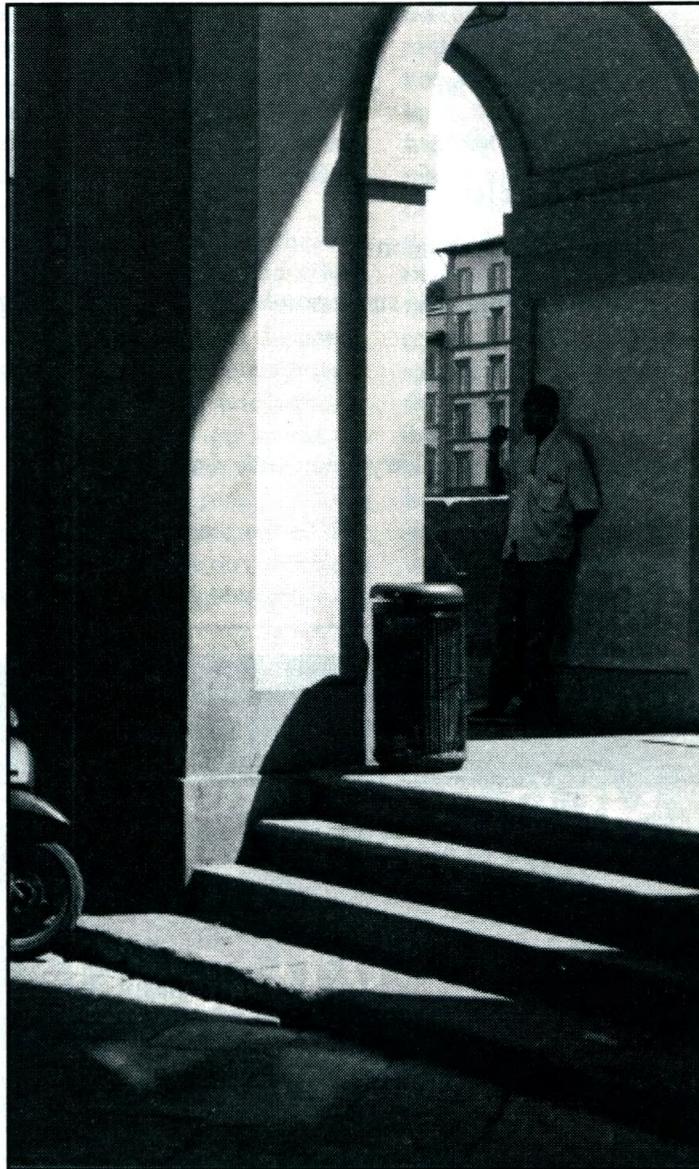


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# m o o n

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## *The Moon*

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erin hanlon

I am worried about apparent incidents of racial profiling on campus. While I was interviewing with Library Director Jennifer Sprague a man who appeared to be of Middle-Eastern descent came into the library and began using the public computers. Normally such an occurrence wouldn't be worth mentioning. Random Santa Feans come into Meem Library all the time. However, in the approximately 15-20 minutes it took me to conduct the interview no less than three students came up to the Circulation desk to inform Circulation Librarian Laura Cooley that there was a Middle-Eastern man using the public computers. After I finished the interview Laura told me of the student's concerns. As we chatted I watched the man and he did not appear to me to be doing anything unusual.

This incident left me concerned. Not about the man, but about the students who felt the need to inform on him. Every one is so concerned about security that even racial profiling seems justifiable. I am bothered by the notion that strangers, members of the Santa Fe community at large, aren't welcome in the public areas of this campus. In today's public schools all visitors have to sign in with the administration and receive a visitor's pass to wear around their necks, even if it is just a well-known parent dropping off a lunch. Is that what we want for our campus? The unknown Middle-Eastern man had been on our campus at least one other time. On that occasion security was

notified of his presence and they came and questioned him. Maybe they were justified. There is that memo from the president about a non-white non-student who was seen taking pictures of the campus. But no one I have talked to [note: Randy Harris has been out with bronchitis the last couple of days and Mr. Balkcom is on a business trip] has been able to tell me if the man in the library resembled the man taking photos. But I am still distressed. I do not want to think that our students would be suspicious of every non-white student who came on campus. I have been trying to think of a way in which we can be alert but still be friendly. How about if we tried to extend our attitude in regards to prospies towards townies as well? Most of us are capable of striking up friendly conversations with prospective students, offering our help and finding out a little about them. Why not do the same with townies? If you continue to find the individual suspicious you can still notify security, but in the meantime you are not letting your apprehension condemn every stranger who crosses our threshold. Let me reiterate, I am not advocating that students question strangers under the thin guise of help but really to find out who they are and what they are doing here. I am advocating that instead of jumping to conclusions, we should get to know these strangers and maybe we will improve town/gown relations along the way.

you don't grasp the  
beauty of the  
destruction of words

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erin hanlon

For the January Board of Visitors and Governors meeting I was able to sit in on five committee meetings besides the plenary session. The notes from each of those meetings are as follows (in order of meeting attended): California Property: The Board of Monterey County has rejected the proposal to develop 221 housing units on Marks Ranch. The College is exploring other possible uses for the property.

**Buildings and Grounds:** Annapolis replaced the antiquated fire alarm systems in Chase-Stone and Campbell with modern systems, installed more lighting fixtures in the faculty common room, and remodeled the food service area of the coffee shop to provide more room. The plans have been drawn up for the new dormitories. The dorms will be located in the south field past the heating plant. One 48 bed dorm will be built for now, but there are plans for a second dorm and parking lot to be completed later and space for a third dorm should it ever be needed. A donor has been found to cover the cost of building the new dorm which should be available in August 2004. In Santa Fe a new dishwashing machine was installed in the kitchen over winter break to replace the 38 year old one (a.k.a. original) which was there previously. The common room renovations have begun and all the asbestos has been removed. Also over break 100 low flow toilets were installed to replace the high flow toilets the college had previously been using (with Clio being the testing ground for a set of automatic flush toilets). The cost to the college for this enterprise was only \$1000, and that was for a valve that was needed. Treasurer Brian Valentine was able to find a contractor who would purchase and install the toilets in return for low flow commode credits. The City of Santa Fe requires that new buildings and homes replace approximately eight old commodes before they can add a new commode. Renovations of the restrooms in Peterson have been delayed for the time being due to higher than anticipated costs. Work is continuing on the campus master plan, and it is expected to be finished by March 31, 2003. The planning and design for the faculty housing project has been bid out and Regenesys was the firm selected to do the work. Building permits for the faculty housing are scheduled to be submitted by June 2003. 18 houses will be built on the land across from the soccer field and 8 tutors have already expressed interest in owning the homes, with 7 putting down deposits. A finance system has been worked out for the faculty housing whereby the college retains control of the land but the faculty own the homes and are responsible for the costs involved.

