amy Taylor

Founded in 1980, the *Gadfly* is the student weekly distributed free to over 500 students, faculty, and staff of the Annapolis campus as well as tutors emeriti, members of the Board of Visitors and Governors, and the offices at the St. John's Santa Fe campus. Opinions expressed within are the sole responsibility of the author(s) and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the *Gadfly* staff. The *Gadfly* reserves the right to accept, reject, and edit submissions in any way necessary to publish the most thoughtful, informative, and thought-provoking newspaper which circumstances at St. John's permit.

Letters of 200 words or fewer have a better chance of being published than those longer than this limit. Letters submitted will be edited for grammar, punctuation, and spelling in most cases. The *Gadfly* is not obligated to publish all submissions and will not print anonymous submissions except under special circumstances.

Deadline: Sunday at noon, unless permission for a delay is granted in advance. Submissions will be accepted as long as they are legibly written, but typed copies, diskettes, and e-mail submissions are greatly preferred. Please e-mail submissions to sjcgadfly@yahoo.com.

Notice to the Polity

Dear *Gadfly*,

We accept the responsibility of paying the \$212.51 for the cost of towing and repairing the polity station wagon following the self-described counter-prank on April 8th. However, we would like to make the following comments:

1. We are not vandals. The car was not harmed in any way beyond the removal of the fuses to prevent the easy and immediate removal of the vehicle from the Mellon courtyard (i.e. by driving it out of the building). The fuses were then returned, sent in campus mail via the Senior Prank archon Justin Berrier with instructions to return to the Assistant Dean's Office. We consider it unfortunate that, first, the fuses were perhaps not returned in the most timely manner, and second, that the College did not first inspect the vehicle for the possibility that the source of the problem was simply that the fuses were missing.

2. We regret that the "hanging" of the statue that Senior Prank made use of in the week leading up to the Prank and Prank skit was offensive and/or misinterpreted. This was not intended as an attack or statement upon anyone or anything except for the Senior Prank in of itself: neither Senior Prank individuals, nor individuals of the administration, were targeted. We specifically made a sign to clarify the purpose of the prank; namely, the prank was not associated with the Senior Prank and instead was a "Counter Prank." Our "Counter Prank" was intended to be a statement in opposition to the Senior Prank, an institution that has long since abandoned wittiness and creativity as the object of "Senior Prank." We hope that in the future the seniors will consider returning to a Prank that pursues bringing fun to campus by means of their wit and not solely by means of alcohol.

Sincerely,
Counter Prank

Farewell, So Long, Arrivederci

I've written for this paper—sporadically—for two years, and before I start my last article, I want to mention that writing for the *Gadfly* was one of the smartest things I've ever done.

I didn't come to college with a great understanding of how to write good. In grade/middle/high school I fooled around in English class when it came to how to use colons, semicolons, the dieresis, and all of the other weapons of a well-armed writer. This was a disadvantage coming to St. John's: I knew what I wanted to

say, but I couldn't get it across. So I worked on it. And writing for the *Gadfly* was a great way to improve my writing.

Every time I turned in an article, I was scared that it would make me look like a gigantic fool. I manipulated this fear, however, and used it to encourage me to go over my articles with the editors, study the grammar of grammarians, and most importantly, to experiment with my writing. Today, I'm a much better writer than I was four years ago. And it doesn't just show up in my *Gadfly* articles, but in anything that I write.

A big thing that has kept me going is the encouragement I've received from people. Friends, relatives, strangers, and tutors have all commented on how much they enjoy my writing. In high school I never expected that people would look forward to my writing. I never expected that people I respect would tell me to become a professional writer. But it happens, and I sincerely thank all of you who encouraged me.

I hope that the *Gadfly* can continue to be a place where people can try to become better writers. And I hope this article may encourage someone to try writing for it next year. I also hope this article will help more people encourage the *Gadfly*, too. If you read something you enjoyed, track that writer down and tell them you liked it: it'll make their day, and you'll have good karma.

Crew Wrap-up

The windy weather at dawn on May 2nd threatened to turn the Mid-Atlantic Collegiate Crew Championships in Occoquan, Virginia into a giant letdown for the St. John's crew team, who had worked very hard for this day. Fortunately, Mother Nature was simply getting it all out of her system before the races commenced, and the SJC team finished the day with one of the best overall performances in the history of the program.

The format for the regatta was heats in the morning followed by finals after lunch. The first heat the SJC team entered was the women's novice four consisting of Laura "Communion Wine" Mangum, J-Lo, Helen "Mrs. Steve Closs" Kongsgaard, Anna Ahern, and coxswain Maya Valkuchak. The top two boats from their heat were to advance to the grand final, and the SJC ladies easily made it in. This was a great accomplishment for the boat which had struggled all season to find some speed. But in the last week of practice things really began falling into place, and the women started rowing faster and faster. While the boat did not win a medal in their final, they really achieved something special just by getting into the final.

The next boat to race for St. John's was the men's novice four of Jeremy "Tube Boy" Coy, George Pogiatis, Matthew Gates, John O'Krent, and alumni coxswain Nelson "The school administration didn't make me retract the story about drug use, it was the customers of the drug dealer that I interviewed who pressured the dealer to retract the story" Hernandez. This boat began the season with some obvious disadvantages. Jeremy Coy is from Oklahoma and had never seen water before rowing for the SJC team. And while John O'Krent seemed like he'd be a natural rower, since he's Irish, it turns out the guy's actually Polish, and spells his name like a Pagan. Matt Gates rows like he dances; and George wears glasses.

