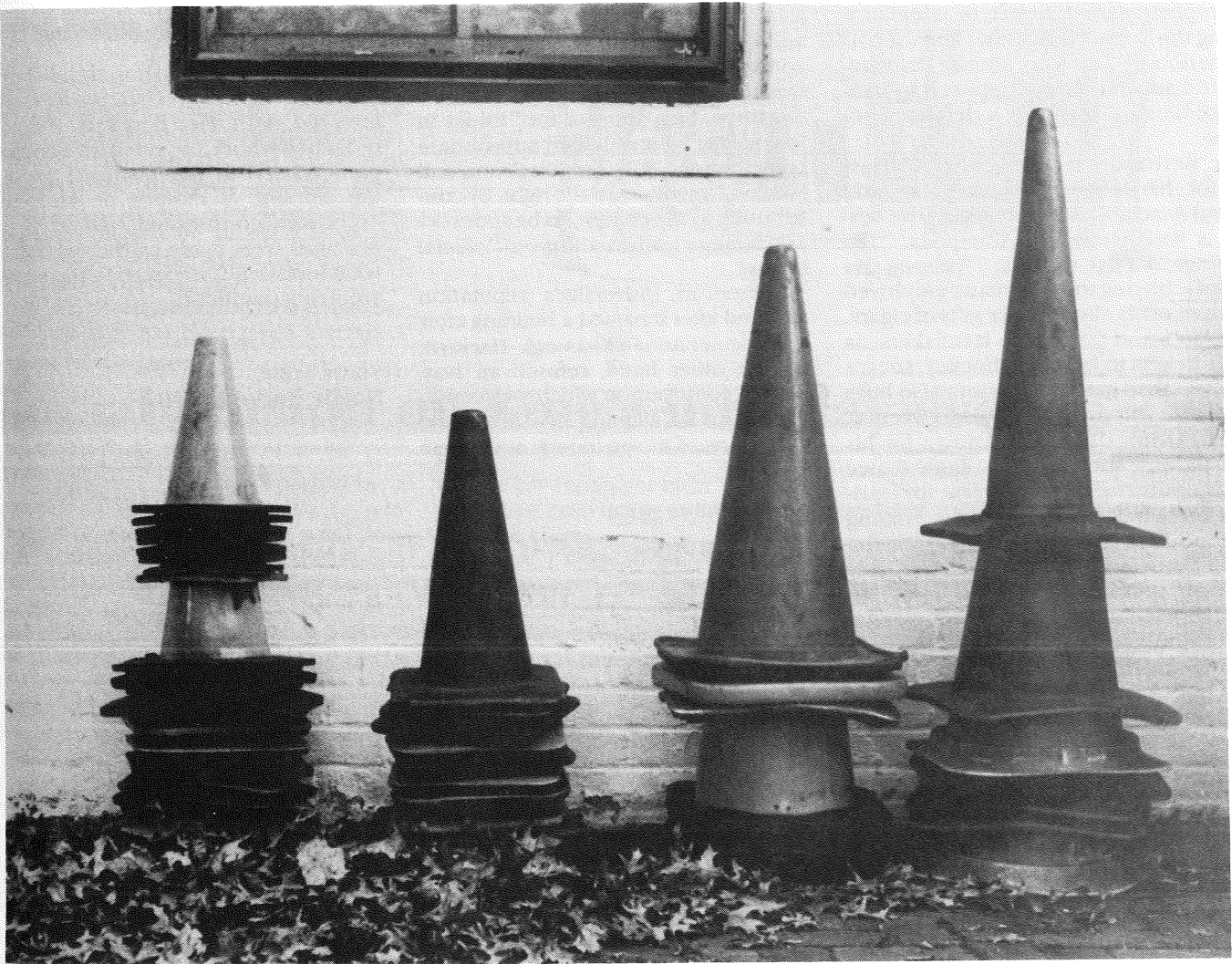


# The Gadfly

St. John's College Independent Weekly  
Volume X, Issue 12

Annapolis, Maryland  
January 24, 1989



## SJC should examine own ethics in seminar

Dear Editor:

A recent issue of the St. John's *Reporter* gave front page coverage to the appearance of Elliot Richardson at the "Ethics and Politics" forum held at St. John's on November 5. But the banner headline should have read:

**SJC AND TOBACCO INDUSTRY LOBBYIST CO-SPONSOR "ETHICS IN POLITICS" PROGRAM**

**Annapolis' Highest Paid Lobbyist, Under Attack From Legislative Ethics Committee, Scores PR Coup: SJC Grants Bereano "Public Official" Status**

Many people who arrived for the program on November 5 were shocked to discover that the "Ethics and Politics" program was co-sponsored by the law firm of Bruce Bereano, Arinc, and a savings and loan. Mr. Bereano is an Annapolis lobbyist who represents a number of clients including the Tobacco Institute and the MD Association of Tobacco, Candy Distributors, and several clients opposed to banning pesticides. Arinc is a defense contractor.

Mr. Bereano, who made \$642,000 last year for his lobbying of the Maryland General Assembly's 90 day legislative session, is well known in Annapolis. *The Washington Post* reports: "Among the array of lobbying tools Bereano employed on behalf of his clients were gifts of cigars, chocolates and flowers to lawmakers, as well as tickets to baseball, hockey, soccer and basketball games. Bereano also buys tickets to lawmakers' fundraising events" (*Post* 6/4/86). He is also known for his lavish parties, such as the \$14,000 dance and reception he threw last year for legislators on behalf of his client, the nursing home industry (*ibid.* 6/2/88). During the same '88 session, Bereano was vigorously opposing attempts by nursing home patients, representatives, and the MD Bar Association to ban unconscionable clauses from nursing home contracts. Some legislators have been persistently and vocally critical of Mr. Bereano's modus operandi. Senator Julian Lapidus (D-Baltimore), Co-Chairman of the Legislative Ethics Committee sums up the ethical objection: "I have problems with Bruce's method of operation. Because what I think he does is curry favor with politicians and then parlays that favor to his own personal gain." (*ibid.* 8/14/86).

In addition, the printed program actually listed Mr. Bereano as a "public official" and made him a co-leader of a seminar. He was the only person who held neither an elected nor appointed office who was listed as a "public official" and made a co-leader of a seminar. Lobbyists are not "Public Officials", even in

Maryland! Acting president Jeffrey Bishop adamantly defended Mr. Bereano's right to this title to one outraged alumna on November 5, but a month later recanted and admitted it was "incorrect" to call lobbyist a "public official", but defended having Mr. Bereano as a sponsor and seminar leader by saying that different points of view should be represented. Very significantly though, Common Cause, a nonprofit public interest group in the forefront of lobbying for ethics legislation both in Maryland and nationally, was not asked to co-sponsor the program, nor was it asked to provide a seminar leader, nor of course, were Common Cause lobbyists listed as "public officials".

Mr. Bishop and the "Friends of St. John's" plan a whole series of "Ethics and..." programs. I anxiously await the announcement of who will sponsor these programs. Will the *National Enquirer* be a sponsor for "Ethics in Journalism" if it makes an appropriate contribution? Will Geraldo Rivera and Morton Downey earn the right, by contributing to the college, to be sponsors and seminar leaders and given "official status"?

American University's reputation suffered after it named a building after arms dealer Adnan Khassogi. Harvard, on the other hand, refused an Ivan Boeski contribution which was conditioned on its aligning Boeski's name with Harvard's even though at the time

Boeski was at the pinnacle of his success and no criminal action was yet threatened. Some academic institutions will do anything for money; some have standards or ethics. What, if any, ethical standards do St. John's and the "Friends of St. John's" have?

The "Ethics and..." series plans to end, after 5 more programs, with an "Ethics and Education" seminar in Fall 1991. This program should be advanced to the Fall of 1989. This will allow students and alumni to participate in a dialogue concerning St. John's fundraising practices, its selling of sponsorships (=endorsements) to special interest groups shopping for PR opportunities to appear accepted by respectable academic institutions, and the ethicality of aligning an academic institution with one set of affluent special interest groups.

