

ST. JOHN'S INDEPENDENT TRY-WEEKLY

MOON

VOLUME 8 ISSUE 7



A Peeping Tom. A rash of break-ins. A drug bust. An epic power failure. Sexual assault. These last few weeks at St. John's have been frightening and grim. Events have occurred which have made our campus community feel less than safe, and anything but innocent. Suddenly a host of concerns seeming more appropriate to the world outside St. John's have invaded our campus. We can no longer trust that the unsavory elements of Santa Fe will *stay* down in Santa Fe, and so we've lost the privilege of unlocked doors and windows. We can no longer trust our fellow students to behave responsibly, and so many women don't feel safe walking alone through our peaceful little walkways and courtyards. And, apparently, we can't even trust the Head of our Security Office to make the safety of the campus community his first priority. How else can we explain the events of two weeks ago, when during the course of a night that saw a Peeping Tom, a campus-wide power failure, and a string of coordinated and methodical burglaries in France, security felt that their most important duty was to bust a sleeping student for pot?

These are important concerns, and I feel a bit guilty that the *Moon* hasn't been able to fulfill its role as campus mouthpiece and discussion forum during this troubled period. Unfortunately, we've been grounded by a series of stupid technological flubs (one caused by the power failure, in fact), for nearly a month now, and we're still playing catch-up. Nevertheless, I encourage anyone with information or opinions on the events of the last three weeks to write in. There's been some seriously fucked up shit going on. We can't just ignore what's happened and hope that it will all go away.

As you might have noticed, this Moon is a little late. The menaces of Spring Break, power outages and various other technical difficulties have combined to bring it to you now, as opposed to shortly after break, or at least shortly after sophomore essays were turned in. To everyone out there who showed concern about the computer malfunctions, thanks. By know, you can probably tell that they are up and running, and there is much rejoicing. I apologize to all our contributors who busted their behinds to get material in on time, only to wait weeks for it to be seen in print. We really do value your input and wish that you would keep it coming.

It has also been brought to my attention that some of you think the Moon does not deal as much in current events as it has in past years. Like many of you, I miss that part of the Moon. I'd like to remind you that indeed we do accept articles and commentary on current events, from national presidential elections to the campus presidential search. To quote the virtually immortal Mark Katz, "I can't help it; I gotta tell ya." The Moon is here to be a voice for the college community. If you think we aren't talking enough about something that's important, then for goodness sakes, submit!

...now I better just finish this editorial before the power goes out again.

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late moon

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The Moon

St. John's Independent Tri-weekly

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Cover photo by August Deimel

To the MOON, Alice!

Mr. Goldfarb on Eroticism

Dear Editors of the Moon,

Many years ago when I was in my early teens, I went through a phase of reading books on the New York Times best-seller list. Much to the dismay of my dad--who wanted me to read things like *Ivanhoe* and *The Last of the Mohicans*--I was reading things like John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Affluent Society* and Stephen Birmingham's *Our Crowd*. Since the public library was right around the corner from our house, every week or so I would return with an arm-load of books. On one occasion, I returned with--among others--a book by Elia Kazan, entitled--I believe--*The Apartment*. This book was restricted to adults only, but my folks, believing I should be allowed to read anything I wanted, had signed for me to have an unrestricted card, at the age of 13 or 14. So the librarians let me take the book out.

After finishing one or two of the other books, I decided to begin *The Apartment*, but I couldn't find it. In exasperation, I asked my mom about it. She said she had begun it and wanted to finish it; I should read a different one right then. Dutifully--and I WAS dutiful, in those days--I went on to another book. When I finished it, a day or two later, I asked my mom for *The Apartment*. She still hadn't finished it; I should read a different book. This process went on until, unable to be dutiful any longer, I exploded.

Many years later, I found out what had REALLY happened. My mom had begun reading the book, and was very disturbed by the descriptions of sex and violence (knowing my mom, it was probably the sex scenes which had particularly disturbed her). She didn't know what to do--to let me read these very explicit depictions, or to censor my reading. So she called a very dear family friend, Flora, whose husband was an English professor at the University of Cincinnati. What, she asked Flora, should she do? Well, Flora responded, it was her feeling that reading required

imagination, an understanding of what the words meant and of the ideas they conveyed: if I understood what was being described, then I already had some grasp of the notions; if I didn't understand the notions, then the words themselves wouldn't make much sense to me. So my mom, accepting this perspective, ultimately did hand the book over to me. Unfortunately, best-sellers had a short lending period and I had to return the book, never having read a single word. Nor do I have any desire to read *The Apartment* now; I'm much more interested in books like *Ivanhoe* and *The Last of the Mohicans*.

I would like to point out here that reading, in this respect, differs greatly from looking at pictures: one requires imagination, the other forces itself upon you and, once there, cannot be erased. There are many films, for example--"A Clockwork Orange" and "The Silence of the Lambs", among them--which I refuse to see. While I was living in Paris, I read an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* (Dec. 2000) about apotemnophilia, a desire of physically healthy individuals to become amputees. The author, Carl Elliott, at one point writes:



When I was living in New Zealand ten years ago, I had a conversation with Paul Mullen, who was then the chair of psychological medicine at the University of Otago, and who had told me that he was a member of a government committee whose job

it was to decide whether pornographic materials should be allowed into the country. I bristled at the idea of censorship, and asked him how he could justify being a part of something like that. He just laughed and said that if I could see what his committee was banning, I would change my mind. His position was that some sexual acts would never even occur to a person in an entire lifetime of thinking about sex if not for seeing them pictured in these books. He went on to describe to me various alarming acts that, it was

true, had never occurred to me. (p. 83)

At that point even I—who have a “polymorphously perverse” sensibility and think about sex a lot—turned off my imagination.

My dear editors of the Moon, what is it you had in mind by conducting a “dirty poetry” contest? Is sex “dirty”? I can imagine how it might be messy, depending upon how one does it, but ‘dirty’? I’m especially troubled by that notion since we’re all alive BECAUSE somebody, somewhere, engaged in it with someone. And, truth be told, I hope most of you experience it at some point. So what did you MEAN by ‘dirty poetry’? Did you intend erotic poetry, or pornography? Can there be pornographic poetry? Pornography, it seems to me, denies the very imagination that poetry depends upon. Eroticism isn’t even dirty, I’m afraid. One of the most erotic scenes I’ve ever seen was on a bus in Chicago one cold wintry night, as I returned from a Chicago Symphony concert. A couple in their early- to mid-twenties boarded, fully clothed but not adequately for the bitter cold; they sat facing each other on the front seat, rubbing each other’s arms and shoulders, to warm one another. God, was it sexy. In reading the poems in the Moon, by contrast, I found myself wondering whether the author understood the difference between ‘lie’ and ‘lay’ (an important distinction, I would think, for ‘dirty’ writing, especially since there might be a causal relationship between the two terms), or ‘affect’ and ‘effect’, or ‘anxious’ and ‘eager’, or ‘toeing the line’ (important for a foot fetishist, I imagine). A poet, it seems to me, needs to be a crafter of words, of nuances; she needs to be highly sensitive to language. A ‘poem’ which, of its 15 words, uses the word ‘penis’ 8 times sounds to me more like an anatomy lecturer with a stutter (sorry, Mr. Hindley). As for the photos, I’ve seen more provocative ones in ads for lingerie and underwear in the Gap—oops, I mean, at Dillard’s.

I’m sorry, editors, but I was not so much shocked by the “dirty poetry” contest as disappointed: I think you need to, ahem, raise the bar.

Sincerely yours,

Barry Goldfarb, Tutor

Parking Ticket Reparations

Letter to the editors,

Props to Randy Harris and the entire St. John’s security department! Normally these guys take a lot of grief from a lot of people. But I think this community owes them a pat on the back when they do things right. And now it looks like they’re doing things really, really right.

Needless to say, I was delighted to receive a memo in my box telling me the “security department provides an escort service to anyone who needs it.” It chagrins me to admit that I’ve spent the last I honestly don’t care to mention how long single. I blush when I look back on all the months and months and months and months of shamefully wasted Friday and Saturday nights.

But no more. Security encourages us to “please utilize this [escort] service any time, day or night.” What can I say? I’ve already given Officer Romero a spec-sheet of qualities I desire in an escort so that security can help make my weekends worthwhile. I encourage everybody else to do the same.

Thank you, Randy. Thank you, security.

Sincerely,

Gideon Culman GI '04

Robot Role Call

My fellow humble Apprentices in the liberal arts:

Have issues with the computer lab? Don’t understand the intricacies of formatting? Want more than one floppy drive running? We here in the dark and passionate underworld of Information Technology are doing quite a bit of work in trying to make a whole bunch of things *actually work better*. In order to make sure that this can go off, I’m hoping to canvas students for things that

- 1) Do work well,
- 2) Don’t work at all,
- 3) That should work but don’t exist yet,
- 4) That might help you quit doing bad things (like saving improperly),
- 5) That might help us start doing new good things.

These are some issues I know about, any others?

- Year-end File Clearing;
- Multiple Disk Drives;
- File Recovery;
- Student Permissions and Customizations;



An annoying Username Issue with those who've been to Annapolis;

You all tell me, Josh Diaz, what's annoying and busted anyways; this time, I'm actually listening. I'm working with Ian Smith (one of those guys in that room) on developing some clearer standards for the computer lab. Standards for us, for them, for you – for all the children. So give me a call at x4269 or shoot me an email (joshuadiaz@softhome.net), or leave me dirty notes in the lab (I sit at the smelly desk by the printers).

In addition, we are preparing for new methods of letting y'all know what up with new stuff. There will be a combination of e-mailed notices and paper notices, probably. The new website will also hopefully have avenues for contact between users and system administrators. See, surprisingly to some, the computer lab is only a small part of these people's jobs. They maintain a variety of programs for the entire administration, as well as the faculty. Having student assistants is part of their solution for us, but there are limits on how much power you can trust any given senior with. So hopefully we will strike a balance between protecting the tender and loving relationship you have to your own words, and the necessary strain we encounter when you cry because we make you remember what your password is.

(Footnotes)

* Microsoft word is absolutely dumb about footnotes. Not our fault, not your fault.

* Incidentally, complain to the motherboard manufacturers. They only give room for one IDE controller for a floppy drive. We'd need a separate computer for every floppy. Which we're doing, eventually.

Sincerely,

Joshua Diaz '04

Opinions on Morality

Letter to the editors,

It occurs to me that there are a few objections that need to be made on the subject of Ms. Simpson's "Campus Moralist" column, with three in particular standing out.

First, if I am going to be ranted at for how immoral I am, I would like it to at least include evidence of care in spelling and grammar. Now, it may be that some vicious editor has distorted the column intentionally, but I find that rather unlikely. The editors seem gentle, kind individuals who are unwilling to distort the writings of even the most

deranged lunatic who has the courage to submit to them (see this issue's "Johnny Neschintz").