In spite of the difficulties, the novice men's boat was easily the most improved boat on the team by the end of the season. Unfortunately, they just missed getting into the grand final by less than two boat lengths. In their petit final, however, the boat put up a time that almost matched the SJC varsity four, which is really quite amazing considering how much slower they were in the beginning of the season. Watching them all season, the reason I think they got so much better was the drive they put into practice every morning. If the varsity boat was rowing at 32 strokes per minute, the novices would row at a 36. And while the varsity would gloat that their 32 was as fast as the novice's 36, they forgot to realize that the novices were the ones pushing themselves, and getting much faster.

Speaking of the men's varsity four, they were certainly the most colorful boat at the regatta. There is a rule in rowing that they rowers should all be in the same uniform: something the SJC team has never really been good at. In fact we've been picked on by the officials for this, which certainly helped in the decision this year to buy the team shirts you may see people wearing around campus. But the varsity four had a statement to make as they all wore their intramural shirts to the regatta. However, they didn't all wear the same colored shirt, which made them look like a rainbow boat out on the water: Andrew MacKinley in blue, Bob Abbott in yellow, Steve "Mr. Steve Closs" Closs in Maroon, Tom "dirty water dog" Jacobs in red, and Christopher "I've never even written a sports article" Utter in white. Clearly theirs was the gayest boat on the water, and they radiated pride in that. They also radiated speed. So much so, in fact, that they had completely radiated all of their speed by the time they raced, and they finished the day a little disappointed in their performance. But insofar as their poor performance made the nov-

ice boat look stronger, they did fulfill an important role in the day's racing.

The only gold medal of the day—perhaps—was awarded to Sarah Stickney: one of the most naturally talented rowers I've ever seen. Sarah competed in the women's open single event among a field of five competitors, including fellow SJC rower Katy Courtright, and absolutely humiliated the competition. Sarah finished nearly 40 seconds before the 2nd place boat. (I haven't seen a margin of victory like that since I won the single at Mid-Atlantics, finishing nearly 30 seconds ahead of the 2nd place boat.) Sarah was so fast that had she entered the men's single she would have come in 3rd, missing 2nd by 2 seconds, and easily beating St. John's entrant Dan Houck. I think that had she raced side-by-side against the men, and had someone to push her, she easily would have gotten 2nd in the men's event, and may have had a chance at winning it. Must have been all that high altitude training she did in Santa Fe last year. Or maybe her heart is just three sizes too big.

The only other boat to medal at Mid-Atlantics was the men's pair of Michael "Prince, S." Malone and Bryson "Mysteriously disappeared during the regatta with his girlfriend" Finklea. Rowing in the final, the boat had a poor start and quickly found themselves in 5th place. They quickly rowed through their competitors, however, and moved into 2nd place behind Carnegie Mellon by the 1500 meter mark. Down by almost one boat length for the next 1000 meters, St. John's began making a move at the 500 mark, desperately trying to catch the Carnegie Mellon boat. With less than 100 meters to go, the SJC pair was still down by a length, but began to furiously walk through the Carnegie Mellon crew. At the finish line it was just too close to call: the St. John's boat thought Carnegie Mellon had won, Carnegie Mellon thought St. John's had won, and the race officials didn't know either—meanwhile official results have yet to be posted.

That's it, really.

Good-bye.

Sincerely,
Michael Malone

SCI Minutes: 4/29/04

by Nora Kelleher
SCI Secretary

In attendance: Ms. Delston, Ms. Flemming, Mr. Stalnaker, Mr. Ingham, Mr. Lanier, Mr. Utter, Ms. Beall, Ms. Keim, Ms. Kelleher, Ms. Sico, Ms. Taylor, Mr. Method

Since the election for the SCI Chair and Secretary is taking place at next week's Delegate Council meeting, we discussed different aspects of how the SCI should be run next year. A majority of the meeting was spent considering whether to have one or two chairs next year. The SCI has tried both in the past. Two chairs are beneficial because the many duties are shared by two students, but this has also caused miscommunication problems. With one chair, there is no danger of misunderstandings, but the load of

responsibilities is large. After putting the matter to a vote it was decided to continue having one chair, but that in the future the chair should delegate more of the duties to other SCI members. We also spoke about other improvements we would like to make to the SCI next year. We would like more deadlines for the subcommittee reports, more interaction with the dean, tutors, and other members of the community, agendas sent out weekly to the members, more written reports and more combination of upperclassmen with underclassmen on SCI projects. We also hope to organize more forums next year, and host a tutor-panel forum.

Just a Suggestion

Dear *Gadfly*,

This humble student has noticed that after months of hamburgers every day for lunch, there is suddenly no milk. She would, therefore, like to suggest that Parkhurst cease, at least temporarily, slaughtering their dairy cows for meat, since many students are tired of hamburgers and dry cereal.

Respectfully Yours,
Genna Hinkle



A Tip of the Hat to Missy Skoog

To the polity:

I think that we all owe Missy Skoog our gratitude for portraying herself in this year's Real Show. Though the script did a good job pointing out the foibles of members of the polity, Ms. Skoog's performance raised the skit to a whole new level. In participating in jokes at her own expense, Ms. Skoog exemplified comedy's ability to both delight us and teach us something about other people and ourselves.

Ms. Skoog, be proud of your good-humor and grace. They show that you possess a commendable degree of self-knowledge.

Sincerely,
Nick "Campus Male" Colten

Sonnet

There once was a girl at the county fair.
A traveling cats show here she espied,
And caught her first glimpse of a liger there.
"It is 12 to 14 feet long!" she cried,
But it was true, they showed her a ladder,
And she walked away completely convinced,
Then went to tell her friends of the matter.
They laughed when she told them, doubted and winced,
"But I saw it myself" she protested,
"You have to believe me I know its true!"
In school the point was hotly contested
But no one believed her at all, do you?
Despite the doubting, she'll always persist.
"These giant ligers are real!" she'll insist.