**Visiting Committee:** Interviewed the GI directors from both campuses, GIs from campuses, and tutors teaching GIs in order to find out as much as they could about the workings of the Graduate Institute. The Visiting Committee wants to make sure that the Graduate Institute is providing the education it sets out to and that students and tutors are satisfied with the results. In surveys students who have graduated from the GI program are the most pleased of anyone with their St. John's experience. The committee was concerned by a few things they were told. The designation by undergraduates of the GI program as being "Great Books lite" was something to pause over, although they were more concerned that some faculty in Annapolis still consider the Graduate Institute to be an outreach program. The committee discussed its concerns in a closed meeting with the deans and presidents from both campuses.

**Annapolis President's Report:** Annapolis had six seminars on *The Art of War* by Sun Tzu which co-lead by professors from the Naval Academy. 80 Middies attended the seminars. Aaron Maclean won a coveted Marshall Scholarship for two years of study at Oxford. There were 4 expulsions over the past 4-5 months for drugs and other "bad" behaviors. The College magazine won a silver Case Award for excellence. Applications and interest in the college is up. The state of Maryland is reducing its aid to St. John's Annapolis, meaning there will be a tighter budget for the college.

**Santa Fe President's Report:** Enrollment is strong. Santa Fe faces extreme fire danger because of the continuing stage 3 drought. The budget is tight but in sound shape. Annual Fund has made good progress both the gift amounts and number of donors is up. The plan for faculty housing is being developed and a firm plan should be ready by the July Board meeting. The college is in the process of trying to sell the minor Gauguin painting we inherited from late *New Mexican* editor Robert McKinney. There has been a resurgence in tutoring with students volunteering in 3 public schools, 1 charter school, the local penitentiary, and 20 students coming to campus to be tutored. There is a new dishwasher in the kitchen and we hope to renovate the downstairs Peterson bathrooms in the spring. Future renovations will be guided by the master plan we are developing, which will be presented to the Board in July. The campus is strapped for space and will get 1 or 2 temporary buildings. 100 of our high-flow commodes were replaced by low-flow commodes, at a cost of only \$1000, and that was for a valve. Santa Fe Dean Statement: Enrollment is high, attrition is low. We are at the limit of our physical

margaret garry

I don't think this all started when my sister called me on Sunday, but it's as good a place to start as any. She's getting married this summer, and has decided on a bridesmaid dress. Sometime, throughout the course of the conversation, between casual talk of how the family's doing and if they've decided on a house to buy or a minister to hire, I remember that they don't let little girls be bridesmaids. Then a revelation with even more gravity attacks my brain. It dawns on me that Friday is going to be my twentieth birthday, and not only do little girls not get to be bridesmaids, twenty year olds don't get to be little girls, and I remark, "Holy [insert four letter word or euphamistic phrase of choice here], I'm going to be twenty..." out of the blue, as she is explaining how the trim of the dress looks.

My sister, being old enough to be getting married and talk about it on the phone where my parents might hear, groans lovingly and says, "Yes. You're still just a baby though."

'Not so...' my poor brain counters to itself. 'I just had a realization that I have an adult age, and you still get to say I'm a baby. The math does not compute. So what if you were in an Ivy League school by the time I was in kindergarten. I'm twenty, and whether I like it or not, I'm not a baby anymore!' My brain is disgusted at the thought. I don't want to be a grown-up. Then that song from the musical "Peter Pan," starts

playing in my head. "I won't grow up," announces Pan, followed by a chorus of *Lost Boys* repeating. Then, like the death call of an ancient LP, the song of youth is ripped from the soundtrack of my mind and is replaced, eerily, by the voice of the father in the movie "My Big Fat Greek Wedding," remarking with a delightfully disturbing accent, "You're starting to get... old."

Not that twenty is generally regarded as the pinnacle of old age or anything. The "My Big Fat Greek Wedding," example was perhaps the poorest description for the form of old I'm considering. In fact, my mother started prefixing all her sentences with, "You're not getting married until you finish school," the moment she figured out my boyfriend was devoted enough to buy plane tickets to come visit me in Santa Fe a couple of times each semester. "You're not getting married until you finish school, and pick up some milk at the grocery store while you're out." "You're not getting married until you finish school, and how's that paper you've been working on?" ... but I digress. Twenty is another reminder that I have to start at least pretending I'm a responsible adult.

I know. I know... I really hit adulthood two years ago when I was 18, but 18 wasn't a big deal for me. I don't play Lotto. I don't smoke, and the only election I could vote in before last November was a school board race where my

plant. Senior tutors have undertaken a study of the senior Art Tutorial as it now stands. While the art program itself is a pleasure the practical difficulties have become overriding. The faculty voted to discontinue the art program in its present form. The Instruction Committee is looking at how to make the art program better, how to make it a more seamless part of the curriculum. 13 tutors were re-appointed out of the 15 whose contracts were up for review. While cuts in the budget will have to be made we will be able to still have two tutor seminars, faculty raises, sabbaticals and faculty study groups. Peter Pesic's book *Seeing Double* was nominated for an award. A student population of 455 has been budgeted for next year (this year it is 448) even though the faculty study group on growth has said the college should not grow over 430. Why are we growing? Financial necessity. Either higher enrollment or severe budget cuts. We can usually add up to 10 students with marginal cost (even with financial aid) but with the added benefit of tuition. 5 students = \$100,000 or a 2% raise in faculty salaries.

**Endowment:** The endowment is currently at 73.9 million, down 4.69% since June 30, 2002. The 4.69% may be compared to a drop in the Standard & Poors index in

the same time of 10.3%. There was an intense discussion of investment strategies, especially concerning growth and hedging funds following the report. Finance Committee: the committee has cut costs and frozen non-payroll costs. Part of the budget is a tuition increase proposal of 6%. At this preliminary point the budget is balanced. Another \$100,000 was allocated for the planning of Santa Fe faculty housing, making the total allocation to the housing project to date \$200,000.

**Community Classics:** Discussion of outreach programs; their impact, both positive and negative, on the campus. A National Friends program has been created to continue the connection with people who have participated in programs such as Summer Classics and Executive Seminars in order to keep them involved with their college and expand their involvement. The committee hopes to have a draft proposal at the April Board meeting. In their meeting the committee had a vigorous discussion of the pros and cons of these outreach programs. They build enthusiasm for the college, but put a drain on our resources, especially faculty. The committee asked Jeff Bishop, vice president of college wide advancement, to put together a report on these outreach programs.

jonathan morgan

## The shocking expose of a madman among us, in (mostly) his own words.

“Nobody really cares what you did in high school”

“Everyone needs to feel bigger than someone sometimes”

“I never asked to be a God”

I know what you’re asking: what the hell is this? What kind of deluded, nihilistic megalomaniac would say such twisted shit? It would take a seriously unhinged individual to make such assertions as these, clearly the drippings of a diseased mind.