Second, there is a difference between suffering the unjust thing and being just oneself. While I will contend to my dying day that it better to suffer the unjust thing than to do it, that does not mean that suffering the unjust thing necessarily makes you just. The unjust are equally capable of suffering from the injustice of others as are the just. Suffering injustice does not guarantee that one is just, or even that one has knowledge of justice. The same goes for morality. Simply because Ms. Simpson is indignant at her suffering does not mean that she is capable of judging the moral value of others.

Finally, as I do not mean to be entirely negative, I will phrase my third criticism as a congratulatory bit. Ms. Simpson is clearly gaining some sort of perspective from writing this column, which must be of inestimable value to her. In the fourth issue, Ms. Simpson's column contained, between the I's, me's, my's, myself's, eighty-nine personal and first person possessive pronouns. Given that this column was only six hundred and sixty words long, thirteen and one-half percent of the column was solely Ms. Simpson referring to herself. As I said, though, this is meant to be a congratulatory bit. Ms. Simpson has clearly made significant progress, as evidenced by her column in the sixth issue. In that column, the only personal and possessive pronouns that were used were "I" and "my". Further, there were less than half the instances of these words than in the fourth issue, numbering only thirty-five in the sixth issue. So, congratulations Ms. Campus Moralist, perhaps you are beginning to learn that morality might have to start with you, but it certainly shouldn't end with you...but that's just my opinion.

Jesse Lasser '05



After watching the junior skit, I could not stop wondering if it was possible to write a skit that included all of the bawdy humor, that was funny and entertaining, while still expressing thoughtfulness and truth. Then I naturally thought of Chaucer. When the sophomores read Chaucer, they are delighted by the bawdy and sexually explicit jokes, yet also perplexed by the depth and insight expressed in *The Canterbury Tales*. I remember what I found to be so fascinating about Chaucer was how he revealed to me a beautiful and profound picture of humanity, within the tales of characters who are so flawed and sometimes seem contemptible! Ultimately I discovered that the brilliance of Chaucer's humor is in his ability to make fun of humanity *not* with contempt, but with compassion. Then I began thinking more about the junior skit...

Many of you probably saw the skit the night that we seniors turned in our essays. It was, as it is every year, somewhat incoherent due to the chaos in the crowd, slapstick at points and in general, quite bawdy. As an underclassman I didn't think much about the skit, but this year, as it was me and my class being depicted, I thought about it more.

First and foremost, I would like to emphasize that I do not think that this year's junior class did anything especially different with the skit than any other class I've seen in the past three years. Ultimately, the skit writers did what was expected of them. Although I decided to write this article based upon my personal impression of this year's skit, I think that my impression pertains to the general nature of the skit.

The night that we turned in our senior essays, SAO vans shuttled us to the president's house to celebrate with the president, dean, our tutors, and fellow seniors. Upon arriving at the house, we walked into the front door, where we were stopped, and then each senior individually was presented to the party: a gong sounded, the crowd turned toward the doorway, and the senior's name and paper title was announced, followed by cheering and applause from the party. Then everyone resumed talking and eating and drinking champagne. I personally felt a wonderful sense of pride, accomplishment and relief at having achieved a significant and final part of my St. John's career.

A couple of hours later, we were shuttled back to school, and arrived at Peterson, exhilarated and drunk on champagne, in time for the junior skit. The junior skit went up. At first I was not paying too much attention, because I was still buzzing from coming from the president's house and being with my friends. As the skit went on, my excitement began to die away as insults were made, and more and more sexually explicit jokes were told, and things were said about my peers that were sometimes completely untrue. What disconcerted me was the fact that this was a night devoted to celebrating the senior class, and it seemed the majority of seniors were being depicted in ways that reflected very little of their personalities, but got laughs from the audience due to jokes that aimed at being vulgar or stereotyping. Rather than making fun of the weird attributes that makes the seniors unique, it made fun of any base attribute that would get a reaction from the audience.

The faculty at St. John's has always had an issue with the junior skit. Tutors generally do not go to the skit because they find it to be distasteful. Further, its reputation as being vulgar and cruel towards students has brought up the question of whether or not it is a tradition that should continue. Every year enough complaints are brought up by students and tutors that if something does not change, the college has implied that the skit will be brought to an end.

Yet it is difficult to imagine how the juniors, busy as they are, could write a skit that was funny enough to entertain the freshman, sophomores, and seniors while still being creative and original in its jokes. I do not have a solution, but I do think it is possible to make kindness the priority when writing the skit, without sacrificing any entertainment value. The first suggestion I would make would be to incorporate as much of the junior class as possible. One way this could be done would be through organized interviews of the juniors, conducted by, say, a junior skit committee.

I do not want to claim that my reaction to the junior skit is a generic example that represents the majority of seniors. I think most people went to bed and forgot about it (it was the lack of beer that everyone was mad about). However, shortly after the skit several people

Molly Padgett is a senior. She is, by all accounts, a nice girl.



came and asked me what I thought. At first I felt ashamed in admitting it, but I was quite hurt. I felt that I had been portrayed in a way that reflected nothing about who I am (which is not terrible in itself) but on top of that was degrading and insulting.

St. John's is a very tight-knit community, both academically and socially, and can sometimes be challenging to put oneself forward, because there is no opportunity to retreat into anonymity. We therefore rely on the fact that we can trust our peers and tutors to treat us with respect. As an insightful tutor pointed out to me, college is a place where students come to learn about themselves, and in this process students make mistakes – and for these mistakes they should not be scorned.

The junior skit in principle is a wonderful idea, and we are lucky to be in a small community where such an event may occur. However, if the content of the skit does not reflect a community of people who respect and trust each other, then perhaps the basic precept of making fun of the seniors should be rethought. I think the majority of us know the difference between a joke that makes fun of an individual with compassion and one that does so with nastiness. If not, perhaps the juniors, before writing the skit, should review their Chaucer and Shakespeare. I do not doubt, though, that if compassion is made the first priority, the junior skit will remain a tradition at the college, and further, it will only get better.

The Council has been very busy lately. Besides our usual work of distributing money to various student groups, our committees have been churning along, we have finished our constitution reform read through, and we celebrated the Secretary's birthday, which fell on our March 30 meeting.

The one interesting piece of news from disbursements is that the council would not give Fast Eddie's the \$150 it requested for re-felting the pool table in the upper commons. A vocal group of council members strongly felt that re-felting the pool tables was the responsibility of the College Activities Office. The previous incumbent of the CAO Director's office had the pool tables re-felted each and every year and never asked the Council to contribute the Polity's money to this cause. This element basically said, 'its bullshit that we're being asked to contribute to a responsibility of the CAO when the CAO removed over a grand of Polity money from our budget for last year's Reality without even informing any members of the Council. The CAO needs to spend its money on its responsibilities not on giant snowmen.' Another group thought that it was important for the Polity to support amenities for students but the 'let's put our foot down and demand that the CAO do what has always done and not shift the burden to us' faction prevented the re-felting money from coming to a vote. [Miss Croke's CAO liaison committee intends to discuss with the CAO what sorts of things are the fiscal responsibility of the Polity Council and which are the responsibility of the CAO.]

The Housing Committee is trying to locate the policy for denying students on campus housing. The Assistant Dean reportedly has not seen the policy. If it turns out the policy is written down somewhere the Housing Committee wants to publish this policy. If the policy cannot be found the Housing Committee intends to recommend that a written policy be created and will offer its input on that process.

Our Sheriff, Brad Strauss, says the frontier is moving west. And he's moving with it. He'll have tamed this campus with the creation of the Student Review Board by-laws by the end of April and needs to find someone who can take over as President of the SRB for him next year when he has ridden off into the sunset. If you are interested in being SRB President, or know somebody who would be a good candidate, call Mr. Strauss, x4207.

The first draft of our proposed changes to the Polity Constitution have met with the tentative approval



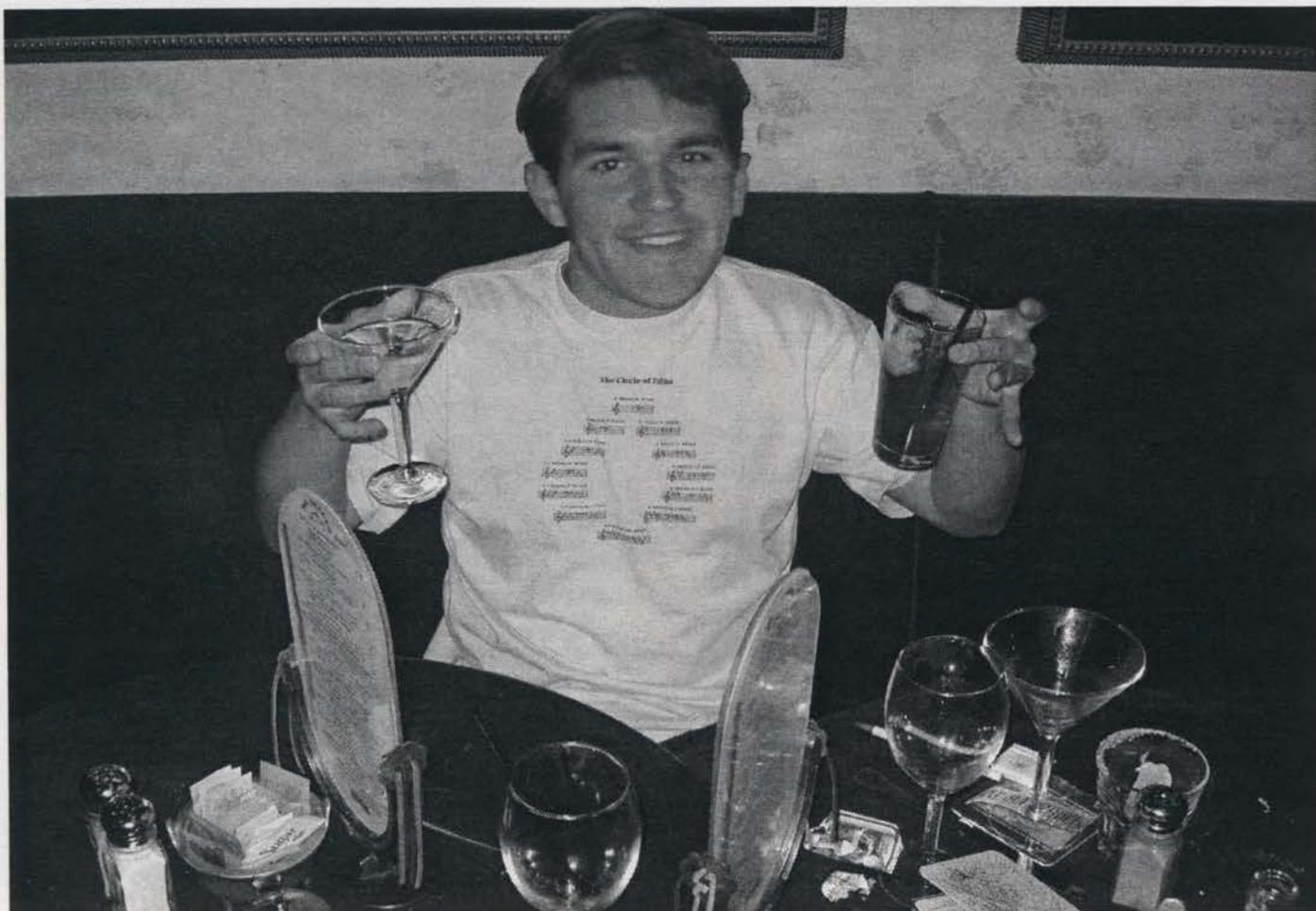
of the council, pending some suggested revisions. The main highlights of the changes are that the functions of the SRB and SCI would be added to the mandate of the Polity Council. These organizations would be retained subsidiary committees of the Polity Council as they are now. The Board of Visitors and Governors Reps and the Title IX reps would be made officers with voting rights, given new titles, and would be given actual jobs. Special elections to fill vacant class representative seats would be authorized and freed from the onerous quorum requirement. The entire financial disbursement procedure would be overhauled. The new procedure for making disbursements and expenditures should lead to increased efficiency, end interpretation arguments, and give more transparency. We are also debating a proposal to either turn current constitutional appropriations into by-laws, or do away altogether with the ability of the Council to guarantee future appropriations.

