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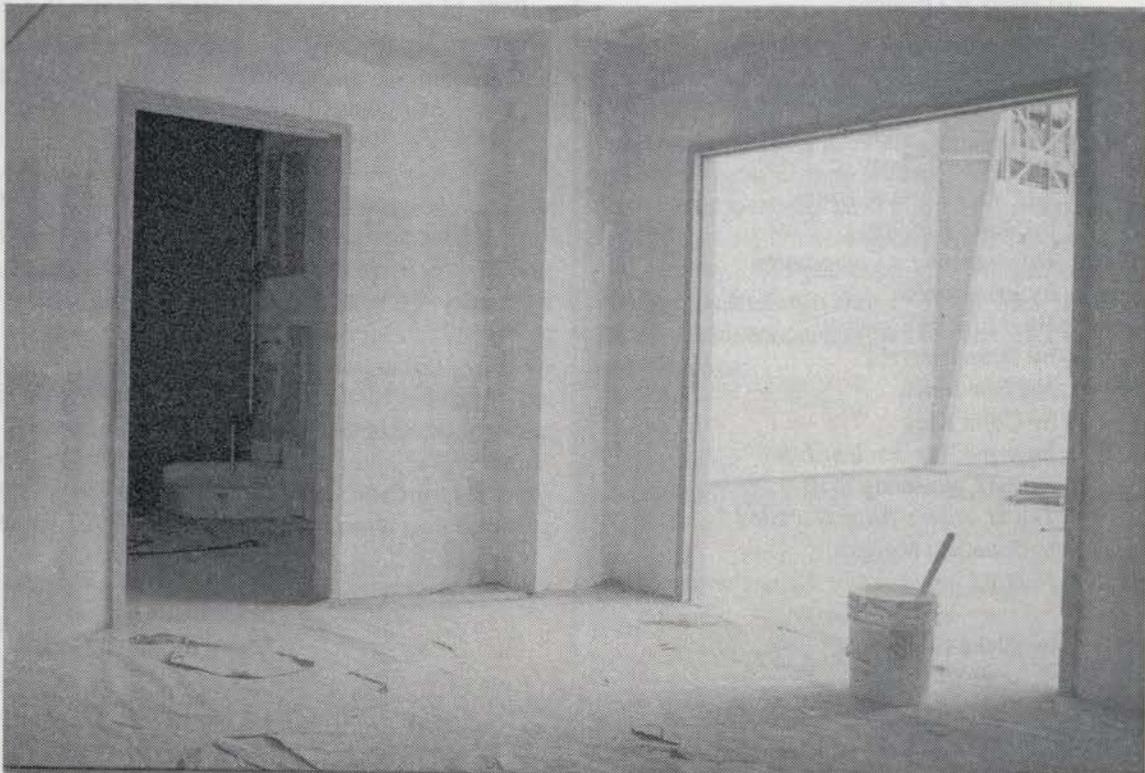
MOONTAG

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2000 ELECTION CAMPUS SURVEY RESULTS

A TUTOR'S THOUGHTS ON PAPERS

INTRODUCING THE YEARBOOK





LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

To the College community:

First off, we would like to apologize to the school for being so delayed in this latest issue. With so much going on both academically (i.e., semester seminar papers) as well as socially (i.e., Parents' Weekend) we here at *The MoonTAG* have had a great deal on our plate outside of our usually boring, uneventful lives.

On the other hand, we are very pleased to give you our latest issue. This is the first issue created in our new office in the basement of FAB. (FAB 19, that is.) Right now things are a little sparse (we didn't have any chairs to sit in, and boxes get a little uncomfortable after a while), however we are not complaining. Soon *The MoonTAG* will be fully operational and no Rebel planet will be safe.

Ahh... wait... Never mind. Nonetheless, we have been able to produce a fine paper for you. You will see that Chris Wanagaris has compiled the results from his Election 2000 survey, that Blake Hindley makes fun of both Mr. Mehlhaff and Mr. Petrie (among others) in his Pro-Pornography article, and we have our first article from a Tutor this year (hopefully the first of many, thanks Mr. Stickney).

Mainly the point of this letter was to inform our reading public that *The MoonTAG* is still going full force. We apologize for any inconvenience we may have caused you and your families. Please secure your trays and place your seat backs in their upright positions.

Well, in not so many other words, please enjoy this issue.

Sincerely,
Aaron Mehlhaff
Geoffrey Petrie
Moon Editors

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LETTERS & OPINIONS

Dear editors & the college community;

I am writing this letter in hopes of starting an ongoing discussion which will involve members from every part of the college community. I honestly don't know if the rumor I heard as a freshman in 1996 was true or not, but I have been thinking about it since then and have really begun to wonder why we are here at St. John's.

Rumor:

Roe vs. Wade court documents used to be on the program and some senior girls had gone to the dean to have it removed. I was told that their reasoning was that abortion is such a personal thing, it would be too difficult to be judged by your peers in a class setting, after having chosen that particular course of action in their own lives. The legality of termination of a pregnancy should not be something we discuss due to the high level of sensitivity it creates. Basically, my understanding of the rumor was that some students did not want to be judged by their peers in this particular matter.

My response:

Is this rumor true? Did we take the court hearings off of the program to accommodate these people? Is this the right thing to do? I really do not want to start a debate about whether abortion is Right or Wrong. I want to know if this court hearing is any different from any other thing we should attempt to discuss here at St. John's. My personal belief is that in each class we have, everyone should be having their personal opinions questioned and judged by their peers. Each time we read someone who is proving the truth of any given religion, I hope there is someone in class who fundamentally disagrees with that religion. The point is that (as a class) we are not judging the text, we are trying to understand it. To gain knowledge by discussing the issues raised in the text, and examining our pre-existing beliefs seems to me the only reason why we are here. When we read Augustine, should we not think about his theft of someone else's pear and consider our own beliefs on theft? Is it ever the case that our opinions and beliefs should become set in stone, never to be moved by logical reasoning, never to be confirmed by another writer?

As I said, I hope this will facilitate a discussion via the (greatly improved) MoonTag. I am not passing judgment on anyone, and I do not mean to trivialize the important personal decisions behind abortion, but I really would like to know if I have perhaps spent my time here incorrectly. I do not believe that people should change their opinions every time they read a new text; I simply think that one reason we are here is to each grow into who we are, to learn what we believe in rather than what we were taught in high school and by our parents. I think each student should have a mental comparison of what they think in relation to the texts we read, continually examining pre-existing beliefs and trying to decide if we have been led astray in the past, or if we are still on our own track towards understanding what we believe.

Erin Hurowitz, '01

To the Editors of Moon-Tag,

I cannot believe what an arrogant, uptight, self-serving asshole Mr. Kovsky is. How can he not understand that S&C is nothing more than good, harmless fun? Every year some whiny, little prude submits an article about the death of Romanticism, and how horrible and shocking S&C is. No one has ever gotten hurt at S&C. It's just cheap fun. And college is the only place where we will have the chance to indulge our selves in this behavior in all of our life time. So loosen up and enjoy it!

There's nothing more difficult than trying to imagine how the rest of the world thinks, or how they look at you. Bearing that in mind, I have done my best to paraphrase some of the objections made about my recent article "S&C, Truth and Beauty, and Sheep." My above paraphrasing may come across as rather satirical or mocking, or it may ring of the truth. (Life sometimes IS stranger than fiction.) The decision is yours.

Now that some weeks have passed, and my words have had time to settle in the minds of our readers, I would like to make an addition to my original article. In short, I would like to apologize to the college community. Not for the criticisms or observations I made, but for the sheep. While I apologize to any fans of sheep that I might have offended (don't get me wrong—the sheep is a noble and admirable creature), my intent is to apologize for hiding behind the sheep joke, and thus detracting from the seriousness of my article.

My original intent was to point out the inherent hypocrisy that S&C presents to this campus. The one fundamental question I have seen discussed in all the philosophy I have read here in the last year and a half (and perhaps the one goal of a liberal education as well) is this: How does one live a good life? Gratifying every desire we have, especially the most base of desires, would seem to be the definitive answer of how not to lead a good life. It may seem shocking to some that I would dare to even suggest that we actually take some of the ideas we read here and apply them to our own lives. But if we cannot, all is lost. There is no point to our education if we fill our heads with high ideals but make no effort to apply them to our own lives.

There is one other point I feel I must drive home, and I know most of you will disagree strongly with me. S&C is boring. It is akin to handing out uniforms to rebels. S&C is just another form of conformity. To quote *American Beauty* (an excellent film on the nature of love): "You're boring. And ordinary. And you know it." Furthermore, it is a horrible way to introduce the freshmen class to college life. This is not the kind of event that we want mentioned in our brochure. But we cannot deny that it happens every year.

Sincerely,
Eddie Kovsky



ELECTION 2000 SURVEY RESULTS

Compiled and Written By Christopher Warnagiris, '02



Polls tend to capture just exactly how uncertain they are in their measurements. Finding an accurate poll of, say, an upcoming Presidential election can be as difficult and frustrating as waiting for the actual results on election night. For apathetic voters or voters more concerned with polishing off their seminar reading, however, it is not quite so frustrating.

Following are all respondents' write-in candidate selections. They are not arranged in any particular order, except multiple responses are listed first, followed by their number of responses. All other responses are kept true to their spelling and comments.

- Ralph Nader - 14 times
- Bill Bradley - 4 times
- Alan Keyes - 3 times
- Madeleine Albright - 2 times
- John McCain - 2 times
- Marshall Rosenberg, founder of Center for Non-violent Communication - 2 times
- My Mom - 2 times
- Barbara Bush
- Ivan Karamazov
- William Wallace
- ?
- F. Zappa
- The guy who play Jean-Luke Picard on Star Trek the Next Generation
- A Texan!! (just kidding)
- Noam Chomsky
- Any extremely intelligent woman
- Barbara Streisand
- Harry Brown
- Dave Barry
- Jonah Goldberg, Columnist
- Timothy Robbins
- Conan O'Brien
- Jack Welch CEO, GE
- Barry Goldwater
- Murray Hill
- Colin Powell (but he would've been assassinated)
- Mario Cuomo
- Jello Biafra
- my father
- Grant Franks
- Willie Nelson
- Vinny or Hunter S. Thompson
- John McCarthy
- Socrates
- Ben Truesdale
- David Boliton
- Jesse Jackson or Emperor Heroheto
- Probably someone not listed above.
- David Brower
- Albert Gore
- Gandhi, or Jim Hightower, or Nader
- Cato the Younger
- Karl Marx
- John Kibodeaux
- J. Caesar
- Dick Cheney
- Bob Dylan

The old saying goes: "statistics are like a bikini: what they reveal is suggestive but what they conceal is vital," and little holds more true than this when it comes to Presidential polling. This year in particular is an election year that can see the closest race (with arguably the most at stake) in 40 years. Some have even begun to break out the text books just to see what would happen in the rare occasion the two candidates tie in the electoral college. It is that close.