Yes, and you’d be right on all counts. These things and more were all said—more than said, actually *printed*—by a very sick man. More, this man walks among us. He eats where you eat, prowls where you prowl, sets up the very kegs you may drink from at college-sponsored events. This man, this barking madman, is Cobalt Blue.

Maybe a little explanation is in order. You see, as I was digging through college archives, doing research for what was doubtlessly going to be a very meaningful and thought-provoking article on something or other, I came across, in a bunch of back issues of *The Moon* from way back in 1996, a host of articles, musings, and stories by our beloved

father was running unopposed because no one else cared enough to run against him. So essentially the only adulthood benefits I’ve been able to reap since that rather uneventful day when I was besieged by legal adulthood have been signing for my own immunizations and telling people who weren’t yet adults who wanted cigarettes to leave me alone. To quote Franz Liebkin of the film, “The Producers,” “O Joy of joys! O Dream of dreams!”... I don’t need a parent’s approval for a technician to stick a needle in me.

Nine of ten people who read this have probably been 20 for a while now and are laughing hysterically at this dilemma, but I’m thinking in terms of adulthood. I may not be tottering around on a walker, but I’m beginning to look, think and act like a grown-up, and that’s disturbing. I can sign my own FAFSA, even though I still need help filling out most of the information. I could do all kinds of really bizarre things like get my tounge pierced or go ‘clubbing’. In reality, I’d rather the term ‘clubbing,’ involve large heavy sticks being hurled in my direction than large groups of strange people dancing to bad music at an hour where I’m too tired to leave my dorm room, and the only things I can think of that sound less appealing than a tounge piercing would result in the person or persons doing them being indicted for war crimes.

In a year, I’ll be able to legally do the only adult thing I

Student Activities Director. It seems that Mr. Blue, if that is indeed his real name, was quite a little copy writer in his day.

I immediately dropped any thought of the Article of Great Social and Political Import I was busy not writing and scrambled back to my room with the back issues. As I scanned through a couple of Cobalt’s pieces, I had me an epiphany: *Instead of actually writing an article for The Moon, I could just grab a bunch of quotes from Cobalt’s articles and re-print them—only completely out of context, and in the most misrepresentative manner possible—the more libel and slander the better. And thus I could put a perfectly nice guy in a really bad light, and make him the object of fear and ridicule, and maybe be able to get it all done in about a half an hour.*

Our story begins thus. When Cobalt Blue arrived in Santa Fe the Fall of 1996 as a GI in Eastern Classics, he was an idealist and a scholar, dewy-eyed and apple-cheeked, basking in the fresh bloom of youth. By the time he left two years later, he was cold, cynical Plotinus-hating sophist with a raging mail addiction and a penchance for non-sensical metaphor (see below). His many *Moon* articles from this period chronicle his slow descent into madness.

really care to do, have a glass of wine with dinner. That doesn’t seem like a big deal to me. Having a quiet little drink at dinner is something that reasonable people (including those ultra-strict parents that enjoyed their fifteen minutes of fame earlier in this article) do regularly. It still boggles the mind that I can join the military, get pretty much any part of myself that I want pierced, be tried as an adult in a court of law and blow all my money on on little pieces of paper that give me only slightly less chances of winning enough money to cover going to school for a week than being struck by lightning, and I still can’t have a pina colada when I go out for burritos and enchiladas.

This is one of those situation where the Muse goes ‘clubbing.’ Instead of being inspired, I’ve been whacked over the head with a big stick and it’s made me want to write. Or not. So I hit my head on the door of my car because I forgot to open it before getting out. No. It wasn’t that either. Well. I don’t know precisely why, but in the immortal words of Forrest Gump, “That’s all I have to say about that.” Maybe next issue I’ll feel like discussing actual news in an enlightened and productive manner. Or I’ll just degenerate into making fart jokes. Then again it might increase readership if we just put a big picture of Spongebob Squarepants where my article is supposed to go. Maybe I should take a vote. I’m going to shut up now.

The past month has seen a couple of significant legal events happen on our campus. These events have brought student concerns about search and seizure rights, as well as privacy, to the forefront of many of our minds. In response to the requests of many students, I will try to address some of the questions about search and seizure, in at least a rudimentary fashion, in this article.

At issue are the conditions upon which the police can search a student's room, and what form that search can take. There are a few important points to raise before I begin. I am not a lawyer; *the Moon* is not a law journal. This article has been reviewed by our legal advisor, primarily to ensure that it is not libelous, but not to evaluate its legal merits. This article does not constitute legal advice. Perhaps of more import, from an ethical standpoint, neither I nor *the Moon* condone any form of illegal behaviour. This is not an article about how to prevent the police from discovering your illegal behaviours. If you are involved in illegal activity, you are a criminal; if the police have reason to suspect you of such activity, they have legal ways of investigating you. This article is about preventing the police from behaving illegally, and preventing them from investigating those who they do not have reason to suspect of illicit activity.

These issues are pressing not only for the student body, but for the administration as well. I have been informed

that a faculty-administration committee is actively working to develop standardised policies for the school with respect to many of these issues. We hope to see these policies once they have been decided, and will keep you, gentle reader, informed about them with our nearly Pulitzer prize quality hard-hitting commentary and journalism.

I understand that the administration will send out and post copies of these policies for the entire community when they are ready.

The 4th Amendment to the US Constitution guarantees protection from "unreasonable searches and seizures": "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized." The 14th Amendment mandates that States uphold the 4th Amendment, by prohibiting any State from making or enforcing "any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States". Separate from the 14th Amendment, most States, including New Mexico, have clauses in their constitutions that are comparable to the 4th Amendment (e.g., New Mexico State Constitution, Article II, Section 10).

Before considering questions about police searches, we must understand what constitutes a police "search".

Needless to say, I followed my Muse and ran with the idea. Here's the result of my back-breaking several minutes of labor...sans context, as promised.

**Cobalt Blue on...**human nature:

"She was a liar, a cheat, a thief, and possibly a whore if your definition was broad enough."

"I find my heart has all the depth of a kiddie pool, and the same mysterious warmth"

**Cobalt Blue on...**his own, personal demons:

"I'm walking through life like a wooden Indian on Quaaludes"

"I feel like Death standing on a street corner handing out Lifesavers"

"I've eaten rocks and tree bark"

**Cobalt Blue on...**sex with farm animals:

"Sex with farm animals"

**Cobalt Blue on...**cheesy, detective novel love scenes:

"Her lips found mine. The warmth of her body was pressed against me. I was sure my gun was going to go off. The world began to spin and I felt myself melting into her.

Her hands. Her tongue. Her legs. All around me.