Well I hope that is short enough summary of the Council's business for the attention span of the Moon editors. If you have any questions feel free to ask me, another Polity Council officer, or your class representative.

Cover Photo Call Out

The editors of the Moon frequently have need of photographers and photos. Specifically, we currently seek student photography to feature on the cover of each issue. Photographs should be high-resolution digital stills, or high-quality glossy prints (we will scan your photo and then return it to you). All photos will be printed in black and white (duh), but if you have a color picture that you think fits the bill, we can convert it to grayscale by means of a patented method involving chanting, Minoan fertility rites, and top-secret 19th century technology. We have no specific stylistic criteria in mind, but generally we find that lots of contrast—for instance, say, creamy white skin on black velvet—looks graceful and distinctive. Send us submissions in the usual way.

Young Robert Morris is drinking for two, because Courtney is the DD.



Waiters flit past. I check my watch. My empty glass stands alone on the bar. I look around the room. I check my watch. More waiters flit past. Two hours. Kitty didn't forget. No way. But two hours? A chance delay. I picture Kitty stepping out of her door into a crisis of faith. In this moment she doubts her true love for me. I don't. I couldn't. Kitty needs to stop doubting herself. A waiter flits past. I turn back toward the bartender and point at my glass. "One more." I check my watch. Two whole hours. . . .

The bartender doesn't look at me. He leaves my glass on the bar and vanishes. This 2001 Château Briand reminds me of myself. One sip paints a portrait of what grad school with great books has turned me into: acidic in my youth, I have now become simultaneously approachable and complex. The smoky, almost broiled, flavor of the next sip calls to mind the full and dusky mesquite air Kitty Fisher must walk through to meet me here at Maison d'Etrel.

From outside this paragon of fine causal dining looks like any old adobe. Then you step inside and walk up a flight of stairs that actually takes you down three flights. Soothing music jangles past you on your way maybe up or down. Here, at the bottom or the top of the stairs, a hostess dressed in formal yet efficient material instructs you to wait at the bar until you feel truly ready to sit down at your table. First-time diners at Maison d'Etrel often make the mistake of seating themselves before they truly feel ready. The wait-staff ignores them.

I know better than to make so foolish a mistake. I take another full sip of 2001 Château Briand and look at my watch. When I look up I see this chick staring at me like she recognizes me. She looks nothing like Kitty Fisher. She comes up to me.

"You're a Johnnie," she says. "I've seen you around campus."

"I'm a—yeah," I say. "I'm name is Johnnie Neschintz."

She smiles and shakes my hand. "Emily Graves," she says. And then, "Wait." She looks distracted. "Johnnie Neschintz?" She looks me over. "Have we?—no—" She looks puzzled. "I've read about you." She grins. "That's it. I've read about you."

I hate it when people read those goddamn stories about me that shithead Culman puts in the Moon. I complained about this in a letter to the editors. Instead of honoring my request for them to cyst and de cease they printed my letter along with another story about me from

that stupid shithead Culman. Looking away from this chick Emily I laugh and say, "I don't know what you mean."

"Do you read the Moon?" she says. "I'm here to write up Maison d'Etrel for the Moon. Simon couldn't make it so you'll have to join me."

This Emily chick grabs my hand and drags me to a table before I can warn her not to. Then it occurs to me that, if Kitty Fisher walked in on me eating dinner with this chick Emily, Kitty would want me even more than she already does. Perhaps I actually do feel truly ready.

"Were you expecting someone at the bar?" this Emily chick grins once we've sat down. A waiter flits past.

"Yes," I say. "Kitty Fisher."

"Kitty Fisher?" this Emily chick looks lost. "You know I've never been to Maison d'Etrel before. I wonder what causal dining is like."

I want to share my expertise with this chick Emily. I want to tell her that you don't actually order food at a causal restaurant as fine as Maison d'Etrel. I want to outline the unwritten contract between wait-staff and diners. I want to talk about the one dish they bring you, the one dish on the unwritten menu, the one dish you choose to accept the moment you enter Maison d'Etrel. I want to describe in perfect detail the experience of coming here and feasting on Beans and Thyme—truly simple, not even tasty, yet beautifully and quite justly expensive.

Yet before I say anything, before I even have a chance to grace this chick what's-her-face with my expertise, she steals the conversation away from me and starts yapping about all the bars and restaurants she's reviewed for that dangerously misguided St. John's student paper. And me? I don't care about the goddamn bathrooms at Shwag. I don't care that she loves the 100% Agape margarita at Maria's and that I absolutely have to try the silky-smooth blue corn chinchiladas. I certainly don't care to hear what she says about the Catamite Bar and Grille. And when I get my hands back on this conversation—just wait—I have zero intention of letting this chick what's-her-face get a word in edgewise until I've thoroughly stunned her with my brilliance.

In the meantime I zone out and picture what happened this afternoon when I went over to Kitty Fisher's house to 'talk' and she didn't let me in and I said I had to come in and she said no and I kept my cool and pleaded

Gideon Culman makes great dinner company. Just make him talk about himself.



My conversational broadside picks up momentum. This morbid chick what's-it looks more and more thoroughly rapt.

with her on the doorstep for well over half an hour to just let me in and she still didn't let me in and I said I maybe saw something in her and I said that she should feel safe confessing her love to me and she screamed no and I held her mouth shut and told her we could discuss things over my treat to her of dinner at Maison d'Etre and so through choked tears she promised to meet me here if I please just left her doorstep and I said fine and she said six and

"Kitty Fisher!" the chick in front of me looks like she's found something. "She dates Bobby Shaftoe—" Here she stops and grins and whispers, "but sometimes she still screws that guy Jack Horner." She beams. "Kitty Fisher. Duh. I totally know who Kitty Fisher is."

I picture myself walking down a sunlit arroyo with Kitty Fisher by my side. April shimmers dance carefree through my golden locks and a brilliant sparkle gleams in each one of my deep blue eyes. Kitty nods at me and smiles and holds my hand with both of hers. I speak to her my brilliance. Kitty nods. I speak. She simpers. I speak. I know that Kitty loves me. Maybe I love Kitty too. I somehow lose control over this vision and have to let it go as a freak spring flash flood thunders down the arroyo from nowhere and washes Kitty clean out of my hands.

"No," I tell the chick in front of me. "You don't know

Kitty at all."

Before I can seize back the conversation a waiter appears at our table. He leaves us each a sixty-dollar cup of Beans and Thyme and stands there for our drink orders.

"The chardonnay noir for myself and Ms. Fisher," I say.

"Graves," she says.

This unprompted morbid outburst thrills me. Graves? Whoa. The thought of a seriously demented morbid chick drives me wild. Then I realize that the chardonnay noir, with all that it means, might trigger in this chick a morbid frenzy impossible to control in a restaurant setting.

I turn to the waiter. The waiter looks at me like I've made some kind of foolish mistake, like he has the right to judge me simply for dining with a seriously demented morbid whackjob—though maybe just for ordering the chardonnay noir, with all that it means, when I have such a morbid whackjob in tow. "You know what?" I say. "Forget the chardonnay noir. I'll stick with the 2001 Château Briand. Bring us a bottle."

The visibly relieved waiter flits off to who knows where. I unleash my conversation on this chick what's-her-face with a most brilliant vengeance. I speak about nothing in particular but I speak hard. I speak long and I speak fast.



I have no desire to let this morbid chick say anything. Not a word until I have spoken so much of my mind that she has no choice but to exult in my brilliance. My conversational broadside picks up momentum. This morbid chick what's-it looks more and more thoroughly rapt.

I talk about the things I do, the shows I watch, the video games I play, the people I know. Since chicks dig film buffs I compare Bruce Willis's work and Vin Diesel's art to the underrated oeuvre of Jean-Claude Van Damme. To look cool I even speak of Bender's mysteriously artsy Birds. A sweeping analysis of contemporary avant-garde music follows: I contrast the ethereal subtlety of a Kelis or a Lil' Kim with the down-home earthiness of, say, Britney and Christina. I drop, as an aside, how much the Graduate Institute views me as an asset. I back up this claim by showing what's-her-face the urgent sounding letter I received today (the fifth of its kind) to please come and see the G.I. Director. I talk about more shows I watch, more people I know, and even people I used to know and now wish I didn't know. I say, "My one-time best friend Jen Sequoia—or should I say, ahem, Jennifer Zauberberg?—seems, like, too repulsively Jewish to hang out with, especially now that I've seen Jesus Beyond Thunderdome, you know, more than half a dozen times."

This what's-her-face chick in front of me gets up and grabs her purse and storms off—a bathroom emergency?—and I find myself unable to stop talking. I mention several ways to beat the St. John's system. "Right before spring break," I hear myself say, "my math tutorial finished proving One Fish Two Fish Red Fish Blue Fish. One day, when I, like, hadn't done any reading, I realized that, like, our tutor Mr. Pesic, he so had in mind to put me on the spot and, you know, make me do a proof on the board, like, right after Ms. Zirkadazeh finished hers. So, you know, I excuse myself and, like, wander off to the 'bathroom' but, like, really just stand outside the classroom door so I can, like, peek in through the little window until Mr. Pesic, wait, yeah, until Mr. Pesic finally breaks down and picks Ms. Sprague to, like, do what has to be, like, the day's, you know, like, the day's last proof. But then, like, Ms. Sprague finishes her proof, like, way too early and I, like, have to ask all these, you know, 'clarifying questions' so that he, like, he can't pick me to—"

Waiters flit past. I check my watch. My empty cup stands on the table across from that morbid chick's mostly full sixty-dollar cup of Beans and Thyme. I take a spoonful of hers and check my watch. More waiters flit

past. Forty-five minutes. I don't understand women and bathrooms. Forty-five minutes? Then I make a connection. I don't know whether to feel joy or pain. These women in my life—because of my chiseled blonde looks and my staggering brilliance—it throws them into a pit of love deeper than they've ever fallen into. I inspire a love so true and so strong that none of them can fight it, none of them can deny it. But, sadly, all of them try. I picture the morbid new chick vacillating alone in the Maison d'Etre bathroom, and then Kitty Fisher vacillating alone at home on her doorstep. Forty-five minutes alone in the bathroom. Who knows how many hours alone on a doorstep. The fact that these women all think so highly of me transforms my initial doubt into pure and blissful joy.