In addition, Mr. Bishop should reveal the details of how and why he came to be involved with Mr. Bereano, who approached whom, the extent of Bereano's participation in the planning process, the amount of monies he and other "sponsors" contributed, what if any promises were made by the parties, and what further SJC-Bereano joint ventures are being planned?

Yours Truly,  
Noelle Burke AGI '82

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# Doing McDowell in

by Rachel Boyce '90

As I walked downtown Monday morning, two workmen were jovially going at the McDowell fire escape with a blow torch. When I returned, the stairs had been cut loose and were dangling by a chain. A shouted discussion about how to get them down ended in a delay as a third man ran to the trailers to consult. By two p.m., five men were lowering the stairs on another chain, with lots of shouting and a few (so it appeared to me) near misses with window panes on the way down.

These days, the big chute near Humphreys rumbles and puffs clouds of dust as chunks of McDowell Hall are discarded. Plans for the de-construction are grand: almost everything on the inside that dates from the fire will be destroyed.

McDowell burned down around 1900, destroying all but the first floor and most of the brick exterior. This means that the entire second and third floors, the Great Hall balcony, and the current staircase are destined for the great dumpster in the sky. The wooden structural beams will be plucked from the windows by a crane, so the roof and bell-tower shall remain intact.

As for re-construction, the construction company has been given a detailed



## Racial tension on King's birthday even in 1989

by Renee DeBlois '92

As Monday, January 15 passed by, a number of us here at St. John's performed our beginning of the week routine without even noticing the significance of the day. Even though it was the observed birthdate of Doctor Martin Luther King, Jr., one of the most influential Americans to date, we went along with our day as though nothing was different. I personally felt more of a void due to no mail delivery than I did for the assassinated King. But when I was asked to write this article, I began to think that maybe I do miss Martin Luther King, Jr. much more than I thought.

The America of today is much different from that of 1963, the year which marked the beginning of the Negro Revolution. Today, blacks and whites use the same water fountains, buses, doors, restrooms, and restaurants. Blacks are, by law, equal to whites in all aspects of society. Black people occupy jobs at all levels in the work force and black and white children attend school together. All of this is great and it is good to see that the fight for civil rights still continues

without Doctor King, but we all know that we have not come as far as we could, should, or even nearly as far as our government claims.

Where I come from, New Orleans, Louisiana, racial tension is still very high. When the Negro Revolution came along in the 1960's, the whites moved out of the city and into the outer suburbs to get away from the blacks. The result is a very distinct line between Orleans Parish (county), the inner city, and Jefferson Parish, the outer suburbs. In 1987, Sheriff Harry Lee of Jefferson Parish announced a curfew of eight o'clock after which any black seen in a predominately white neighborhood would be stopped, possibly searched, and escorted out. He also put up a barricade at the line between the two parishes every night which kept blacks from traveling around their own city. Our government leaders are supposed to represent the people, and I can tell you that in Jefferson Parish, Harry Lee does indeed.

The schools in New Orleans are still very much segregated. The whites attend private or parochial schools while the

blacks get stuck in the lacking public ones. There have even been a few racial fights in my upper/middle class parochial high school where people are supposed to be educated about civil rights. Just two years ago I had two friends whose parents would not allow them to associate with our black friends. How does it come to be that children seem to be more intelligent and accepting than their parents?

The United States not only discriminates against blacks, but also the poor, elderly, handicapped, homeless, women, and members of different ethnic groups. Every time the subject of equal rights comes up, we get a bunch of phony speeches about how far we've come. But isn't it about time that the government and we, ourselves take a stand for what we know is right? In this week, when Martin Luther King, Jr. is honored, we should remember his non-violent fight for freedom and equality and think about what we can do to stop this chain of abuse.

*continued on page 10*



## Lincoln will make your worst abolitionist dreams realities

by Fritz Hinrichs '90

Fellow partners in the reserve of the great state of Virginia, we stand on the verge of the greatest outrage our country has yet faced. You know of the many negative sentiments that have been fostered to condemn our practices by those who are set against us, but now there is the possibility that these may become actions at the hand of the man that we know we must fear, Abraham Lincoln. Perhaps the most threatening consequence of a Lincoln presidency will be the overturn of the civil rights victories we obtained at the founding of this country. Lincoln's extremist opposition to slavery means that freedom of choice will cease!

The campaign of moral imperialism that has been launched against us has reached such proportions that we must now fear for our own moral self-determination. No longer will we be able to decide for ourselves what we view as right and wrong but are going to be forced to accept the principles of those who know nothing of our circumstances and will be unhurt by those precepts that they desire to force upon us. How easy it is for them to look down their noses at us and demand that we change our ways when they will be absolutely unaffected and may even benefit from the changes they seek. What is worse, in hypocrisy they extort those of their own race, making them grovel in inhuman factories that in comparison make our plantations appear to be havens of leisure. They will not have to give up their economic livelihood so they can demand that we totally reorient our lives around their moral sentiments. How can they think they have a right to exhort us when they have no claim in our troubles? It is only their distance from us that allows them to hold their extremist positions. I am sure that it would not even take their having a share in the consequences of their ambition to see our side. If they only knew of the horrors they are trying to force upon us they would soon be drawn to compassion for our state.

Of course, the fact that if we lose slavery, we will probably be able to keep our black-labor through low wages, makes our prospects more hopeful, but think about those poor farmers who will not be able to afford such wages. Just think of what it will do to their careers! Consider what it will do to so many of our smaller farmers whose menial existence is wholly supported by their black-labor. Making them start to pay wages will be disastrous! How can these moralists

expect all farmers to be able to afford such luxuries? It is only by totally theoretical moral wanderings that such impractical schemes can be dreamed up. What's more, not only will it be disastrous to our economic lives, but we are being asked to make changes that will affect the depths of our souls. How am I to look the one in the eye who has been my slave for the last thirty years and see him as my equal, or even worse, know that he now considers me his equal? How am I to view the sum total of my fellow citizens' and my lives as brutish, cruel and usurping while those who will make us so will be able to turn themselves into the liberators of the oppressed and down-trodden? How will our lives ever be the same?! These people wanna mess with our lives! How will we bear becoming a shameful specter to those for whom we thought we were creating such a secure society? And all this for the sake of their own abstract ethical principles which they feel they must thrust upon us.

We seem to want to hold that because slaves can be taught to read, write and become intellectual beings as we are, they too must be viewed as men. Certainly, it is possible that these slaves can be taught these things but that is entirely beyond the point. It does a slave no good to potentially be a man; one must look at what he now is. So long as he is a slave, the ground is his home and labor his fittest calling. Until he is any other than that, he is only potentially a man so he need not be given the rights of man.

What makes them think they have such a right to impinge on our lives? One would think they feel they have a mandate from God! What basis is there for this confidence? Do they realize that they are trying to lay down an absolute stance on an issue that has been a matter of controversy for ages? Philosophers, theologians and statesmen have always disagreed on this issue and if there is any

side that they have leaned towards it has been ours. What does the Bible say but, "Slaves, in all things obey those who are your masters on the earth...with sincerity of heart, fearing the Lord" and the philosopher Aristotle, "A slave is a living possession." How can they think that they can be so certain of their position that they can demand it be forced upon others? The mere fact that this is a controversial issue shows that it is not an issue to be generally enforced by law, but rather should be left as a matter of personal choice between a master and his foreman. If we knew a definite answer to the question of slavery, it would be right to lay down law, but being that it is still uncertain, we should obviously allow for the rights of the master to be exercised as he personally sees fit. I know that this has become a time worn attitude, but even though I personally would never hold slaves and do not think that it is a good idea, I will never be so arrogant and presumptuous as to force my own opinions onto others who do not hold the same beliefs as I do. So long as there is the least bit of uncertainty on this issue, I do not think that we have any right to impose our ideas on those who have personally decided that keeping slaves is right for them.

Unless we are going to be willing to allow our lives to be controlled by the personal values of others, we are going to have to fight for our own freedom and personal choice. The forces of moral imperialism and dogmatic bigotry have always desired to impose the moral norms on those who do not hold their same beliefs. We must expose them for what they are so that we may enjoy the exercise of those rights which are properly ours. Therefore, knowing that right is on our side, let us band together and oppose this great reversal of justice knowing that unless it is stopped it will envelope our country in moral darkness and suffocate our springs of freedom.



