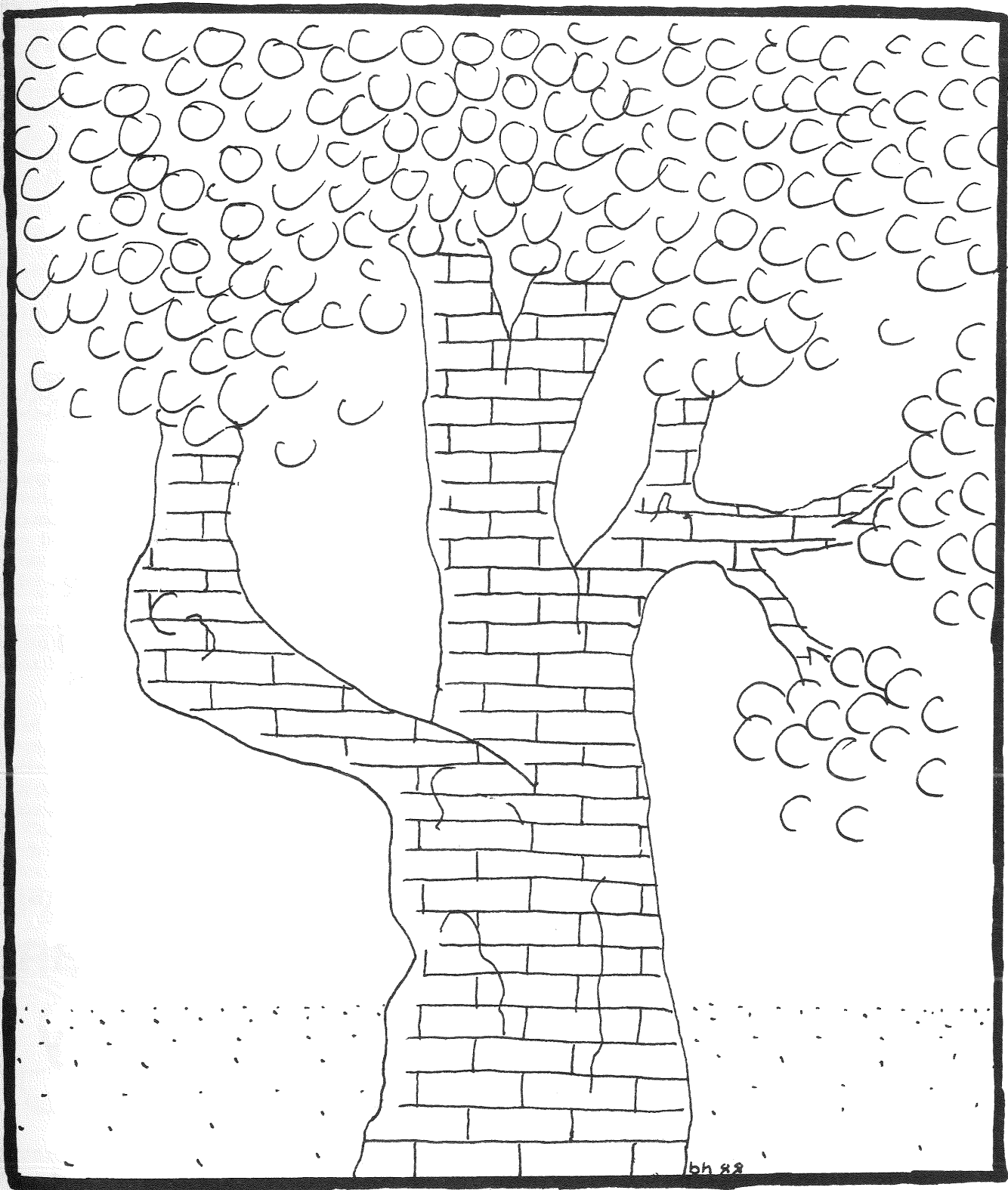


The Gadfly

St. John's College Independent Weekly
Volume X, Issue 10

Annapolis, Maryland
December 7, 1988



Drug testing

Dear Editor:

Legally speaking, I would like to comment on the World Synopsis prepared by Mr. Theodore Merz in the November 8th issue of *The Gadfly*. Under the heading of the Supreme Court, Mr. Merz pointed out what promises to be a major political and social issue to be confronted by the high Court: drug testing.

The particular case argued November 2nd dealt with mandatory testing of employees following a railroad accident by workers who are charged with "public-safety" type jobs. The challenge to the test *after the accident* was that it is an invasion of the U.S. Constitutional right to be "secure against unreasonable search and seizure" provided in the Fourth Amendment.

The entire issue of drug-testing is emotionally charged. In a sincere attempt to contribute to the enlightenment of the St. John's community, I believe it important to set out precisely what legal standard the high Court will use to judge the facts and why they will use this standard. When the standard is set out, the community of St. John's may properly decide if the Justices of the Court have done their Constitutional duty as set out in Article Six, paragraph two of that fine document.

In 1961, Alan Schmerber was drunk and had an automobile accident in California. While unconscious at the hospital following the accident, and at the direction of the arresting officer, the attending physicians took a sample of Schmerber's blood. Amongst a myriad of arguments, it was argued that this

Continued on page 9



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Letters

The fine art of tutoring

Dear Editor:

I confess that after reading Ms. Leonard's recent criticism of tutors, all I could think of in response was a limerick:

To a tutor a student astute
Gave this tribulatory tribute:
"Though I don't give a hoot
for the tone of your tute,
At least most of your music is mute!"

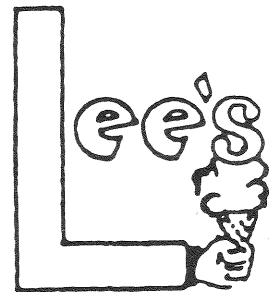
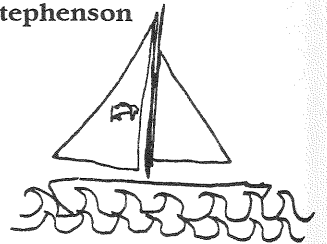
Her complaint about the two tutorial sins of lecturing and playing a guessing game may be justified, but they are avoidable, and I hope not as prevalent as her comments might lead one to believe. Both "sins" may be understood (if not excused) as the products of an excess of zeal. It is, after all, normal for a student or a tutor to wish to share insight and information. This sharing could grow into a lecture, if not controlled, or into a guessing game, if the tutor feels that students are better led and less forced in that way. But all tutors, I believe, really deplore these extremes themselves.