I pour myself another glass of 2001 Château Briand and hear myself stop talking. Waiters flit past. My reflection winks me a reassuring wink from the wine's surface as I lift the glass to my mouth. I down the tasty wine, reflection and all, and lean back in my chair. "These women," I sigh. "These women." I decide to pass time and give them both another chance. I sit at my table and wait.

The following dialogue was found in the buried library at Herculaneum. It is believed to be an early dialogue of the Sophist, a contemporary of Plato's who wrote in a style which, despite its similarity to his, was wildly ahead of its time.

K: Are you just in from the country, or have you been here for all of Spring Break?

P: I've been here a good while, in fact I've been looking for you at Del Charro, wondering why I couldn't find you.

K: Well, you couldn't, because I was not at Del Charro.

P: Where have you been, then?

K: I've been sitting in Lower Commons, watching *Speed* and wondering: "Is it virtuous to smoke in Lower Commons?"

P: That sounds very much like a question my good friend David Penn once asked. He has been known to say that smoking in Lower Commons is an unvirtuous act. The Commons are a communal area, by definition. And there are a great many people who do not enjoy the smell of smoke. Moreover, smoking has been known to cause damage to the Common Rooms. It must be unvirtuous for an individual to damage something which belongs to all.

K: Well, my wonderful friend, I have just smoked a cigarette—while, in fact, in the Common rooms of which you speak.

P: And you consider this to be virtuous?

K: I consider smoking in Lower Commons to be a reasonable act, if not a virtuous one, considering the circumstances under which I smoked.

P: And what were those?

K: As I was alone in the Common room at the time, with no one there to take offense, and was watching a bad action movie which required the continued use of certain stimulants to hold my attention, I considered smoking in Lower Commons to be a harmless act, effecting no one but myself.

P: Putting aside the dubious virtue of your choice of entertainment, I must ask: "How is smoking in Lower Commons harmless, when you run the risk of damaging the furniture?"

K: Ah, you surprising man, do you wish me to admit that smoking must, by definition, harm the furniture of a room, rendering it stale and smelly, and repugnant to any non-smoker who enters?

P: Surely if everyone were to smoke in Lower Commons, the rooms would indeed become smelly and repugnant?

K: Quite right.

P: Therefore, smoking must, by definition, harm the furniture of the room.

K: So it seems to me, Pipocrates.

P: Then how can you justify smoking in Lower Commons, if it is by definition harmful to the communal space?

K: As I see it, Pipocrates, if one man, alone, smokes a cigarette in Lower Commons, and no one is around to notice it, does it make a smell?

P: While the nature of the observable is open to debate, surely your smoking has real, physical consequences?

K: Do you mean just a certain stinkiness imparted to the furniture, or something else?

P: I know what you want to say, Kapnon, when you insist that your solitude justifies your stink. But the burns which burning material can 'impart' surely effect the communal space?

K: Oh, but I have neglected to reveal to you my method of ashing, my wonderful friend.

P: And what, by Zeus, would that be?

If you laugh at a line, Chris Harris wrote it. If a line makes you think, Jonathan Morgan wrote it. If it is misspelled, they did it together.



K: I ashed my cigarette into an empty bottle of Sierra Nevada Pale Ale. Do you not agree that such a system precludes the possibility of an errant 'cherry'?

P: Do you ash into bottles often?

K: I have been known to flick my ash into many a handy receptacle, when I had no ashtray.

P: And you never have missed?

K: Verily, I am a 'straight shooter', if that is what you mean.

P: But, oh Kapnon, my Kapnon, you do miss occasionally?

K: I admit, I have spotted the occasional robe with ash and flame.

P: Then, despite your 'method', you do run the risk of disfiguring Lower Commons with your smoking?

K: But is it not an acceptable risk? I am fully willing to make amends for my action. If I make a hefty donation to the Lower Commons fund in the event of a little singe...

P: Will you also apologize to Mr. Walpin?

K: Unless I inadvertently scar one of his 'childhood dishes', I see no need. The Lower Commons fund exists to pay for the upkeep of the rooms, and assures an *anonymous* means of recompense for accidents caused by students. This is why your good friend David Penn created the Lower Commons fund.

P: To allow students to anonymously pay for damages they have caused, without fear of shame or censure?

K: Quite right, Pipocrates, for if students feared a heavy fine or excessive censure, how many would own up to their mishaps? And with no one willing to pay their damages, how could the upkeep of Lower Commons be maintained? The Lower Commons fund ensures that the community spaces will be kept in good repair for the use of all.

P: Then where lies the personal responsibility in this, oh

Kapnon? Is not the goal of the Administration and of Polity to endeavor to enable students to make intelligent, free choices concerning the ends and means of both their public and private lives?

K: Indeed, my handbook claims it is as you say.

P: Then, oh Kapnon, how can these same bodies encourage these intelligent, free students to remain anonymous with regard to the consequences of these actions? You made a conscious choice to smoke in Lower Commons. While your method was...interesting...it was by no means fool-proof. You show a reasonable willingness to pay for your actions but not a virtuous one. If you truly desire to atone for your wrong, then why are you unwilling to be named?

K: Ah, but my unusual surprising wonderful friend, I know well that were I to cling as a supplicant to Mr. Walpin's knees and confess my deeds, the consequences would be far more serious than the crime committed, if indeed it could be called a crime. For instance, I could lose the privilege of living in the communal housing, or of entering the Agora—I might even be ostracized from my illustrious position as school scribe by some kind of private referendum of the faculty. Surely you do not think that this is a just recompense for a seared sofa cushion?

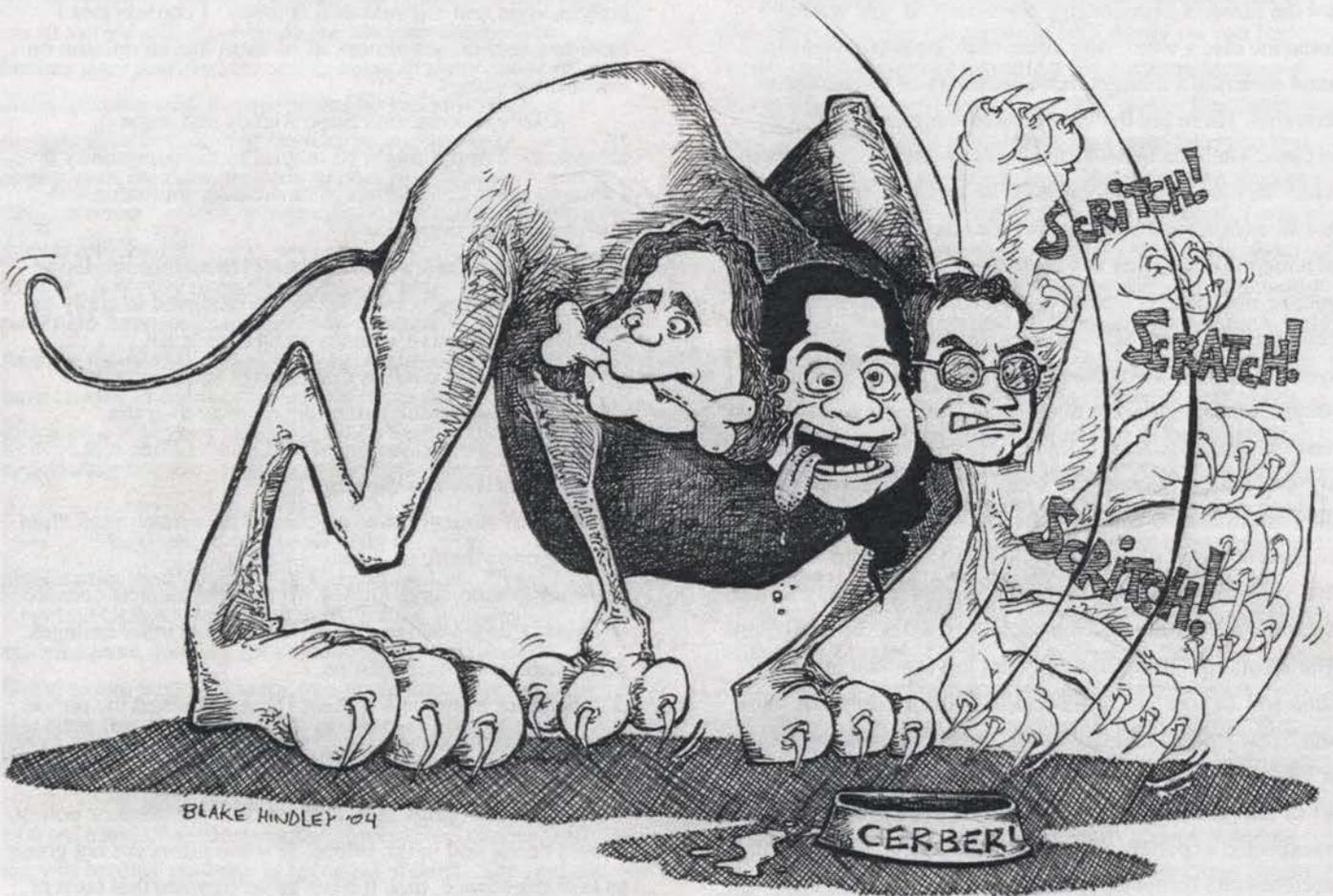
P: A virtuous act does not become unvirtuous because it is punished. If you were truly a lover of virtue, then it would not matter that you were punished in excess of your crime. Surely it is better to receive an injustice than to commit it?

...

At this point, the manuscript becomes illegible.

Who Let the Dogs Out?

Campus Moralizing takes on two whole new, somewhat frightening, faces.



Campus Moralist

Charity Simpson has never missed a class. She has graciously agreed to pit the good name of the Campus Moralist against two mongrel curs in a debate over absence policy at St. John's.

Lately there has been some controversy over Mr. Davis's letter regarding absences. I agree with Mr. Davis' policy and letter because it gets to the root of the problem, the mentality regarding absences. St. John's bases its educations off the conversations in classes. Absent people change the class dynamic. Class chemistry is a very sensitive balance that can only

Campus Immoralist

John Gorczynski has missed three to four classes in each subject. He has doggedly pursued the Editors of the Moon to be grant him the space to be the Campus Immoralist.