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# The neat-o things I did over my winter break

by Scott Younger '92

As the cascading waves of my neat-o experiences of my winter break wash over my mind, I am filled with a series of outstanding statements which I firmly and fully believe can sum up my vacation. These are:

1) "Yup, that certainly sounds like pneumonia to me!"

2) "Aaron, you're scaring Bertha!"

3) "Wait a minute, that's not my car!"

Around December 15, I started to receive certain signals from my body that it was time for a break. Passing out on a Monday morning was just my body's little way of saying "Hi there! Let's take a break!" So I went home.

Home, if you didn't already know, is Seattle. Seattle is a friendly town. I was happy to rediscover this particular characteristic during my first visit to the doctor's, the day after my arrival. The doctor, a friendly man, had just walked into the office when he took a single friendly glance at me, and asked me to breathe.

For those of you who keep track of such things, the first key phrase is coming up. For the more cynical reader, this means that the article is at least one third over.

"Yup," my doctor quipped, "that certainly sounds like pneumonia to me!" I think he might have added a "har har", but I was too busy with my selfish wheezing to notice.

Pneumonia, as far as diseases go, isn't all that bad. It's not like leprosy or something where the symptoms are various body parts falling off, or turning into werewolves. The main symptom of pneumonia is lying down and having people bring you things.

Anyways, all bad things must end, so I eventually recovered and decided to call up my good friend Aaron Finkelstein (who, coincidentally, is writing a similar article, but his, of course, is filled with bias and lies) and perhaps do something.

After seeing a tasteful French theological film, we decided to retire to my house to see how many cable TV movies we could catch at the same time.

For those of you who don't know Mr. Finkelstein, although his social grace and charm could outshine the brightest supernova, his outward appearance could possibly be enough to startle a nervous dog at midnight. Thus he was greeted by the awakening 300 pounds o' dogs in my kitchen.

"Aaron," I remarked as I stepped over

the restraining fence to calm the mass o' dogs, "you're scaring Bertha!"

Aaron, at this time, whimpered something about a mistake I was making in the position of the subject and object of the previous statement. Meanwhile, Bertha, the largest dog, wondered if she could fit Aaron into her mouth. Bertha never was very good at spacial relationships, and thus did not realize that she would have to take at least two bites.

Anyways, a crisis having been averted, we decided to do something the very next night. The concept of 'cutting our losses while we could' never actually came up.

After an exciting night, Aaron, Nonnie Schmitt, and I returned to the parking lot in which I left my mother's car a few hours earlier at midnight. As we approached a similar looking vehicle, and examining it closely, we came upon a conclusion, and a third key phrase:

"Wait a minute, that's not my car!" Luckily, the towing office was open at four in the morning ("Hi there! You have my car!") and I was able to get it back.

Anyways, I decided that relapsing into pneumonia, in relation to present activities, would be both safer and more economical.

Happy to be back? Not really.

## Terror broadens the mind

by Aaron Finkelstein '92

A vacation is ostensibly for the purpose of relaxation; cares are momentarily forgotten, obligations foregone, the faucet of life is slowed to a mere trickle. Consequently, many of you may find it surprising that this article is not about some quietly thrilling trip I took to an exotic foreign nation, nor about how I lay in the sun and had my kidneys massaged by tropical women. Instead, the key phrase "brush with death" should be kept firmly in mind. Besides, I can relax anytime, especially here at Thinktank Liberos ex Liberis, where the primordial struggle of man against beast can be so easily forgotten...

All right, says I, long about the time that all the fun and excitement of my vacation are taking their toll, I'll give Scott Younger a call. An evening of mellow conversation and suburban stasis will do me some good.

Some of you may be acquainted with the ruminant Mr. Younger, who also has the good fortune to hail from Seattle, Washington. Those of you less familiar with the details of Scott's home life, as I was, may not know about the 300+ pounds of raging hell-beast that guard his pantry. Ah, but I get ahead of myself.

At my invitation, Scott drives over the bridge and picks me up. We dine. We chat comfortably, each of us pleased to


see a fellow Johnnie. We discuss illness, family, a little theology and current film. It is our decision that tonight's episode of More Fun In Suburbia (starring, Scott, Aaron, and Stultifying Boredom) will feature returning to his palatial residence and (his words) "...lying on the couch and watching bad cable movies until 4:00 am," which will culminate (my words) in a bleary-eyed hell that is at the same time intriguing and horrible to contemplate.

Having conceived of no better plan myself, and always curious to see new and strange interiors, we depart.

Scott still, to the best of my memory (though as a rule, it is blurry after times of stress and crisis), has not mentioned the dogs. Perhaps he just has a perverse sense of humor.

His house is normal enough when viewed from without: a large and modernized hacienda at the top of Capitol Hill. The pool is half-drained and there is grass growing on it. Nonetheless, I am relaxed, still unsuspecting. I unlock the front door, opens it for me. I enter. Presumably, I have dismissed the deep, rumbling drone as an old furnace or a low-flying commercial airliner. Scott

*continued on page 6*



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## "No, really, I am a high school graduate"

by Ravi Rao '92

As she tossed her head to look into the distant sun, I noticed a small tear envelope her sea blue eyes. Her Blond hair cascaded by slowly and ever so gently brushed my shoulder.

"Ravi, darling" she sobbed, "what a fool I was to fall in love with you. Please understand. I love you. I want to spend the rest of my life with you. All of that money I inherited, I want that to be our money. Don't toss me away like this."

I tried to escape from her tear-stricken face, but found that my eyes were locked on her soft pouting lips. I felt my emotions rising. Higher and higher, bigger and bigger. "Yes!", I cried out "I'll move in with you! In fact, I'll even...."

My father's face was aghast as I saw him back off a little. After a couple of moments, he regained his composure, reality had sunk in, and Ms. Right had disappeared forever. Let's hear it for the real world.

"I said wake up," said my father, "Look at what I found in the mail today."

I gazed over sleepily at the ominous looking white card he had clenched between his fingers and smiled. I had only seen so many of those during high school. You know what I'm talking about, don't you?...

*To the parents of 7139 (Ravi Rao):*

*Your child was absent from school during the following days (see below). Please encourage regular attendance since absences from school may hinder your child's scholastic progress.*

Underneath, it said that I had been

### *I was almost eaten alive over vacation*

*continued from page 5*

hits the lights, and I saunter slowly around the corner and into the sitting room, innocent as a lamb and still oblivious.

And there they were, Bertha and Tiny (see "hell-beasts" above), separated from me by a flimsy looking and probably ineffectual low restraining fence.

Now, let me pause for a moment, thereby momentarily eschewing the bloody jest. The term "dog" has always carried friendly sorts of connotations, at least for me; man's best friend and all that. And, certainly, Newfoundland may be populated with these amazingly large ducks, or whatever it is that Newfoundlands retrieve (criminals, draft dodgers, runaway Sherman Tanks, public libraries, etc.). I understand that this particular dog was bred in this particular (gargantuan) form for a particular retrieval job which doesn't seem like something

absent on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday of the previous week. "That's ridiculous!" I exclaimed "First of all, this card is from the Advanced Spanish Literature Class. The only Spanish I know is Feliz Navidad, and that's only because Charo sang it on Pee-Wee's Playhouse the other day. Besides, the card says that I was there last Monday and Thursday. Last Monday and Thursday I was down in Annapolis, getting my butt kicked in Seminar."

Needless to say, I soon found myself on a train speeding uptown to try to explain that I had already graduated from High School and was a Freshman at St. John's. I brought my High School diploma with me, as well as my student I.D card from St. John's, if they gave me any trouble. By the time the train had passed 138th Street, I began to feel a strange sense of peace. Usually, at this time, my stomach would start hurting as I would all of a sudden notice that I had left a term paper at home, or that I had forgotten to complete the six or seven hundred math problems that I had to present on the board. I felt good enough to start singing "Strangers in the Night". A couple of people started giving me strange looks, prompting me to change my tune to "Feliz Navidad". By the time I had gotten to "prospero ano felicidad" they snorted before ignoring me again.