Most "scientific" polls today come with a statistical margin of error, usually in the neighborhood of three or four percentage points. So a candidate that has a two-point lead may actually be trailing in the race.

So polls suck and are usually inaccurate. Why in the world would anyone care for them, or worse, solicit perhaps the most isolated academic population in the country for their opinions on a race they would hardly know about?

Because we like bikinis, and we want a general measure of vintage St. John's College apathy. That said, let us take a look at the results.

How many were handed out? That is tough to say, but if you can count the number of undergraduates and graduate students, plus tutors, minus the students and tutors who never got one, you might have a good idea. It can be estimated somewhere around 600 total. Of that ambiguous number, 89 were returned, 51 found in the recycling bin, and three that were too late to be factored into the total statistics (but their write-in answers will be duly represented). This is a "voter turnout" of roughly 15 percent, well below the national average of 35 percent or so. Give it up for democracy.

Any chance of a "scientific" sampling of the Santa Fe campus is pretty much lost with the lack of participation, but we can go along with what we are given.

Biographical Cross-Section

To get slightly personal with our respondents, 51 of them are male, 37 female and 1 curiously abstained from this question. At any rate, 46 consider themselves liberal (18 of this number are women); 26 (14) moderate; 10 (1) conservative, with 6 (3) abstentions. None of the liberals cast a vote for George W. Bush, while none of the conservatives cast a vote for Albert Gore. However, interestingly enough, 21 (8) liberals sent their votes to Ralph Nader, while 21 (10) voted Gore.

Registered Party

There are 25 (10) Registered Democrats; 12 (4) Republicans; 28 (16) Independents; with

21 (6) Other Registered Party Members; only 2 are not registered to vote; and one abstention. Of these, not surprisingly, 15 (6) Democrats sided with Gore; but 9 (3) defected to Green Party Candidate Ralph Nader.

Pick for President

Let's get it out of the way. If the 89 respondents to the survey were our king-makers, we would have Ralph Nader in the White House in January. He carried 43 percent of the vote (38 votes, 16 female). Democrat Al Gore was a close second with 36 percent (32 votes, 15 women). Republican George W. Bush carried 17 percent (15 votes, 4 women).

Libertarian candidate Harry Browne garnered three total votes, one of them female, while Reform Party candidate Patrick Buchanan nailed down a single female vote. You figure out the percentages.

Lazio/Hillary!

This is very easily the second-most well-known, if not second-most important, race in the November election. The winner claims the right to be the New York representative in the United States Senate. Interestingly though, 24 people (27 percent) chose not to respond to this survey, for reasons ranging from lack of knowledge of the campaign, to not being a resident of New York and therefore unable to cast a vote for either. Outside the St. John's microcosm, this race tends to be on as large a scale as the Presidency, particularly because it marks the first time any First Lady has run for elected office, and that is why the question was intended for every respondent, not just those from New York. The campaign to fill retiring Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan's empty seat has raised serious issues ranging from party control of the Senate to Mrs. Clinton's future political ambitions, two issues of which the average New Yorker—or any citizen, for that matter—does not want to be in the middle.

That said, of the remaining voters who chose to select either Republican Rick A. Lazio or Democrat Hillary! Rodham Clinton (the exclamation point is cognizant of Mrs. Clinton's campaign logo), 39 chose the first lady and 29 (11) selected the native Long Island representative. All 15 of those who selected George W. Bush also selected Lazio, along with 5 (3) Gories. Only four (2) Nader-heads supported Lazio, but two-thirds (16) of the total abstentions were Nader-heads. Another seven of the remaining eight Rick Lazio supporters also support Gore.

ELECTION 2000 SURVEY RESULTS

Nader Factor

The Gore campaign has long been torn by a dilemma: how to appear conservative enough to appeal to the large group of moderate voters, while winning back the crucial liberal vote that has defected to the Nader camp. Our survey asked a question geared towards just this issue. If you had to choose between Al Gore and George W. Bush, whom would you select? Some people did not notice the *had* part of this question, opting to leave it blank in protest or in an amount of indecision. Many did not find reprieve in the following question either, which asked if the respondent would cast a vote for President at all if given the choice of only the two. Naturally all the Gore and Bush supporters said they would vote for their candidate, but the question was mainly for third-party voters. Overwhelmingly, 35 (14) of the 38 Nader-heads would vote for Al Gore if they had to, but seven said they would not vote at all. Only two (2) Nader respondents said they would vote for Bush, and both indicated they would not vote if given only this choice. All three Harry Brownies said they would support Gore as well. If this were truly a two-party race (essentially it is, I know), perhaps the polls would not be so close. Our survey then shows 70 people would vote Gore (minus the inconsequential 9 for those who would not vote) to only 17 Bushies, minus two Bushies who would not vote at all. There were two abstentions.

Congressional Districts

Most respondents will vote Democrat in their respective congressional districts this fall. Thirty-three people (17) will vote for the ass's party, while the elephant will only see 15 (4) Johnnie alums pull its lever. Independents will send 28 (13 plus 1 who will not vote in the election) to the polling booth. Twenty-three (10) of the 32 Gories will vote Democratic, one Republican, seven Independent, with one abstention. Twelve of the 15 Bushies will go Republican, none voting Democratic, two Independent, with one abstention.

Favorite Rag

New York papers by far have the advantage of Johnnie readers, regardless of the fact that Santa Fe is over 2000 miles away. The *New York Times* alone obtained a huge advantage among Johnnies, with 47 (24) readers. Twenty (7) abstained. The *Wall Street Journal* was a poor second with only eight (3) readers. *Washington Post* made a feeble attempt at coming in third with only seven (1) readers. The

Boston Globe has three male readers, the *Los Angeles Times* claims one male and one female, while both the *New York Post* and *USA Today* had one male and one female reader, respectively. Most conservatives were condensed into the *Wall Street Journal* according to this survey.

The Era of Big Clinton is Over

Even with the liberal tendency St. John's voters have, if it were up to them, Bill Clinton would not see office again this November, were he able to run. Six (5) people abstained from this question, mainly due to an uncertainty of voting, since they would have liked to know whom he would be running against. Apologies in regard to the wording of the question; it was assumed everyone would have been firm in their favorability or unfavorability, regarding the President after eight years of his rule, and this should have been the real question. The statistics of the survey indicate a 52 (22) to 31 (10) margin of respondents who would not vote for President Clinton again.

Again, all the Bushies not too surprisingly voted "nay" to this question, including one write-in "hell no," while the Gories were split. Nineteen (7) of the Gories voted "yea," while a relatively surprising eight (5) said "nay."

The biggest reason for the anti-Clinton sentiments, however, can be pinned on the Nader-heads. Even though, as stated above, an overwhelming 35 of them would vote Gore if they had to, minus the seven who would not vote, an incredible 28 (12) voted "nay" to giving Willie a third term. Only nine (2) would like to hear from his kind again, and one abstained. It is very interesting that many liberals and Gories would not give support to Clinton.

All three Brownies voted to re-elect Clinton, but the

Buchananite said "nay."

It's a Party

If three is a crowd at any gathering, the Presidential race is a mob. The survey asked a question geared toward the respondent's obscure political knowledge, but more aimed at

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Following are all respondents' write-in opinions for most important issue. They are not arranged in any particular order, except the most popular responses are listed first, followed by their number of responses. All other responses are kept true to their spelling and comments. Multiple answers are recorded, and related responses are grouped under a common heading.

- Education - 18 total
 - Student Loans, what are we all going to do?
- Appointing Supreme Court Justices [note: "Roe v. Wade" is included in this group; "Abortion" is not] - 12 total
- Environment - 11 total
 - Preserving forests + not diggin' for oil
- Campaign Finance Reform - 7 total
 - 3rd party recognition
 - Reform (electoral and Party)
 - State of American electoral process
- Taxes - 6 total
 - Budget Surplus - 2 total
 - Deficit
- Health Care - 5 total
- Abortion - 4 total
- Intelligent, informed President - 4 total
 - Electing someone who is a competent and honest individual
 - Electing someone that can spell
 - Having a president who actually does something
- Corporatization of America - 3 total
 - Will government be made obsolete by business? Rather, when will gover...?
 - Less corporate influence in our lives
- Death Penalty - 2 total
- Defense - 2 total
- Honesty/Integrity - 2 total
- Social Security - 2 total
- Foreign Policy - 2 total
 - Middle Eastern Relations
- (Women!)
- Energy
- Competence
- Perfect from Now On vs. There Is Nothing Wrong With Love
- Sanctity of Human Life
- can't narrow it down to one
- Keeping Bush out of the White House
- More vs. less Federal involvement in economic issues
- Mars Colonization
- that we will have a bad president no matter what and averting a violent upheaval
- Civil liberties
- Change
- The need for U.S. leaders to take definitive and sincere and humble and pious stances on all areas of U.S. life-and the country will choose to or not to follow by its vote and its daily action.
- Virtue
- Finding better candidates

WHAT IS A ST. JOHN'S ESSAY OR "PERSECUTING THE ART OF WRITING"

By Carey Stickney, Tutor

I cannot claim to speak for the college. It sometimes seems as if nobody can. That is, anything any member of the college might say about what the college is or does is liable to be contradicted by another member of the college. And the objector is usually not without some good reason for disagreeing. Perhaps that is a kind of glory of this place, that we are constantly correcting one another. At least we care enough to air our disagreements. I graduated from the Annapolis campus twenty-five years ago, and have been a tutor in Santa Fe for the last twenty years. I will try to say what has been my understanding of what the college means by an "essay," according to what I have been hearing from older colleagues and saying to students and younger colleagues over those years. I will not be surprised if my remarks call forth a refutation. To some degree they are bound to be one-sided.