By Tess Gilman

SCI Report to the Instruction Committee

Analyzing the Geometry-Algebra Transition

Lecture Subcommittee

by Nora Kelleher

Speaking to tutors and students about different aspects of Friday Night Lecture, I found that overall the community is happy with the way this tradition is run. Some issues seem to be of common concern, but it seems that the current organization of lecture leaves little to be changed.

The following is a list of concerns that community members have regarding lecture:

- There are not enough students attending lecture.

- More tutors should attend lecture.

- Students often complain that they cannot understand the argument of the lecture, which makes them less inspired to attend.

- The subject matter of lecture is not varied enough (as the year progressed this became less of a concern).

- Community members disagree as to whether Lecture Reviews should be included in the *Gadfly*.

- There is some confusion among students as to the goal of their attending Lecture.

I have compiled a list of suggestions that may enhance the student's experience of lecture, which consists of the following ideas:

- Consider having a lecture committee to choose lecturers.

- Inform students that they are welcome to make suggestions for future lecturers, inform them of the criteria that a lecturer must meet.

- Send a weekly blurb, written by the Dean, a tutor, or perhaps a student, that consists of a few sentences explaining who each lecture speaker is, their background, the general subject matter of the talk. (This would make lecture more approachable to students and would aid in their comprehension of the lecture.)

- Attempt to refine the format of lecture by emphasizing certain guidelines to the lecturer ahead of time. If one of the aims of lecture is student comprehension, then the lecture should be written in a manner that is sensitive to the fact that Johnnies are not used to this form of communication. Therefore, the lecture should last no longer than an hour, and should be limited to only enough simple, straightforward pieces of information that can be reasonably understood by the students listening. Cramming as much material as possible, no matter how interesting, loses most

of the audience. This limitation would encourage more students to attend question period, where the lecturer would be free to add to the initial presentation.

- Overall it seems that it is a good idea to continue including lecture reviews in the *Gadfly*, but the art of reviewing, which is a delicate balance of summary and criticism, should be kept in mind.

- Students seem to be interested in the suggestion made by the Dean of varying the format of lecture by including debates, and the showing of films accompanied by a seminar, and other variations.

Classroom Makeup

by Justin Lanier

The following thoughts about classroom makeup were presented to the Instruction Committee by the SCI at our meeting last week:

These two things, at least, are necessary to a good class: a sense of common pursuit and inquiry, and the power and diversity to make classroom activity possible. Class size plays a large role in both of these necessities, but inversely. We tend to err, when we do, on the side of a lack of *esprit de corps*. If average class size could be changed from the way it stands, it would be made smaller. Ways to promote smaller class size should be investigated (as they no doubt have been).

Short of this, can there be ways to promote fellow feeling—or even friendship—in the classroom? Three possible courses present themselves:

1. Building classes around already formed friendships;

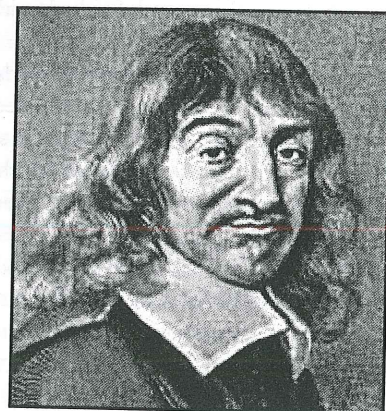
2. Anticipating compatibilities (and antipathies) among students and contriving classes with these judgments in mind;

3. Attempting to foster fellowship among groups of students by sheer proximity (i.e. by sticking them in as many classes together as possible, like Febbies).

It was noted that a computer program to assist with scheduling would make a more deliberative scheduling process possible, simply by showing alternatives through brute strength.

In short: is there a place at this College for making deliberate choices about classroom composition, or is such an attempt, in the end, contrary to the spirit of the College?

by Margaret Fleming



The original algebraitor of geometry.

Algebra qua algebra is not studied in tutorials, although it is studied via Descartes' algebraizing of geometry. Some discussion of algebra on its own may be useful at least for providing a sense of historical continuity in the program—to jump from Apollonius to Descartes covers a lot of ground very quickly. But this discussion would best occur, as with all classroom discussions, if it were initiated with a text. The first principles of algebra might then become evident, and a comparison with geometry would be possible. Is it, for example, an independent branch of mathematics, or did it arise out of geometry? A potential text for this discussion is *The Algebra of al-Khwarizmi* (which can be found in the library, call number QA 32.M8). It is the first book (according to scholars) to use "algebra" in a mathematical context (apparently it means something like "healing" or "rectification," ordinarily); our word "algorithm" is said to come from the name of the author, al-Khwarizmi (pp. 15-16). He proves a proposition in two ways, one algebraically and one geometrically. He also introduces the idea of three categories—roots, squares, and numbers. However, it looks very dry and is lacking the clear setting that typically comes from first principles. His successor, Abu Kamil, wrote another book on algebra that also has potential, also in the library. Failing these two, Jacob Klein's *Greek Mathematical Thought and the Origin of Algebra* might have some pertinent passages—although there might already be some reason why it is not looked at in tutorial. Although the SCI has no clear recommendation of a text, it is our opinion that the sophomore mathematics tutorial could benefit from at least one class spent more explicitly transitioning between the geometrical and algebraic forms of mathematical thought.