When I reached the school station, I was accosted by the Korean Toughs. Except for their bomber jackets and greased-back hair, they looked like surfers. One guy had a radio blasting *California Girl* and all five of them sported

from a breeder's standpoint, this dog seems to be overkill of the highest order. That is, this does not strike me as a supplementary sort of beastie; in fact, it would make a damn intimidating first-strike weapon.

I think at this juncture I may have asked Scott why he didn't just build a stable for the ponies.

Scott rushes over to the larger of the two dogs (though "hell-beast" stays with me somehow) and grasps her firmly by the collar...underhand. "Aaron," he scolds, "you're scaring Bertha."

Ha ha. This dog weighs more than I do, and is more capable, pound-for-pound, of wreaking havoc on some miserable little intruder. Yet somehow it is I who am at fault.

Scott leans back, as if halting a charge, and says (with a banality that certainly seemed somehow unrealistic at the time), "Hey Aaron, you want to come

boxer shorts with phrases like "Surf Pyong-Yang", "Anaheim Boat Club", and "Teddy Bear Club of Duluth" on them. "Uhhh, Am yung Hashimika," I stuttered. This means hello in their language. "Whatchoo lookin' at Home-dude?!" they retorted. "Got beef?" This also means hello in their language.

After going to the Principal's office, on the first floor, I was directed to the Dean's office in the basement where I was told that he could be found on the third floor. When I saw him, he told me to go to the second floor and confront the Spanish Teacher who had marked me cutting from her class. By the time I had reached the foreign language office, I was pretty tired. Dropping the cut card, my diploma, and my St. John's ID on the table, I threw myself into a nearby chair and decided to let the teacher figure it out on her own.

To my complete surprise she understood my situation completely and sent me on my way. She assured me that everything was going to be alright and apologized for any trouble I had gone through. I was really surprised at her unusually cooperative behavior until she remarked that she was a first year teacher. I began to pity her the way one would pity a bicyclist trapped in a nine lane highway, or a 49ers fan who found himself in a bar in Cincinnati. She was just so pure and unadulterated, like yogurt.

"Feliz Navidad!" I said as I closed the door. "Good bye and God Bless You."

No thanks, Scott. Now I am certain that you won't be able to restrain your housemate before I am beset upon, which is as soon as that internal predator countdown of rattlesnakes, bears, wolves and kin reaches zero. Mortal fear is now ballooning in my throat and stomach, places I may be getting fond letters of remembrance from after the "crisis."

"What exactly do you want me to do?" I squeak.

"Just come over here and put your hand on Bertha's head so she (get this) knows you aren't afraid of her."

Mr. Younger's normally sound grasp of the obvious and sensible must have failed him in light of this request, for I was pretty sure where I stood on the fear issue.

"But Scott, I *am* afraid of this dog. Do you want me to lie?"

# World News

by Akiba Covitz '91

## The Inauguration

An assemblage of at least 300,000 spectators lined Pennsylvania Avenue last Friday to witness the inauguration of George Bush as the 41st President of the United States. On a beautifully sunny but cold and windy Washington Day, Bush drew on the legacies of many past presidents including Ronald Reagan, Jimmy Carter and George Washington.

The Bible on which President Bush took his oath of office, as Bush proudly euhemerized, was the same Bible on which George Washington took his oath 200 years ago in the spring of 1789. Another past President prevalent in Bush's inaugural address, meriting mention in the first minute of his speech, was his mentor and former boss Ronald Reagan. Bush thanked former President Reagan "on behalf of our nation... for the wonderful things you have done for America." Bush also drew on the legacy of former President Carter by walking, as Carter did in 1977, a good deal of the nearly two mile parade route. But Bush also stepped decisively out of the shadows of the recent occupiers of his new office by becoming the first president to mention the Vietnam War in his inaugural address, a war which he claims "cleaves us still." Bush emphasized the need for a "new engagement" between the old and the young, the rich and the poor, and between the Executive branch of government and the Congress. The new president also stressed the importance of a continuation of "the new closeness" with the Soviet Union.

### Miami

By week's end, calm had finally returned to Miami's riot-torn neighborhoods of Overtown and Liberty City. The riots began last Monday night after a Miami police officer shot and killed an unarmed motorcyclist, who the officer claims was "bearing down" on him. The motorcycle's passenger died the following day of massive head injuries. The incident touched off two days of violence which saw one death, more than 100 injuries, nearly 400 arrests, the burning and looting of many buildings, and finally the cordoning-off of the troubled neighborhoods. The riots were the fifth of such outbursts in Miami in the past 11 years.

### Poland

Solidarity leader Lech Walesa, responding to the long-awaited legalization of his trade union, said that the statement was "a big step...but falls short

of people's expectations." The announcement by the government last Thursday did agree to Solidarity's legalization but only if various stringent preconditions were met.

One of the requirements demanded by the government was that Solidarity must agree to allow members of the official communist-backed trade unions, set up after the union unrest and subsequent suppression of the massive 1982 strikes, into Solidarity's hierarchy. Other government demands were that Solidarity must ally itself directly to the party and that it could not continue to accept foreign aid.

The government's statement, strangely enough, was strongly criticized by Alfred Miodowicz, the head of the communist-backed official unions. Miodowicz predicted that if Solidarity becomes legalized, it would set a dangerous precedent and that Poland would be thrown into an era of worker unrest.

I am going to predict that by the time you read this, Mr. Miodowicz is going to be looking for work.

### Sakharov Nominated

Members of the Lebedev Institute, the largest organization of physicists in the Soviet Union, nominated Nobel Laureate Andrei Sakharov to run as a candidate in the Soviet Union's revamped Parliamentary Elections.

The overwhelming majority with which Sakharov was nominated by the physicists comes as a striking rebuff to the official government-backed Academy of Sciences. Only the day before, the Academy had failed to nominate the one-time prisoner of the closed city of Gorki for any of the 25 seats reserved for the Academy in the new Congress of People's Deputies. Sakharov, although a long-time supporter of Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev, has recently been critical of the slowness of Gorbachev's reforms. Nomination by the physicists for a seat in the Parliament, however, does not guarantee that Sakharov's name will even appear on the ballot. Soviet electoral laws still allow voting officials to remove candidate's names from the ballot as they see fit.

The Parliamentary Elections are scheduled to be held in early March.

### The West Bank

Israeli Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin proposed neutrally supervised elections for the nearly 3 million residents of the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip. Rabin also said he would consider releasing jailed Palestinian

leaders who were willing to denounce violence and talk peace. This news comes just days after Rabin announced new repressive crowd control measures and relaxed firing restrictions for his soldiers on the West Bank. The plan was quickly denounced by members of the Palestinian Liberation Organization. A PLO spokesperson said that the Palestinians already have leaders--the PLO--and therefore have no need for elections. And the Palestinians, the spokesperson continued, in any case would not accept elections while still under Israeli occupation. The week saw the closing of schools for more than 300,000 students indefinitely, six Palestinians shot or wounded in the Gaza Strip and four in the West Bank.

Sources: *The Washington Post*, *Village Voice*, and *National Public Radio*



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## Polity president speaks out

Dear Polity:

As a fall semester member of the Delegate Council and the recently elected Polity President, I would like to respond to Ty Yancey's December 13th letter: "Disappointed with the DC." I have a great deal of respect for last semester's officers. They worked responsibly and efficiently; their approach was not, as Mr. Yancey states, minimal.

I do agree, however, that the DC has a problem communicating with the Polity. Even though the minutes for every meeting are published in *The Gadfly*, the public still is not truly in touch with the Delegate Council. Thus, students are not adequately represented by a body which has been elected to act for their interests. I hope this problem will be solved in the coming semester.

The DC is not a group which gathers in a misty room for clandestine meetings. DC meetings should function as public forums where ideas and information are exchanged and problems are addressed. The DC cannot sufficiently represent the needs of the campus without hearing the voice of the students. I urge students to speak to their dorm or off-campus delegates, expressing any questions or problems they have concerning the college. Or, even better, students should attend DC meetings and speak directly with the Delegate Council.