First of all, what it is not: a research paper. It does not expect the writer to assemble the views of the learned and summarize them and take a position somewhere in the middle, or even propose a radically new solution to a given problem heretofore outlined in the secondary literature. Neither does a St. John's essay set out to solve a problem of fact: e.g., how many voters fail to vote because they can't get to the polling place? Neither should it be first and foremost an exercise in persuasion, laying out a thesis and defending it as a trial lawyer seeks a particular verdict from a jury or a skilled bureaucrat seeks to persuade higher management in a well-worded memo. None of these modes of writing is to be despised; but none of them is a St. John's essay. I will grasp the nettle and say that the aim of an essay at this college is much more to seek what is true than to produce what is plausible.

The word "essay" means "attempt, trial, taste." What is it an attempt at? It is an attempt to find out what one understands, what one thinks is true, what the real questions seem to be, regarding some aspect of a book one has read or a discussion one has had about that book. The book should be one that has been read as if it might contain the truth. It is a trial of one's own powers of exploration and discovery, a kind of two person seminar: you and

the book. It is a small taste of a larger dish: namely the whole of things as it may in fact be or as it may have appeared to an author one is hoping to learn from. It is a mode of learning. I find myself saying to students, "I want you to write an essay which you learn from as you write." Of course one might learn something by writing all sorts of things — chains of free associations, fictions, even counts of how many voters fail to get to the polls. What I suppose I mean is something like the learning one does in a seminar conversation. There is a question; one attempts answers, giving reasons for what one proposes. Objections confront any proposed answer. We seek higher ground from which to see opposed viewpoints together. Other questions may arise. One may seek the prior understandings that are necessary for a fuller account of the question. One may try to imagine the consequences of particular answers. Peculiar details or anomalies in an author's account may come to light, seeming to require a revision of previous opinions. One may turn to the question of possible motives for one view or another, only to discover that one has no compelling reason for one's own habitual view.

Another typical essay-writing prescription is, "It should begin with a genuine question that matters to you." It should begin with a question because asking a question is the necessary preliminary to learning. A genuine question is one whose answer you don't already have up your sleeve. It should matter to you because setting sail on the sea of inquiry can be daunting and the effort must be sustained by free choice and real desire. If you are not finding out about something you really want to know, something that might make a difference to you, then you are marking time or jumping through hoops. The more it matters to you, the more energy you are liable to put into thinking about it. This does not mean an essay must give a full account of why you want to know what you are asking about, or that its topic must always be earth-shaking. It may begin very simply with a position remembered from a seminar that seemed particularly good. What was so right in what we were saying that night about that book, how did we get

there, and what follows next? What if we were wrong? Or one may only know at the start that one is troubled by some aspect of a reading and cannot forget it. One need not perform self-psychoanalysis as a preliminary to choosing an essay topic — some of the readings will have moved you and some of the things said in discussions will have mattered to you, or else you should be thinking about transferring to a different college.

An essay is modest. It is not ashamed of the first person and it is aware of its own finitude. Writing it entails accepting limitations in time and space. An essay does not aspire to be an exhaustive or irrefutable treatment of anything. One tries to get as far and be as clear as one can, given the time and energy available. Then one hands in the results on the day they are due. One is unlikely to be perfectly satisfied. There will be other essays. There should nevertheless have been time to proofread one's effort, to correct spelling and make sure every sentence has a subject and a verb that agree. Anything less shows contempt not only for the reader, but for the writer's own thought.

A contrast may be useful here. One can imagine a piece of writing which begins with its conclusion already established in the writer's mind, never mind how, and for which the interesting problem is how to get the reader fully convinced that the conclusion is correct. The paths the writer followed to establish the conclusion may or may not be the most persuasive ones along which to send the reader. I think a St. John's essay seeks to show the reader the paths the writer followed on the track of a question — even if there is no clear conclusion in the sense of a formulable thesis. Of course there may after all be such a conclusion, and an essay may abound in persuasive arguments, indeed it can hardly do without them altogether, but these are not the chief point. It is more about the act of thinking than it is about the result. Some essays carefully lay out a path up a mountain that leads to a glorious view, some seem to presuppose a helicopter ride but still show you the view, some only show you the steps along several unfinished paths, but still manage to make it clear

that these are paths leading upward. It is not always clear which kind did its writer the most good.

The college seems contrarian sometimes: it seems to find especially charming or worthy those things the present day world most neglects. For example the idea that it might be more important to know what you yourself think and why you think it than how to persuade people of any arbitrary notion: why not agree instead that only experts are liable to have anything seriously worth thinking about to say? If you are not an expert in some particular field, you'd better be an expert at persuasion. The prevalent view is probably that nobody gives a damn in the real world what your little opinions may be unless you know how to argue compellingly for them, and that the school of hard knocks will soon teach you the value of maundering aloud on paper, lost in wonder at how much you do not understand. But if it is in fact rather difficult to arrive at an opinion that is truly your own, and perilously easy to lead a life in which buzz-words and the current "climate of opinion" become a full and sufficient substitute for any real thought, then it may be necessary to run the risk of such maundering, if what is at stake is learning to think for yourself.

There are methods for writing clear and persuasive papers. They are undoubtedly worth our attention. They can be taught and learned. Socrates goes over some in Phaedrus. There are not really methods for arriving at insights, Descartes to the contrary notwithstanding. A seminar is not a method; an essay is not a method. That is part of what makes an essay an adventure: there are no guarantees. "Knowing what one thinks," is rarely a matter of entering a centrally located room in the mansion of one's soul and consulting a list of answers. The thinking has to happen, sometimes at considerable length, before one can know what it is getting to, and the heart of thinking is asking questions. Essay writing is a mode of thinking. Now and for the rest of one's life it may often be very hard to know just what one thinks about all kinds of things. Talking about them or writing about them in certain ways can help: it may bring one to some insight, even if that insight is not an answer but only a clarification of what the question really means. Most St. John's graduates will not have roomfuls of their peers available at regular intervals for the rest of their lives to assist them in discovering what they think by discussing the books they have read in common, though alumni association chapters can

and do perform that very function where they exist. But all graduates will go on having the chance to write their thoughts and to seek clarity that way, if they have learned the pleasures and perils of essay-writing.

Of course an essay is not simply a solip-sistic seminar discussion on paper. It provides the opportunity to try thinking a thought through more carefully and thoroughly than a discussion is likely to allow. It invites a calmer reflection and a more scrupulous fairness to possible objections. By providing the writer with the chance to revise and polish, it allows for a beauty and clarity of presentation that is likewise often lacking in conversation. These are virtues proper to an essay but they are not substitutes for the effort of asking one's own question. A student may even be more likely to learn them successfully insofar as they are not practiced in isolation as mere learnable techniques, but as contributors to a higher goal. Most writing programs are silent about any higher goal, but it is better to be a free human being than an accomplished rhetorician. As in the rest of the education at the college, the value of the result is in direct proportion to how much of yourself you manage to put into the process.

St. John's College Poll, *Continued From Page 5*

eliciting guesses: How many parties do you believe have a candidate running for President of the United States? Most people intuited from the nine candidates listed on the survey that there were in fact only nine candidates. Others took the question to mean, "How many parties have a candidate that has an actual legitimate chance at winning the White House?" This was not the question.

According to the vote-smart.org website, there are currently 37 parties who "have either formally filed with the Federal Election Commission, have declared their candidacy through other means, have had draft committees established, or have been mentioned in various media as potential or declared candidates." This means that the parties listed at vote-smart are not necessarily on every ballot. The list also includes, in addition to these 37, at least 20 other candidates with no party affiliation or an unknown party affiliation. Some of the 37 parties include those of "The Lettuce Party," "The Comedian Party," "The Priorities Party," "The

Anti-Hypocrisy Party," and "The National Barking Spider Resurgence Party."

In Conclusion

What can we conclude from this data? Nothing. All of these statistics are unscientific and therefore neither reflect the views of the average Johnnie or the national sentiment. Moreover, they are inconsequential to the outcome of the election. At the very least, however, we now have a slight idea of what current politics means to Johnnies.

The only polls that mean anything are the ones to which Americans will turn out in droves on November 7. Perhaps we can take a look back to the some of the most famous polling mishaps ever, the ones that predicted a Thomas Dewey victory over Harry S. Truman in 1948. Roger Simon reflected upon this in the cover story of the *US News & World Report* August 7, 2000 issue:

"Dewey was certain of victory. The polls all predicted it. 'Dewey's leading supporters were making plans for where they were going to live in Washington,' Harold Stassen, now 93

and living in a health-care center in Bloomington, Minn., recalls. 'But I didn't consider it a cinch. I flew up to Dewey's farm in New York to tell him that he really had to rev up his campaign and not take it for granted.'

Stassen remembers that Dewey gave a superior smile-and nobody could give a superior smile quite like Thomas Dewey-reached into a drawer, and took out a Roper Poll that showed he was far ahead.

'That's quite a poll, but I don't think it is correct,' Stassen said.

Dewey grew incensed. How could Stassen disagree with a poll? Polls were science, and this was an age of science. 'The polls were quite the new rage; they made headlines all across the country,' Stassen says today. 'But I urged Dewey to get out and campaign and meet the issues head on. My long experience is that you can never coast, you have to keep things on a sharp edge to Election Day. Dewey coasted and lost. And all because the polls were no good.'"



SAC FUN FACTS AND HINTS

lazily compiled by Blake Hindley, '04

- Cigars and Vodka are not usually recommended before weightlifting.
- The croquet mallets and tennis balls do not necessarily mix, as this reporter found out.
- Watch out when in the SAC. They've got hidden cameras everywhere!
- Fact: The Graduate Institute students tend to work out more in a misguided effort to change their Johnny Lite curriculum into something heavier.
- If you leave the weights out when you are done, Mark St. John (from now on referred to simply as Mark) will kill you. Current body count: 3
- Dodge ball games between the students and faculty are in the planning stages.
- Fact: Attendance levels at the SAC can be measured by how dirty the restrooms are.
- Mark would like to challenge any student to see if, after four years, he/she can win a single game of Ping Pong against him. If he/she can, Mark will buy him/her dinner at Pranzo's restaurant. Seriously.
- As one would guess, they are not done landscaping the grounds yet.
- Fact: So far the same seven students have gone weightlifting 360 times, while no one else has checked out the SAC yet.