Why Are We Not Offering American Statehood To Iraq?

by Mr. A. David Tutor

Federalist 38 by Madison reminds us of a time when the then "Western Territory" was thought of as "a mine of vast wealth to the United States." The debts incurred by the Revolution led to a very natural interest in the possibility that "a rich and fertile country of an area equal to the inhabited extent of the United States will soon become a national stock." This way of putting things by Publius suggests that the notion of the *spread* of the United States was a central factor in the argument for the constitutional union itself. What is, or would be, the meaning of this spread, that was envisioned in the original embracing and embrace of the American constitution? It was not, like the spread of Communism, to be an inevitable progression. Rather, its motives and energy were at once pragmatic, self-conscious and voluntary. It was not to be the spread of a culture, or even a political culture. The confederation already embraced the industrial and the agricultural, the slave state and the free. It was not to be a merely geographical spread, a kind of reflex of contiguity; the United States remained united despite the interposition of a foreign power (Canada) and an ocean (the Pacific). Nor was it to be the diffusion of a race, or even of a mixture of races. And as the Federalist article makes clear, the expansion was *not* idealistic, nor the spread of an ideal.

Rather, the expansion of the United States is the spreading of an *idea*.

The blindness, rank stupidity, and aversion of our current administration has led us to invade and occupy a sovereign nation without provocation. The bombing, murder, and torture of innocent civilians has led to the disgrace of our armed forces in the eyes of the world, and to a distrust of our own character and of the character of all our forces' many secretaries, advisors, commanders, and adjunct profiteers.

The only honorable and, indeed, advantageous course of action open to us—advantageous both in point of profit and of

honour—would be to offer the Mesopotamian peoples the possibility of statehood within our union. Here is the only legal and decent way to make the resources of those lands a "national stock" that will safeguard the United States on many fronts that currently threaten it. For the Mesopotamian people, there is the promise of the blessings of liberty, of all the benefits of American infrastructure, and in particular, a government that institutionalizes the freedom of its religions and the protection of its minorities. We should also encourage them on the point of their rights to their properties.

Rather than espousing the abjectly hypocritical notion of the "spread of democracy," whether in the "Middle East" or any other place we may care to name into a sort of real existence, we ought to foster into being a notion that was in fact integral to this nation at its very real and actual inception: the *spread* of the union of these American states as a pragmatic, a profitable, and a happy endeavor.

America itself is not a place, any more than Hawaii is a part of the North American continent. A twenty-first century vision of the *American idea* would include Arabic as well as Spanish as constituent media of our political community. We may imagine Hawaiians studying in Baghdad, and Babylonians crossing the Utah desert.

Let it be for all the peoples of Mesopotamia to say "yea" or "nay" to this proposal.

And let there be provision made—let it become a cornerstone of educational policy—whatever language may come to serve as the language of convenience in a particular American community: that *all* of the young people in this nation be educated so as to be able to read the Constitution in its native English, and by their own lights. In this way they shall secure the best safeguard known to mankind, of their rights and of their liberties.

Making Free Men with a Book and a Balance in Baghdad

by Nick Colten
Staff Writer

I was recently reminded of a tantalizing prospect for a new St. John's campus—sadly too late to be included in last week's omnibus column. Last year, as an indirect consequence of some activities by Friend of the College Donald Rumsfeld, an exciting employment opportunity presented itself to former Santa Fe President John Agresto. The Coalition Provisional Authority offered Mr. Agresto the job of Senior Advisor to the New Iraqi Ministry of Higher Education. Mr. Agresto graciously accepted.

This is a very lucky break for those of us who would like to see another St. John's campus, but are leery of Mr. Method and Mr. Lanier's plan to sell off the Annapolis Campus. History has shown that the best way to found a Great Books Program is to take advantage of a bankrupt educational institution. Just think what Barr and Buchanan could have done had they not one tiny liberal arts school, but the entire higher education system of a medium-sized nation at their disposal!

Furthermore, though hundreds of billions of dollars have already been spent on the Iraqi Reconstruction, it is clear that as soon as the November Election is over, the Pentagon will be requesting more funds for the occupation. That will be our time to get on the Gravy Train. What Dick Cheney did for Halliburton, John Agresto could do for St. John's. Bankrolled by Uncle Sam, the College will no longer have to hit up the few Johnnies who made good. And with the lax accounting procedures that have typified the reconstruction contracts so far, the Annapolis campus could easily manage to divert enough money to build the second new dorm.

Lastly, as was proved during this year's Croquet, our campus security is capable of effectively subduing malcontents engaging in terroristic activities—including some who are said to have received elite military training. Even though major combat operations ended more than a year ago, you never know when the peace in Iraq could be broken. With the withdrawal of U.S. Forces likely upon restoring full sovereignty to the Iraq people (for how could a people be sovereign when relying on a foreign army for defense), it would be a great boon for regional stability if the new Iraq security forces could be trained by some of our officers.

SCI Topic: Arabic and Jewish Authors

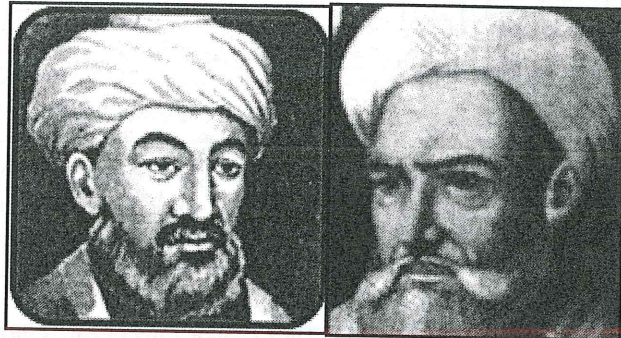
By Jill Delston
SCI Chair

This year the SCI tackled the issue of Jewish and Arabic philosophy out of a twofold need. First, we saw a strong interest in the community. There were an increased

number of lectures on Jewish and Arabic philosophy this year. These lectures got an unprecedented response in the school, culminating in a successful pre-lecture Seminar on Maimonides' *Eight Chapters*. The interest in the campus seemed so strong among the students and tutors that we took the risk of having an All-College Seminar on Maimonides this semester. Although the date we were offered was at an abysmal time—the Friday after Spring Break and the weekend before two classes had Seminar essays due—we saw over sixty students come out to discuss a very difficult reading. Since second semester All-College Seminars are notorious for poor turnout, we were pleased to see double the usual number of students taking part in it.