At the end of every meeting I plan to have a short information and idea session where students can hear news concerning coming events, faculty and administration decisions, construction, etc... At this time they can express any ideas they may have for improvement of life at the college. With the campus in disarray because of renovations, the voice of the students becomes especially important.

The next DC meeting is on Tuesday, January 31 at 7:00 P.M. in the conversation room. I encourage any and all students to attend. At this meeting, The Student Committee on Instruction will report on some of the projects with which it is presently involved. Also, I am especially interested in hearing student concerns regarding the construction on many areas of the college, but we can improve nothing if our voice is not heard.

—Munir Hussein '90

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## D.C. notes

by Scott Anderson }91

The Delegate Council meeting this past Tuesday was an intense struggle of wit, ideology, and rhetoric. The new president, Munir Hussein, earned the respect of the old guard within the D.C. as he directed the meeting with brooding brow. He sat leaning back in his chair, stroking his grizzled chin in such a way that would make Rodin's Thinker look like a bonehead.

With the help of Secretary Dave Lucas and Treasurer Andrew Pietrus, Mr. Hussein managed to persuade the legislative branch of the student government to approve the appointment of one Sandro Battaglia to the post of Polity Attorney. Mr. Battaglia has been a Hussein supporter and confidant for many years. It is believed that his young, fresh blood will add to the atmosphere, and that he will probably do an excellent job, despite the rumours about him having committed several acts of polymorphism on barnyard animals in his admittedly checkered past.

The Delegate Council will hire a jazz band in late February to help students with their papers. They all have masters degrees in English Literature and Philosophy, so they are completely qualified to rip your feeble attempts at intellectual competence to shreds. They can also play Mack the Knife triple time.

The Delegate Council is seeking to hire a folk singer. All attempts to reach Pete Seeger and Arlo Guthrie have failed. And Woody Guthrie is dead. If anyone knows a folk singer, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, please inform your dorm delegate or Munir (or even Sandro if you can find him).

We are happy to note that the boat-house has reopened and has been designated the recreation area/party palace by the Assistant Deans. For all those who wish to visit the boat house, the polity van will leave the Chase Stone Parking Lot every Saturday morning at 9:00 a.m. and will return at 8:00 that night. There will also be a student carpooling schedule posted in the gym for those who want to visit the boat house during the week. Students who consider walking to the boathouse may want to pack a bag lunch, as they will probably get hungry on the way.

It was a dark and windy Friday afternoon.

## Delegate council minutes

<b>Officers:</b>	Munir Hussein, President David Lucas, Secretary Andy Pietrus, Treasurer
<b>Delegates:</b>	Jennifer Johnston -Campbell Scott Young-West Pinkney Sapna Gandhi-East Pinkney Kim Kern-Randall Paul Speck-Off-Campus Kurt Ruzitz-Redfield-Off-Campus Sandro Battaglia-Polity Attorney Tidge Holmberg- Secretary Emeritus

The gathering convened at 7:00 pm in the Conversation Room Tuesday, January 17. Those listed were in attendance.

It was enacted that:

1. President Munir Hussein, invoking a strict interpretation of Polity Constitution, nominated Sandro Battaglia for the position of Polity Attorney. No other nominations were accepted. After declaring there was no reason for his wish be elected, Mr. Battaglia was elected by a unanimous vote without a campaign speech. In addition to the roll call, some concerns were raised about manner in which the elections were conducted. This will be discussed further at a later date.

2. There was no Health Committee report available, so it was scheduled for another meeting.

3. The Student Life Committee presented a report on the proposed rock and jazz concerts in February. The jazz combo has been picked solely on the recommendation of Mr. Pickens. They will perform two weeks after senior essays have been turned in. After lengthy debate, and an unheralded request for money from the Crew Club, it was decided that the seniors would sell alcohol to raise money for Prank, and the Crew Club sell food to raise money for training devices. If a rock performer is ever found and ultimately hired, the Junior Class will sell food and alcohol in an effort to raise money for Reality. Mr. Hussein cuts his first deal.

4. Paul Speck and Kurt Ruzits-Redfield will notify off-campus members of the college community that if they turn in a petition bearing 15 signatures, they can become off-campus delegates to the DC. This ruling was based on a loose interpretation of the constitution. And so, the DC awaits the submission of the first petition.

5. A conversation ensued about the DC, revolving around the letter written to *The Gadfly* by former DC President Ty Yancey, but the only real outcome was a commitment to further publicize the DC. Watch for upcoming meeting agendas to be posted in dorms.

6. The meeting was concluded with these comments, ideas, and facts:

--The polity TV and VCR will remain in the East Pinkney Common Room.

--On a trial basis, patrons will be allowed to bring food to the movie theater, but smoking will not be tolerated.

--Changing the names of the trailers to "Planes, Trains, and Automobiles" will be a topic at a later date.

--The seniors will be able to ring the bell in McDowell to announce the end of essay writing period, and to invite all to drink beer.

--More funds for the Yearbook will be discussed at the next gathering.

7. And so it goes. The next DC meeting will be held *Tuesday, January 31 at 7:00 pm* in the *Conversation Room*. Respectfully submitted, Dave Lucas, DC Secretary.

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## The wonderful world of words

by Thor Wilson '92

My hope is to have this column deal with many kinds of words from the most common to the most recondite in regards to their origins, and the changes which have occurred. That is how the meaning has changed in respect to specialization, pejoration, ameliorization, transference, or generalization. We will also examine orthographic changes as well. Most of which can be found in sources, yet severally. What we have done is gleaned information from many sources and combined it into one, with the intention of making a story and not just a list. Where something could not be located we resorted to our knowledge and experience with the word. We hope that you take as much pleasure reading it as we did in compiling it.

Did you ever wonder whence does the word 'woman' come. It has a rather interesting history and for that reason we thought it might be nice to explore. Evidently it comes from the Old English word 'wifmon' or 'wyfmon' meaning female person. More specifically, 'wyf' meaning woman or female, which is still retained in the saying "an old wives' tale" that is just an old woman's tale. For the genitive of 'wyf' is 'wyves'. We also see it used in Middle English with the same meaning by Chaucer. In his General Prologue he writes about the "Wyf of Bath" that is the woman of Bath although she was a wife many a time. Another modern English word which retains the original meaning is 'fishwife', which is as you know woman seller of fish not a wife of a fish. Fish also has a neat history worthy of a slight digression. Apparently it comes from an Indo-European word 'peisk' which then passed to the Latin as 'pisces' and to the Germanic as 'fiska' and lastly to the Old English as 'fisc'. Note that the 'p' in Latin corresponds to Germanic 'f'.

So that explains the 'wyf' part but, what about the '-mon' part? Well the word 'mon' or 'man' meant not man in the specific sense but rather in the generic sense 'man, person, human' [confer Greek anthropos -vs- aner or the Modern German indefinite pronoun man]. The form 'wifman' was later written as 'wimman' and then 'wumman' hence woman. That seems to be the history of the word despite what some misogynists might think the origin of 'woman' to be namely that which brings 'wo' to 'man'.

Speaking of 'woe' did you ever wonder why it is ok to say 'woe is me'? Does not that seem to violate the rule we have learned about a noun following the verb 'to be'? For the answer to this question and others concerning the wonderful world of words tune in next week as we continue our quest.

## McDowell renovations

*continued from page 3*

list of all the original woodwork to be saved and reinstalled, including the floor of the Great Hall. Be assured, everything should look much as it did in December, except for the second staircase which will cut through room 24.

In fact, things will look a bit too familiar for the Campus Planning Committee, whose representatives fought the Historical Society for three weeks over the old staircase. As usual in these disputes, the Historical Society won. The old staircase will be rebuilt on the post-fire design: the one that forces everyone to run outside in the rain to get down to the coffee shop bathrooms.

Notable news is a tentative decision to put slate tiles on the bell tower roof, replacing the metal covering which was painted a distinguished mustard yellow about seven years ago. The earliest photographs of the building show slate

shingles, similar to the State House's cupola. Both cupolas were designed in the same period by Joseph Clark; so, if you want a preview, take a squint at the State House. Also, various finishing touches fell outside the budget boundaries. There were not enough funds to redo the bell-tower offices for classroom use or to replace the Great Hall's chandeliers. The Planning Committee hopes that private donors will step in to meet these costs.