- The SAC's hours shall remain wildly unfixed until Mark figures out when these seven athletes tend to work out the most.
- Fact: The computers at the main reception desk have 3D Pinball on them.
- Buildings and Grounds worker Tony Levato lifts weights at noon, if you want to watch.
- Sometimes, late at night, people will occasionally be seen playing basketball.
- Fact: Racquetball is an insane sport invented to scare the hell out of whomever plays it.
- Fact: The SAC members are trying to get into the next Olympics via Ping Pong and Badminton teams. Or so Mark claims.
- Cool new machines for the weight room will be added when more money comes in, if anyone was thinking of donating. (Hint hint)
- Fact: Mark has a philosophical platitude of some sort, though I've forgotten what it is.
- If you ask really nicely, they'll open up the gym whenever you want them to.
- Fact: Usually only one of the four doors leading into the building is unlocked. Beware..
- The SAC refrigerator is, unsurprisingly, stocked mainly with unappetizing health foods..

- Fact: There is a little model of the SAC inside the actual SAC, with a large ducky on it.
- For most people, a walk down to the SAC would be enough exercise in this altitude.
- Lifting with your back instead of your legs is apparently not a very good idea.
- Wear shoes in the SAC instead of sandals or slippers like I usually do.
- Now students will be more physically pumped during Seminar, allowing them to defend themselves when tutors apply any "Socratic numbing." Note: Seth Rutledge.
- Do not sit on the treadmill when it is running. Run on it.
- As Matthew V. Lippart has shown in the MoonTAG, weightlifting will get you chicks.
- The SAC threatens to render the word "huge" moot in our language.
- Those ST. JOHN'S: GREAT BOOKS, NO GYM shirts have been changed to ST JOHN'S: GREAT BOOKS, NO NEW GYM shirts, altering fashion styles on campus..
- Fact: Mark's girlfriend is moving from New York to Santa Fe soon. Be real nice to her.
- Fact: Somewhere on the lower floor of the SAC is a room totally filled with dirt.

DOCUMENTING A COMMUNITY

By Erin Hanlon, '03

For the past twenty years or so the student body of the Annapolis campus has been able to put forth a yearbook, something that we here in Santa Fe have yet to do. Over the years various groups of students have thought to put one together but were unable to come up with enough material to go to press with. This year I want to change that. Looking around it strikes me that we have a very spirited student body. Attendance at student events, such as the waltz parties and Oktoberfest, is much higher than it has been in recent years. *The MoonTAG* has enough submissions to once again become a bi-weekly publication. Volunteerism with Project Politaie is up. To quote Brendan O'Neill in the Student Events Office, "This is the most involved

student body I have seen on this campus in a long time." I think that if this energy can only be tapped Santa Fe could not only create a yearbook, but produce an excellent one.

Hence I introduce *La Communaute*—SJCSF's first yearbook. Since this is our first attempt, expectations are modest. We are not even going to try to rival your high school yearbook in size, though we will hopefully match, if not exceed, its quality. I admit a yearbook takes work, however, the more people involved the less work for each individual. There is another benefit to a large amount of participation—the more people who contribute the better the representation of the entire college community. As evidenced by the name *La Communaute* (French for

The Community), I want this book to represent all aspects of the college community—undergrads, GIs, tutors and staff. Consequently I need ideas and submissions from all sectors of the St. John's community. This ought to be a publication everyone feels represented by.

If you are interested in volunteering—whether to write a small article, shoot a few rolls of film, or do some computer work—please feel free to stop me in the hall or leave a voicemail at x4307. It doesn't matter if you don't have any previous experience—we can show you what to do.

WAR! LIVE ON CAMPUS

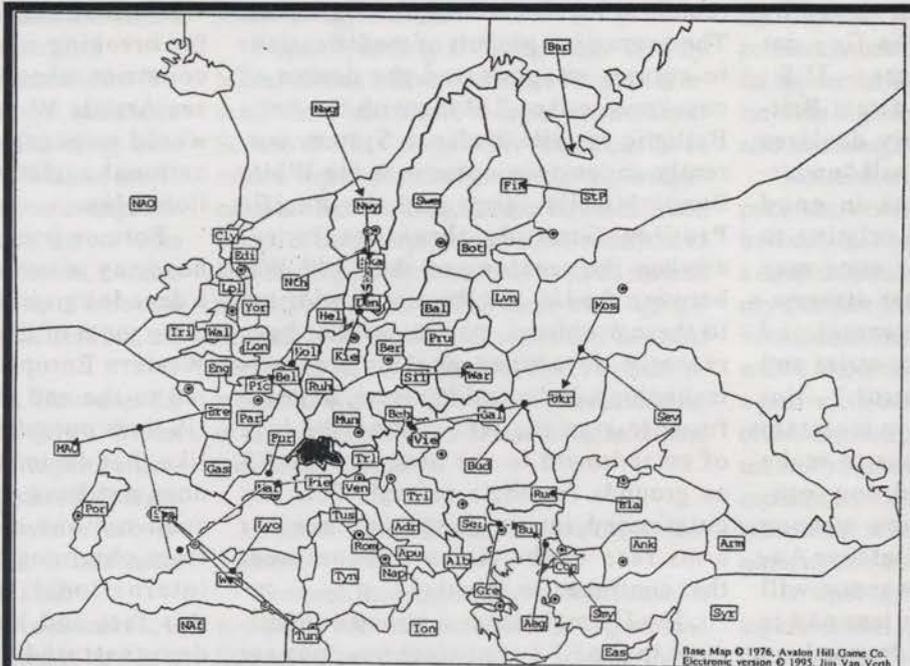
by Dean Paetzold, '01

Ladies and Gentlemen! War was declared three years ago in Europe. The news of the first battles are just reaching us. Apparently there are seven countries waging war in an effort to dominate the European battlefield. Our correspondent is now receiving updates on the movements of the armies and fleets every Friday. Intelligence on where new units will be massed is communicated every other week. We have learned that all countries involved have vowed to continue the violence until one country commands 18 of the 34 supply centers on the continent.

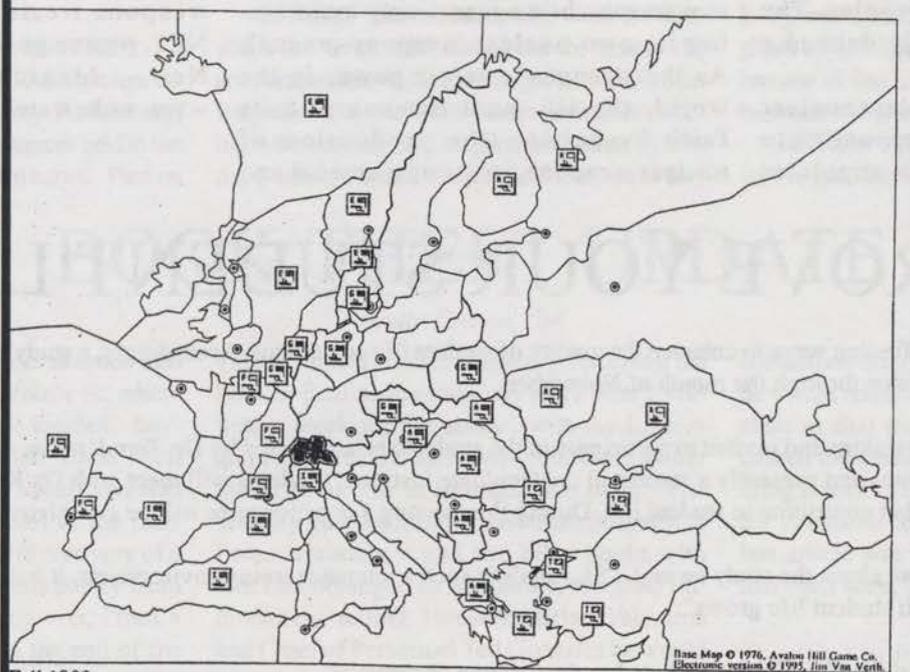
A secret agent from the underground movement in Holland has risked her life to bring you these maps of the latest victories and defeats. She has assured us that she will be able to supply more maps in the future. All readers of this journal are invited to comment on the performance of each country and make predictions on what future maps will reveal. For the time being please send your comments to Dean Paetzold until a non-biased reporter can be found.

Summary of rules: A unit may be ordered to do only one thing on each move: an army may be ordered to move hold or support, a fleet may be ordered to move, hold, support, or convoy.

Associated Press



Spring 1903 Notes: 1) The Russian unit in Galicia had no retreats available, and had to disband.
 2) The French unit in Spain has only one retreat (Portugal) and is now there.



Fall 1903



NUCLEAR NEWS

By Colin King, '01

In 1970 the Nuclear NonProliferation Treaty (NPT) was ratified by the US Senate. The NPT is an international treaty that aims at curbing the further spread of nuclear weapons technology and also the eventual and complete nuclear weapons disarmament by all the nuclear weapons powers. The treaty has now been signed by 186 countries, including the five declared nuclear weapons states—U.S., Russia, China, France, and Great Britain. Article VI of the treaty declares that the signatory countries will “undertake to pursue negotiations in good faith on effective measures relating to the cessation of the nuclear arms race at an early date and to nuclear disarmament, and on a Treaty on general and complete disarmament under strict and effective international control.” Not only has the US continued to maintain its stockpile, but it continues to make weapons modifications and now proposes to create an entirely new weapon with a clause in this year’s Defense Authorization Bill. This new weapon will have a yield of 5 kilotons or less and is very compact. The bomb dropped on Hiroshima, Japan had a yield of 15 kilotons and by modern standards was a very small bomb but still it killed between 80,000 to 140,000 people. The new weapon is appropriately dubbed a “mini-nuke.”