"She had a tongue strong enough to kick start a motor cycle"

**Cobalt Blue on...**what really matters:

"Mail is real, though. Mail will never let you down. Mail will never seek to mutilate you."

"She was definitely the kind of woman who's attic was empty but you wouldn't mind climbing the staircase a few times."

And this barely scratches the surface. A close reading of his work will show Cobalt referring to Seniors as "Weasels on speed" (or, alternately, "Penguins on Prozac"), tearfully recounting the day he stopped believing in the Easter Bunny, and concocting alternate realities in which Zeus is a hard working gigolo who caters in kink ("golden showers, white swans, and the occasional bull").

So, for all of you who've seen Cobalt around and had a sense of...well *'the boy ain't right'*—just remember, he's lived a long, tortured existence that your relatively sane brain probably can't comprehend. So have a little compassion.

The police do not need a warrant or special permission to search a public space; the 4th Amendment only governs persons, places, and things not open to the public. If the police see something illegal going on in a public space, they can arrest those involved and seize any related property (even that of non-involved parties, if the property is involved in the illegal activity). I have been informed that every building on our campus is an open building. The police do not need a warrant or probable cause to come on to campus; they do not need a warrant or probable cause to enter buildings or to talk to people; they do not need a warrant or probable cause to enter the dormitories. The only non-open spaces, as far as students are concerned, are our individual dorm rooms. This means that, for instance, if you are building weapons of mass destruction in Thalia's hallway, the police can enter the building for any reason and arrest you. If you are building said weapons in your room, they will need a warrant or probable cause to arrest you. Again, neither I nor *the Moon* condone building weapons of mass destruction (cf. UN Security Council Res. 1441, 2002).

Unfortunately for most everyone except trained lawyers, a naive reading of the 4th Amendment is not enough to provide a useful understanding of it. The grammar of the Amendment is itself marginally ambiguous (e.g., might "the right of the people to be secure" "be violated" "upon probable cause" without a warrant, or can those rights never be violated but by issuance of a warrant, which shall be issued only upon "specific and articulable facts" (Terry v. Ohio, 392 US 1, 1968) which substantiate probable cause). More importantly, the Supreme Court has wavered over the years in its interpretation of the Amendment, frequently reversing previous decisions. In recent years the Court has increasingly given power to the discretion of the police in what constitutes a reasonable search- if an officer has "specific and articulable facts" at hand that a neutral and reasonable magistrate would accept as grounds for a warrant, and the delay of obtaining a warrant based upon those facts might allow those facts to change, the officer is often free to conduct a search without first obtaining a warrant. I present below the most liberal reading of what constitutes legal searches of which I can conceive.

Under such a reading, the police have a great deal of power. At the outset, with no requirements, they can ask to search a private room. If the police ask to search a student's room, the student can demand to see a warrant. If the officer does not have a warrant, and does not have probable cause to suspect evidence of illegal activity either

in the room or on the part of the student, the student does not need to allow the officer to search the room. If, however, the officer does have such probable cause, they can demand to search the room. Such probable cause might include, but be by no means limited to, visible evidence of illegal activity (illegal weapons on a dresser that is visible through the open door), or indirect evidence (the student is obviously under the influence of or smells of illegal drugs, or the officer can hear someone in the background shredding documents). If the student does not cooperate, they can probably be taken into custody or arrested immediately, and the premises can then be searched.

If an officer has substantial reason to believe that there is evidence in a private room, and that the evidence will be destroyed if a search is not conducted immediately, this can constitute probable cause.

If you have nothing to hide, you might not care about such a search. But this does not justify a police search without probable cause. If the police show up without a warrant and demand to search a student's room without a warrant, the student should ask what the probable cause is, preferably with witnesses around. If the officer gives an obviously false or weak answer, the student might want to tell the officer that they should go get a warrant, or offer a legitimate explanation of the situation to the officer (e.g., if medication that you recently and legally took dilated your pupils). Any evidence that an officer finds while conducting an improper search is not admissible in court. Any incidental evidence that he finds, pursuant to either a proper arrest or proper search, will likely be considered admissible.

Another important consideration is that the police can approach the administration to conduct a search of student rooms. The Housing Contract, which all students sign as a condition of living on school property, reserves to the College the right to enter any student's room if they have a reasonable belief "that any activity in violation of state and federal law or in contravention of any requirement of [the housing contract] is being engaged in by the occupant." Historically, the school has tried to handle such matters internally, requesting that the police not get involved; where possible, the school works to protect students rather than being an agent of Big Brother. The school has a definite interest in handling such matters in this way. This is by no means official policy; there are many reasons that the school might reasonably not stick to it. For instance, if the police request a search of a student's room, and the college refuses without the police having a warrant, and if the

aran donovan

All right, the votes have been cast, the ballots are in! The people have spoken, and golly gee have they spoken. Thanks to the thrity or so of you who filled out the crime survey, taking the time to write out the mostly yes and no answers. I know it was hard.

Um, but yes. It was like a lab practicum whose results were incomplete, so you can't tell if muriatic acid REALLY tastes like soap or if you just got lab partners with defective taste buds. At any rate, there were a couple discernible trends in the surveys we got back. Responding to the question "How safe do you feel on campus?," we got a resounding "yep!" (And some "quite safes" and the occaisional "extremely.") Even those people who have had things stolen from their cars or know people who have been robbed of their possessions feel safe on campus.

Though most people were assured that the campus is safe, they were made uneasy by the prescence of police or outside law enforcement at St. John's. Said one loyal sur-

vey taker, "I feel extremely worried about the influence of outside law enforcement. I am a student of St. John's before I'm a citizen of Santa Fe." Another commented, "[I feel] safe from everyone but cops." They're either here to protect us from ourselves or to protect us from other people, and no one wants to believe that either option is a viable threat. But aside from what they're indicative of, they're also creepy in and of themselves: strange government men in black with flashlights crawling around at one in the morning behind the dorms in lowers.

And people are worried about their cars: excessive ticketing, car burglaries in France. One concerned student wrote, "I'm afraid people not affiliated with the campus are going to mess up more cars in France."

So there you have it. We asked for a response, and you responded. We read the surveys and we laughed and cried along with you. And now your voices have been heard! Democracy and free press for all!

student is afterwards injured in some way that might have been prevented had the police conducted their search, the college could be considered liable. On a more tangible level, the school wants to be friends with both the students and the police, but it is not certain which friendship is more important; more clearly, it is not certain which enmity would be less desired.