In addition to the strong interest in these topics, many students seemed to feel that sophomore year was suffering from the lack of Jewish and Arabic authors. These students thought that the great non-Christian thinkers should be represented on the Program. The SCI decided it should at least ask why they are not on the Program, if not suggest to the IC that they be put on the Program.

First, the gap in the sophomore year is most basically in need of amendment because of Jewish and Arabic thinkers' importance in the Western Canon. Maimonides, for example fits, nicely into the Program. He is a formidable commentator on Plato and Aristotle and presents an interesting contrast to many of the Christian philosophers we read in sophomore year. Furthermore, unlike many of the Christian commentators, he speaks to junior year. His approach to political philosophy and his influence on Spinoza make him a common reference in a standard junior Seminar in Santa Fe. Many of the great Arabic philosophers too, like Alfarabi, Averroes and Ibn Tufayl, while not traditionally considered part of



Should these authors also be on the Program?

the mere influence or power of any author is not alone the criteria for putting books on our Program. We do not read Rousseau because of his influence on the French Revolution; we read him because he is a great thinker who wrote a great book. No one disputes that Maimonides, Alfarabi, Averroes, and Ibn Tufayl are great thinkers. Perhaps no one disputes that they *should* be on the Program. Unfortunately, however, we cannot have every great work on our humble four-year Program. Because we always want more authors on the Program than there would ever be room for, we often ask what should be taken off to make room for a new addition. In answer to this question, we should look to Santa Fe. Clearly, there is room for Maimonides without too much disruption to sophomore year. What Santa Fe reads for two weeks we probably could find time to read for one Seminar. (Although one Seminar would not allow time to read *The Guide to the Perplexed*, it would be sufficient to discuss *Eight Chapters*, which made for a very successful All-College Seminar reading.)

The difference between Annapolis and Santa Fe is alone a basis for questioning. Maimonides presents by far the greatest disparity between the two campuses. There is never more than a two Seminar difference (and often only a one Seminar difference) between the two campuses concerning a given author. With Maimonides, there is a difference of four Seminars. Such a great discrepancy presents difficulties for transfers, among other problems. Why is there such a big difference between Santa Fe and Annapolis in this one respect?

Perhaps we can't answer these questions, and perhaps we don't feel uncomfortable with the difference between Santa Fe and Annapolis. However much we can say in support of one author, it comes down to whether he will fit on the Program. Should we make room for Maimonides?

Western philosophy, speak about very similar issues in political philosophy to our junior year readings as well as religion in the sophomore year.

Of course,

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Pessimissogynyism: Why Personifying Women is Funny

by Jerry Salyer, GI
Staff Writer

Memories, Raymond-Chandler-evenings: Over Spring Break I crawled out of Castlebay after an executive conference with Mr. Daniels and the Marlboro Man, and staggered home (another highly successful business meeting, all motions were approved unanimously). On the way down West Street, I ran into a pack of drunk yuppies-in-ballcaps and J. Crew uniforms. They had a communal consort with them, a pretty young thing who had hit upon the secret we all search for: *how does one get loved?*

Her answer lay in vending-machine wisdom as she repeatedly flashed her knockers to her Pavlovian-howling escorts: coin goes in, goodies come out—and vice versa. *I scream, you scream. We all scream for ice cream.* Sigh, if only I possessed an asset with corresponding appeal: Boobies come out, Love goes in. A rather simple equation, really—analogue to the equivalence transformation of matter into energy, into warmth, light. But, *damn*, only one problem: such principles are only applicable when fundamental underlying forces are present to bind substance together.

Seeing me, she generously pointed them in my direction—firm, rich, little round scoops of chestnut-vanilla chest-nuts, with proud little cherries on top. Believe me, I am not claiming virtue of any sort when I say that I winced and looked away: *Chastity?* How I wish—but no. Chronic bouts of nihilistic misogyny are not chivalry—nor is bitterly pained-disdain an effective surrogate for reverence toward the finer sex, for reverence that shields the soul from lust better than any magic girdle.

Hey you, don't you like ta-ta's? one of the pups demanded. *What's wrong with you?*

That's a damn good question, I said. *Perhaps I have become lactose-intolerant.*

I believe he was afraid I might have hurt her feelings, for I overheard him say gallantly to her: *There's a lotta faggots in this town.* The new forms of gallantry: listless apathy, vulgar homophobic gorilla-hooting, homosexual indifference—these are the three acknowledged ways of reacting to women. Is there no other? Maybe; if you squint, you can see it.

I am privileged to know a few real men, of the older school of gallantry. King Charles' Cavaliers linger in our world—like the Jedi, all but extinct; stalked, hunted, and driven into hiding by Imperial minions. I hope Cavaliers won't mind my speaking for them; but if I understand their viewpoint they regard the personification of women as an approximation, at best—like personifying transcendental forces of the Universe. Personification attempts to grasp a paradox that spreads out like the face of an ocean—now tumultuous, now peaceful and serene, now heart-breakingly beautiful, now dangerous, deadly, dooming, now harmonizing and creative and nurturing. To personify is to assign a name, and our understanding of assigning names, *today*, is merely the tagging of an *object* with a handy label, a label that lures us into assuming we comprehend its Alpha and Omega.