For those who remain skeptical of big plans and warn that no one knows what will come up in old buildings, keep this in mind: the construction company will lose daily the expense of keeping McDowell closed if they do not meet their deadline. Once trailer rental, loss of current and future students, and lost Great Hall rental income are added up, the fine is about \$5000 per day. Weekly meetings with the architect, foreman,

## Political Forum Notes

by Marty Gelfand '89

The Political Forum is kicking off Spring Semester with a presentation by Doug Bandow, a Senior Fellow at the Cato Institute. His speech will be entitled, "Political Preachers: The Role of Religion in Politics."

The Cato Institute is a Washington-based think tank. Its president and founder, Edward H. Crane, is a self-described libertarian. He was inspired by the impact other think tanks were having on public policy, but disagreed with the American Enterprise Institute on its conservative stand on national security issues and with the liberal stand prevalent at the Brookings Institute. He founded the Cato Institute in 1977 and it has been thriving ever since. Among their Distinguished Senior Fellows are Nobel Laureates in Economics James Buchanan and F.A. Hayek. Its name is taken indirectly from Cato the Elder, via two Eighteenth Century British essayists who circulated letters on parliamentary issues under that pseudonym.

Doug Bandow has been with the Cato Institute since 1984. Prior to that, he was a Special Assistant to President Reagan for Policy Development and Editor of Inquiry Magazine. Mr. Bandow received his B.A. in Economics from Florida State University and his JD from Stanford University.

The entire community is welcome and encouraged to attend what promises to be a stimulating discussion. The program begins with the speech by Mr. Bandow at 8:15 pm in the FSK Conversation Room and will be followed by Questions and Answers.

.....

chief electrician, plumber, etc. will ensure that problems are solved as they arise, and that everyone stays on schedule together. Plus, this is a family company from Baltimore (the son is our foreman) that has completed the renovation of another historical building in Annapolis. The process may look painful, sound horrible, and batter the college community for a semester, but I have been confidently assured that McDowell will be hale, hearty, and ready for the next couple hundred years come September.

# What if you could live over and over and over and

by Robby Nease '92

*Replay*, Ken Grimwood  
Arbor House, 249 pages

What would you do if you could live your life over? What would you do differently, what would remain the same? That is the question that the protagonist of Ken Grimwood's novel, *Play*, must face.

Jeff Winston is forty-three years old, and on October 18, 1988, he collapses of a massive heart attack. He expects, in his last moments of thought, to die permanently, and thus is extremely surprised when he recovers--in early May of 1963.

Naturally, he is disoriented at first, but recovers quickly and realizes that his knowledge of the future could help him. He makes a few judicious bets, buys all the right stocks, marries and has a daughter--everything becomes so much better than it was in his first life. Then, suddenly, on a late fall day in 1988, he has another massive heart attack. He looks about contentedly at this new world, and dies for a second time--and wakes up

again in early May of 1963.

Jeff Winston proceeds through more rebirths, each time dying of a heart attack in October of 1988, and each time waking up a little later in 1963 than he did previously. He proceeds through various life-

## Book review

styles in his lifetimes, being at times a wealthy businessman, a hermit and a hippie--and always dies in October 1988.

Eventually, he meets another replayer. Together, they go through many more rebirths, encountering yet another replayer who has taken the entire replay idea in a manner that is shockingly different from their own. They die over and over again, each time moving closer to 1988 as their starting date. The story's ending is surprising and effective, and the epilogue provides some irony as well.

The main purpose of the book seems

to be connected to the fact that no matter what Jeff does, he still dies of that heart attack in October 1988. No matter what choices he makes, no matter how he tries to change his destiny, he always comes to the same end. However, the author does not seem to be promoting predestination. Rather he is telling us not to worry about what we have done in the past. "Concentrate on the future" appears to be his main message, and the device of the replay drives this point home over and over again.

Despite the fact that the basic premise behind the book is an old one, the book comes across as completely original--perhaps because Grimwood made his characters relive their lives repeatedly, instead of just once.

If you can spare the time from your program readings, find this book and read it. If you can't spare the time, it's your loss. If you can't spare the time, it's your loss. If you can't spare the time, it's your loss. Or have I said all this before?

## Concert review:

### *A date with Beethoven*

by Joan Ross '91

I went out on a date with Ludwig van Beethoven last Friday night! I and an auditorium-full of other people for whom Richard Goode and Robert Martin performed four sonatas for piano, and piano and 'cello. Being as I am only a semester's victim of the Sophomore Music Tutorial, I listened with an ear divided between analysis and impressionistic fancy. Sonata number 28 in A major led me along the edges of forever-drawn-out 7-station cliffs, and plunged me into rivers filled with icy passing tones. Then I found myself in a smoky Western saloon, serving drinks to dusty-booted major intervals just in from the long drive, having herded tired cadences back home into their 1-station. I held a conversation with a deep-voiced minor second, and was swept off my feet by a tall, darkly handsome diminished seventh chord, who whirled me into a wild, romantic second theme, and dumped me at last with a deceptive cadence, and left me to wander amid a misty valley full of echoing fugues.

This amazing and rightly acclaimed duo seemed sometimes like a single soul with four hands, although at times the 'cello was almost lost in the zeal of pianist Richard Goode. But I left the concert feeling more in love with Beethoven than ever.



## E.D.O.'s first album is worth the money

by William Pastille

"Eclectic" is the proper descriptive term for *Waltzing with the Dogs*, the first release by the local band, EDO. The album is a successful tour de force effort that demonstrates the band's command of many well established rock styles. While some might jump to the conclusion that this sort of thing is imitative and therefore, derivative, I would caution that imitation is not always synonymous with epigonism. Take The Beatles' *White Album* for instance: they waited until late in their career to produce this collection, which provided incontrovertible evidence that they were masters of all the styles of rock then known, including the California sound (Back in the USSR), the straight love ballad (I Will), modified country rock (Rocky Raccoon), what was then called acid rock (Helter Skelter), and what was then called psychedelic rock (Revolution #9). Now I do not mean to compare EDO's first effort with the mature work of The Beatles. In fact, the significance of the albums for their two respective bands is utterly different:

The *White Album* was a consolidation of The Beatles past successes, and in the long run, the stylistic range exhibited on the album reflected the different interests among the band members which contributed to the band's dissolution.

*Waltzing with the Dogs*, on the other hand, is composed of a series of specific tasks that have focused EDO's creative energies so that the band members should now be prepared for serious work on evolving their own style. The point is only that a certain sort of imitative creativity is perfectly consistent with artistic integrity and growth. EDO's album proves that the band has a command of a wide range of rock styles, and is now ready to move on to develop its own personal voice.

*Waltzing with the Dogs* is not only a foreshadowing of good things to come, it is also a highly entertaining mixture of

easily recognizable rock categories. Since part of the fun of listening to such a potpourri is trying to determine for oneself the influences behind the music, I will not attempt to impose my own impressions, but I would like to give just a few examples: "Stop Dropping Acid" is a fine representative of what used to be called in the early 1980's "new wave" music, and depending on your personal associations, you may hear the influence of DEVO or the B-52s in the song; "The Ballad of Bobby and Jenny" is reminiscent of classic folk rock; "Big Pizza" recalls memories of typical 1960's dance rock; and so forth.

In addition to showcasing EDO's stylistic versatility, the album also exhibits a distinctive sound, which might be described as an evocation of the early days of rock, when bands made single-miked recordings in garages using only drums, lead guitar, and bass. That is to say the sound is underproduced, raw, elemental. And the band's vocals styling is carefully crafted to enhance this effect: looseness with pitch and a sort of a Dylanesque speech-song are the hallmarks of their singing. A perfect example is the intentionally out-of-tune vocal counterpoint in the "ooh-ooh-ooh" section of "Raspberry Girl"; only extraordinary musicians could create such an effortless simulation of making mistakes.

EDO also has an unmistakable flair for lyrics. In particular, the song texts lean towards absurdist language that sometimes has a wry, "great books" slant. My favorite passage comes from "The Anomaly Song": "fish works in a shipyard, building submarines, teaching all the workers what dialectic means. Ain't that a thing? Ain't that anomalistic? It's 'cause it isn't not, and that's a trauma. It's traumatic."