It is easier to say what a tutor should not do than what he or she should do. It would be helpful to focus on the latter. Qualities that make for good teaching elsewhere make for good teaching here: enthusiasm; sympathy; vividness of imagination and expression; intelligence. However, the peculiarity of tutoring at St. John's does perhaps emphasize other virtues as well. For example, it is particularly important that a tutor make the effort to listen and learn from students. This is not easy, for it requires one to extract and develop the kernel of thought that may be expressed most awkwardly and naively. Not every state-

ment can be so developed, or so developed by every tutor. Sometimes special experience or ability is needed to see just where half-baked thoughts may lead. And a class can tolerate only a certain amount of groping for vague possibilities. Thus the imperative--learn from your students!--can be followed only sometimes. It remains as an ideal.

It could be helpful for others to contribute ideas about ideals of tutoring.

Sincerely,
David Stephenson
Tutor



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News from the outside

by Theodore Merz '89

Pakistan

Benazir Bhutto, the 35 year-old leader of Pakistan's Peoples Party, has been chosen Prime Minister of that country after gaining enough support to form a coalition government. She is the first woman to head a modern Islamic nation. Her party won 93 seats in the Nov. 16th elections and, after negotiations with other parties and assurances to the military, she was sworn in on Dec. 2nd.

Her father, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, former Prime Minister of Pakistan, was deposed by Zia-ul-Haq in 1977 and hanged two years later. Zia ruled until his death in an apparent assassination on August 17th.

Benazir Bhutto returned to Pakistan from exile in 1986 to reorganize the Peoples Party, hoping eventually to overthrow Zia. At that time, much of her rhetoric espoused populist economic measures and violent anti-Americanism. She appears more moderate these days. She has reassured the military that she will not plunge the country into economic chaos, end support for the Afghan rebels, or nationalize industries.

Bhutto already has several pressing demands. First, she must draft a budget by mid-December which will please the International Monetary Fund and thus keep IMF loans flowing into Pakistan. Second, as the Feb. 15th deadline for the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan approaches, Bhutto will have to decide how she will deal with the 3 million Afghan refugees who have poured into Pakistan.

The Soviet Union

In a special session of the Supreme Soviet, Gorbachev has managed to win assent for a restructuring of the Soviet government. The changes pave the way for a parliament (to be elected in multi-candidate elections) which will be called the Congress of Peoples Deputies and which will in turn elect a new Supreme Soviet with only 422 members instead of

the present 1,500.

However, some of these historic changes were overshadowed by disturbances in the Baltic states. Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, the Baltic republics, have been critical of Gorbachev's proposed changes because they believe these changes will result in less political autonomy for the republics. Due to these fears, Estonia's legislature declared the itself sovereign from the USSR on Nov. 16th. Although it stopped short of a declaration of independence, Gorbachev denounced this move as a misunderstanding of the intentions of his "restructuring."

In addition to the problems with the Baltic states, Gorbachev continues to have his hands full with the Moslem/Christian conflict in the south. The current ethnic violence between Armenian Christians and Moslems from the neighboring republic of Azerbaijan was precipitated in Feb. when the Armenians demanded that Azerbaijan cede the largely Armenian province of Nagorno-Karabakh to Armenia.

The Foreign ministers of China and the USSR met for the first time in 30-years to discuss the withdrawal of 18,000 Vietnamese troops from Cambodia by late December. Resolving the Vietnamese occupation of Cambodia has been a major stumbling block to improved Sino-Soviet relations. China wants an immediate withdrawal of the Vietnamese, who are backed by the Soviets. And the Soviets, it appears, no longer want to back them.

RJR Nabisco

In the first of what could be a new wave of mega-deals on Wall Street, the investment house of Kohlberg, Kravis, Roberts & Co. has bought RJR Nabisco in a leveraged buy-out for \$25.07 billion. Yes, *billion*. K, K & R beat out a similar offer by RJR's management by promising to attempt to keep the company intact. Leveraged buyouts are the purchase of a

public company (public because it has issued stock) by private investors who put down 10% of their total offer and finance the rest. Essentially, they borrow a vast sum of money to control the running of a company. The management is no longer held answerable to stockholders. The problem with leveraged buyouts is that companies incur staggering amounts of debt. To pay the interest on the debt, they must sell off parcels of the company while continuing to remain profitable. These deals have never been done on such a large scale before. RJR is the 19th largest industrial company in the US. This buyout sends a signal to the stock market that no company is large enough to be safe from leveraged buyouts. It also prompts questions about the resulting loss of jobs: is the potential damage to the US economy justified by the huge profits to be made by investors?

The PLO

A meeting of the Palestinian National Council in Algiers declared their acceptance of all UN resolutions regarding Israel, including Resolution 242 which implicitly recognizes Israel's right to exist. Nevertheless, US officials said that this declaration did not meet the US condition that the PLO renounce terrorism in order for the US to accept the PLO as a participant in the Middle East peace process. Later in the week, this point was made clearer when Sec. of State George Schultz denied a US visa to the chairman of the PLO, Mr. Yassir Arafat, because Mr. Arafat is an "accessory" to terrorism. The move was widely criticized in international circles as incompatible with the US's role as host country to the UN. Arab leaders voted to convene a special session of the UN in Geneva to hear what Mr. Arafat has to say.

Canada

The Conservatives, led by Brian Mulroney, won re-election in a campaign dominated by the Free Trade Pact recently negotiated between Canada and the US. The Liberals had issued dire warnings that the removal of the remaining tariffs between the two countries would undermine national sovereignty, cripple Canada's health and welfare system, and overrun Canadian industry with American capital. Mulroney defended the agreement saying that Canada would eliminate the remaining tariffs over a ten year period and would need to secure international markets with the tightening of the European market in 1992.

Sources: *The Washington Post*, *The Wall Street Journal*

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Injustice in the intramurals

by Tequila Brooks '91

The 2nd of December, there was a Spartan-Guardian basketball game. Adam Eggers invited me to play. I'd played Spartan football, Spartan soccer, Spartan volleyball. I'd gone to Spartan basketball practices. I asked him, "Do you need extra players?" He said, "No! But come anyway!"

And so I went and put on my sweats. Down to the gym. Adam and I exchange high-fives because we're on the same team. And then the blow: someone comes up to me and says, "Tequila, you can't play. There's a new rule that women aren't allowed to play men's sports anymore."

Inside, I was "ceaseless turmoil seething". Can't play? Who made this rule? What on earth?

Instead of losing my temper, I asked Jeanne Duvoisin about the meaning of this apparently arbitrary edict. She said that women's sports were doing badly because too many women were playing men's sports. Women were showing up to men's games and not showing up to their own. So the captains of the women's teams got together and de-

ecided that women should not be allowed to play men's sports except for football.