The Assistant Dean wrote a letter to the student body earlier this semester regarding the absence policy. While many of my fellow students were shocked and appalled by the news that the College was serious about the absence policy I felt a warm, fuzzy feeling inside. Not because I have deep, secret yearnings to share my bed with the absence policy or for that matter the

Campus Amoralist

Grae Drake is on absence probation for his third semester, and as of press time was at max in all subjects. He is the Campus Amoralist. His article is likewise absent.

Campus Moralist

reach equilibrium and structure with all of its participants. Another problem with not attending classes is that you are missing out on an educational experience that cannot be relived. Someone can give you a recap but that is not the same as experiencing it yourself. If you wanted someone else's word, why come here. Here we read first hand someone's thought, not a summary of the author's thoughts. These are the very reasons everyone should go to class. The idea behind the absence policy is to use them when they are absolutely needed because of illness. Mental health days are not necessarily "me days". My definition of a mental health day is I'm so stressed that I feel myself getting sick. This is a point to take a break and recuperate before getting sick. Stress causes the body's immune system to break down. Absences are there for when this occurs. I find it amazing that people could get so sick they max on their absences. If this is the case your tutors should know about this sickness as soon as possible. Keeping your tutors informed of what is going on when a class is missed is always a good idea. This will allow the tutor to see that you are not playing hooky but a truly genuinely sick. Sickness is the only true reason to take a day off from class. The mentality "have four absences left in math/language class so I'm going to skip because I haven't done the work and I really don't feel like going" is the wrong mentality. If I acted the way I felt sometimes then I wouldn't do a lot of things and I know I would miss out on really great unexpected experiences that have happened. This school stretches and forms the mind that causes pain and the feeling of uneasiness and overload; these are good feelings and should not be used as an excuse to cut class. St. John's expects serious students that are motivated to learn. This motivation alone should keep students going to class. So in amazement people continually reach their maximum absences in class. I agree with Mr. Davis's community service idea. People that continually reach their maxims need a reminder that class is why they are here. I think community service is a positive way for this goal to be achieved. We are coming into difficult time in the semester when it is getting nicer outside and the urge to skip class is greater. Plus with all the interesting senior orals that are scheduled the temptation is heightened. In a situation where you are tempted to skip class and read on a balcony or go to a senior oral, while making this decision ask if "What would my tutor reaction be if I told him/her what I planned on doing during class time?" If there is any embarrassment this is a good sign that what you want to do isn't what you should do. But that's just me.

Campus Immoralist

entire Student Handbook. It was because I love to hear the sound of my own voice and knew this would be another chance for me to talk to my friends and classmates at length about something that many years from now will appear both as vivid and relevant as it is today. I confess that I have few friends, yet almost all of them had an opinion on the absence policy.

After speaking with these friends and some classmates, I find it might be helpful to the community if I were to share my findings as an amateur journalist and professional immoralist.

1. Some tutors do not take or report attendance rendering the absence policy, something that is designed to apply to all classes, subjective as many things are at SJC.
2. Many students confess that through some miracle, despite having met the maximum or gone over the maximum in a class, the Assistant Dean's Office was unaware that this was the case.
3. Very few students have calculated how much each class meeting costs them.
4. Several tutors have missed what some students consider too many classes due to illness, lecturing at other colleges, and a variety of other reasons.
5. The letter from the Assistant Dean contained the phrase "taking a day for themselves," which proved to be the most talked about thing in the entire letter.

All these things shed light on how the absence policy should be viewed in the future. If some tutors are not going to take attendance, then it must be recognized that current system, though perhaps just, is certainly unfair to students in classes for which tutors keep strict attendance. Students, do not be shocked if the AD's office does not inform you of going over or reaching the maximum number of absences in a class until much time has passed since you missed that last class. Many factors go into when students are notified, including but not limited to tutors not turning in attendance records for long periods of time and clerical errors (sorry Brad but you are not perfect). Also, do yourself a favor and figure out how much money it costs you for every class meeting. After calculating this figure it might be a little easier to wake up for a 9 am class. It does not benefit the "dynamic" building that Mr. Davis spoke about when tutors are often absent or habitually tardy, but I will let the faculty decide amongst themselves what the most appropriate solution is for this.

The entire personal time discussion does not really interest me that much, but I felt it necessary to make some comment. Mr. Carey, Mr. Levine, Ms. Arsenault, Mr. Bayer, Ms. Bervin, Mr. Wolfe, Mr. Sterling, Mr.



As a St. John's student, it is always interesting to learn from fellow classmates why they chose to attend St. John's College. Of course, the stories are as varied and different as the students themselves, but one does find consistencies. Some of these could be dissatisfaction with their previous formal education, a perhaps eccentric love of knowledge and learning, and maybe even the hard decision of choosing St. John's over a "bigger name" school, which can be difficult to explain to friends and family.

It is easy to overlook the fact that tutors too have made the decision to teach here for many of the same reasons students have chosen to learn here. Interviewing Ms. Garfield, a new tutor this year, was a wonderful opportunity to gain insight into a tutor's choice.

Ms. Garfield was previously a professor at the University of California, Los Angeles (UCLA), and came to St. John's, as many students have, looking for something a little different. She spoke of her experience as a professor at UCLA, and it is clear that she found some difficulties there that are probably prevalent in many universities in our country.

One large problem was class size. There were two to three hundred students in her "Intro to—" classes, and sixty to seventy students in her usual classes. She said she felt too guilty about using "graders" as most professors did, and would actually try to grade everything herself. This, of course, sounds like a near impossibility, but it was one of her many attempts to make "large classes small", another of which was by having constant conferences with her students. To develop the connection between student and teacher that Ms. Garfield desired was very difficult with three hundred students.

Hunt, Mr. Stickney, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Franks, Mr. Duvoisin, Mr. St. John, Mr. Smith, Ms. Myers, Mr. Poppele, Mr. Sacks, and Mr. Davis all never missed a single class in order to "take a day for themselves" during their time as students at St. John's. I have not confirmed this fact, but it would surprise me if it was not true. On the other hand, Raife and Alexis did. Draw your own conclusions. I am sure that Mr. Carl missed in excess of fifty classes each semester in order to take a day for himself while he attended Pomona. So begins the Campus Immoralist. This should be fun.



Not only was Ms. Garfield trying to develop a relationship with such large classes, she was noticing the role of student and professor, and the deep dependence her students had on her, "Students at UCLA rely on you for everything. In papers I would get fed back my lectures in almost the exact same language." She said in her "Intro to—" classes students would send paid note-takers so that they wouldn't have to attend class, "I remember a student coming up to me and saying 'I'm your note-taker', I was so flabbergasted." Not that she spoke only negatively about the students at UCLA! She said that sometimes she would receive fabulous essays and feel almost sad that she would never really get to know the person who had written it.

Ms. Garfield is clearly excited about St. John's. She sees an enthusiasm in the students, and is impressed by such things as students going to lectures on Friday nights, which as a student is quick to pass off as nothing special. In the classroom she says that it is "wonderful to be able to admit that you're wrong, and to have students who have actually thought through things." Also after teaching the same literature for some time, most of the essay topics are fairly predictable, such as "freedom" in Huckleberry Finn. However now she says, "There is a sense of originality for me at St. John's." She never really thought about Euclid before, and now she has the opportunity to hear students bring up brand new ideas and to discover the Great Books with them. Already in her freshman classes she has seen amazing development, and has watched her students grow more comfortable with themselves.

The most striking thing Ms. Garfield said was how during her huge lectures she wore a microphone, and that "You learn to be a performer." She said she would compare many things from the literature to something from TV, and that she learned how to make people laugh. "There wasn't really a common culture among the students except movies, and that they had all seen 'Friends' and 'The Simpsons'." So she used this "common culture" to convey her lecture themes to her students. Here at St. John's, Ms. Garfield can finally remove her microphone and sit around the table with the rest of us, another inquisitive learner with perhaps a little more experience, a helpful guide through the Great Books, but one who shares in all the discoveries.

Elise Hanrahan is a member of the SCi. She did this neat interview for us. We knew they were good for something.

It was about a year ago that Brendan and I decided to go down to White Sands for Spring Break. The details, by now, are a little sketchy. Fortunately, they are well documented. My trip to White Sands was always destined to be a Fun Critic piece, so I took my trusty tape recorder with me, and made notes. Just in case. Actual excerpts from the tape follow, in italics. I am not making this up.

Jess: Okay. We started our trip about five hours later than scheduled...We would have been there if we had left at ten o'clock in the morning, but we left at three-thirty instead. So now it's a little after four, we're cruising down 285 past Lamy. It's a beautiful day.

We chose not to take I-25 down. We took 285 south to US54 to US70. This route, we thought would be more scenic, and we could bypass the hideous strip of faux-Dallas Albuquerque. We listened to Belle and Sebastian as we drove. We ate gummy bears warmed gooey on the dashboard. We were young, we were in love, we were driving off to an adventure whose end we could never have predicted. We listened to Hank Williams. Brendan put on a honky-tonk accent: *Oh yeah, we're about twenty-six mahles outsahda Encino. After that, we're 'bout ta pop on to Route number 3, head down South to Alamogordo. Whew! Look out fer them tumbleweeds!* The desert landscape was getting to us. *Hey honey, you wanna pull off 'n pick us up a coupla brewskys?*

"Baby, you know it," I replied. "I love me some brewskys."

"Aw, baby you wanna do some drinkin' an' drivin'?"

"That sounds swell, sugar."

"All right, Ah'm gettin' off at the next exit."

We didn't. But we could have.

The drive down was unremarkable, mostly.

Brendan: This is the sound of a trailer truck passing. (loud sound of a trailer truck passing)

B: It is now shortly after 7:30, and we are driving down the main road of Alamogordo. We just passed the White Sands Mall—quite exciting.

We should have had a deep sense of foreboding at this point. We had no idea what the White Sands Mall would mean to us later.

B: Here are a few places that we're passing in Alamogordo: There is Silo's Tattoo & Piercing Parlor, New Mexico Bolt & Screw—that's kind of funny—Budget Motel, KOA Campground, Kwiklube with a K and Car Wash, the

Satellite Inn with a phat neon, like, atom-looking thing that's really cool, Bellboy's Trucks and Stuff, um...yeah. I guess that's pretty much the exciting places.

Except for the Space Museum, which we never checked out, those were the only exciting places, and they obviously aren't exciting at all. We were too late to camp at White Sands that night, so we headed for the next closest thing. In anticipation of the beach-like atmosphere of the dunes, I put on the Beach Boys. We camped for the night at Oliver Lee State Park. It was \$10 to camp, and it was not so much a campsite as an RV park.

B: Jess, what do you have to say about the sites that we have found here at the Oliver Lee State Park?

J: Bunk.

B: Any other comments?

J: (Deep sigh) This county's going to shit.

B: The stars however, do not seem to be deteriorating in brilliance. They're quite lovely, and—this campground is horrible. It's all RVs, there's no place to put a tent, and there's these weird lean-to looking things that are made out of concrete. (sigh) I think we're sleeping in the car.

We did. The car was rocked by gales of freezing winds all night long. We made the best of it.