Although the lyrics are usually intelligent, humorous, and witty, it must be said, however, that the album's one

weakness is occasional lapses of taste in the lyrics. In "Bad Piece of Business" there is a mild vulgarity associated with the name of the song's main character. In "Ice Cream Shimmy" the words express blatant sexism--the male narrator requires his female companion to perform an erotic dance before he will grant a simple request: "She wanted ice cream, I wanted her. some kind of arrangement can be arranged. If she wants ice cream, she'll do the ice cream shimmy." In "The Rocking Smell Song" certain olfactory experiences of questionable taste are recounted. And finally, in "Good Thing," the title refers to a woman, and even though the narrator is bemoaning his own insensitivity, I find the usage "I did a bad thing to my good thing" offensive. It is of course possible that I am missing a satirical element in these pieces but I think not. I suggest that EDO takes Confucius's and Plato's opinion of music more seriously. This art has a powerful influence on people's souls, so musicians must be very careful about the ideas they express in their music. Pump up your social conscience, guys.



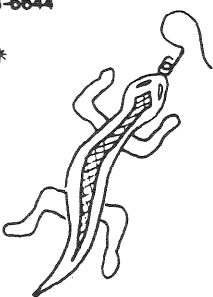
Apart from that one failing, however, the album is a gem. Not to be missed is the title cut, which artfully uses acoustic instruments (especially the banjo), a drunken male chorus, and grainy vocal raspings to recreate the desperate whiskey soaked flophouse world of Tom Waits, tinged with a wash of local color: "I left a lot of regrets in Davidsonville. If she called tonight, I'd be back on my knees. But since the phone won't ring, I don't have to pick it up- I can go out waltzing with the dogs."

*Waltzing with the Dogs* is a great value for your music entertainment dollar. At only \$6.00, it weighs in at less than half the price of current overproduced, superslick cassettes such as U2's *Rattle and Hum* and it contains much more fiber. Buy it. It's the right thing to do.

### FOOTNOTE:

The derivation of this name is somewhat problematic. It is clearly related to the Latin *edo*, but without context or poetic meter to determine the quantity of the initial vowel, it is impossible to decide whether the word is in fact *edo* (short e), *edere*, *edi*, *esum*, or *edo* (long e), *edare*, *edidi*, *editum*. The first (from the Greek "*edo*") means *to consume* in two senses: of living things, *to eat*, *to ingest*, *sustenance*; of inanimate objects, *to eat away*, *corrode*. The second (compounded from the prefix *e(x)-*, *out of*, continued on page 13

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## E.D.O. review

continued from page 12

and dare, to give) means to give out, give birth to, produce, utter, make known, publish, spread a report, tell, command, and is the origin of the English edit, editor, edict, et al. While certain connotations of the second word seem to have obvious connections with a group of creative artists, scholarship has amply demonstrated that such unsophisticated insights cannot be determinative of the signification in the case of this confusing pair of words. After more than a century of study, the most illuminating treatment of this problem is still Johann Furchtegott Lieberessen, "Gesattigt, Zerfressen, oder Herausgegeben? Das schwere Ratsel von 'edo' im lateinischen Mittelalter," *Lubeck philologische Tageblätter* 173 (1845): 6243-578. A complete bibliography (to 1974) may be found in Max E. Momgusto, "Determinative Relative Matrix Dynamics in Homoliterated Romance Vocabulary: A Statistico-Deconstructivist Approach" (Ph.D. diss., Cornell University, 1975) 824-70.

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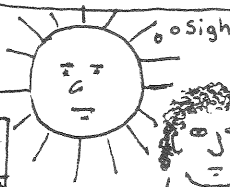
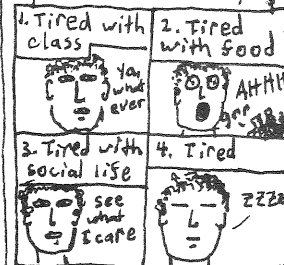
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## Bob's Quest in Hell

by S.D. Younger

Bob returns to college after an overly,  
decidedly short winter break...

4 Stages of  
Upset Bob's day:



Bob's thought of the day:

I will kill any one  
who asks if I am  
happy to be back.

Helpful Philosophy:  
Stay Away!

Caution: do not  
attempt to engage  
in any sort of  
conversation in  
any of the below  
topics. Danger!

Depressing Things

- Seminar is on Monday and I haven't even started my Thucydides!
- Christmas is over
- I can't draw
- McDowell really was the center of the school
- Republicans
- World Hunger
- Other Republicans
- There really is no realistic way of air-listing home cooked meat to us here at college
- Still other Republicans
- In fact, Democrats suck too.

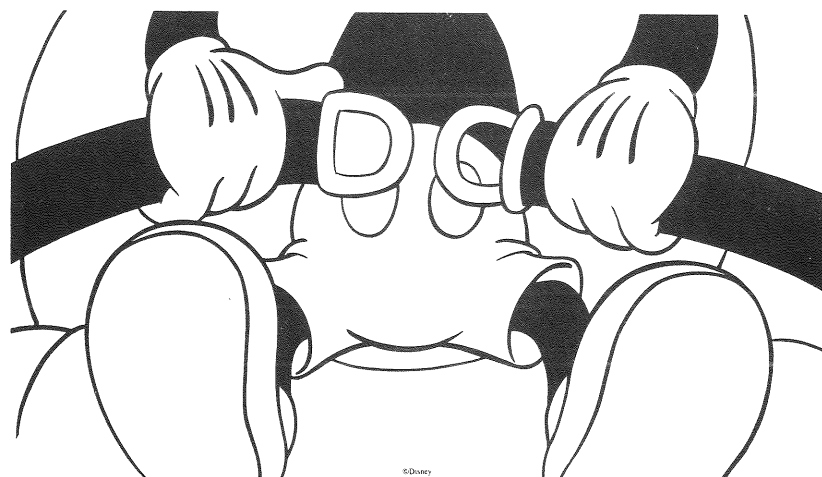


Nice Things

- Rain bows
- 4-day weekends
- Help me out here, please?

Really Awful  
Depressing Things

- First hearing of Nico was about her death.
- February's coming
- I went home and I didn't know my friends
- You're almost finished reading this comic strip and you haven't laughed
- Matt Groening will sue me for blatant copy
- Relationships
- Whining cartoonists
- really awfully depressed people + their lists.



Buckle Up For Spring Break '89

## Women's basketball: *Nymphs vs. Maenads*

by Gigi Escalante '92

While neither team could be said to "dominate" this neck-and-neck game, freshman Maureen "the Hatchet" Hatch was definitely a dominating player, helping the Nymphs to a 26-23 victory with a total of eight baskets. Claire Morgan '91 followed closely downing six baskets for the Maenads.

The game began with the Maenads leading in the first quarter nine to four. Claire Morgan and Jennifer Asmuth '91 sank two baskets each and Rachel Frey '91 sank one free throw. The Nymphs

responded with two baskets by Anne Leonard '89 and Maureen Hatch. The 'Nads could've had an even larger lead but they missed three free throws.

Then the tide turned as the Hatchet sliced through 'Nad defense leaving the net smoking with five, count them, five baskets in the second quarter against one basket made by Maenad Jennifer Asmuth. The second quarter ended with both team's scores quite close. The Maenads down by three points.

The Maenads played an aggressive third quarter to close the point gap with

a basket by "The Force" Morgan and Asmuth each. The Nymphs closed the quarter leading by a point with players Jeanne Duvoisin '89 and Hatch each sinking one.

With the fourth quarter starting 18-17, the Nymphs decided to show some of the playing that's kept them tied for first in the League. Baskets burned with shots by Nymphs Duvoisin, Hatch and Alison Packwood '89. With Morgan and Claire Darling '92 scoring for the 'Nads ending the game ended with a close 26-23 victory for the Nymphs.