Astounded, I went to the other side of the gym and sat with Gigi Escalante. I described the situation and Jeanne's response to my questions. Gigi said, "That's stupid. The women who show up at the men's games are usually the ones who show up at the women's games. It's the women who don't show up at all that detract from the women's games." She thought that the men were just afraid that the women were going to take over their league and be better than them.

Linda Hamm, my Amazon team captain walked past. I hailed her. Why did the women team captains pass this rule? It was a relief to find that she doesn't agree with the rule. Three of the women team captains decided on it and she was informed the next day. Linda said that a lot of men just didn't want women playing on their teams. She thinks the new rule reflects a poor attitude rather than a solution to a real problem. The men may have the right to make their own rules, but it didn't seem to create any great difficulties earlier this semester. She is afraid that it gives the impression that when women compete with men, the men cannot reach the exalted heights of competitive fervor to which they are wont.

Linda pointed out that there was discussion of the fact that Laura Webner was once late to an Amazon game and only played for the last quarter while showing up at a men's game right on time...but Laura had informed her captain that she had her Don Rag when the women's game started.

Seething, I lay in wait for athletic director Leo Pickens while he refereed the basketball game I wasn't allowed to play. In his office, he eloquently explained to me, "Heretofore previous to this year to my knowledge women have not played in the men's sports league except for football. If we opened up the men's league to women, would we not

create extra problems for ourselves?" In the fall, he said, one woman asked to play men's soccer because her work schedule didn't allow her to play at women's games. He was approached by another woman who wanted to play because that way she'd be able to play full field, with more competition. Leo asked the men's captains what they thought and the decision come to was that women would be allowed to play, to see the reaction.

Leo said that he's always had misgivings about women being injured in men's games. There is also the possibility of men sitting on the bench at their own games while women play.

"There was some discontent among men, some discontent among women." Jeanne Duvoisin approached him, as representative of this "upsurge". Jeanne suggested we have a special co-ed league which would play games on Sundays.

"Because the proposition came from the women who were representative of their teams, I thought it wouldn't be sexist. While closing one door, we've opened up another. Out of this problem I think we've created new opportunities."

On my way out of the gym, I met Laura Webner and told her the news. She had already heard. She said, "I'm mildly disappointed. I was given no reason."

Opened new doors? Baloney. What's been done is this: we had a door open right in front of us, and as soon as we started walking through it, it was locked. Now we have to go all the way around the building to another door which will only get us to where we can see the room we wanted to be in, but can't ever get to.

Leo wrote an article some time back wondering why so few women show up for the women's sports league. What's to be done?

The majority of the members of the women's league are not trained athletes. In a women's basketball game one can usually expect a case of ten untrained athletes running around the gym in chaos, never making each other better; poking and jabbing and stumbling. I find

continued on page 12

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GAD!
GAD!
GAD!

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Giving thanks

by Rachel Boyce '90

It rained all the way from New Jersey to Anne Arundel County, sometimes coming down in sheets that obliterated from view all but a few feet of the dotted yellow road lines. The Philadelphia stations came in until the end of the Eagles game. Their fourth straight win, my father informed his sports-ignorant daughter, they were four and five. No one expected much. Now they're eight and five, and they have a good chance at the playoffs. I asked about the playoffs, how many teams were in them, wasn't eight and five a bad record?

The dog on the comforter in the back seat was quiet, napping, bored by the dark and rainy scenery we passed. The playoffs were explained in my father's clear manner. "I'll be back home by eleven, eleven-fifteen. Pat and I will

watch the sports news. He'll be excited."

Pat and Dad, excited, interrupting the news commentary with their own speculations: I called the image to mind easily, my dad and Pat, my brother. How do you keep track of all this stuff, I asked. I take Pat to school, stop for a cup of coffee, read the sports pages, he told me. It only takes a few minutes.

The drive alone with my father was a rare thing. My mother was working at the hospital and couldn't manage the six-hour round trip this time. It was my brother who rode with my dad, every day to high school, my brother who knows my father much better than I do. But the silences in the pouring rain were easy. Our conversation was relaxed. He told me about answering phones for the *Courier-Post* legal hotline and about some of the other lawyers and some of

the calls. We leaned back periodically to check on the dog. We talked about my classes. We almost took the wrong exit from Route 50.

He would stop off at the Mister Donut for coffee, the halfway mark on the way home, and maybe a donut. He would send me a copy of the legal hotline write-up when it appeared in the paper. I think he was surprised when I asked him for it. I kissed my father goodnight in the Campbell parking lot, and he drove away, beeping a few times farewell.

The rain had stopped, and it was warm. I fervently wished him an easier ride back, as if to lift the burden of travelling so far for me, as if to set aside that struggle through the rain as special. For my father, driving one of his children to school was a responsibility, and I didn't know if he understood how grateful I was for a few hours, just him and me.

To prove: $AC * BC = AB^2$

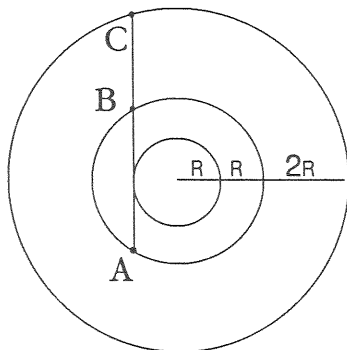
by Elizabeth deMare '89

I interviewed Mr. Kutler a week before Thanksgiving break and this article is a result of that interview. It is also an invitation to the St. John's community to take part in the living work of one of its tutors. As students here we apprentice ourselves to the great books in order to better understand something in and for ourselves. We often feel that the books to which we give our time, effort and love are so ancient and have been studied so thoroughly that we could not possibly contribute anything new to the understanding of them. In this way we act as if the works which we are studying are dead.

One work which often seems particularly 'complete' is Euclid's *Elements*. Between the geometrician himself and Sir Thomas Heath there seems to be nothing left for the student to discover about elemental geometry. But this is only an illusion.

About two weeks ago, in the course of preparing a paper which he hopes to publish next spring, tutor Sam Kutler, in his own words, "discovered a new theo-

rem." A follow-up article after break will more fully describe Mr. Kutler's paper and how he discovered the theorem as well as present his proof of it. Mr. Kutler



invites members of the St. John's community to submit their own proofs of the following theorem to him (through campus mail) before that time.

Mr. Kutler's theorem consists of a new construction of the golden section. This "golden section" is a line divided so that the relation of the whole line to the larger part is the same as the relation of the larger part to the smaller. Aside from

the mathematical beauty of this division, rectangles made from pieces of lines thus divided came, in the renaissance, to be considered as essential building blocks of beauty.