The creation of a new nuclear weapon is obviously in contravention to the NPT’s Article VI which stipulates

that a cessation to the arms race must be reached at an early date. Although nuclear weapons levels are decreasing on both the Russian and US sides, for 30 years after the treaty’s signing the US has failed to act on their commitment of “complete disarmament” and current US nuclear weapons stockpiles remain at levels above 7,000 warheads. The aggressive pursuit of modifications to current weapons and the design of new “mini-nukes,” along with the Anti-Ballistic Missile Defense System currently under development at the White Sands Missile range and the Pacific Proving Grounds threatens to reawaken the tensions of the Cold War between the US and Russia. In addition to these problems, two states that have recently developed nuclear weapons technology, India and Pakistan, have refused to sign the NPT, citing the lack of commitment to the treaty by the US as grounds for their refusal. This has culminated into a dangerous nuclear arms race in the Asian Subcontinent that continues to this day.

The US must show a strong commitment to the NPT if nuclear weapons are to become a thing of the past. The US currently does lip service to the international nuclear non-proliferation movement while aggressively maintaining its own nuclear weapons arsenal. As the strongest nuclear power in the world, the US must demonstrate its faith by halting the production of nuclear weapons for its own arsenal and

negotiate an internationally monitored disarmament of nuclear weapons.

Coincidentally, Article VI of the US Constitution states that any treaties signed by the US will be considered the “law of the land.” Under its own law, long instituted, the US is violating the very thing which the US would consider when declaring war against a country for breaking a treaty. Similarly, those countries who sign treaties with the US see Article VI as the proof that the US would respect such treaties as an international agreement held under international law.

Former president Bush made great headway towards US disarmament over a decade ago when he unilaterally withdrew most of the US nuclear force from Western Europe. It was this move that led to the end of the Cold War. If the US does not take any further initiatives like that demonstrated by Bush, the US does not have the authority to prevent such nations as North Korea or Iraq from obtaining nuclear weapons. The international community recognizes this fact and India and Pakistan fully demonstrated their right to nuclear weapons in 1998 despite US outrage.

For more information on nuclear weapons treaties and the text to the NPT, please go to the Nuclear Watch of New Mexico web page at www.nukewatch.org.

IMPROVE YOUR STUDENT LIFE

The College is interested in finding ways to enhance the quality of student life on campus. Accordingly, a study of student life is planned to start on November 1st and continue through the month of November.

Students will be selected at random and invited to participate in the study, to be conducted by Dr. Tom Krause, an organizational psychologist, friend of the College, alumnus and presently a student in the Graduate Institute. Students will meet with Dr. Krause in small groups for a frank discussion of the factors that contribute to student life. During the meeting a questionnaire will be completed by participants.

When talking with Dr. Krause about the study he said, “St. John’s is such a unique learning environment, it will be a fascinating project to learn about the roots from which student life grows”.

Following the study a written report will be distributed to the College community.

THE ST. JOHN'S TUTOR DECODED

By Jonathan Morgan, '04

The position of St. John's as a Liberal Arts School that teaches solely from original works makes it, I think, unique-or at least exceptional in this society, and arguably the world. The basis of the St. John's philosophy, and the core of the St. John's education, is without question the Great Books. Carrying out the task of teaching these books, however, requires individuals skilled, open-minded, and questioning enough to help guide and shape a student's observation and comprehension.

This is all more-or-less a paraphrase of the "Tutors" section of the St. John's catalogue, and is nothing new to any of us—I'm sure. But it begs some important questions: First of all, Who are the St. John's tutors? If St. John's is 'not your average college' then it would stand to reason that our tutors are not your average college professors. It seems worthwhile to look into the make-up of these men and women and find out what makes them tick, and what brought them here.

Another important question: How does the College select the right person for the job? It must be important to find someone who has proven themselves capable in the field of education, but perhaps more important to find someone who is not over-specialized and adaptable enough to fit comfortable into our little, intellectual 'city on a hill.'

I hope, herein, to demystify the animal that is the St. John's tutor: to show his origins, how he is brought to be, and how he is really a relatively harmless beast—unless provoked. To start off, I think I need to dispel a few myths:

Myth #1: All St. John's tutors have Ph.D's.

Although the majority of St. John's tutors do hold Ph.D's, it is not a vast majority. Furthermore, the college does not emphasize degrees held in the application sent out to prospective tutors. First on

the list of requirements in the 'Tutor Packet' is a detailed letter demonstrating the tutor's understanding of the St. John's program, and his comfort level at having to routinely teach outside his field of expertise.

Myth #2: St. John's requires prospective tutors to have earned some higher degree to even be considered for appointment.

Nope. According to Acting Dean Timothy Miller, whom I interviewed before I began this article, "There is no advanced degree requirement at St. John's." The College Polity (the official list of rules 'n' regulations) confirms this, giving no explanation of educational requirements for tutors. In fact, several of our most prominent tutors, both those of long standing and those recently hired, do not hold any degrees past the undergraduate level. Again, a "Transcript of Formal Academic Studies" is placed next to last on the Prospective Tutor Application—preceded by a letter demonstrating understanding of the curriculum, letters of recommendation, and educational experience.

Myth #3: Most St. John's tutors are former Johnnies.

Not quite. Running over the tutor list, I was able to count 16 who were recorded as having attended St. John's—some of our best and brightest, by the way. The rest of 'em were out in the world getting serious educations, I suppose. Although a sizable minority, it's not a majority by any stretch.

St. John's tutors must usually work for three years, full time, to be considered for tenure. The aren't required or even encouraged to publish. This is significant; at other institutions, a professors' standing in their department are often established by how many articles, books, tracts, and experiments they

have had published in reputable magazines in their field. Not so here, where our tutors are expected to put teaching first.

Referring back again to the Tutor Employment Application, we can again see how St. John's de-emphasizes the publishing issue. A request for any previously published articles is the very last point on the application, and is followed by the cautionary statement: "The College... does not regard a publication record as a necessary condition for initial appointment, but to read some of your writing may help us get to know you." Clearly, St. John's is after something a little more holistic than average.

This sentiment is indicated by the appointment procedure, too. A select number of applicants are invited by the Faculty Committee and the Dean for a campus visit and formal interview with the Faculty Committee, who are in charge of making the recommendation for appointment to the President and the Instruction Committee. This means that, to a great extent, the faculty themselves are in charge of choosing their peers. The Faculty Committee can use their judgment as teaches to decide whether an applicant is suited for the St. John's environment, unlike many schools where appointment is a more administrative decision.

So what was the point of this moderately boring little article? I guess I wanted to remind the student body that we really do have an exceptional bunch of educators here, helping us along. And that our school sets things up in such a way that they get a consistent and consistently interesting Faculty Body, with a more unified feel and a stronger emphasis on joint-learning than occurs elsewhere. And, because of this, our tutors really are some of the best men and women for the job.

And now I'm done, so go back to studying; you've got class tomorrow.

BOOK THEFT UPDATE

Emily Graves, '04

Good news: the ivory tower extends into town. Specifically, to 211 E. Palace St, where Nicholas Potter Booksellers is located. Several issues ago, an article entitled "Book Theft Intrigue" was included in the Moon, and was for the most part a direct report of the facts surrounding the recent theft and recovery of a valuable edition of Robert Burns poetry from tutor Mark Rollins' office. However, I took a bit of editorial license toward the end of the article, claiming that St. John's, because of the

virtue Nicholas Potter showed in returning the book to Rollins immediately and Potter's voluntary work for the school with the Library and Fine Arts Guild, should reimburse Potter the \$200 he lost in returning the book. The security guard who sold the stolen property to Potter, claiming it and two other books with him had belonged to his family, resigned immediately, telling Treasurer Brian Valentine and Chief of Personnel Ted Gonzales he would give the money back to Potter. The man even

contacted Potter himself by telephone and said he would return the money, though it was unclear at that point whether he had already cashed the check or whether he could simply bring it back to Potter. A month after he stated his intentions to return the money, when the last article was written, no sign of the \$200 had been seen. Thus I voiced my belief that

Continued on Page 12

PUBLIC CLAMORING FOR MORE PORNOGRAPHY ON MOON COVER

by Blake Hindley, '04

SANTA FE, NM—In Issue 2 of the MoonTAG, the same newspaper which you are now reading, a black and white photograph of a supple young woman dressed in many bracelets and necklaces and displaying one of her naked teats graced the cover of our fine, upstanding publication. This picture was quite warmly received.

Yet Issue 3, much to many valued readers' chagrin, did not contain any similar pornographic images on the cover, but rather an extremely lopsided photograph of a man standing at the beach with his dog. To make matters worse, the man was in silhouette, thus making it impossible to tell whether or not he was nude. Plus, he was obstructing view of the dog, who very likely may have been naked. Following the publication of this issue, several upset people, including students, faculty, and the Aramark workers, have come forward requesting more soft-core pornography on the covers of the MoonTAG.

Other photos on the inside and back of Issue 3 did little to quell the populace's discontent instigated by the cover, as a photo of the fish pond and several screen shots from the computer game Star Craft did little to satisfy the horny public. Reportedly a few unknowns did actually find the Star Craft photos sexually pleasing in an odd

sort of way, but that fact remains unsubstantiated as of press time.

The purpose of the dirty, racy imagery, editors of the MoonTAG admit, was to intentionally generate controversy so to actually get some letters sent to their Letter Editor, who so far has had nothing to do with himself. They also just really loved the picture, and couldn't help sharing it with the sedate plebian population..

"Perhaps we should simply try harder to offend the college community, by merely posting evil messages such as [deleted for extremely insulting content] or [deleted for the same reason]," said Moon editor Aaron Mehlhaff. "We might also include photos of [freshman] Blake Hindley's extraordinarily sexy forearms... hmmm, the Rutledge brothers are always naked. We could easily photograph them!"

"At least we pleased Polity with this pornography, and they have donated us money to continue our hilarious restaurant reviews by Dean Paetzold," Mehlhaff added.

The only complaint with this nudie picture, other than complaints that only one breast was evident and no genitalia were visible, occurred on the day of publication. Reportedly one student, who has requested that her name not be printed, stood up in

the dining hall during lunch to protest the image, declaring that "this woman has a mother. She may be a mother herself." Everyone took the complaint in jest and continued eating. MoonTAG editor Geoffrey Petrie was also apparently called Larry Flynt, though this was taken as a complement.