Names? say the Cavaliers in astonishment. *Do they really have names?! Just one word? Just one word for curving swerve-balls of light, for capricious conundrums of feelings—for mysteries less-understood than the dark side of the moon? Just one word?!*

Maybe they are right about the dangers of personification, how it can lead to a false presumption of knowledge—for we went from revering, to personifying, to objectifying Mother Earth. Now a smoke-filled bar on wet T-shirt night is the precise parallel to a smoke-belching factory squatting on a decimated meadow that once nourished and sheltered grass, flowers, rabbits, moles—and human homes.

To Russian theologian Nikolai Berdyaev, personality itself is a sacred mystery, unfathomable by rational inquiry, a direct product of divinity, an image which reflects the unknown—and unfathomably fantastic—Other. A Cavalier may sigh in perplexed contemplation of the paradoxical riddle known as “woman,” but ultimately that paradox is only a subset of a greater riddle—“person.” When I address someone as *you*—even someone who has been in existence for a mere blink-wink twenty years—I am like a mountaineer, taking a perspective on an entire range of physical, surface history with which I am not fully acquainted. *And* the passions and hopes and despairs and feelings that have rolled around in their head, *and* how the person actually fits in to a 15-billion year-old Cosmos whose beginnings we guess at and whose final end no one can imagine—what the hell do I mean by *you*. (Just one word?!) What a magnificently valuable—and simultaneously tricky and risky—word: *you*. Like a name, *you* is a thin little anchor chain that ties those of us stuck here on the surface of the water to whatever substance lies deep, deep, deep down in the murky depths

where curious unseen critters go about their business, where currents and tectonics do their work.

But: Whiskey Tango Foxtrot, you know? The Cavaliers got their colorful quixotic heads handed to them—sometimes literally—by the more efficient, modernly-organized, standardized, piously draconian Roundhead war machine during the English Civil War. And Berdyaev got booted from his mother-land's bosom, twice—once by the Czar's ministers for being too gentle toward liberals, once by the Bolsheviks who murdered them, for being a Christian. So here we all sit blinking at each other in the ruins of what they died and were exiled for. “There ain't no such thing as a *gentle-man*,” a high-school jock once told me—and *The Man Show* and *Maxim* eagerly sing *amen-ballehjab* to that.

Something tells me I should have admired, and loved even, the herd on West Street. Paragons of animals, full of life. Even the most thoughtless, ravenous hedonist and the most self-degrading chippie have poignant facets. Each is the unique, unravellable GorD.N.A.—knot woven of long-forgotten loves-lost, loves-lived. And so should be admired—if for no other reason than that they rescue countless past tales from the mouths of tombs.

“Man”—what a wacky piece'a work: Abraham, Socrates, “Slim” Lindbergh, Roger Penrose, Neil Diamond . . . Lucretius.

My first reaction upon hearing the name “Lucretius” was, “Heh. *Looo-creshus*. Sounds like a character from *The Dukes of Hazzard*, ‘hyuk, hyuk, hyuk.’” Now, of course, I realize he is the prophet for our times—take a seat, Adam Smith. (Sorry, Joe.) For in Friday night strolls one sees clouds of singular, interchangeably expendable atoms, bound only in the most transitory, discardable fashion—college-bonds *poof*, work-bonds *poof*, a roll-in-the-hay-bond *poof*. *Poof*—gone. One sees a race of gypsies migrating from city-to-city, town-to-town, looking for that carefree life like on *Friends*. Looking for the next 25-cent raw bar special; the world is an oyster and for the strapping young buck the top priority is to become a bad mother-shucker. Just don't forget to stack their sad little used-up shells neatly, so your Server can whisk them away once you have finished sucking them dry. To see anything more, one has to strain the hell out of one's peepers, like a man trying to decipher the image hidden in a Magic-Eye drawing. Sometimes one sees an image of something, someone; most of the time one sees nothing but a load of dots. And sometimes—if one is pathetically, anemically weak—one's eyes hurt so much that one cannot look. One winces, and turns away.

Perhaps the zillion healthy people—1950's-esque Catholics, wholesome Protestants, industrious Re-

publicans, idealistic Democrats, Neo-Platonists, capitalists, socialists, etc.—who object to my rants against America are right—perhaps I exaggerate, perhaps I live in a melodramatic world defined by my dreams and nightmares, of angels weeping-behind-the-scenes-as-they-try-to-help-us, and rows of ugly grinning devils in drag doing mocking Can-Can routines on the corpses of our families, in plain view of our blind eyes. But it is all or nothing. Either I am bang right or I am nuttier than Crazy Cooter; either America bears a consuming cancer in its guts, or I don't know my ass from my elbow and nothing I have said—*ever*—should resonate more than the ravings of a desperate loony. A more logical position would be that leveled by ardent secularists, Nietschzeans, devout Marxists, etc.—my values *themselves* are bass-ackwards; are too uptight and intolerantly stuck on Absolute Unknowables with no real objective meaning or link to reality: *personality, you, human identity, divinity, salvation*. Certainly I can imagine sympathizing with the American Prank much more if I try to appreciate it not as striving toward higher good (it isn't), but in terms of a Baconian science experiment—an experiment geared at finding what really does lie at the core of this thing we call person-hood, humanity. Break up the church into little bits—there is no mystically-sanctified *Corpus Christi*, only loathsome *individuals*—dissolve cultures—there are no Italians, French, New Yorkers, Southerners, Yankees, Russians, only *citizens*—break up proud meaning-filled vocations into fleeting indistinguishable, disconnected Democritan atom-slots for lotus-eating drones. Dissolve all of the inconvenient, messy organic mucilage that may interfere with freedom. Cut out the parts that define “man” and “woman,” as if human beings were abstractions with swappable arbitrary components, metaphysical Mr. Potato Heads. . . and then see what remains—put the faceless atom-tuber-soul under the electron microscope and analyze the hell out of it. And if that doesn't give the answer, unpack the atom smasher.