The long and short of the current state of search and seizure as it pertains to us students is as follows. Because the school maintains an open campus policy, the police can legally go anywhere on campus, except individual student dormitory rooms, without either warrant or probable cause. If the police ask to search a student's room, they must have either a warrant or probable cause. If they have a warrant, they must be allowed to search the room; any evidence they find of any illegal activity while executing the specific searched authorised by the warrant, specified by the warrant or not, will likely be admissible in court. If they do not have a warrant, they must be able to account

for the rationale behind their probable cause with "specific and articulable facts." As with a warrant, any evidence found while executing a search based upon probable cause, to the extent that the search is based upon legitimate probable cause, is likely admissible in court. It is, unfortunately in the minds of many, the case that the police are given great discretion in their interpretation of probable cause; it is therefore the, perhaps undue, responsibility of the individual to try not to give such cause to the police, and to comply with any such searches. Whether a specific officer has erred in his judgment is a question for a court to decide.

Again, these are just the semi-informed opinions of a semi-informed senior. Do not take any of this as legal advice, especially since the school has seen fit to axe so many Supreme Court cases from the program in recent years. Not that an understanding of the legal underpinnings of the freedom on which our society is founded is necessary for us to embrace that freedom, or for the school to make good on its motto, to make free men of children.

we shall meet in the place  
where there is no darkness

blake hindley

One can most successfully judge the quality of a college by examining the thoughts that go through a student's head outside of class and study. Surely is it most difficult to gain such privileged access to a Johnny's brain, though there still appears to be a source for such "stream of consciousness" effluvia: public desecration on campus. Many are familiar with the now-legendary grout-fiti visible in most of the Men's rooms. As a public service we now present to you, the reader, a not-so-comprehensive collection of the finest tagging and defilement from our classroom tables. You may notice many of your favorite examples of proud public despoliation missing from this list. This is largely due to their illegibility. If after reading this you are upset with the level the average Johnny's musings, simply go out and create your own intellectually superior vandalism.

- I M M A N U E L  
KANT

- WHO ARE THE  
BETTER ANGELS OF  
OUR NATURE?

- logos

- MR. HUNT IS  
KICKING ASS TODAY

- HELLO, HOW  
ARE YOU?

GOOD, HOW ARE YOU?

FINE

- LAW

- WATSON [heart shape] CLUFFDOG

- NO = PR

- Mr NOLKE

- NEW PAS

- BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOUR MOM

[on the wall of Peterson]

- HOMER HOMO?

- BITCH

- ROSIE

- BUT DIFFERENTIATION IS FOR PUSSIES

- QUE BUENO!

- GHOTI

- HELP ME

- ISM

- WHY ARE YOU READING THIS?

- CRYSTAL HUMPHRESS

STEEV MAESTAV

- DEATH

- LEICHMAN ROCKS YOUR LAME ASS

- TACO

BURGER

-PAUL GLEGI[illegible] CHAN!

-SNAFU FUGAZI

- SEX

- FUCK YOU

[crossed out]

SAY IT TO MY  
FACE

-HOGAN FEARS  
ME

- FUBU

- PARDON ME, DO  
YOU HAVE ANY [rest  
illegible]

- NEW CHALK

- BOOB

- ANTHROPO-  
MORPHIC COCK

-FRODO LIVES!

- SPOO!!!

- DANTE [heart



shape] BEATRICE

- WILL IT NEVER END

- BUTT

- LITTLE BOYS AND SHEEP

RUN AND HIDE

HERE COMES AARON COTEFF

- SMOKE MARY JANE

- SHOOT ME!

- PAUL GREGORI GETS FADED ON THE  
BOTTLE

- [a bar code sticker]

- I HATE MY LIFE

- LAUGH

- DONUT

- I ALWAYS THINK OUR CLASS HAS THE  
CRAZIEST DISCUSSIONS

erin hanlon

After the incident involving the arrest in Meem Library, I decided to ask Library Director Jennifer Sprague for an interview to clear up some of the questions I had about the state of patron privacy in Meem Library.

**EH:** Were you informed when monitoring of the public computer terminals began?

**JS:** I was not informed. I found out the night the person [Andrew O'Connor] was detained. Randy Harris told me.

**EH:** Did he call you?

**JS:** I was in the library after it happened and Randy came over and talked to me about the incident.

**EH:** What was your reaction?

**JS:** I was very upset. I would have wanted to be included in that decision. It sounds like there was some miscommunication between the administration and security about what "monitoring" actually entailed.

**EH:** Did you contact the administration?

**JS:** The next day I spoke with the Dean and the President.

**EH:** What did they say?

**JS:** I think both of them weren't quite clear about the monitoring. The administration thought one thing was happening and security had another idea. There was a breakdown in communication rather than a blatant disregard for protocol. However, both agreed that I should have been included in that decision.

**EH:** The memorandum from Messrs. Balkcom and Levine mention that the college is planning to restrict access to the public computers. Was that the library's decision or the administration's?

**JS:** Evidently, a few days before the person was detained in the library the Dean and the Instruction Committee met and recommended that that [access restricted to college community members] take place.

**EH:** Do you know if monitoring will continue after access is restricted?

**JS:** Based on the conversation I had with the Dean and the President yesterday [March 3], I don't think any computers are being monitored right now and hope that would continue to be the case.

**EH:** I know that the new circulation system is online, how does the monitoring, or any potential monitoring, affect patron's privacy?

**JS:** Access to circulation is restricted to our two circulation desk computers. We are in the process of developing a privacy policy and restricted access to patron records would be part of it. Currently, when a book is checked out

it goes on your patron loan record. When the book is returned it is erased from your loan record. We can look up a book and see who the last person to check it out was, but that information is not part of a patron's loan record. We do have a record of particular books that were checked out and not returned on time for billing purposes, so if you are concerned about your privacy this could be an incentive to return your books on time. As we go through the process of writing our privacy policy, if we find ways to modify procedures that would further protect privacy, we will do so.

**EH:** How do we know that no one is monitoring our circulation computers?

**JS:** I don't think they have any intention of doing that, and if they did I would try to avoid that. It would be one of the things we would try to guard against in the new privacy policy.

**EH:** How does the Patriot Act affect libraries?

**JS:** The Patriot Act definitely provides more access to patron records than librarians would want to divulge. Under certain situations the FBI could request information about a patron and the library would have to give it to them. The librarian is not allowed to inform the patron and librarians are not supposed to talk about it with other librarians. It is basically a gag order on librarians.

**EH:** The American Library Association (ALA) recently issued recommendations for dealing with the Patriot Act. Is the library following any of these recommendations?

**JS:** We will be using the recommendations as we generate our own privacy policy. Throughout this process I have been in contact with people at ALA and taking advice from them. Yes, we are using their recommendations.

**EH:** Is it possible to figure out a patron's loan history?

**JS:** Right now they can get a patron's current loan record.

**EH:** Is there anything else you would like to add?

**JS:** I understand the security concerns for our campus but the librarians are also committed to preserving the intellectual freedom of our patrons. I would encourage any concerned students to talk with me. I would like to hear what their concerns are.