But the last issue, with its lack of photos of scandalously unclothed women, caused much more controversy, as massive hoards of severely sexually repressed male students, as well as a few females, have complained about the lack of offensive imagery. Perverts protested outside the MoonTAG office, which is currently an unclean closet in the Fine Arts Building, to the chant of "We want porno! We want porno!" The perverts then got tired with protesting and left to go watch anime and masturbate.

The public's cries have not gone unheard, and the editors of the MoonTAG wish to apologize for any further repression they may have caused. The MoonTAG vows to either publish more pornography in their upcoming issues or to list out Internet addresses where readers may find adult material for themselves.

Book Theft Update cont'd

the good bookseller should be reimbursed by the college, even if as nothing more than an act of good faith.

Someone in administration took that claim seriously, because several days after that issue of the Moon came out, Nicholas Potter received a check for \$200 from President Carey in the mail. Unfortunately, both Carey and Treasurer Valentine were in Annapolis for the board meeting and thus unavailable to comment for this article, so under whose authority the decision to reimburse Potter was made, or from which college fund the money came is unknown. However, an interview with Nicholas Potter in his store on October 25 was

extremely fruitful. The first thing he said was that he had intended to write a letter to be published in The Moon. He is more aware than ever of the extent that virtue is noticed and valued at St. John's, and though he appreciates this and the sentiment in the previous article, he doesn't believe St. John's owes him any money at all, especially not because of his work with the Library and Fine Arts Guild, so he is returning the check to Carey.

The great news, however, is that there is no sign on Potter's bank statement of the check written out to the security guard ever having been cashed. Perhaps this was the man's way of paying the money back; he just neglected

to tell Potter exactly how he would reimburse him. At any rate, Rollins has the book back, Nicholas Potter Booksellers has not lost any money, and St. John's has not lost any money. This will be a perfect ending, as long as such an incident never happens again. Also, according to Potter, two Johnnies came into his store on two separate occasions and told him how impressed they were with the virtue he showed in returning the book. He feels that such praise is worth infinitely more than \$200, and it's obvious that some good things are going on at this campus.

We like to think so.

RESTAURANT REVIEW II: CALLIE'S CAJUN

By Dean Paetzold, '01

Restaurant Review II: The Gourmand is back, always eating for his stomach and yours.

Callie's Cajun: Authentic Cajun Cuisine To Go

Old Las Vegas Highway (a couple hundred yards up from the intersection with Old Pecos Trail)

The first pair of mobile homes you come to on the right when heading east. Look for the blue trailer.

Tuesday thru Thursday—11ish to 8

Saturday—11ish to 6

Tel: 438-7012

Your Gourmand was accompanied by an authentic local from New Orleans. Since I am an east bay Friscan I could not have taken the lid off this pot without Scotty too Hotty's local taste buds to verify the authenticity of this fine faire.

My Meal

Stuffed Bell Pepper (\$7.99)

Crawfish Pie (\$7.99)

Local Boy Scott's Meal

Red Beans and Rice (\$3.99)

Shrimp Étouffée (\$6.99)

Both Scott and I opted for the cornbread (homemade) instead of the sourdough slices (Sage Bakehouse) to go along with our meals. This serving of cornbread comes hot and ready to go along with every bite of whatever you may order from Callie's kitchen. Scott had a particular hankering for a good cornbread to go along with his red beans and rice. For him Callie's version fit the bill but did not set any fireworks off. When I asked for the official response I got a, "good, but not

quite red beans and rice cornbread." I think he was referring to how sweet this treat was. I call it a treat because it deserved nothing but pluses in my book. First and foremost it came warm. The cornmeal used was of a finer grind than normal. I think this aided in the bread's staying moist and not too crumbly.

The Low Down On The Beans

If you've got an hour or two to spare between classes you could not go wrong by scampering out to Callie's to get yourself a plate of the red beans and rice. It is a thoroughly satisfying, thick, and rich dish that is a more than adequate meal in itself. This staple is hearty, healthy, fresh and full of flavor. Scotty too Hotty commented that it did have a bit too much of a fajita type spice dominating the flavor. Personally I could not place any blame on the chef. We are in New Mexico after all. This plate of beans was so good that I went back with Tommy Thornhill the next day so I could have a serving all to myself.

Stuff them Peppers!

Ladies and gentleman, we have another winner. With the cold weather creeping up on us fast I know that I will be back for another of these stuffed peppers soon. The well seasoned, slightly spicy cornbread and crawfish filling finds a harmony with the green bell pepper casing. These flavors tell you they were meant to be together when mixed in your mouth. I highly suggest picking up a brown ale like Newcastle to go along with this dish.

L'Étouffée

As I understand it, this cooking process is a combination of stewing and braising meats and vegetables in layers so that

moisture is retained throughout the ingredients. Callie's Shimp Etouffée is delicious, but it must absolutely be eaten hot. As soon as it starts to cool it begins to lose some of its spicy kick. This is the dish to order when you are in the mood for something creamy and savory. My mouth is watering just thinking about it. There is no doubt yours will too when you prepare to take your first bite of Callie's étouffée.

Crawfish Pie, from a trailer home in New Mexico?

Do not worry. We were told that these are the same crawfish that many of the restaurants in New Orleans order. Callie is more than happy to explain to you where she gets them. But so what if they come frozen from China? This is my new favorite in the savory pie category. Usually I have no problem spotting any type of shellfish or crustacean that has been frozen. It is difficult to do with this one. This stew is just as creamy if not more so than the étouffée. The flavors are complimented by an equally fine French puff pastry that satisfies the crust aspect of the pie. It is just as light and flaky as you could want it to be.

Before you order go ahead and accept any samples they might be willing to offer, do not be shy. If you do not see the combo you want on the menu, ask for it. They are very accommodating. For Callie and Gary, I must say, do not let my humble opinion be your only experience with the quality of the food made in this kitchen. Go and try it yourself. It is a unique and rewarding experience, no matter what part of the country your roots are in. Their genuine southern hospitality is sure to charm you.

DATE REVIEWS: MY DATE WITH MATT LIPPART

By Thomas Archie Thornhill, IV, '01

I have been suffering the same question as the rest of my classmates have since our first Seminar on the Iliad: "Does Matt Lippart like me or does he like-like me?" For four years, I have been trying to "be around" Matt, I even went so far as to go to our 70-minute-tutorial-gin-&-tonic-swillin'-one-seminar-essay-a-year-writin'-croquet-playin'-sister campus for a year (the vicious rumor that Matt was transferring was found to be untrue too late). But this year is my year: Matt and I have been able to study the language of Love side-by-side through the edifying relationships of Julien Sorel. Thanks Ken Howarth!

Even though I was always around I couldn't figure out how to get Matt's attention. I thought I might make him a mix tape of Chunga-Chunga Metal Love but I was too worried that he would already have all the Borgnaker, Emperor, Falco, and Cradle of Filth songs and that they would probably remind him of someone special from his past. Instead I decided to be more personal and sat down to writing him a poem. It was called:

On Pre-Seminar Crushes

Birds fight outside my window, and the sun

Through blinds drips onto a calmly resting form.

From out of sleep, where there was one, I struggle to awareness of a warm Hand on my thigh; half-conscious I recall Myself in my bed (that's me!)

My hand moves. I turn, smiling, from the wall,

And hug my heart-shaped pillow without a word.

At night in Seminar I will bite, scratch, moan, scream:

Too tired now for violence, I move slow, My sounds drowned out by birds, eyes closed, I dream;

Wouldn't it be cool if Matt was in my seminar?

Hmm, I wonder what precept he's in?

But then someone else wrote a remarkably similar poem which was published by this very same paper. If Matt then read my poem he'd think I was probably a poser or something. I

was depressed for weeks. But I opened up the Reporter and there before my eyes was an ad for Camel Rock Casino. It read:

Quiet Riot

Friday the 13th

Free

What a combination! My heart fluttered. I must ask Matt, but what if he says no and I ruin my chances forever? I went to Lindsie Bear for advice and she pointed out that by the way he talks to me in French that he almost certainly wants to hang out. But I was nervous since my last date made me upset for weeks. I'm sure that you've all read about it,



it was with Dave "Hey, let's wrestle with our clothes off" Weiskopf. He took me to see Trans-Am and his favorite post-modern (Dave calls it Po-Mo) comedian Neil Hamburger. I could tell how much Dave liked Neil Hamburger and I wanted to be supportive of his interests. I didn't think that he was going to stop liking Neil Hamburger just 'cuz his other friends made fun of him and that then he would try to make fun of me because he thought that I am what he used to be, what he never wanted to be again. Dave, if you're reading this I know that I come off like Epictetus but I cried myself to sleep that night.

I knew I was ready to dive back into the swimming pool of love. So on Thursday, October 12th, I announced at the end of French class that Quiet Riot was playing on Friday for free. Another school chum, Schneider, was very tempted but it was the Sabbath. I was really only interested in Matt and when I looked at him I saw his face light up as he

said, "Let's go." I don't know if he really said those words or only mouthed them because everything went silent and in slow motion. My only response was to glow and stutter out "I'll ca-call you."

The next thing I knew I was donning my Def Leppard T-shirt (if Matt were in a band I would call it Def Lippart) and was on my way to picking up Matt and Thorin. Matt, being the gentleman that he is, thought it proper to bring along Thorin, veteran chaperone of over seventy-three proms. Thorin throughout the evening made sure that the conversations flowed smoothly. If there was an awkward silence he would help out with a helpful suggestion such as "Be true to your teeth and they won't be false to you."

As we cruised up 285 we saw the billboard, "Quiet Riot Tonight!" and all I could think is "This is really happening." We went into the concert hall to catch the opening band being fronted by Pintag's Doppelganger performing such hits as "Brown-Eyed Girl" and "Purple Haze." Their touching rendition of "Californication" inspired my infamous Anthony Kiedis imitation, which only led to trouble when I got my hand stuck in a woman's mullet. After my fingers were freed I made a new friend who liked to do interpretive dances to express alcohol, marijuana, and sex. During each song he would shout at me a few times "that we're all crazy now!" This was then followed by a hi-five. Sometimes he wouldn't let go of my hand. The set ended perfectly with a drumstick thrown in the air, only to bounce off numerous hands and fall into mine. All I could think is "This is really happening."