Euclid himself is impressed with this division enough to offer two ways to perform it, one in Book Two, Proposition 11 and another in Book Six, Proposition 30. Both of these propositions involve the construction of squares and rectangles and are thus not extremely simple. Mr. Kutler has discovered a construction with a different sort of scaffolding -- the circle.

His construction of the golden section is as follows: draw three concentric circles with radii of lengths R, 2R and 4R. From any point on the circumference of the smallest, draw a tangent and extend it in one direction until it meets the circle with radius 2R and in the other direction until it meets the outermost circle. This extended tangent is then cut into a golden section by the circle with radius 2R.

Mr. Kutler's project has been a little different than Euclid's, for Euclid was interested in dividing a *given* straight line, but Mr. Kutler points out that by varying the radii, or by using projective geometry, it is simple to create a golden section of any desired size.

Mr. Kutler also believes that it is very unlikely that his theorem had been known by the ancients because there is no reference to anything like it in the documents that we possess. He has, to his knowledge, discovered a new theorem in Euclidean geometry.

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Armed Armadillos. A security threat?

by Eliot Duhan '90

I attended a talk a while ago at the New York Academy of Science. The talk addressed shifts in the public's opinion of, the government's position on, and the scientific community's work concerning the role of animals in biomedical research. The talk was delivered in turns by three speakers, each of whom dealt with one of the three preceding topics. Each of the three was non-controversial, non-opinionated and informative. The purpose of the talk was to review the changes in these three categories over the last fifty years. The most pejorative opinion expressed during the talk was one of the speakers' contempt for the survey methods in one of the polls she used for source material. "Non-Academic sampling techniques," she sniffed.

When the talk was over, the moderator opened the floor to questions. This one dude jumped to his feet. "Has self-regulation been successful in preventing cruelty to animals used in research?"

"Yes and no," began Mike the Scientist, the most confused of the three speakers.

"Yes and no?" screamed the excited young man in the pink shirt. "Yes and no? Can you name one instance of a laboratory closing itself down voluntarily because of improper lab procedure?" He answered his own question, not waiting for Dave to answer. "Of course you can't because there hasn't been a single one. What about the Pitt Head Injury Lab or the Cal State Labs at Berkeley or up at the Museum of Natural History? None of those closed themselves down! They were all closed down by the government!" I wasn't sure I was following the pink shirted guy's line of reasoning. Perhaps he was about to start in about UFO's or the Martian conspiracy to re-route New York's ferries. What I failed to realize was that this guy was arguing rabidly against scientists setting their own standards for the treatment of animals used for research. I failed to follow this, partially because these standards are not set by the individual researcher (the Public Health Service sets rigorous standards on the care of animals used for research) and partially because no one on the panel had espoused any particular view as to whether or not scientists should set these standards. The moderator told the pink shirted guy to stop making an ass of himself.

"Stop making an ass of yourself. There will be plenty of time for discus-

sion after the question and answer period at which point you will be free to make an ass of yourself for as long as you wish," the moderator said calmly.

The audience stood up and filed towards the beer and pretzels that are customary after these sort of things at the Academy. The pink-shirted guy went the other way, blocking the route of egress for the three speakers. I was going to give him a building violation because of that but I didn't think he would get the joke. He was ranting and raving to and at them about "The repression of rebuttal" and comparing this gathering to a meeting of the flat earth society.

I was angry at this guy. Besides making a spectacle of himself and embarrassing me for sharing his species, he may have made it impossible for me to ever wear a pink shirt again without flinching. I walked up to him and introduced myself.

"Hello, my name is R.X. Katt. I spent a fair portion of my day hitting rats over the head with a piece of wood. Subsequently, I fed them, dazed but still conscious, to a big snake. Don't get me wrong now, I am not in favor of the inhumane treatment of animals. I am not in favor of vivisection of animals. However, I am in favor of the vivisection of rabid and embarrassing anti-vivisectionists such as yourself. Given my druthers, I would have spent the better part of this day hitting you over the head with a piece of wood and feeding you, dazed though still conscious to a big snake or, preferably, a big lizard. The lizard would be preferable because the snake kills its prey before swallowing, whereas the lizard tears its prey limb from limb while there is still life in it."

Either he didn't understand the point I was making or he was unimpressed. "Yeah," he countered, "What about Bambi?"

Christ! What about Bambi? I walked

away, muttering. Although my tirade got slightly out of hand, I couldn't possibly top his last line. I knew I had made a scene but the pink-shirted guy's recourse to Bambi would replace any memory the crowd might have of my lack of control with a vivid impression of the pink shirted guy's idiocy.

Even though I don't think Bambi has a direct bearing on the animal rights issue, it brings up the aspect of the controversy that intrigues me the most. I call it "The Cute/Furry Bias."

The three panelists touched on this once or twice during the evening but only by inference, not direct reference. The issue is that, most often, animal lovers' passions are strongly aroused by cute and furry animals mutilated in the name of science. Those same passions are not strongly aroused by lithe and slimy animals mutilated in the name of science. This really burns me up. A clam feels the same pain that a mouse feels. However, the clam lacks equipment to vocalize discomfort.

I suppose some of this is self-selecting. It's easier to breed large numbers of hamsters than an equivalent number of water buffalo, as well as being easier to keep. Similarly, it's probably more appropriate to practice a surgical procedure intended for humans on a rhesus monkey than a squid. However, even given the unlikelihood of rhinoceri suffering large scale abuse in the testing labs of the great pharmaceutical houses of Switzerland, the bias still bothers me. There was one list of protected rodents, I can't remember which piece of legislation it was from, which really pointed up the "cute/furry" bias of animal protectionism. On the list were the adorable pets: hamsters, gerbils, guinea pigs. Excluded from the list were the pest rodents: rats and mice. It bothers me that animal protection groups play on sentiment. If Bambi had been a lobster and



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Thumper had been a slug, how many of us would have been taken to that Sunday matinee? How many of us would have cried when the evil chef dropped Bambi's mother into the pot of boiling water? How many of us would have reached for the melted butter?

The best example of the cute and furry bias is the armadillo. The armadillo is prime material for certain types of research because it is one of the two species known to contract Hansen's disease. The other species is man. Hansen's disease is more commonly known as leprosy.

I am not aware of an animal rights group that is particularly concerned with the armadillo. I am not aware of an animal rights group that is even vaguely concerned with the plight of the armadillo. It may be a case of self selection. Because the armadillo is the only animal known to be susceptible to the leprosy bacillus, aside from man, it is an indispensable tool to research this ancient malady. Personally, I am sick at the thought of thousands upon thousands of mutilated, leprous armadillos wandering the highways and byways of the Southwest united states and probably into Mexico (as if Mexico doesn't have enough trouble), dazed though still conscious, eager only for a release from the torment that their lives, once peaceful and pleasant, have now become.