J: What do you think I am, some sort of a quip machine?

B: I believe the quote Jess is not reciting is, "If the RV's a-shakin', don't come a quakin'."

J: (laughs heartily)

B: The jury's still out on what that means exactly.

Brendan amused himself for the rest of the night by randomly recording things, especially when I wasn't paying attention, or when he had a brilliant insight to share with posterity.

J: Where is the water? Oh, there it is. How long have you been recording?

B: (suggestively) Wouldn't you like to know?

J: (non-plussed) Yeah.

B: How poor are we?

J: We're pretty poor. We just spent ten dollars to sleep in your car, though. Instead of \$25 for a room with HBO.

B: Who needs HBO?

J: Not me.

B: (big sigh) That wind is really blowing.

Jess Godden has graduated, and yet continues to live in Santa Fe. You wish you could be a cool as this girl.

You get the picture.

We had woken up fairly early, and hardly rested at all. It was cold and windy all night, and the back of a Volvo station wagon is not nearly as comfortable as it looks. We looked forward to going to White Sands, for what was to be a fabulous Spring Break getaway. We had decided to go to White Sands because it was the closest thing to a beach we could find.

J: It's a gray, dreary day. Which is too bad.

This is not what I had expected.

B: We're kind of disappointed because it's really overcast and I had imaged this amazing, really bright sun and white sand and blue skies.

J: Maybe tomorrow.

Right. We toyed with the idea of going up to Elephant Butte the next day, hoping that the reservoir would provide more of a beach-like atmosphere. What is it that they say about the best-laid plans of mice and men? And these plans, it was becoming abundantly clear, were not very well laid. It started to rain.

B: This vacation is not all that it's cracked up to be, folks.

The landscape was like nothing we'd ever seen before. Yucca is plentiful and it grows tall in southern New Mexico, as well as many types of cactus. Alamogordo and White Sands are on a plain with the San Andreas Mountains running along one side, and the San Bernadino Mountains on the other. It is flat, and would be unremarkable, except for the main attraction, White Sands National Monument. We checked in at the Visitor Center at White Sands, which is mostly a gift shop. They had us choose a campsite and marked it with an X on the map they gave us, like it was treasure. That's when we discovered that you have to hike in to the camp sites, which was when we began to regret packing everything in paper bags from Whole Foods.

B: Could you read off what the things are that we're not allowed to do while we're camping at White Sands?

J: Ahem. Your camp must be set up by sunset. You must be in your campsite by closing—

B: Read the part about the missiles.

J: No, I'm not there yet. Do not burn or bury litter or garbage. No firearms, metal detectors, glass containers—

B: I'm just gonna interrupt to say that we're passing Shooters Pizza & Patio Bar. Tonight there's a thong contest.

J: I forgot my thong. —hunting, gathering, or collecting. All

other park regulations apply. For your safety, be prepared with adequate water, food, clothing and shelter. DO NOT TAMPER WITH MISSILE DEBRIS. Do not hike alone. Set up camp prior to sunset and STAY IN CAMP.

That's right. Do not tamper with missile debris. The campsite at White Sands is entirely surrounded by a missile range. This place is less like a beach by the second. We started to feel like the NO WAR sticker on the back of the car was garnering us dark looks from the military personnel stationed at nearby Holloman Air Force Base. This was days after the invasion of Iraq.

We made the mistake of listening to a news report on our way into the park.

Last night the city was bombed by bombs from planes and Tomahawk missiles, including the most fearsome weapon in our arsenal, the 4700-pound, satellite-guided bunker-buster.

Here we were, camping out next to a missile range where they tested the weapons they were now using somewhere else in the world to fight terrorism, or the axis of evil, or the Bush family nemesis Saddam Hussein or whatever it is that we were fighting for. Not far from here is the Trinity Site, where the first atomic bomb was detonated. What kind of a vacation is this anyway?

B: We just discovered that there are bleached ear-less lizards in this park. We're gonna be on the lookout for said lizards. Hopefully we can find one for interrogation and perhaps, uh, detain it. Maybe we could take it home as a pet, although we just passed a sign that says that we couldn't really do that.

Obviously, the wartime atmosphere and the military pheromones were going straight to our heads.

J: We're now at the trailhead. We're going to hike in and set up our tent. It's amazing out here, there's just white sand everywhere. Here we go.

Like I said before, we had packed everything in paper bags. We don't own sleeping bags, so we brought blankets and a comforter. We had to follow a series of posts in the ground to find the site. The pegs marking the sites were white with a red tip, almost impossible to see in the white dunes. Our campsite was the furthest away from the backcountry parking lot, on a loop of post-and-peg markers about a mile long, and we made several trips.

J: We couldn't find C10 (our site), but we found a

comparable place where C10 ought to be, we think, and set up our tent. It's—lovely. But it looks like rain might be coming, so we're going to go back to the car and get the rest of our stuff, so we can hunker down.

"Hunker down"? No one hunkers down on the beach! Where's my vacation? It was freezing well before sundown. I refused to leave the tent except to pee. The wind picked up. We spent the rest of the night in the tent, under the blankets playing alphabet games ("On my trip to White Sands I brought an abacus, a bowling pin, a cigar holder, a dung scooper, effluent, a filibuster, a grapevine...etc.) and being generally silly. For example:

J(in the syle of overzealous local TV reporter) This is Jessica Godden, here at the scene of the White Sands Massacre. Sir, you saw the whole thing. Can you tell me something about what happened here?

B: Well, I dunno, all I saw was some missiles flyin' overhead, an' then all these people runnin' around screamin' like, like all dem missiles was aimed at us. 'Course, we didn't know what was goin' on, so we just went down to the visitor's center to get ourselves a snack. Now, we come out and, well, there was dead bodies all over the ground and I don't know what's goin' on here!

J: There you have it, folks, a grim tale of death and destruction at the hands of the military. What next is in store for White Sands and its survivors. Sir, what's your next stop?

B: Well, Ah don't quite reckon Ah know. The first stop Ah make'll prob'ly be up at Colonel Lee State Park. Ah'll take ma RV over there and kinda camp out and watch my dish an' think fer a few days. You know, just kinda gather myself together. After that, I dunno. I might head down to the border and get myself some Mexican hookers.

J: Thank you. Back to you, Kirk.

J: We've brought the tape recorder into our headquarters underneath the blankets, because it's so fucking cold I think that it might freeze the tape recorder, and that would be bad for its mechanisms.

B: (whispering) It's so cold here. So cold.

J: It's like an arctic wasteland here.

B: (still whispering) So cold. It's so cold.

J: And there are probably arctic rabbits out there, bouncing around, all white and fluffy.

B: (still whispering) You would not believe how cold it is.

B: In this segment of Jamaica, Inc., an intelligent man asks a question.

*J&B: singing-ish sounds
Former Vice President for Advancement Robert Glick: Well, you might ask for example,*

B: How long can we survive in this arctic wasteland?

I recycle my tapes. Sometimes you can use this to your advantage, particularly if you are incredibly bored.

J: Our last coherent update was given when we set up our campsite. Since then we've mostly been—

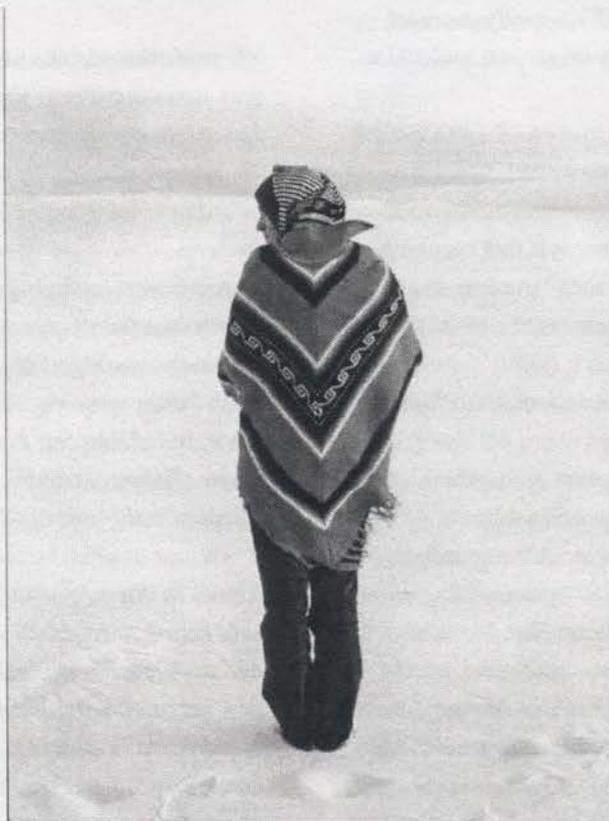
B: Silly.

J: (laughs) And in the tent hiding from the cold and the wind.

B: Yeah.

I was cold all night long.

Picture this: you are standing on a sand dune, and you are entirely surrounded by sand dunes. The sand is pure white, and it stretches for so long you feel dizzy. You see a figure rise up from behind the dunes. From this distance, he could be a lonely desert wanderer, desperately searching for water. As he gets closer you realize he is dragging something big and heavy behind him. When he gets even closer, you see that it is an ugly green blanket, wrapped around a number of heavy brown paper bags as a makeshift sack. If we had packed in as if headed for the beach, we packed out like shipwreck victims. We dragged everything in one fell swoop because we couldn't bear to make the



many trips back and forth with the bags.

We listened to Sigur Ros on the way out, a fitting soundtrack to the weird landscape around us.

B: This is a surreal place, but it was fun. And we want to come back some time when there's not so much cold wind. I bet it would be a fun place to hang out.

The sand at White Sands is white because it's gypsum, a substance rarely found in its crystalline state naturally, because it's water-soluble. Most gypsum is dissolved into streams and rivers and makes its way to the ocean. There is no route to the sea through the valley due to an interesting geological anomaly I can't recall, and so the gypsum is pushed up on shore in such quantities that it has created its own ecosystem, complete with bleached ear-less lizards and other creatures adapted to the unique terrain. It is the only such place in the world. Dissolving sand in your hand with spit doesn't entirely make up for a night of freezing in a tent in the middle of nowhere, but it almost comes close.

We stopped at Three Rivers Petroglyphs on the way back up. It was worth the stop, especially for the peanut butter and marshmallow sandwiches we made. I cut up the back of my foot by hiking in impractical shoes (typical). We got going, and we even put "On the Road Again" on the stereo. Suddenly:

J: (alarm sounds) Losing power! Losing power! Captain! (more alarm sounds)

Willie Nelson had started sounding like the tape was warped, and when we put on Patsy Cline instead, we realized that it was the car, not the tape. Suddenly the bold statement Brendan made when we first decided to take the trip came back to haunt us:

"I don't care if my car dies in Alamogordo and we have to leave it there, we're taking this fucking trip."