In between sets we freshened up our Senior Laboratory understanding of probability with the one-armed bandits. The nickel room proved to be the most rewarding. There Matt and I won big, I wish that I could say the same for our chaperon. But at least Dave wasn't there. He would have been shocked to find that there wasn't a strip poker table.

We finished sinning and walked back in the darkened concert hall. Then from out of the darkness came the heavenly Pink Panther theme song. The curtains parted and there stood Quiet Riot, not the Quiet Riot of today but the Quiet Riot of yesterday, 1982. The

hair was long and flew back in just the right way, the vests were leather and on bare skin, while the pants had Armadillos. They had been unfrozen so as to bring the Metal to Santa Fe. All I could think was "This is really happening."

They blazed through their set and I couldn't take my eyes off them, Matt has never had such competition for my attention. They told touching stories about what groupies would do for them in the early 80's, how a full moon on Friday the 13th made them feel, and that no city rocks like Santa Fe. Their set ended with the first Quiet Riot song of my youth, "Cum On Feel the Noise." It was like I was six years old again and rockin' out in my bifocals and Osk-Kosh-B-Gosh. I thought it couldn't get any better and then came the encore. They began with Sabbath's "War Pigs" only to kick into The Who's "My Generation." Somehow, it worked. They then told a story about how all the fascist record companies told them they wouldn't make it. Their response was "Look at us now!" What else could they

play but "Bang Your Head?" to which a storm erupted through the ocean of mullets and bandannas.

The show was over and we were driving home. Jud Jud was in the background and we all kept saying how wonderful of an evening we all had. It was true; it was really a wonderful evening. Thorin walked us back to Matt's room. We took a picture (that's me on the left, flashing the upside down pentagram, that's Thorin on the right, flashing the heart of never-ending love, and who's that in the middle?). I said goodnight and gave Matt a memento of my evening with him: the drumstick I caught.

We're not together. But this isn't a sad conclusion to the evening. We're still really close; sometimes we go out for ice cream and just talk. He still has a special place in my heart. Often at night, when I'm all toasty in bed with a tummy full of hot chocolate and marshmallows, I close my eyes and remember our night, and that it was the best night ever. It all reminds me of that part in that

Peggy Lee song which goes something like:
And then I fell in love
With the most wonderful woman in the world

We'd take long walks down by the river
Or just sit for hours gazing into each other's eyes

We were so very much in love
And then one day she went away
And I thought I'd die
But I didn't and when I didn't,
I said to myself, "Is that all there is to love?"

...If that is all there is then lets keeps dancing

And break out the horchata and have a ball
If that's all there is...

If you are interested in going on a date with Mr. Thornhill and having it reviewed in a future issue of the *MoonTAg*, please send a note through campus mail to "Date Review," c/o Thomas Archie Thornhill, IV.

IN PRAISE OF S&C

by Larissa "Mistress LuLu" Archer, '01

Mr. Kovsky, for two years now I have read with tears in my eyes your diatribes against my favorite polity-funded party, S&C. Everyone has a right to his own opinions and some of us feel it necessary to subject others to these opinions, which is why we write for newspapers. You certainly have the right to disapprove of S&C, and to condemn those who indulge in its abysmal decadence. However, it troubles me that you do not seem to understand the party; its subtleties elude you, and I feel that if enlightened, you would enthusiastically abandon yourself to its lewd magnificence rather than disparage with pouting lips the event itself, not to mention your schoolmates who take part in it.

In your latest article, you seem to attribute the distastefulness of S&C to the bad taste belonging to our entire generation (excluding yourself). We would rather debase ourselves in "animalistic, ritual dances" set to bad house noise than attend a classical music concert. We would rather express ourselves by bumping and grinding in tacky hooker clothing than by exercising that lost art of conversation. Well, yes; I don't know of anyone here who prides himself on his good taste, or considers good

taste something to take pride in, at that. Maybe you're right, S&C is a shabby symptom of the shabbier disposition of our college population. But I say unto you, Kovsky, that even if we were all shining monuments to good taste and sophistication, and S&C were its shabby, anemic little smutfest self, it would still be a fabulous shindig. Here's why:

Some of the event's qualities you bemoan are that it's "predictable," there's no "fire" to it, no "risk," no "passion." Perhaps this is true; what we party-goers accept are often mere phantoms of the depravity S&C pretends to offer. I allow myself to grope and manhandle innocent, giggly freshmen because I know I'm not actually expected to follow up on my lecherous attacks. I sure as Hell don't want to have to chew my arm off the next morning! And, Yuck, anyway! I can enjoy dressing like Hell's 'Ho'bag for a night because I'm not a 'ho'bag—I know this is an environment where I can indulge my inner skank to the extent I choose and shirk the responsibilities and consequences which would accompany such behavior in real life. I'm having all the fun and avoiding all the "risk" whose absence you regret so whistfully. You're right—this sexual

veganism is perhaps a limp excuse for the real beef. I do not deny that S&C provides merely the ersatz imitation of the genuine smut you're after, but that's what's so great about it! It's playing pretend for a night (that's another thing—it's a single goddamn night of the year, get over it!) No more "passion" is expected of you than the passion you bring to it! No strings attached! If you find that the "Eros is lacking," well, then take it upon yourself to stuff the scene full of your much-needed manhood. Bring one of your famous sheep out onto the dance floor and degrade it like a dog! The balls are in your court, buddy!

True, some poor souls leave the party with that hollow feeling you spoke of, feeling disappointed and unsatisfied, but that's because life is unsatisfying! Don't blame it on S&C!

Face it, Kovsky, a beautiful, radiant, leather-clad angel could be poised before you and you would smear mud in your eyes to see something wrong with her! Quitcher' bitchin' and enjoy yourself!... Submit and Comply!... DO IT, WORM!!!

I READ ABOUT IT IN THE PAPER

by Roger G. Glilt

He woke up unusually clear headed. When he opened his eyes he could not see a thing. Aahhngmmunhh—what did I do last night? He rubbed his eyes with the second knuckles of his closed fists. I don't wanna go to work. He rolled out of bed making no effort to stand upright. He fell face first onto the floor, wondering why he did not feel anything. No thirst parched his lips today, even though he lived in the desert. His vision crept slowly back into his eyes but everything looked cloudy and indistinct. He barely recognized his own room. He did a push up, feeling his body weightless. I'm the strongest man in the world. Looking around aimlessly, he did not see his underwear. He stood up and put on his pants, enjoying not feeling their hold on his skin. Disregarding socks, he stepped lightly into his open shoes which hardly fit anymore. Stumbling over his own feet, he ambled out of his room almost forgetting his briefcase. It was getting late, so he slipped out of his house without seeing his parents.

Walking deliberately along the street that he always walked, his mind wandered. Usually, he did not permit himself to think on his way to work. His thoughts flowed seamlessly into his sensations. Everything he saw was transitory. He could not distinguish where the trees ended and the sky began. One thing flowed into the next. A gray pallor floated into the outline of every shape. The clouds, which usually oppressed him, overwhelmed him in soft calm majesty. His feet carried him automatically to the convenience store where he bought coffee every day. Smiling, he remembered Jodie, the clerk who always met him with a smiling greeting.

"Hi, Jodie!" he said as she gasped, inhaling, baring her teeth in astonishment and quickly forming a smile.

"Glad to see you, Roger. I read about you in the paper—" she uttered with a heavy impressed look and wide open eyes. "—I'll throw in a free paper with your coffee today," she finished breathlessly. He mumbled a bit in modest appreciation as he handed her the money. She dropped his change into his hand as he turned away from her with his body, holding his head toward her and staring mystified into her eyes. These eyes seemed to implore him to stay. His feet bore him to the door, stumbling gracefully over the small step they knew so well. She must be really impressed about my mention in the paper! What could it be? If it impresses her, it must be important... A grin split his face to the ears. He walked onward to work, the same thirteen blocks as ever, not noticing the same faces and coats or the trolley that almost killed him, ruffling his clothes as it passed.

He arrived at his building. It looked transparent. The doorman forgot to let him in, and just stared dumbly in his direction, tracing a path from the paper he clutched to his confused face. Roger knocked on the glass, smiling. The doorman's astonishment abated as he opened the door. Must be impressed about my article—it must be great! But what could I have done that a reporter could have heard about? Great deeds always die unnoticed... The elevator door opened across the hall and he bounded across the lobby to board the car before it left him waiting.

When he saw his boss in the elevator, he mechanically looked at his watch. It was broken. Damn—when did that happen? So he turned slowly to face his boss, who caught his breath and reddened a bit upon seeing him.

"Come to my office—immedi—now!—with me..." his boss stam-

pered, visibly perturbed and walking quickly out of the elevator door. Following closely behind, Roger saw the nape of his neck quaking beneath his expensive suit. He must have read the paper, too. I can't be that late... His boss opened the glass office door for him and closed it after stepping carefully inside.

"Sit down, Roger." He sat down, the fine leather chair voicing not a sound.

"I read about you in the paper, Rog—interesting, but—no! don't open that paper! not yet! think about—no, wait until you get home—yes, read it with your parents. They will know—I am impressed, I must—how in the world did you—congratu—no! don't read it yet, go home—you don't have to work—I will pay you for to—no, that doesn't ma—go home, please—good job! Bye!" And he opened the door again, looking at his feet and exhaling for a very long time.

Running home, Roger breathed slowly, not tiring. His mind raced along faster than his feet. My mom will love it! My dad will be so proud! Finally, I have done something, something extraordinary—but what could it possibly have been? His neighbors' dogs refused to bark at him today; they whimpered and pawed the ground waiting eagerly for him to pass. He floated over the closed gate to his front yard, ran to his door, and his quivering hand could barely turn the knob.

"Mom! Dad! I have something to show you!" His parents came running, trying to pass through doorways together and getting thrown backward by the thin door frames. Tears strained to gain freedom from his mother's eyes. She's happy, so happy.