After all, one cannot make a Humpty-Dumpty omelet without breaking a few eggs. The only question is—whether at the end of it all, after we have seen into the heart of the individual—whether we can put Mr. Potato Head back together again—or whether we will even want to. If I *were* crazy, I would anticipate with relish the inevitable vindication of this vision: *I told you so*—whereas in reality, I am struggling—anemically, weakly—to defy the Baconian nightmare. But I am not strong enough.

Perhaps someday I will meet someone who will do it for me, will prove this vision wrong, myopic—finally, absolutely, once-and-for-all. If so, I will happily get on my hands and knees, and wash his feet with tears.

Why Study Logic?

by Mark Ingham
Staff Writer

While browsing the Medieval Arabic philosophy section of our library, I came across a small book by Ibn Sina on logic. Medieval Arabia is renowned for logic. Curiosity compelled me to pick up this small book and begin reading. After a little something about God, the book opens as follows:

CONCERNING THE PURPOSE OF LOGIC

Logic is intended to give the human being a canonical tool which, if attended to, preserves him from error in his thought.

I mean by "thought" here that which a human being has, at the point of resolving, to move from things present in the mind—conceptions or assents (whether scientific, based on opinion, or postulated and already admitted)—to things not present in it.

This movement inevitably has order and form in the elements dealt with. Such order and form may occur in a valid or an invalid manner.

Often the invalid manner resembles the valid one, or gives the impression that it resembles it.

Thus logic is a science by means of which one learns the kinds of movements from elements realized in the human mind to those whose realization is sought, the states of these elements, the number of types of order and form in the movements of the mind which occur in a valid manner and the types which are invalid. [Lines 117-130 Sina, Ibn. *Remarks and Admonitions, Part One: Logic.*]

Finally, a clear articulation of why it is important to study logic. Most students I have talked to about sophomore language don't remember talking about why we ought to study logic. What is the purpose of a formal study of logic? Aren't we automatically logical by virtue of being human? Some classes skip the logic segment altogether. If tutors have logical arguments about why logic should be dropped altogether as a liberal art, I would like to hear why.

I propose that this little Ibn Sina introduction to logic, or some other original writing that expresses the purpose of logic yet more clearly, ought to be studied to open our discussion in the logic segment of sophomore language. Upon reading this, I

was reminded of our SCI discussions about logic last year. Why is logic considered a liberal art? Why do we study logic? If it is important to study logic as a liberal art, why do we study so little logic?

This introduction by Ibn Sina answers the question of why a free man ought to study logic. Logic teaches us how to avoid error when we move from things present in the mind to things not present in the mind. Yet, by articulating this succinct explanation of why it is important for a free man to study logic, he prompts many useful questions. Is it necessary to study logic explicitly? It is not obvious that those who know how to label a fallacy or detect a sound argument will avoid any more mistakes in their daily reasoning than those who have a good sense of what is valid and what is invalid without any formal logic training. Is an athlete made better by studying physiology, or a speaker, by studying grammar?

At St. John's, we become habituated to be more logical by virtue of studying math such as Euclid, reading clearly articulated arguments in our various classes, and by having reason as the standard in our class discussions. We all help one another become better at recognizing a bad argument in our conversations with one another in and out of class. Similarly, our grammar improves by seeking the meaning of thoughts expressed in Greek or French, by reading, and by trying to express our own thoughts in writing and conversation without unintentional ambiguity.

Is a meta-level understanding about logic necessary if we are to become liberally educated? I would argue that the answer is "yes." We ought to slow down and sort out the argument from the rhetoric. A liberally educated man ought to know the elements of our thoughts and how they are arranged logically, grammatically, and rhetorically. Ibn Sina is right that it is easy to be misled by arguments that appear to be valid, but are not. Even if we forget the specific operations of the square of opposition or propositional logic, studying logic can help to further sensitize our minds to pitfalls that could lead us to error while seeming to lead us to good.

Doug's View

by Tobin Herringshaw
Staff Writer

I am your imaginary best friend. I can't touch you. I can't even see you. I'm blind. I'm your blind imaginary best friend. Instead, I can only listen to you. Create happy coincidences of listening and then talk to you. I don't think you can hear me. You're always talking about honesty, and honesty would be great, if I wasn't so scared to be honest around you. To tell you how I feel. Instead, I chatter on and on, feeling like I am talking to the air. Sometimes you talk back, maybe not to me, but at least I hear your voice. Imaginary people can still feel pleasure and pain, and anything you say is most pleasurable to my solitary existence. I've gotten used to not being able to see, compensating with my hearing. I can now create what I call an auditory image of you. I take the sum of all the inflections, pitches, and expressiveness in your voice, and integrate them into a four dimensional picture of interconnected sound waves (the fourth being time). You are the most beautiful person I've ever heard. I am shamed into silence when I create your image. With the image comes a pain in my chest. I don't think it will ever go away until I am real and can see again, until I am with you. I sometimes wake in the early morning, before the birds come out chirping, and believe myself only to be blindfolded, and my imaginary self to be real. I run to you, hoping to catch a glimpse of your radiance, but find only too painfully that I do not see, that the image in my head is not what you really are. It is my image of you, and that might be the most I can ever expect. But I know that this image is a reflection of you, which is a reflection of me. I know, that while I am imaginary and you are real, we are together lost in this world, and to find each other would make us beyond real and unreal. We would pass our days between time and place, unseen and untouched, with only each other to speak to and finally see. They say that I don't know what love is, that imaginary people cannot love, but I know they are wrong. They have never allowed themselves to love all people individually, and instead only hated them universally. I have found you and love you, but across an ocean of sight, I am trapped, deserted on an island of imagination, blind and forlorn. If you would place in a bottle a sign, shout, scream, yell, or swear, I promise to remove myself from this place, to find you, and finally open my eyes and see you.