## *Furies vs. Amazons*

by Gigi Escalante '92

With a team cheer of "F-U-R-I-E-S, Furies!", the Golden Girls opened the game; a game against the tied for top team Amazons. The Amazons played a good first quarter with firm passing and positioning, not to mention the amazing baskets of Laura Webner '90. Webner literally lassoed baskets in this quarter; the shots lingering three or four times round the rim before spiraling into the basket. The 'Zones played man-to-man defense with Linda Hamm '89 playing especially well. The Furies responded with Erika McConnell '92 and Tamara Wilson's '89 aggressive ball-handling.

Seniors Judy Kloss and Stephanie Stephens dominated the second quarter

on the Furies team. McConnell continuing her awesome hustling dominated the lane. Sharman Levinson '92 also showed aggressive Fury play; with a little control she'd be burning the baskets.

Amazon shooting force Wendy Wisehart '92 arrived for the second quarter to trap the Furies in a Bermuda triangle of Hamm, "Silk" Webner, and Wisehart. With this triad force and the aggressive D of Mary "Spider-Woman" Spidle '89, the 'Zones outshot and especially outran Fury Defense.

At halftime, score 32-8 Amazons, the spirited Furies had McConnell bring a radio while Amazons Lauri Benning '89 and Laura Webner practiced offense moves. In the third quarter the Amazons

rendered the Furies' defense defenseless with more over-the-head shots, while the Furies' offense bunched. With three minutes remaining in the third quarter, the Furies played better ball with awesome hustling on the part of Erika McConnell.

The lull between quarters left the Amazons quiet on the bench and the Furies showing good spirit outcheering the 'Zones even if outscored 44-13 by the Amazons.

Laura Webner began the fourth quarter, sinking one for the Amazons. The Amazon shooting trend barreled on, ending the game with a 60-15 victory.

## Sports notes from our Athletic Director

by Leo Pickens, A.D.

I may fairly call the week of January 10 thru 17 the Charlie Beckman Week. During these seven days, Mr. Beckman cut a wide swath through the sports program. In V-ball, his resounding smashes have brought his teammates to their feet with chants of "BOO! BOO! BOO!" Teamed up with Dr. Uhl, Mr. Beckman led the twosome to victory in the personal glory round of the two-on-two contest. The Spartans, it should be noted, won the team contest. And his clutch baskets in the final moments of the Spartan-Hustler game and the Leviathan-StaPuffMarshmallow Co-ed game brought victories to both his teams.

Fortunately, his week came to a brutal close at the hands of Mr. Boucher. Mr. Boucher, with help from Mr. Rosenbaum, Ahn, Maanao, and Webb defeated the Hustlers in the first big showdown of

the year in men's volleyball. Mr. Boucher kept Mr. Beckman's smashes in line with his patented blocks. The Druid Killer Bees, led by Iceman Isham, and Thomas Aquinas Bechtel, also deserve a lot of credit in this win. Note: The Druids swept the Hustlers without the presence of that sly dog Mr. Yancey. Mr. Yancey was heeding the call of a power greater than Druid loyalty--I don't know what on earth that could possibly be.

Jeanne Duvoisin's brain child, the Sunday Co-ed league, got off to a smashing success with two overtime games. If this past Sunday's showing is any indication, a co-ed section of the intramural program is here to stay. Just a reminder: the Sunday league is open to everyone, and to play, all you have to do is show up at the proper hour.

The women's basketball season came to an end this weekend--which was

passed by the time this went to press. It all comes to a tie between the Amazons and the Nymphs. With the charging Sarita Cargas on the disabled list due to a pulled muscle, the Nymphs narrowly defeated the 'Nads to tie the Amazons for the league lead. My prediction for the championship game? I have to bet on the Amazons: their awesome fastbreak and postage stamp style defense should carry the day. Not to mention the blinding, distractive power of Megapoint Hamm's blazing red hightops.



# ANNOUNCEMENTS

## No smoking!

We have asked Security to intensify their efforts to prevent smoking in the auditorium during movies. Not only is smoking forbidden by the Fire Code, it is also simply inconsiderate to non-smokers. If you must smoke, do so in the Lobby. Violators will be escorted from the auditorium; repeat offenders will be subject to fines.

—The Assistant Deans

## Pen Pal requested

Would anyone at St. John's like to have a pen pal in Seattle? I'm a published poet, 42, and I enjoy exchanging letters about personal experiences, books, and ideas.

My interests: Asian philosophy and religion, Chinese ceramics, word study, geography, sociology, investing, economics, politics, literature, walking, and Stoicism. Favorite authors are Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, Thoreau, Emerson, Doris Lessing, Wendell Berry, A.S. Neill. I admire Bertrand Russell, Castro, Martha Quest, and Antigone.

My Address:  
Ron Richardson  
4003 50th Ave  
Seattle, WA 98116

## A.C.O.A.

Starting January 11, a chapter of Adult Children of Alcoholics will be meeting every Wednesday at 7:30 in the Reception Room of Carroll-Barrister. All interested members of the community are welcome to attend. If you are concerned about the effects of alcohol abuse on yourself or those around you, you may find these meetings helpful.

—Wendy Allanbrook  
Assistant Dean

## Long weekend monastery retreat

Long Weekend--February 3-6 Trip to Mt. Saviour Monastery Elmira N.Y. Space available. For information call Lydia Sparrow 263-9351.

## Spring classes to start

CLASSES will begin again on Wednesday, January 25, at 8:00 p.m. in the dance studio.

DANCE THERAPY classes will begin on Tuesday, January 24, at 7:30 p.m. Classes are 90 minutes long. Please come to the dance studio dressed and prepared to move.

JAZZ WORKSHOP will take place on Saturday, February 18. Depending on the number of participants, there will be a charge of approximately \$20.00 per person. Please sign up with Ken Colston.

## Thank-you

Thanks to Chris Colby and the Print Shop for providing gratis the color for the bow on the cover of the Holiday *Gadfly*.

## Guest policy

The spirit of the College's policy to require students to sign in guests at the Switchboard is to try to limit non-students visiting the campus to those known personally to students. It is a violation of this spirit to register a stranger out of a misplaced sense of good will. No longer will unregistered visitors to Coffee Shop parties merely be asked to be signed in. Security has been instructed to escort from campus any person not already registered at the Switchboard. This policy will be enforced by all Security shifts. Please try to keep the campus a safe and friendly place: know your guests!

—Assistant Deans

## Poetry contest

American Poetry Association Contest; how to enter: Send up to six poems, each no more than 20 lines, name and address on each page, to:

American Poetry Association  
Dept. CT-22  
250 A Potero Street  
P.O. Box 1803  
Santa Cruz, California  
95061-1803

There is no entry fee.  
Deadline: June 30, 1989  
Results: Grand Prize \$1000

First Prize \$500  
Consideration for publication in  
*American Poetry Anthology*

## Grades

The policy on making up grades is as follows:

Incomplete grades may be given. In such a case the grade that would be given were the incomplete work not made up should be indicated. The common form is, for example, I/C. Except in the case of the non-submission of an annual essay, the alternate grade indicated becomes the final grade if the incomplete work is not made up before the end of the second semester. An incomplete grade in an annual essay may be completed at any time. If a tutor fails to indicate an alternate grade, the alternate grade is presumed to be F.

## Name change for loans

Notice to all Guaranteed Student Loan recipients:

Current federal legislation has changed the name of the Guaranteed Student Loan Program. Beginning with the 1989-90 academic year, GSL's will be referred to as Afford Loans. It is the same program and will be governed by the same criteria and interest rates, but please be aware of the name change.



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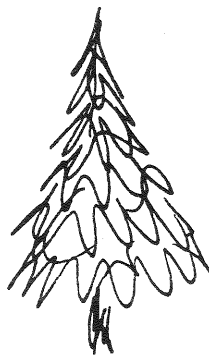
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Founded in 1980, *The Gadfly* is an independent student review published weekly and distributed free to over 550 students and faculty of the Annapolis campus as well as the offices at the St. John's Santa Fe campus, tutors emeriti and members of the board of visitors and governors.

Tax deductible contributions may be given to *The Gadfly* by making checks payable to St. John's College and specifying it as a donation to the paper. Send checks to *The Gadfly*.

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**Deadline:** 5 p.m. Friday. All submissions should be typed and signed. Opinions expressed are the responsibility of the author.