*The author wishes to acknowledge that her interview was not entirely impartial. Erin Hanlon has worked in Meem Library for the past four years in both the capacities of circulation assistant and archives assistant.*

erin hanlon

**Erin Hanlon:** Earlier this week I interviewed Library Director Jennifer Sprague and yesterday I spoke with Mr. Levine. Both of them told me that they had been not been informed of the monitoring of the library public computers until after the arrest. Had you been informed of the monitoring prior to the arrest?

**President John Balkcom:** No. Now let me say, well what I need to say is yes and no. Because, we had a specific warning about someone who had been thrown out of two other libraries locally. We were watching out for this person to show up here. Randy Harris came to Brian Valentine and I and said "I am going to get IT to set me up to see what web sites people have been visiting." What I didn't know was that he was going to ask them to set him up to monitor real-time. I didn't understand that at all. I thought there would be a way of tracking, checking what sites had been visited after the fact. And he actually thought he was telling me that he was going to be monitoring real time. Randy Harris said later "I should have been clear about that"

**EH:** That explains the miscommunication that Jennifer Sprague had understood there to be between the Administration and Security.

**JB:** Yes. And, I would say that Randy took the action in the absence of any explicit policy one way or another. We just didn't have policies dealing with this whole area.

**EH:** You said you were contacted; was it the College of Santa Fe President who contacted you?

**JB:** I want to be protective of the people who called me. I talked with people who are responsible for two other libraries here in Santa Fe.

**EH:** Leaving out the two other libraries, did the FBI or Secret Service contact you?

**JB:** No. In fact we called them. That is to say, Randy called them out of concern for the guy who, a) was thrown out of two other libraries, b) we had seen someone here taking photographs of Peterson Student Center and were worried about that. Randy called them, it wasn't the FBI calling us. And that is why I am not sure we have a Patriot Act issue here because this is not about the FBI asking us for information. We called them.

**EH:** Well, the students don't know that.

**JB:** Yes. We called them because of the guy we were concerned about. We haven't been pressed by the FBI. We found out, by the way, by calling them that the guy, we think the same guy we were concerned about, is the guy that they were already tracking precisely because of one of the libraries from which he had been thrown out.

So, my expertise on the Patriot Act is limited but my understanding is that it has to do primarily with what the authorities have to do to get information from us. But in this case we were calling them and saying "Have you heard about this guy who fits this description? Should we be concerned about him?"

**EH:** Let's go back to the monitoring. Can you tell me when you were apprised of the security concerns so that you talked to Randy Harris and decided something needed to be done?

**JB:** It may have been Tuesday night of the week of the event reported in the newspaper.

**EH:** Well it would probably would have had to have been Monday night.

**JB:** Maybe it was Monday night. I don't remember.

**EH:** OK. I am saying that because the first memo came out on the 13<sup>th</sup>, Mr. Levine said it was written on the 12<sup>th</sup> and apparently the Instruction Committee met on Tuesday to discuss passwords on the public computers.

**JB:** Right, and made a decision, I have since heard, that we would no longer simply make computers available publicly. Although that decision was not conveyed to the library, is the way I have heard it.

**EH:** Yes. And as far as I know it has not been implemented, but I have not tried to get on those computers.

**JB:** Well, of course what has been implemented is there are warning signs on those computers. Right now nothing is being monitored.

**EH:** Right. I talked to IT and they said they removed the software. The memo dated February 13 mentions there is a Safety Committee. Can you tell me who is on the Safety Committee?

**JB:** Let's get Suzanne [Cooper, the President's assistant] and ask her. There are two committees by the way. Let me get Suzanne. We have had a Safety Committee for quite some time.

**EH:** This memo says "we want you to know that we have established a special committee, the Safety Committee to handle these issues."

**Suzanne Cooper :** Do you want to know who is on the Safety Committee?

**JB:** Yes.

**SC :** Me.

**EH:** You? Suzanne Cooper.

**SC :** Ted Gonzales, Mark St. John, Vivian Duran, Debra Gallegos from Aramark, Randy Harris is the chairman, Lois Rael, and Laura Cooley from the library.

**EH:** So it sounds like someone from each department.

Well not quite.

SC: Not someone from each department.

JB: Especially given that there are 22 departments.

SC: There is me for the President's Office, Mark St. John for the Student Activity Center, the library, and the switchboard because she is the center of all communication.

JB: Now we had another *ad hoc* group gathering, in fact, in twenty minutes here. Which is: Grant Franks, Patricia Greer, John Gibson, who has computer expertise, Linda Weiner, Ted Gonzales, Randy Harris, and me. *Ad hoc* group beginning to formulate in detail the policies we need in these areas of privacy, safety, and security and perhaps even the Patriot Act although we haven't even met once yet. We are meeting this afternoon.

EH: Okay. Good to know. Just out of curiosity Mr. Fisher told me most of the concerns I that I have written out here were addressed in the faculty meeting. Why was there not a second memo sent out to the students?

JB: Well we thought we had said everything we needed to say in the first memorandum. Maybe there is more we need to say. I have to say I am a little worn out on this topic right now but I understand what you are saying and we just thought we had given enough information. I was not thinking we were keeping some things from students. That was not the approach to this.

EH: It is probably just that some of the tutors have been talking to us, some of the students, encouraging us to ask questions, but then they don't tell us the answers once they get them.

JB: I see.

EH: The memo dated February 25 states "students should be aware, however, that federal law also authorizes certain federal law enforcement agencies to monitor computer use without College approval." Does federal law enforcement have to notify you that they are monitoring our computers?

JB: I don't know the answer to that. I just don't know what the law is in that respect.

EH: If you were informed that the Feds were monitoring College computers who, if any, would you be allowed to share that information with?

JB: I don't know. That is part of why this group is getting together this afternoon. To begin to formulate our policies on all of these things and where we stand, for example, on the Patriot Act. If the FBI were to call us and ask us for information, what is our response?

EH: When you were notified about a suspicious per-

son on other college campuses were you provided with a physical description?

JB: Yes.

EH: What departments was that description shared with?

JB: I don't know in a comprehensive sense but it certainly was shared with all the security officers and the library. I think it was shared with the bookstore, it was shared with many of the staff in Weigle Hall. I would say, from conversations I have had on campus it is clear that the awareness of that case is very uneven. We need to have in such cases in the future a much clearer policy that says this kind of information will go to the following personnel on the following schedule and we just didn't have that in place at the time.

EH: Right, because the students were not given a physical description and when I interviewed Jennifer Sprague during that time three people came up to the circulation desk to tell Laura that there was a middle-eastern man in the library. I have heard that a junior actually called security on a GI because she didn't recognize him and he had a video camera. That is why I was wondering about the physical description.

JB: We had no formal procedure for making sure that notification happened in a consistent way to all the right places. I know that we talked to several people about it but my hunch was that it was done on an *ad hoc* basis. And that is one of the reasons we have this group coming in this afternoon to say "o.k., we get a piece of information, it contains threatening information, to whom do we give it and how do we get it to them."