The second car to pass us was a tow truck, which Brendan managed to flag down. The tow truck operator called another tow truck operator, who came some time later to get us. While we waited for the tow truck, Brendan balanced his checkbook and discovered he had \$3.99 in his bank account. We sang taps for the car. When we got into the truck I noticed the driver had Patsy Cline in his tape deck as well, and we figured everything would be all right. It mostly was. If you ever get stuck in Alamogordo, call the Tumbleweed Towing Company, we were well taken care of. The driver (I wish I could remember his name now) let me

use his cell phone to make a few really funny phone calls (which, unfortunately, we did not record) to try to convince some sucker of a friend to come and get us in Alamogordo. Jessa Bogart (SF'02) happened to be in town that week, so I managed to reach her and she agreed to convince her then-lover to drive down and get us. Jessa Bogart is a Saint and a Sweetheart of the First Class, and anyone who says otherwise is an idiot moron with no soul. Bear in mind this is a round trip of 8 hours, just to pick up a couple of slackers who took a questionable car several hundred miles to freeze in a patch of white sand for fun. Needless to say, the man was not happy when he came to pick us up. Of course, we wouldn't know that for four hours, which is how long it took for them to get there. We spent four hours at the White Sands Mall. We ate at Dairy Queen, got to know the stock at K-Mart a little better, and even watched that really lame movie with Steve Martin and Queen Latifah. Our vacation had gone from mildly awry to complete fiasco in no time flat.

When Jessa and her grumpy companion got to the mall, a drunken teenager accosted us and tried to make friends by bumming a cigarette and talking to us until we actually drove away. We barely talked for the four hours it took to get back up to Santa Fe. In fact, Brendan and I spent all four hours freezing again, huddled under a blanket, since the windows were rolled down to accommodate the driver's chain smoking. The Pogues were blaring the whole time, and we drove at 110 miles an hour unless we were stopping for gas. It was abundantly clear when we got home at 1 a.m. that this part of the trip was not fun for anyone.

B: It wasn't that bad. It would have been a lot worse if we didn't have good friends to come and pick us up.

We had to leave the car, with most of our stuff in it, in Alamogordo at the towing company. Brendan went back to get the car almost a month later when his mom came to visit, under the pretext that it would be fun for her to see White Sands. They didn't spend the night.

I recommend visiting White Sands in the hottest depths of summertime, and for Pete's sake spend the \$25 and get the room with HBO, or come prepared to backpack.

This week we continue our little tour of French wine regions. Also, in addition to my usual wine recommendations I would like to recommend a book. If you've found this little exploration of wine regions interesting, the best way to learn about the geography of the wine world is by picking up a copy of Hugh Johnson and Jancis Robinson's *The World Atlas of Wine*. It provides maps and descriptions of every major wine region on Earth. I refer to it constantly. Not only is it a fabulous reference book, but it has gorgeous photography and makes for oddly addictive reading. It can be purchased online or at Borders for about \$50, but Barnes and Noble has recently put out their own edition that is the same as the other one except for a B & N logo on the front. That edition retails for about \$30.

Champagne

What needs to be said about Champagne? It is possibly the most famous wine, well, ever. There are a lot of things people call Champagne but, as I'm sure you've been told, only wine that comes from Champagne can truly be called "Champagne."

The region's sparkling wines are made from Pinot Noir, Pinot Meunier, and Chardonnay. Wines labeled "Blanc de Noirs" are made entirely from Pinot Noir and wines labeled "Blanc de Blanc" are made from 100% Chardonnay.

The fizz is added by a process known as the "traditional method." Its complexities of this process aren't worth explaining, but suffice it to say the wine goes through a second fermentation in the bottle releasing carbon dioxide that comes out as bubbles when you open the bottle.

Most champagne is non-vintage, meaning it is wine that comes from grapes harvested in multiple years. Vintage Champagne is the only type of champagne that ages well. Vintage Champagne is generally more expensive and rarer, though elite non-vintage champagnes are fabulously expensive as well. Cheap champagne (under about \$30) can be found but should be avoided. If you want to spend \$10 on sparkling wine, buy Gruet.

Champagne's still wines are labeled Coteaux de Champagne. Try them if you want to know why Champagne has fizz. It's an unpleasant experience.

Recommendations:

It's tough to find affordable Champagne. One possibility is Moët et Chandon's White Star (\$28 at CostPlus), which is the low end of M et C's line of champagnes. Another

possibility for those looking to try real champagne is to buy half-bottles. Whole Foods has several of these for around \$20.

Loire Valley

It's tough to be the Loire Valley. France's wine reputation is dominated by Burgundy, Bordeaux, and Champagne. The Loire Valley can't even claim to be France's most famous white wine region, with that honor being taken by Alsace. As a fan of French wines, I didn't even know much about the Loire until very recently. But its wines are worth knowing about, and are often bargains.

There are four styles of wine unique to the Loire Valley, three of them white. The one red wine is Chinon, made from Cabernet Franc. This is the one region of the world that I know about which bottles any significant amount of Cabernet Franc as anything other than a blending grape. I have never had a wine from Chinon, but I am told they can be incredible.

The white wines from the Loire begin with Muscadet. Muscadet refers neither to a particular place or a particular grape (it's made with Melon de Bourgogne). It is a perfect wine to go with fish. Sancerre and Pouilly-Fume, which has no relation to the Pouilly-Fuisse of Burgundy, make the world's best Sauvignon Blanc. Vouvray produces Chenin Blanc (in a wide array of sweetness levels from dry to very, very sweet) that has yet to be equaled anywhere else. In fact, sweet Vouvray (labeled with the word moelleux) is one of the world's great wines and is preposterously cheap. For those of you who would like to find a good dessert wine but don't want to shell out the cash for Tokay or Sauternes, Vouvray is a place to look.

Recommendations:

Le Droissy makes an off-dry to semi-sweet Vouvray that can be found at Kokoman for \$11. For those of you who happen to be in the Annapolis area, and I wouldn't mention it if it weren't such a fabulous deal, Annapolis Wine Cellars has J.C. Pichot's 1990 Vouvray Moelleux for \$23. This wine is unbelievably good and is an absolute steal at the price. I have two bottles back home and I'd buy a case of it if I could afford to. Muscadet tends to be consistently good and consistently cheap. I wouldn't worry too much about who the producer

G. August Deimel, upon being insulted for his hat, replied, *I shall doff my hat, after I doff your wife.*

of a given bottle is. Kokoman usually has several for under \$10. I am told the Chinon which the Inn at the Loretto serves by the glass is very good. I cannot personally attest to that, but I'll pass it along. It runs about \$7 a glass.

Burgundy

Burgundy is where the world's greatest Pinot Noir is made. I am told that the very finest red Burgundy is a thing of beauty, reaching such sublime perfection that one sip can make a grown man cry. This sounds hokey, but Pinot Noir lovers are fanatics and hyperbole is de rigeur when dealing with them.

Burgundy has two disadvantages for the consumer. First, it is terribly expensive. Cheap Burgundy begins at about \$20, and is only occasionally worth that. Good Burgundy easily reaches hundreds of dollars a bottle and the very best Burgundy, produced by wineries such as the legendary Domaine de La Romanee Conti, is often over \$1000 a bottle on release, and only gets more expensive the longer it's been on the market. Second, Burgundy is quite variable. In a good year, it can produce fabulous wines. In a bad year, it produces a great deal of over-priced plonk. Some say the difficulty of finding good Burgundy is part of the charm. I just find it annoying. I have not had a lot of red Burgundy, but Aramark's Chef Jeff knows quite a bit about it, so if you would like to learn more, I'd talk to him.

White Burgundy is a slightly different beast. It is still expensive, variable, and potentially fantastic. But it is less of all of these things than red Burgundy. At its best, white Burgundy produces the world's very finest Chardonnay. Within Burgundy, even though every part of the region makes its wines with Chardonnay, wines from different regions can be wonderfully different from each other. For example Pouilly-Fuisse can have an intriguing vanilla flavor where Chablis is always minerally and has famously been described as steely and aggressively masculine (whatever that means).

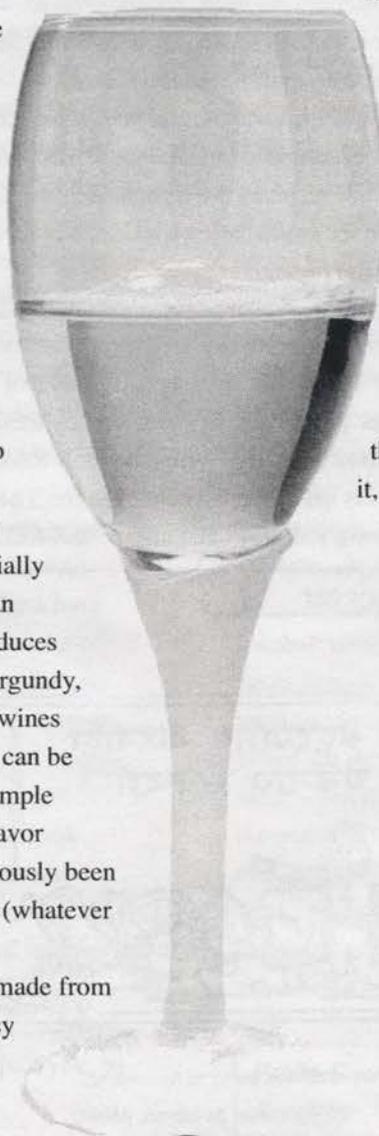
Beaujolais is Burgundy's other wine, made from the red Gamay grape. It is always light and easy to drink. Although it is hard to consider fine wine, it is a pleasant drink. Beaujolais

Nouveau, made right after the harvest and drunk at the tender age of 6-8 weeks, is arguably the world's most popular wine.

Recommendations:

I will make a somewhat odd recommendation on red Burgundy and say that if you really want to try Pinot Noir, I would try an example from Oregon. The Pinot Noir on the market from Oregon at the moment comes from excellent vintages there and is a far better value. It still starts around \$20, but it's a better wine for the price than cheap Burgundy. If you would like to try red Burgundy, skip the cheap stuff and be prepared to shell out real money. I don't know enough about red Burgundy to make an intelligent recommendation here.

In white Burgundy, I can't say enough good things about Lavantureaux's Chablis (\$18 at Whole Foods or Kokoman). I have had this wine several times, and it gives a good idea of what Chablis is supposed to taste like. Andiamo, a wonderful Italian restaurant on Garfield St. near the Cowgirl has it on its half bottle menu for \$18 as well. It would be wonderful with their antipasto appetizer. Beaujolais Nouveau comes out every year around early November. By late December, it's gone. It is easy to find, with giant producers such as Georges Duboeuf exporting massive quantities of the stuff to the US. If you pay more than \$10 a bottle for it, you're getting ripped off.