A Further Look Into 'Woman with Peonies'

by Emily Plaut

Emile Zola said of Frederic Bazille that he was "Blond, tall, and thin, very distinguished. Looking a bit like Jesus, but manly." But Bazille was also an artist, responsible for "Young Woman with Peonies." Who was he, other than just another handsome man?

Bazille was friends with Claude Monet and Pierre-Auguste Renoir. They lived together, worked together, and painted portraits of each other. Living in Paris in the mid-19th century, this group seems to have had more than their fair share of talent, and eventually, of fame. Monet and Renoir are perhaps the two most popular and well-known impressionists. However, even someone with fairly extensive knowledge of art history may not have heard of Bazille, except perhaps as the subject of Renoir's portrait, "Frederic Bazille at the Easel." But who has given the artist in that painting much thought? What was *he* painting in that portrait?

Bazille tended to tag along with whatever the other men were doing, so perhaps this particular painting was an experiment with light or a figure sketch. Maybe it was portrait of Renoir. It was probably not the beginning of "Young Woman with Peonies," which he didn't



finish until sometime in 1870, three years after Renoir's portrait.

Bazille had been an admirer of Edouard Manet, and "Young Woman with Peonies" seems like an obvious tribute to Manet's "Olympia." Its main focus is a gorgeous, but dispassionate, nude reclining on a couch.

However, in the dark corner, easily overlooked, is a black maid with a basket of flowers. Bazille focuses on that maid and her flowers. His version of her is younger and her flowers are more profuse and colorful. Who is she? She holds three of the peonies up as if trying to sell them. Her face is sad in a quiet and resigned way. If she is a flower peddler, she's not expecting many customers.

What really puzzles me about this portrait is the location. Where is the young woman? There is no busy street corner behind her, no brick alley walls. There is no blue sky, no trees. All that is there is a dark gray background, and light slanting in from the upper right corner. For an artist who worked so closely with Renoir and Monet while they experimented so joyously with outdoor paintings, Bazille has created a dark and fairly dismal portrait. His subject remains hopeless—despite the abundance of flowers at the bottom of the painting that serve instead to present a contrast to the gloomy girl. Perhaps the superior talent and success of Monet and Renoir was getting to Bazille. Or maybe the pressure of the upcoming war with Prussia was worrying him. It would probably be going too far to suggest that Bazille was prescient of his fate—to be drafted and sent to the front of the Franco-Prussian War, and then to be killed, at only 29 years old. Whatever his motivation, Bazille manages to bring an interesting puzzle to his simple portrait of a young woman with peonies.

In celebration of Mr. Brad Dollard's (Class of '07) birthday, Mr. Jared Wilk (Class of '05) has prepared this tribute:

If I could choose any word
it'd probably be "Bradford."
The smooth taste of this syllabic sweet
has the texture of silk & the flavor of meat.
I'd probably replace it for the greeting "hello"
for its connotations are inviting & mellow.
This I would call all my kids, dogs, and fish
and legally change my wife's middle name to this.
I'd take out the vowels & have bushes whisper it,
for Brad's essence qua Brad is his kind, patient spirit:
(Explosion of free verse:)
He is like a gentle ox who will not trample you
and has no habit of goring—if he falls into a pit
on the Sabbath, who will not pull him out?

THE GADFLY

St. John's College

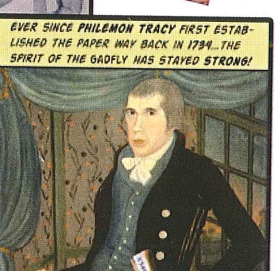
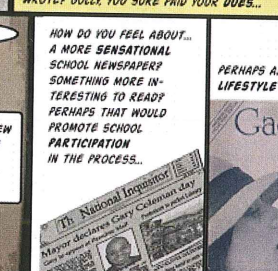
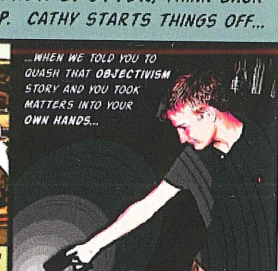
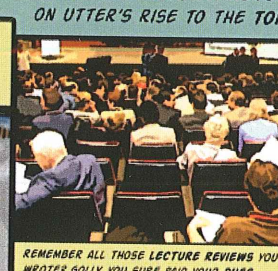
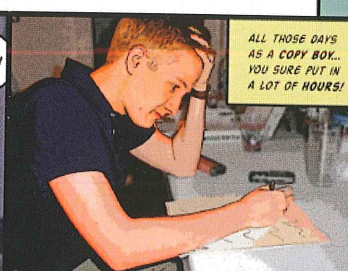
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the man who would be editor

an inspirational comic-style piece...with heart
with some help from Adobe Photoshop

WE BEGIN AT THE LAST GADFLY MEETING OF THE YEAR! THE STAFF, AND THEIR NEW EDITOR, CHRISTOPHER B. UTTER, THINK BACK ON UTTER'S RISE TO THE TOP. CATHY STARTS THINGS OFF...



DURING THE CIVIL WAR, SENIOR ALFRED PACKER KEPT THE GADFLY AN ACCURATE NEWS SOURCE...

CHRIS, YOUR OWN GRANDFATHER MANAGED TO PUBLISH THE PAPER EVERY WEEK OUT OF THE ST. JOHN'S BOMB SHELTER, WHILE UNDER INVESTIGATION BY HUAC!