"Look, I'm in the paper!" His dad gasped and reluctantly held out his hand. "Slow down, dad—I can find it myself." His mom quivered in anticipation. "Roger—we already know, you don't have to show it to us," she said, taking hold of the corner of the paper. "But I haven't read it yet, mom!" Roger missed the concerned understanding looks that his parents exchanged. "That's strange, I can't find it. It must be toward the end, next to the comics and the obituaries." He turned to the inside of the back cover and started reading to himself. His mom burst into heated tears. "Gosh—" and he was cut off as he disappeared reading his obituary.

+++++

OBITUARY

Roger G. Glilt, 26, will die today from realization. He is not unhappy with his life and his parents love him a great deal. He wishes he could have known a bit more before it happens.

JOHNNIES IN SPACE

Laine Conway, '01

The prospie was nervous; her hands kept shaking in the pockets of her coat. Everyone at seminar, however, was too exhausted from struggling with Hegel to notice. The opening question was inscrutable: "What is meant by Phenomenology in the context of this reading?"

A moment's pause, then the prospie spoke. "I'm sorry to interrupt," she said, "but—"

The senior tutor spoke sharply. "I'm sorry, Miss, but visitors to the classroom are not allowed..." He stopped and slumped over with a sigh. The prospie was holding a ... well, there was no other word for it but "ray-gun." It had flanges and glowing neon tubes and extraordinary bright buttons that sank and slid into the depths of the barrel.

"Cool!" The boys from Calliope were on their feet, advancing towards the girl, who stood trembling. "Let me see that!" She shot one of them, and he too fell to the ground in an unconscious heap. The rest stopped instantly, and tried to look as though they normally stood up during seminar.

"I'm sorry to shoot these two men," the prospie said quickly, "but I need for everyone to come with me outside. It's very important."

The junior tutor stood up. "We'll come with you," she said, "but it would help to know what's going on."

"Please come along," the prospie repeated, gesturing with the gun. "Move quickly, single file, onto the plaza." As the room slowly emptied, Shannon felt her heart racing with excitement. This couldn't be senior prank; after all, it was a senior seminar. Perhaps something would finally happen. Perhaps this would eliminate the need for student loan payments and a straight job!

Once outside, they stood in little clumps, looking around and smoking nervously. The prospie with the gun kept herding them into a circle perhaps 10 meters in diameter. As people tried to stray towards benches or walls in order to sit down, she would shoo them with the gun until they moved back into the circle area. Finally Joe lost his temper. "I'm going to get a cup of coffee. I'll be back soon." As he stormed off, the prospie shot him in the back. He slumped down, sprawling on the stairs. Susie screamed but quickly subsided. The October evening was dark and chilly, and everyone clustered a little closer together; somehow a ray-gun-toting prospie no longer seemed as funny as it had in the seminar room.

The junior tutor felt that some adult response was required of her. She crossed the circle to the prospie, with Shannon a few steps behind her. "Excuse me, miss," she said softly. The girl whirled and the ray gun drew a bead on the tutor's chest. "I don't want to upset you," the tutor stuttered, "but can you tell me what this is about?"

The prospie fidgeted with the gun. "I can't tell you," she said finally, "but you'll know soon." At that moment, there was a blink of darkness, as though everyone had suddenly closed their eyes at the same time. Immediately a sort of light was restored, but it was utterly different in texture from the moonlight in Santa Fe.

Shannon felt her vocal chords vibrate in an unplanned scream. She got control of her voice, and around her the ragged shrieks dwindled to a stop. Susie slumped dramatically to the floor and everyone sprang away from the prospie.

The prospie shrugged. "I don't know what happened," she said. "I didn't shoot this one. Perhaps it's some human response to stress? But I won't bother you any longer. There's no need to shoot you;

there's nowhere for you to go. You are on the ship Xrilliglap and will be for some time. There are seats and water facilities and food bins. Please make yourselves comfortable." A section of the wall opened and the prospie walked away. One of the Calliope boys tried to follow her, but the wall closed when he was still several meters away.

Shannon gazed around. The walls reflected the light, or generated the light. They were utterly beige and featureless. There were low seats, covered in a bluish fabric. She walked towards a wall, and a section slid aside, revealing a square inset box. "Water," she said. Nothing happened. "Tea." Nothing. She lowered her voice slightly, feeling embarrassed, and moved closer to the opening. "Earl Grey tea. Hot." Nothing. She stepped away. What she really wanted, she thought, was a nice glass of orange juice, freshly squeezed and full of pulp.

There was a gentle pop and a glass appeared. She examined it. It looked and smelled like orange juice. Finally she shrugged. Whatever was happening on this ship, it was no dream, and if the food would kill her, she might as well know now. She picked up the glass and the juice tasted exactly as she had expected.

Around her, similar experiments were being conducted with similar results. Everyone seemed happy except Mark, who yelled, "Hey, this doesn't taste like a martini!"

The tutor laughed nervously. "Perhaps they don't want us drunk, at least not yet."

Someone sniggered. "It's too late for Mark as it is!"

The laughter was too loud and too long, but it eased some of the tension in the room. People began to settle on the low couches with their drinks. Shannon felt the muscles across her shoulderblades begin to unknot.

The door opened.

Welcome to this year's experiment with serial fiction. Like "Anna D. and the Assassin," I plan to write an installment for every issue through May. This year, however, I plan to interact with you all a little more. Geoff Petrie and I have come up with the idea that this will be interactive fiction, something like the old "Choose your Own Adventure" paperbacks. Each installment will end with a choice of three sentences. Based on the votes received, the most popular choice will be the first sentence of the next issue's installment. I intend for these to genuinely impact the story; I haven't planned beyond this week's chapter. So vote early and help me decide what happens to the Johnnies in Space!

This week's choices:

- A ray of light shot across the room from the doorway, leaving a nasty burn on the seat next to Shannon.
- A woman came slowly through the door, hands spread wide in a peaceful gesture, and said, "I'm sorry if we've frightened you."
- A tentacled horror shambled into the room and moved awkwardly around the seats; there was a hiss of static and then a sexless voice said, "Welcome to Xrilliglap."

Send votes to moontag@stumail.sjcsf.edu, "attn: Laine Conway" in the subject line.



MACIAG # 4

by Lisa Lillibridge, '01

Oh fair rose of my affection
Your hand reached out, and like a thorn
You pricked me in the eye.
I was blinded by wild tears.
Do you not love the way I look
At your fickle eyes?

How I do adore you.

Fair creature, I weep for thee
And you do not see.
But nor do I, you poked me in the eye.
Now I must see my love through gentle touch,
How I burn with love for you my Maciag,
As handsome as the sun, and gentle as the breeze.

I touch your heart and cannot breathe.

Oh belle rose de ma bendresse
Votre main s'étendit, et comme une épine.
Me piqua dans l'oeil,
J'étais aveuglée par des larmes sauvages.
N'aimez-vous pas la façon que j'ai de regarder
Dans vos yeux volages?

Que je vous adore.

Créature magnifique, je pleure pour vous.
Et vous ne le voyez pas.
Mais moi non plus, vous me blessâtes dans l'oeil.
Maintenant je dois voir mon amour par la touche tendre,
Que je brûle d'amour pour vous mon Maciag,
Aussi beau que le soleil, et doux comme la brise.

Je touche votre coeur et ne peux pas respirer.

NOTES ON DIALOGUE

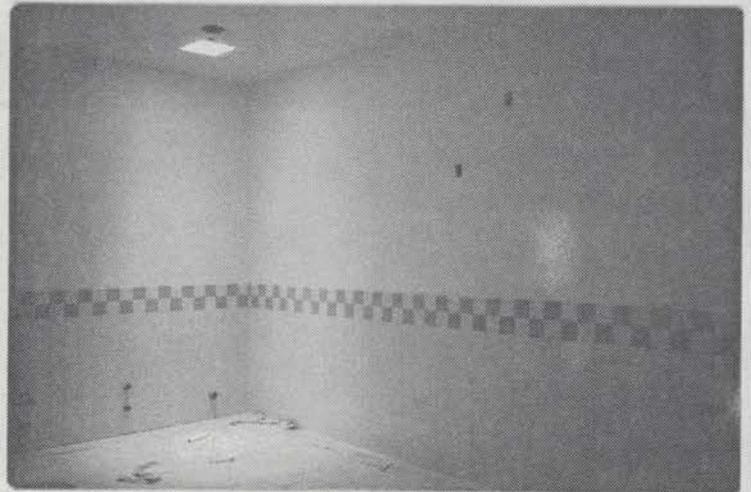
Emily Graves, '04

I don't know that I trust these people, with my
Opinions or beliefs—half formed or real. We're
Talking about stuff with so much more implication than
The words on this page—biology, etc. Aristotle brings
EVERYTHING in and it's fucking TERRIFYING and
Powerful and awesome, the hesitant hint that everything
Is so connected. There are infinite implications in all we
Say and to give the statements of these peers (?) around this
Table FULL REIGN to my mind and thus my soul...
Yet I thrive off these discussions because of the chaos in
Them—there's only a thin thread of common logic stringing
Through what we say and sometimes it snaps and we fall
Apart and we individually fly off to our happy abstract spots—
Bye, Aristotle, see you and Socrates in hell, us and all our
Dissonance/ YOU, you, you, do you feel that? When you
Say that, like I hear it? Do you know the feeling of, at a
Phrase's cue, a hammer smashes the thin igloo I'm chillin' in,
Do you love like I do the crack of ice around you, the bruises,
The cuts, the cold? Because I'm looking around at you crazy
Fuckers, thinking about your lives and the little glimpses I've
Had of your souls—I wonder if you know, every time I speak you
Have a piece of me, I wonder if you value it, I wonder if you know
How much a soul is worth, I wonder if Aristotle does.

The window is open, here, for an instant
Look inside, treasure this glimpse of soul.

GYM LOCKER ROOM

by Christopher Quinn





SEO UPCOMING EVENTS

November 7th
Elections Vans

Vans will leave the circle throughout election day to take students to vote. See the bulletin board at the Switchboard for times.

November 10th
Nabla-Junior Common Room-4:30pm

November 11-12
Candy Kitchen Wolf Refuge Volunteer Trip
For details, contact Mark St. John at ext. 6149

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by Christopher Quinn

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