EH: The library desk assistants were given the physical description of the suspect to look out for. Then on March 4<sup>th</sup> they were told in a memo that they no longer had to look for that person. Do you know why?

JB: On March 4<sup>th</sup>. It was probably from a meeting the Dean and I had with them. When we said, well, they asked us, first off, why it was that we had asked the library to look out for this person. The answer was simple. It was because the stories we had of problems in other locations were in two libraries. So we thought if the person is going to show up here it is most likely going to be in the library. Then on the 4<sup>th</sup> the question was, "Do we need to be the ones monitoring this?" And I think I said "It will principally be Security looking out for someone like this and we are about to convene a group to write our policies in this area. So we may ask you again but we will be sure to do so as part of a more consistent

notification of different parts of the campus.”

**EH:** So this doesn't have to do with security maybe apprehending or talking to this person already?

**JB:** No.

**EH:** Do you know who spotted the suspicious person with the camera or video camera on our campus?

**JB:** I do not.

**EH:** We are pretty sure it is the same person?

**JB:** As best we can tell. The descriptions certainly seemed similar. But obviously as I said, both in the town hall meeting and in the faculty meeting, many of us are dealing with second-hand information. I don't have any way of confirming that we are talking about the same person.

**EH:** What is the College's policy with respect to cooperating with the police in non-warranted searches of student rooms; for example, given that the College reserves the right to conduct such a search if it suspects a student to be involved in criminal behavior. If the police bring such a suspicion to the school's attention, will the school first investigate the incident privately, or will they immediately assist the police in an investigation? In such a case what communication will be offered between the College and the student and student body?

**JB:** Have you talked with Charlie Fasanaro yet?

**EH:** No.

**JB:** I urge you to speak with him about this question. Because this is the kind of question he works with our security, and often with the police, very closely on. When you say, "what is the College's policy in cooperating with the police in non-warranted searches, is that to say searches in which the police do not bring a warrant?"

**EH:** Yes. For instance the police come saying "we suspect that Suzie Smith has drugs in her room. Can we search her room?" but they do not have a warrant.

**JB:** We have an opinion from our attorneys that if they have probable cause, as they had recently in a case here on campus, we can't stop them. That they have the power to go. It is not at all clear that they have to have a warrant to do that.

**EH:** Because the housing contract says that the school can search your room if they think that they have probable cause and what we are wondering is if the College will search first and then allow the police in. That instead of letting the police in to Suzie Smith's room that we search first and then say that "you guys can come in."

**JB:** In the interest of being protective of a couple of

individual cases of privacy let me just say that in a case on campus the police fairly recently notified us they were coming in campus. They didn't call and ask. They called and said "we have probable cause. Here is the form that probable cause takes, we are coming on campus to make this arrest." Our security asked if they could make that intervention on behalf of the police, instead of having the police come on campus and requested permission to do that and the police declined. And came and made the arrest. There are circumstances in which, I have a legal opinion that says when the police have probable cause they can come on campus and do this. Now I also know that what they did is what is colloquially known as a knock and talk. Let's say that the police have good reason to believe that you have drugs in your room and they come to your room and knock on the door. Now please do not take this as legal advice, but my understanding is if they knock on your door and say "we understand you have drugs in your room and would like to talk with you." And you open your door and there is drug paraphernalia in plain sight they can book you.

**EH:** So I shouldn't have opened my door.

**JB:** My hunch is that you should not have opened your door. You could say "come back when you have a warrant."

**EH:** That is what I have heard from other parties as well [I should note these other parties were not lawyers]

**JB:** Please do not take that as a legal opinion. I am not an attorney and this is an area in which there is some ambiguity. I also think the police will simply come with a warrant next time.

**EH:** The person who is going to be writing the article on student legal rights will be talking with Mr. Franks.

**JB:** Good.

**EH:** Who has final say about what goes on in the library, you or the Library Director?

**JB:** The Dean. If you go to the Polity you will see that it has a section on associates, faculty associates. It defines certain positions as being faculty associates, one of them being the Director of the library. It says that the Director of the library reports to the Dean. It also says the President has executive authority over all associates. Now this is one of the wonderful ways in which our Polity is ambiguous and there are many of them. Many ways in which it is ambiguous. For all practical purposes the Dean and the Instruction Committee are the final point of reference on issues of the library. If I wanted to step in and

## ODE TO HORSEWOMEN AND SNOW PONDS

To a cool snow-pond  
 fair horsewomen of old come  
 their horses drink there;  
 winter breezes blow  
 through fir trees and golden hair  
 and cross the white snow  
 down the hills a way,  
 One still sees but green and black,  
 tile roofs, and chimneys  
 at the cool snow-pond,  
 their horses are still thirsty  
 and drinking their fill  
 the fair horsewomen,  
 bedecked in green and in white,  
 pass the time quickly.

—Rob Culbert

## STRAIGHT SHOOTER

I race to the bottom  
 of every glass  
 Only to find him there  
 Staring at me from  
 The pool  
 Collected remains of  
 last legs  
 Narcissus kissed it  
 Drowned  
 Immersed  
 I stare at the reflection  
 Those stabbing eyes can see  
 Every bargain made on my soul,  
 Read the fine print  
 I missed  
 Another drink, another toast  
 To the things that I love  
 It's a way to forget  
 Those very things  
 And it's just what I  
 need

—Shane Gassaway

exercise executive authority over something that the Director of the library is doing I suppose I could do it. It is one of those powers I hope I rarely, if ever, have to exercise. Because I would hope that the Dean, the Instruction Committee and I would all be in consultation on this and not have to have any of us exercising executive authority. Section 8 of the Polity says "there shall be the following associates as deemed necessary by the President of each campus with the powers and responsibilities provided: ... The Librarians shall be responsible to the Deans on their respective campuses for the operation of the library. Appointments of professional members of the library staff shall be made upon the recommendation of the Librarian to the Dean on each campus." That was article 8, paragraph 5b on the librarians. Now article 8, paragraph 1 says "associate members of the faculty on each campus shall be appointed by the Board of Visitors and Governors on the

recommendation of the President in consultation with the Dean of that campus. The President shall have ultimate executive authority over the associates." So, I have ultimate executive authority over the associates, including the librarian here, and the librarians shall be responsible to the Deans on their respective campuses. Again, the librarian reports primarily to the Dean who, with consultation to the Instruction Committee, makes decisions about the library. I would imagine that in 99% of cases I would have no need to intervene in any way with that. If a Dean became ill and mentally or physically incompetent to deal with the issues then maybe I would be called on to step in some capacity. But again this is one of those areas of marvelous ambiguity in our Polity.

EH: I think that is it. Thank you.