After my initial encounter with an animal rights activist, I was eager to see if all animal rights activists were such idiots. I attended a few meetings in and around New York. I was pleased to see that, by and large, animal rights activists are no more idiotic than any other political group, attracting the same proportion of thoughtful, well informed participants to loud-mouthed morons as any other similarly sized group of humans. It's a shame that the majority of involved, caring people are compromised by a handful of humorless fanatics.

This is much what I expected to find. I did find one thing which was wholly unexpected. After attending a few meetings of several different animal rights

groups, I became vaguely aware, almost unconsciously aware (that's the only way to explain the way the knowledge came to me) of a paramilitary organization dedicated entirely to the armadillo's sad circumstances. I put out some careful feelers, trying to make contact with this group. After the Far Rockaway Chapter Monthly Meeting of C.A.K.E. (Coalition Against Killing Everything), a stout man with a strong Southern accent approached me.

"Are you the one's been askin' 'bout 'dillers?"

I said I was.

"Well then, me an the boys got a cell meeting this Friday night. Meet me at the corner of 34th and 8th at 6:00 Friday night. I'm a gonna do a little checkin' on ya first. If you check out O.K., I'll be by to pick you up. Can't have just anyone droppin' in on the boys."

I must have checked out O.K. At 6:01 that Friday night, a black Rolls Royce limousine pulled up to the corner of 8th and 34th. The door opened and a hand beckoned me inside. There were three other people in the car, all wearing black ski masks.

"We're gonna have to blindfold you, just in case," she said. It was a woman's voice but I couldn't tell if it was a male or female body underneath the heavy black coats they all wore.

As they blindfolded me, I wondered if this wasn't some sort of bizarre set up. I could visualize the headlines in the *Post*:

KILLER 'DILLERS?

Real Life Thriller!

We drove for about a half-hour. I have no idea where we went. My sense of direction is poor, the car turned frequently, and the windows were closed, cutting off any sound or smell cues.

The car stopped and I was asked to step out. ("Slowly, keepin' yor hands in sight.") I was frisked ("In case yoah wired."), and led down a long flight of stairs. When we reached the bottom of the stairs, I heard a door close behind me. I was allowed to remove the blindfold.

I was in a windowless room, a base-

ment I assume because of the stairs I had climbed down. There were about thirty people in the room. Most of them were dressed in black. Most of them were holding guns -- some pistols, some shotguns and one or two mean looking automatic rifles. One man stood at one end of the room, ready to address the group. My escorts and I were the last to arrive. As soon as we were seated, he began to speak.

His speech was a lunatic combination of reactionary right wing view fantasy and revolutionary left wing view paranoia. I liked it. He spoke of the nobility of the armadillo, the tragedy of its plight, and the divine duty of every enlightened man and woman on this planet to save this fine animal from the clutches of, as he put it, "Those panty waist pink shirted sissy scientists."

In the next few days, I attended several meetings. Although I declined an offer to join the organization, I offered my services to the cause, as long as my actions were within limits.

"What limits are those?" Billy K., the Sergeant at Arms, asked me.

"I wouldn't blow up a building or anything," I told him. He seemed to find my reservations very amusing.

"He wouldn't blow up a building or anything. Hear that? Heh, heh. He says he wouldn't go so far as to blow up a building. Heh, heh, heh."

Although I did not formally join the organization, I was treated well by most of the cell members. Any group of this sort attracts a predictable proportion of well informed thoughtful crazy people to loud mouthed rude crazy people and this was no exception.

By the time I had attended five or six meetings, arriving at each one in the same way I arrived at the first, I knew most of the cell members by sight and they knew me. After my seventh meeting, Lisa A., the Chief of Operations, told me her superior had decided, because of my standing in the college community, I would be an ideal disseminator of a little publicity on the group. She asked me to write a short article describing the organization, its aims, and its methods. I was eager for a chance to make a stir in the ranks of animal rights activists. I would be happy to make A.S.S./H.O.L.E.S.'s good works known among today's caring and concerned youth.

The rest of this article is the statement that Franklin S., A.S.S./H.O.L.E.'s Officer for Public Education, approved for release.

ANIMAL RIGHTS FOR ALL ANIMALS!

There is an animal rights group, founded in and operating out of South
continued on next page

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Armedadillos

continued from previous page

West Texas dedicated solely to the preservation and the protection of the armadillo. This group, Armadillo Survival Society/Heal Our Leprous Ectoplates, has chapters in 38 states and a dues-paying membership numbering more than 30,000.

Because of the character of the founders of this group, A.S.S./H.O.L.E. has a stronger militant bias than most other animal rights groups. One member summed up this penchant for conflict most eloquently:

"Nothing makes me sicker than an activist what won't come out and fight for what he believes in. Nothing makes me sicker than some stinkin' pink-shirt panty waist armchair activist what won't stand up and fight for his animal cousins. Nothing makes me madder than some goddamned white coat scientists injecting my 'dillers with some filthy leper spit! Ooooooh, that makes me really mad, really really mad! I could kill 'em, argh, all of 'em arrrrr, makes me so, so mad! Auughghh!"

At this point the member in question was restrained and sedated. Although some members are more militant than others, all members of A.S.S./H.O.L.E. have at least a moderately militant bias. One of the great thrills of my association with A.S.S./H.O.L.E. was meeting one of the founding members of the group. He is now the long-term coordinator/strategist for the entire campaign. I asked him about A.S.S./H.O.L.E.'s long-range plans.

"Well, heh, heh, heh, you see all these guns we got 'round here? Well, I figger's too many fo' us two legger's to use, heh, heh, heh, and anyhow, I don't think most these trigger's designed for human hands, if you get my drift, heh, heh, heh..."

Arm the armadillos? The very thought sends chills down my spine. Thousands of armed, leprous armadillos, mutilated in the name of science, rampaging throughout the Southwest and eventually the entire United States, on an insane vendetta against leprosy researchers, their families, and, perhaps, against all human beings.

This last item is the statement of an A.S.S./H.O.L.E. who had infiltrated and disrupted a meeting on the issue of animal rights. It is reproduced here, with minor grammatical corrections, in its entirety:

"I attended a meeting on the shifts in the public's attitude towards, the views

of the government with respect to, and the scientific community's position on the role of animals in biomedical research. It was to be an informative meeting, nothing controversial. I would see to it that it was much more than just an informative meeting.

"I sat quietly throughout the whole talk, the trite boring diatribe, the three speakers so stoned on science that they probably didn't know what they were saying.