Haiku Personals: relaxing in the spring sun, forgot to write 'em

Oh Cromagnon man
take me to your cave, make me
primordial soup
x4174

goofiest beef-cake
ever likes writing a lot
smiles like a puppy
983-8135

Valley girl reminds
you of home (laughing crazy)
you kow where I live
x4192

I can't remember
the rainbow, roommate I could
make up a new one!
x4331



ST. JOHN'S College

ANNAPOLIS · SANTA FE

The Moon is the independent tri-weekly student newspaper for St. John's College in Santa Fe, New Mexico. As such, all opinions expressed within represent only the views of their respective authors, and do not necessarily represent the views of the College, the Faculty, the Administration or the Moon Editors. Issues are available at no charge to all members of, and visitors to the campus, and yearly subscriptions can be obtained for \$30.

The Moon is composed of student works and all contributions are welcome, but the Editorial staff reserves the right to demand an indefinite amount of revision in order to uphold our strict journalistic standards and to ensure that each issue is relevant, informative, and damn fun to read.

Submissions are always welcome. The deadline is generally the third Friday after the previous issue was published. A full and relevant schedule is posted on the Student Activities Board across from the coffeeshop, along with submission guidelines and instructions. The NEW email address for submission is moon@sjcsf.edu, or drop your submission off at the Switchboard for **The Moon**. **If you'd like to speak to a real live person, call us at the office: 984-6137.**

Hagar the Aryan | s. little and c. kreutzinger

HAGAR THE ARYAN

by S. Little & C. Kreutzinger GIEG



Don't know Sanskrit?

σύ μανθάνω. ἔδομεν μὲν ἐκεῖνος

τό Σαγγασκρίτον ἀρίστους θεούς τε ἄρματα τε.

βούλονται δὲ πάντες μόνως

* तु + एव + इच्छन्ति

ἡμετέρους τὸ Σομα* πείν καὶ τοὺς ἴππους πυροῦν.

* a hallucinogenic beverage.

It is a very, very bad idea to write a review for a bar the morning after.

But I, Procrastinator, have promised my editor that he will have something, however measly, in his hands before I load up my car and drive away to search for spring, so here I am, foggy headed but determined to do justice to Evangelo's and its younger sibling, the Mediterranean.

It wasn't going to be this way. For once I was going to beat the Moon deadline by a whopping week and a half, but fate would not have it so. I had planned a solo mission to Maison d'Etre after having heard numerous positive reports about the place. I walked in and sat down at the bar, ordered a vodka gimlet and was just about to decide that I liked the feel of the place when a guy came and sat down next to me, claiming to be a Johnny. He turned out to be an obnoxious ass who wouldn't shut up or leave me alone, so eventually I left and called Jonathan, asking him if he would go with me to Evangelo's instead. He agreed.

We end up going Thursday night after seminar, which is rather unfair of us; how many bars are at their peak on a Thursday at 10:30? Not this one, at any rate. Fortunately I've been there before on a Saturday night, when they had some blues band playing, and it was crowded with a good-spirited mix of locals and tourists. Evangelo's doesn't appear to have much of a college age following, but that actually adds to its charm, as far as I'm concerned. I remember weaving tipsily through middle aged dancing, laughing couples that Saturday night and noticing how refreshingly unselfconscious they were.

On Thursday night, however, there were only seven or eight other people in the bar, and the recorded music is quiet and nondescript. I go to the bar and order a long island iced tea, which is far too sweet, from the owner of the bar and Evangelo himself's son, Nick Klonis. He was born in Santa Fe but lived in Greece until he was eighteen, and while he's eager to talk about his father, whose photo was on an American stamp after it was taken during World War II, he is very reluctant to talk about himself. I ask him to tell me a story of life and love, and he tells me that there's no true love anywhere anymore. That lonely phrase comes as a shock, since my impression of him is as someone who's seen his share of suffering, but takes it all with a grain of salt. Go talk to Nick, you optimistic Johnnies: draw him out, make him laugh. Maybe trying to speak Greek to him will do the trick.

The place itself is more or less easygoing, an excellent spot for meeting with people you actually want to interact with, and with whom the environment doesn't need to provide entertainment. I feel as though there is an element of seriousness, of structure, running through its wood paneled veins; maybe that's just a product of all of the black and white photos of soldiers on the walls. There used to be pool tables downstairs, but Nick tells me that

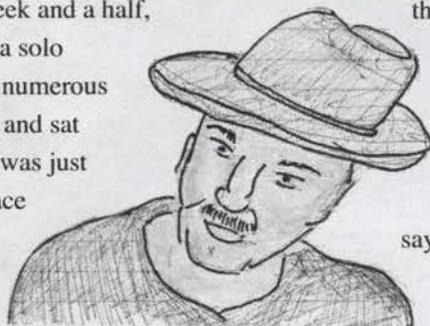
they have closed the downstairs indefinitely, and gives no explanation. I think he thrives off appearing mysterious. I like him a lot.

I ask Nick about his other bar, Evangelo's Mediterranean, and he doesn't say much about it, except that it's closed during the day, but open every night from six until two. I don't pursue the conversation because I have no intention

of including the Mediterranean in my review, but the next night, Friday, I'm whirling around packing for this road trip when Lauren and Lauren come over. They are intoxicated with spring break and god only knows what else, and so we sit around and drink wine and play heated video games (The Lion King, Aladdin, and Sonic the Hedgehog,) until about 11:30, when Miss Moser starts talking about how she REALLY wants to go play pool. She ends up convincing us, as usual, to go out, and we head to the Mediterranean. I've been there before, but I've never noticed what a great DJ they have. I don't know who he is or if the same guy plays there every night, but I have to give props to this particular individual for not only playing awesome music, but for restraining his laughter when Miss Gockley and I go ask him, giggling and hiccuping, to play Rapper's Delight.

Anyway, this is the place to be if you're a pool or foosball player; in fact, there's not much else to do. I don't know how they can in good conscience have such excellent music and no place to dance; I guess that's what the bar tables are for... It's a fun little bar, and I imagine it's even nicer when it's warm and you can hang out outside on the patio. I've heard from others that it's sleazy, and that one should be wary of beating at pool or foosball anyone markedly bigger than oneself, but as for my naive, white, oblivious self, I've never felt uncomfortable there, so take that advice or leave it. Ciao!

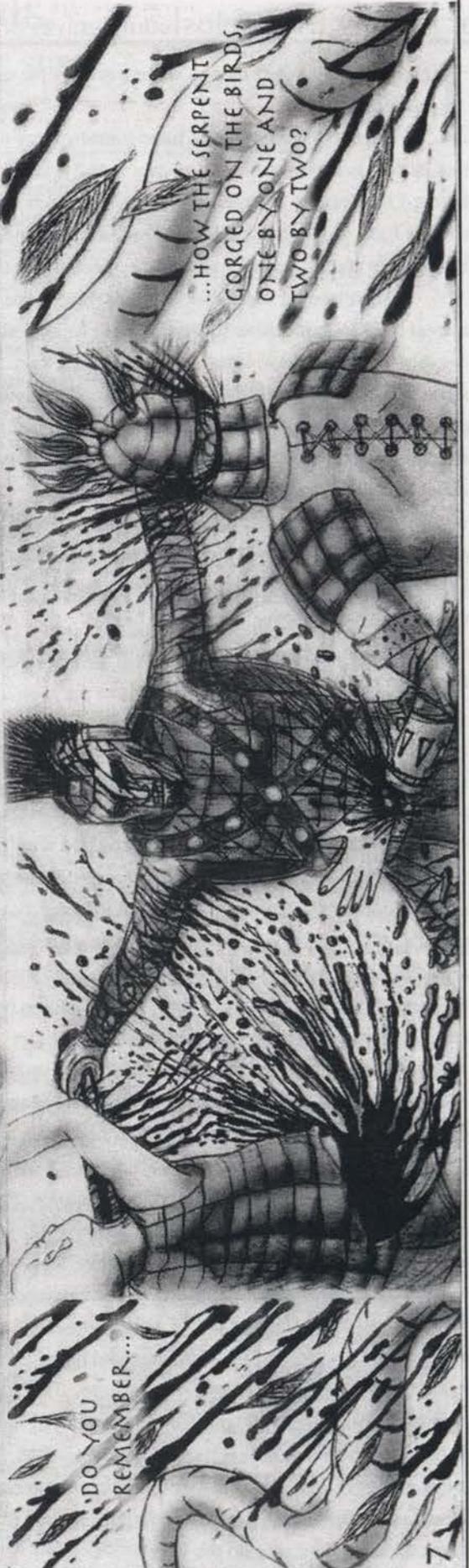
Emily Graves has never, ever kissed a bartender for a free drink. Yeah, and margaritas don't get you drunk.





ODYSSEUS,
DO YOU
REMEMBER
THE TALE
OF THE SNAKE?

THE STORY
OF A SNAKE
WHICH
CREPT UP
BENEATH A
TROIAN TREE,
WHERE
NINE BIRDS
WERE RESTING...



DO YOU
REMEMBER...

...HOW THE SERPENT
GORGED ON THE BIRDS,
ONE BY ONE AND
TWO BY TWO?

CANTO XVIII

BY NOW WE WERE SO DISTANT FROM THE WOOD THAT I SHOULD NOT HAVE MADE IT OUT WHERE IT WAS WHEN WE CAME UPON A COMPANY OF SPIRITS WHO MADE THEIR WAY ALONG THE BANK OF SAND. THEN I WAS RECOGNIZED BY ONE, WHO TOOK ME BY THE HEM AND CRIED OUT.

THIS IS MARVELOUS!

ARE YOU HERE, SER BRUNETTO?

MY SON, DO NOT MIND IF BRUNETTO LINGERS FOR A WHILE WITH YOU, WITH ALL MY STRENGTH, STAY!

WHAT DESTINY OF CHANCE HAS LED YOU HERE BEFORE YOUR LAST DAY?

THERE, IN THE SUNLIT LIFE ABOVE, I WENT ASTRAY WITHIN A VALLEY; WHEN I WAS NEWLY LOST, HE APPEARED TO GUIDE ME BACK HOME.

IF YOU PURSUE YOUR STAR, YOU CANNOT FAIL TO REACH A SPLENDID HARBOR, IF I AM RIGHT.

IF MY DESIRE WERE ANSWERED TOTALLY, YOU'D STILL BE AMONG, NOT BANISHED FROM HUMANITY.

TO KNOW OF SOME IS GOOD; BUT FOR THE REST, SILENCE IS TO BE PRAISED; THE TIME WE HAVE IS TOO SHORT FOR SUCH TALK.

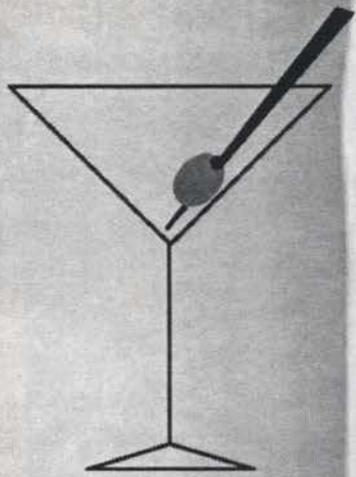
HE WHO TAKES NOTE OF THIS HAS LISTENED WELL.

2ND ZONE SODOMITES



Luck

be a lady



Lola's
2004

May 1st