"When the last speaker had finished, the moderator opened up the floor to questions. Before I could speak, some pink-shirted bastard started whining about the measureless advances of science and medicine, thanks to the use of animals in such sterling examples of animal care as the Pitt Head injury lab, the Cal State labs at Berkeley and the research done in this very city at the American Museum of Natural History.

"I couldn't listen to another word of this drivel without being sick. Shouldering him aside, I rushed to the front of the room.

"'HANDS OFF MY DILLERS!' I cried. Upending my knapsack over the moderator, I dumped the fetid, reeking corpse of a leprosy ridden armadillo into his lap. The stench was overpowering. He

gagged and turned to vomit. The audience was too shocked and sickened to move. The pink-shirted loud mouth had actually soiled himself with fear.

"I ran towards the French doors that open onto 63rd street. Covering my face with my arms, I leapt through onto the sidewalk.

"I was stunned, dazed but still conscious. I struggled to my knees, knowing I had about three minutes before any of those aging doctors or matrons of the Upper East Side would revive enough to call the police. Needles of glass pricked my forehead and my sight went hazy. A moment before I blacked out, I saw a black Rolls pull up onto the curb beside me. Strong arms lifted me to my feet and into the waiting Rolls. It was Comrade Huelga and the brave boys of the Armadillo Anti-Defamation League.

"As I lapsed into unconsciousness, I could hear the wail of police sirens. Let 'em come I said to myself. The A.S.S./H.O.L.E.'s will finish anything they start."

Get your FAF today

The Financial Aid Office is in the process of distributing next year's (1989-90) financial aid applications. If you applied for aid this year, you should receive a Financial Aid Form (FAF) from us via campus mail. If we do not send you a form, and you want to apply for aid in the upcoming year, please come to the Financial Aid Office and pick up an application. Please tell us the state you are from, so we will be sure to give you the correct version of the FAF.

Financial aid applications from returning students are due by March 1--this means we need to receive your *processed* FAF by March 1. In order to meet this deadline, you need to send your FAF to the College Scholarship Service by *February 15, 1989*.

Please come to the Financial Aid Office if you have any questions about the application process.

Render unto Marriott

Before leaving for Christmas vacation, please return borrowed cups, plates, flatware, etc. to Saga-Marriott by putting these items in the hallways. Last year, we managed to rescue 190 cups by this sort of plea; we will not have to do so well this year in order not to pass the cost along to you.

--Ken Colston

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Announcements

Recycling Committee asks your help

A desire to be involved in caring for our environment has prompted several people on campus to establish the Recycling Committee of St. John's College, Annapolis Campus. Within the next few weeks "specially marked boxes" will be appearing around campus. They will be for:

Aluminum cans--empty and crushed.
Glass bottles--unbroken and empty.
Paper--three types accepted: white ledger, colored ledger, computer.

Please sort all items into the appropriate

boxes, i.e. no trash, banana peels or hangover victims.

The money we make from the program will be donated to "Save The Bay," but its success depends on you. Do as little or as much as you want to--recycling is easy.

The Recycling Committee welcomes any ecologically conscious being. If you would like to take a more active role in the recycling program, please contact Josh Draper (x 294), Andrea Rush (x298), or me, Claire Darling (x 286).

Thanks for your interest--we look forward to your cooperation.

Workshop for Reading Tutors

On January 10, 12, 17, and 19, 1989, from 9:00 am to 12:15 pm, a training workshop for students interested in tutoring low-level readers will be offered at Calvary Methodist Church on Rowe Blvd. The cost is \$7.00, and Literacy Council Teacher's Manuals will be distributed free.

Those interested can register by calling the Anne Arundel County Literacy Office at 473-8222.

--John Verdi, Assistant Dean

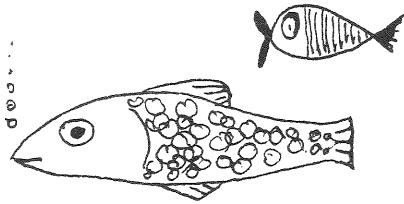
Co-ed league

I would like to start a Co-Ed League on Sunday afternoons. These mixed teams will play basketball, volleyball, and perhaps we can experiment with Team Handball. All those interested in participating in this Co-Ed Sunday League should sign up on the posted sheet in the gym.

--Leo Pickens
 Athletic Director

Office of Lauds

Every morning at 8:00 a.m., Monday through Friday the office of Lauds (Morning Praise) according to the Roman rite of the Catholic Church, will be sung during the season of Advent at Mr. Sparrow's house, 53 College Avenue (across the street from E. Pinkney).



Assessing the Constitutionality of drug testing

continued from page 2

violated the Search and Seizure provision of the Constitution. Justice Brennan, who is still on the bench and considered the last true 'liberal' wrote, "The overriding function of the Fourth Amendment is to protect personal privacy and dignity against unwarranted intrusion by the State. The importance of informed, detached and deliberate determinations of the issue whether or not to invade another's body in search of evidence of guilt is indisputable and great." [*Schmerber v. California* 384 U.S. 757 (1966)]

Brennan, however, recognized precedent and adhered to the long-standing "emergency" exception to the

Fourth Amendment: "The officer in the present case, however, might reasonably have believed that he was confronted with an emergency situation, in which the delay necessary to obtain a warrant, under the circumstance, threatened the destruction of evidence." *Schmerber, supra*. This destruction of evidence was the elimination of alcohol from the blood shortly after the drinking stops. Due to the lengthy time normally required to obtain a warrant, Schmerber's alcohol would have dissipated from his body thus leaving the police with no evidence of his drunken condition. "The integrity of an individual's person is a cherished value of our society. That we today hold that the Constitution does not forbid the

States minor intrusions into an individual's body under stringently limited conditions in no way indicates that it permits more substantial intrusions, or intrusions under other conditions." *Schmerber, supra*.

Thus, the warrantless search must be a "reasonable one" (one for which a reason can be stated) and must be done "in a reasonable manner," that is, the "blood was taken by a physician in a hospital environment according to accepted medical practices." Upon the criteria set up by the Court, it seems that drug-testing after an accident in which there is a likelihood that a judgement-impairing substance is involved comports with the *Schmerber* standard.

It would indeed be interesting to see what the Court's reaction would be to mandatory testing *before* an accident occurs. Of course, private employers are not covered by the Constitution and probably could require any test they wish, until the employee's tolerance is met and quits. I would submit, however, that random mandatory testing by law would violate the *Schmerber* standard. When it comes to such arbitrary testing, as is said in legal parlance, the jury is still out.

Sincerely,
 Sean P. Scally, GI '91

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Notes from the Aerobicsground

by Yanni Papadopoulos '91

I am a thin man.... I am a fit man. I am an aerobic man. I believe my buttocks are perfectly toned. However, my buttocks are completely outside of my field of vision. I continue to attend aerobics, and properly perform the "butttock-tuck". This you probably will not understand. Well, I thoroughly understand it. I tuck out of spite. Of course, I can't explain exactly who it is I am mortifying in this case by my spite. Could it be you, my dear gentlemen? I know better than to ask. My buttocks are toned, well -- let them get tonier.

I have been going on like this for some time--four months to be exact. Now I am the avatar of fitness. I used to be a slovenly creature. My body was festooned with cascading fat cells. I was untuned. I did not seek buttock admiration, you see, so I was bound to find recompense in that, at least. (A poor jest, but I will not delete it. I wrote it thinking it would sound very witty; but now I have seen myself that I wanted to show off that I could choose my meals entirely from the desert section, I will not delete it on purpose!)

I used to take pride in mocking those who waste their energy in gratuitous excitable behavior. I used to grind my teeth at them. I used to watch "The Twenty Minute Work Out" purely for entertainment. I felt secure in my viscid, anaerobic spite. But you know, gentlemen, what was the true source of my spite? I was afraid of "the burn". Now, are you not fancying, gentlemen, that I am expressing remorse for something, that I am using you as my confessors? Well, I'm not! So Phooey on YOU!

I'm sorry. It is painful to recall my pusillanimous past. For now my spirit has climbed to such aerobic heights. Twice a week I dawn my aerobic garb. My feet can't carry me fast enough to the dance studio where my stalwart instructor and valiant compatriots prepare to

SJC completes winless season

by Sarah E. Wetherson '89

A steel-grey fog enveloped the crowd of men, women, and seagulls gathered on back campus to watch the women of St. John's College and the women of Washington College play a friendly game of flag football on a pleasantly cold recent Sunday afternoon.

The game, organized by Athletic Director Leo Pickens and Washington College's Director of Recreational Sports Dennis Berry, was well-played by Froshes Christine Connolly, Claire Darling, Christina Schick, Josephine "Gigi" Escalante, Maureen Hatch, Sharman Levinson, Erika McConnell, Anna Zeiders; Sophomores Jennifer Asmuth, Claire Morgan, Tequila Brooks, Laura Ingmire; Junior Tamara Wilson; and Seniors Anne Pantalone, Linda Hamm, Jeanne Duvoisin, Anne Leonard, Alison Packwood, and Sarah Wetherson.

Gigi Escalante scored St. John's' only touchdown late in the first half. But what a touchdown it was! She certainly made up in quality what was lost in quantity.

There is as yet no score in the game. Washington College has possession of the ball. Their quarterback throws a wonderful pass which is beautifully caught in mid-air by Ms. Escalante and run in for a touchdown. (Of course you realize that Ms. Escalante as well as the ball were in midair.) Alum Sallie Fine cheered. "I really didn't think about it," said Ms. Escalante about her spectacular play, "All I saw was the ball coming at me and as soon as the leather hit my hand, I just took off and didn't stop until I reached the goal line and checked my flags. Then I knew it was a touchdown."

Ms. Morgan caught a pass to complete the two point conversion making the score of St. John's College 8, Washington College 0.

Sometime and Somehow in the first quarter, Washington College managed to score a safety, now giving them 2 points.

Disaster struck in the second quarter. Washington College had possession of the ball on their 30 yard line and started

a run towards our goal. One of our players seemed to have the flag of the ball carrier, seemed so strongly that official Sandro Battaglia blew a whistle to stop play. The St. John's women nobly stopped, but the Washington College women raced on. Before we turned our noses around, the score was 10 to 8, due to a questionable touchdown and a successful two point conversion.

Late in the second half, with less than a minute to go, St. John's is on the road to victory again. Quarterback Jeanne Duvoisin runs gloriously towards Washington College's goal line, only to be slowed down by an over-zealous opponent tugging on her sweatshirt. Washington is penalized 15 yards and St. John's is brought within 5 yards of the goal. But the game is lost along with Ms. Duvoisin's momentum, 10 to 8.

The valiant effort of Ms. Schmitt must be mentioned. She was tackled after intercepting a pass and subsequently taken by ambulance to a nearby hospital. Fortunately, she was found to have only a bruised thigh and not a broken leg, as was feared.

The general consensus about the game was that it was a lot of fun and well worth the effort. Washington College's purpose in playing the game was to "pump up its intramural Program," according to Mr. Pickens. All the pumped-up-ness on their side may have been too much. Mr. Pickens also expressed concern about the competition, saying, "I could see all the worst aspects of inter-collegiate stuff, but at the same time...there were some real thrilling moments. It's good to see new faces." He was also impressed by the number of St. John's women who turned out to play.

The competitiveness wasn't at all negative. "We realized so strongly some of the virtues of our own program," said Mr. Pickens. He added that, "to jump into the 'real world'...gives us an indication by contrast" of our program's merits.

bounce, pounce, and sinuously undulate to the unceasing beat of the boom box. Tunes man, rockin' bad ass tunes. Tunes that make you want to shake your thang. That's what aerobics is all about.

Wait, babes too. How could I forget babes. Jumping, sweating babes. Pulsating with wild secret femininity that makes strong men stronger, that makes a plump man thin, that makes a grown man cry.

Women's hoop

Maenads 36 Furies 26

by Leo Pickens, Athletic Director

Just who is Judith Kloss, anyway? Is she really Oscar Robertson, the Big O himself, in disguise? The Big J spent the afternoon getting ready for the game by limbering up with a little Bocci, and then a little bridge. She then proceeded to take the Furies to within an inch of defeating the redoubtable Nads. By game's end, she had scored 16 points. The Furies look like they had been practicing over the Thanksgiving holiday. They managed to score a team high of 26 points. Tamara Wilson '90 and Sally Fine alum are developing nice outside shots. Selah Wolbarsht '90 continues to play good defense, and Erika McConnell '92 is becoming a good ballhandler, despite the fact that she can't use her magic feet.

The Maenads, though, riding on the power of their "Synergy" pulled the game out of the fire. Claire Darling '92, Liz Didato '92, and Anita Burckham '92, those Freshman bonus babies, play tough defense, while the triple threat of Rachel Frey '91, Claire "The Force" Morgan '91, and Jennifer "Yogi" Asmuth '92, score the points. Ms. Asmuth finished with 14, Ms. Morgan with 12, and Ms. Frey with 8. And Anne Pantalone '89, who passes with the skill of a Bob Cousy, continues to lead the team in assists.

Nymphs 38

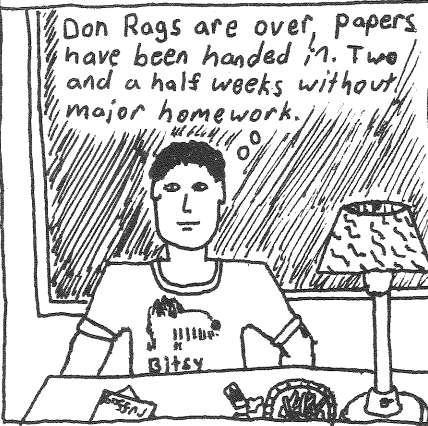
Maenads 18

"SYNERGY!!"

This is the Maenad shout as they break from their huddles. But it very well could have been the Nymphs credo on this particular day. After the narrow defeat at the hands of the Amazons, the Nymphs came ready to play. The big question: could they hold Claire "The Force" Morgan '91 in check? The Nymphs pursued a strategy of triple-teaming Ms. Morgan on defense, and running the fastbreak on offense. Their passing and ball control was superb. Sue "Magic" Haines '90 broke a close game wide open with three straight fast break layups in the third period. She ended the game with a team high of 10 points. Anne Leonard '89, Maureen Hatch '92 and Jeanne Duvoisin '89 also had hot hands with eight points apiece. The Maenads sorely missed Ms. Asmuth. Maria Anzelmo '92 came on strong for the women in green and scored 6 points in the fourth period, but by that time the Nymphs had the game on ice.

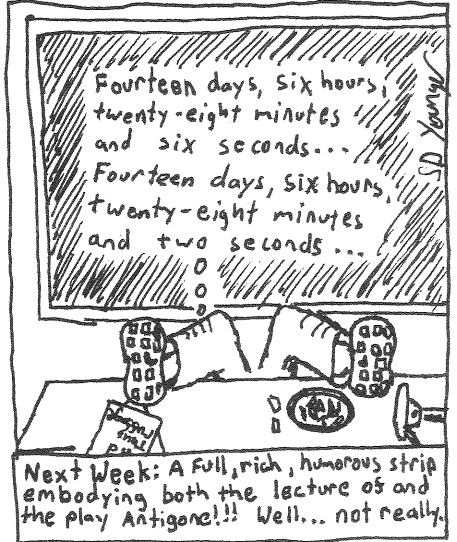
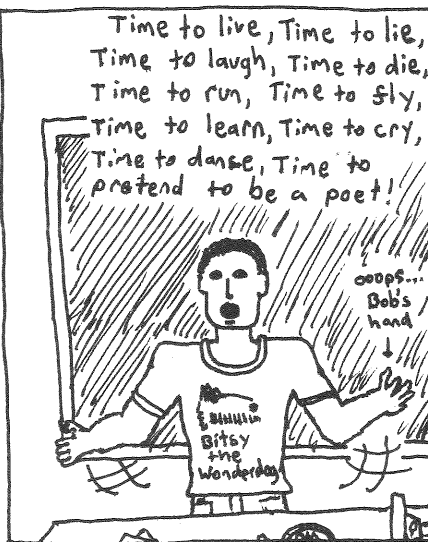
Bob's Quest:

It's after Thanksgiving, it's before Winter Break. It's two and a half weeks of pure Limbo.



by S.D. Younger

Two and a half weeks! Time to think about what I read and hear! Time to philosophize upon the very nature of being!



Amazons 28 Furies 12

The Furies set the record this year for team turnout with 15 women! Even Vicki Sills '90 (Remember Da Butcha?) came out of the woodwork. And yes! There was the Nietzschean Deadhead Judith Kloss '89 driving straight for the hoop, her blond curls streaming behind her, as Furious a Fury as ever I saw. Monique Mooney even took a break from the rigors of her aerobics duties to play a little B-ball. Also making her debut was Sharon Moscinski '92, the yogaphile, who proved herself to be a deft ball handler in the Furies' backcourt. Unfortunately for the hustling and high-spirited women in yellow, they had more people than points. Sharman Levinson '92 scored the team high of 4. She left the gym in disbelief: she couldn't believe that two of her

shots actually went in the hoop.

The Amazons, on the other hand, look like they're ready to take on the L.A. Lakers. Their defense is lead by the aggressive, determined play of Sapna Gandhi '91 and Mary Spidle '92. Ms. Spidle, the team's smallest player, is far and away their leading rebounder. The Amazon offense, lead by Linda "Megapoint" Hamm '89, knows how to put points on the board. Laura Webner '90 finished with a game high of 10 points. Wendy Wiseheart '92, who drives the lane either lefty or righty with the calm assurance of Larry Bird, finished with 6 points. Lorie Schmidt '92 and Caroline Christiansen (F.A.O.) each had 2. The game was inspired by the play of Christine "Pardner" Schick '92, who insisted on playing the game from a seated position.

Intramural injustice

continued from page 4

that in women's games there are many unnecessary fouls made because the women playing simply aren't paying attention to their persons or to the people around them. And a soccer season played on half and three-quarter fields is simply too hopeless. How can we ever get good if we always have to be stopping short and circling backwards before we ever reach the real goal? How can we learn to stretch our muscles if we don't give ourselves the room to do it in?

In men's games, there is an A team and a B team. Rotations are done judiciously. There is a simple system, and most of the players have a somewhat cognizant understanding of what they are doing. Although I am not yet a good ball player, I find it better to be inducted into a league with players who have a basic idea of what they are doing and are willing to impart knowledge to the ones who aren't as good yet. There comes a point in time when it gets too frustrating to laugh hysterically at one's own athletic faults. It's depressing never to get any better at something, to always be stuck in a state of "never quite making it".

As to the arguments for the exclusion of women from men's sports: does it matter if a man is sitting on the bench because a fellow team member playing is either a man or a woman? The ball is there, the court is there, shouldn't any-

body who wants to play be able to if he or she is a member of that team? And if he is so outraged, this man sitting on the bench because a woman is playing on his team, couldn't he be equally irritating by showing up to a women's game? And injuries: I've always assumed that men have the capacity for rational thought. Couldn't they learn to control the movement of their limbs and their passions?

In conclusion: the women's league is on the most part chaotic and frustrating. Playing on a men's team allows a woman to learn coordination, to increase her ability to function as a team member, and sharpen the acuteness of her senses. Furthermore, as Alan Wilcuts wrote in an article about co-ed sports (*Gadfly* vol. IX, Issue 13) last year, women playing on men's teams would probably decrease the cut-throat competition in men's games to something more balanced.

The distinctions made in the implementation of this rule have an unsubstantial basis. The distinctions which could be used to the improvement of all concerned are being disregarded.

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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.

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