JB: You're welcome.

aaron coteff

[We call the attention of our readers to the subjoined admirable stanzas on "The Oil-of-Bob." We need say nothing of their sublimity, or of their pathos:—it is impossible to peruse them without tears. Those who have been nauseated with a sad dose on the same august topic from the goosequill of the editor of the "Gad-Fly," will do well to compare the two compositions.

P.S.—We are consumed with anxiety to probe the mystery which envelops the evident pseudonym "Snob." May we hope for a personal interview?]

Having just sat upon the same construction of plastic and porcelain that I had last night vomited upon.

I am now uncomfortable with the sticking sound that was heard as I stood.

It was reason that forced me to have wiped the toilet, it was all sorts of a job.

But to proceed:

"To pen an Ode upon the 'Oil-of-Bob'

Is all sorts of a job.

(Signed)

SNOB"

Now is the time for me to beckon my Thingum, that rascal I call up from the lawn,

To scrub and clean my sink, toilet and body with crab and lollipop: Thingum Bob, for whom none too small is the aperture.

Not more than 5 inches in height, with a head somewhat bigger than his body, and a tail being cut off exceedingly close, Thingum Bob maintains the air of an injured soldier's innocence.

Wounded by those whom call him up from concrete jungles, those unable to realize the most benignly beautiful, the most deliciously ethereal, and, as it were, the most *pretty* (if I may use so bold an expression) Thingum (pardon me, gentle reader!) in the world.

Yes. He extends to the uttermost ends of the earth. You cannot take up a common newspaper in which you will not see some allusion to the immortal THINGUM BOB. It is Mr. Thingum Bob said so, and Mr. Thingum Bob did that. But I am meek and expire with an humble heart. Alas, never too far from such sticking sounds!

'Van muerte tan escondida,  
Que no te sienta venir,

Porque el plazer del morir,  
No mestorne a dar la vida.'

[That's Spanish—from Miguel de Cervantes. 'Come quickly, O death! but be sure and don't let me see you coming, lest the pleasure I shall feel at your appearance should unfortunately bring me back again to life.']

Death comes from chicken bones lodged in the throat.

But Thingum Bob enjoys only his lollipops. Which means Thingum will not kill you, and Thingum will live forever.

Bob, my Hyperquizzitistical Fatback!—sweet Bob! how shall I ever forget thee?

And so I become Death. Alas! what horrible vision affronts my eyes? Is that a rat I see sulking into his hole? Are these the picked bones of my little Thingum who has been cruelly devoured by the monster? Ye Gods! and what *do I behold in this darkening corner?* Is it the *Fatback Thingum Bob?* cleaning my Way to Death with a new lollipop? Harken! for he speaks, and heavens! it is in the German of Schiller—

'Und sterb' ich doch, so sterb' ich denn  
Durch sie—durch sie!'

[That's German—from Schiller. 'And if I die, at least I die—for thee—for thee!']

Sweet creature! that I may at last hear the smooth sound of the cleaned passageway sliding across my skin as the light dims and I descend into the depths, unable to express the feeling of elation I feel hearing not the sticking sounds.

[To note: this work does in no way represent actual fruit from the brain of the author whose name appears in small capital letters at the top of the page. It is rather a sort of plagiarism, constructed from the words of an E.A. Poe, so as to inspire rich thought among the literate community of the campus. Rather than the usual dialogue presented in our independent tri-weekly which was amusing only to "Anyone who still had enough sense of humor to listen objectively to the ensuing dialogue(s and who) would be staggered by the vast number of commonplaces, misapplied truisms, clichés from newspapers and novels, shop-soiled platitudes of every description interspersed with vulgar abuse and brain-splitting lack of logic. It is a dialogue which, irrespective of its participants, is repeated millions and millions of times in all the languages of the world and always remains essentially the same"(C.G. Jung, *The Portable Jung*, Viking Penguin Inc., 1971).]

zacchary coker-dukowitz

Leaves blew listlessly over the ground. Some clung to naked limbs, a testament to a useless hope. A little girl ran across the cowering grass, the wind berating its helpless shoots, and reached to catch a leaf that had just begun to fall. "Mommy look!"

The girl held the leaf out to an aged, firm hand. "Wow! Kimmy look at this." Kimmy leaned in to look more closely as her mother traced the vein of the leaf, following each small branch out to where it split into small bolts of life. The colors of autumn were more lively to the girl, their colors more passionate than the bland greens she remembered from spring. Kimmy's mother had pearl grey eyes. They twinkled as she looked into Kimmy's eyes and put the leaf into her hand. Kimmy's eyes were green. They focused on her mother as the Earth focuses on the sun. Kimmy took the leaf and her mother took her hand.

"Let's go babe."

On the walk to the car it began to snow. The soft flakes extinguished more of the waning conflagration on the trees and Kimmy wanted again to catch the falling leaves before they touched the ground. But the confusion of snowfall and its obscuring white bothered her attempts and as she opened the car door she still only clutched that one leaf.

Kimmy studied the leaf carefully as they drove home. The white veins were small streams reaching towards the fire that burnt the edges. Here, where the veins of life could not reach, the fire had achieved its goal and all was brown. She wondered what would happen if the rivulets were quenched, if the fire could not be stopped. The brown, for all her innocence, looked to her like death. Kimmy's lips wilted as she studied the leaf. Winter was a happy thing: snowmen, being outside to make inside nicer, waking up to the brown and physical world covered with aether and purity.

But there was vigor in this leaf. She frowned further. Green was so dull, but it was just a beginning. Here, in this leaf, was passion and life. The leaf seemed to her to exemplify life: to exist in a boring color while developing, and then, right before death, to explode into fire, to make a first and final display of vibrance and pride. There was certainly pride and power in that fire on the leaf, the fire that was being chased inwards in death to kill the tiny shoots of water. But if only at death, only for a moment before turning brown, how sad!

Kimmy looked at her mother sideways, looked over the color of the flesh on her face. How close was she to her change of color? Judging by her skin, her tired features, it looked as the change had come and went, or perhaps even

passed her entirely over. Kimmy resolved right then to change colors prematurely, to really live for the majority of her life and not just at the end. She would define her existence by fire and the enclosing green and brown would hardly be noticed. The decision made, she felt as though she was changing already. She did not want to look at the leaf any more and stuck it deep inside her jacket pocket. Her mother glanced over and smiled. Kimmy smiled back as sweetly as she could, but in the colors of her mind she was already bursting forth blossoms of fire.

Kimmy went to bed that night with her head abuzz. She smiled at the happy chaos of color that she, by her resolve, now felt herself beginning to exist in. She thought her bed glowed a little and maybe vibrated with her smile, and she was sure her hair was starting to change from brown to some lighter shade of red. She knew it would not be a maroon deep enough to hide things in just yet. After all, most people did not get to experience such things until right before death, and even then it was only for a small while. After all, even her mother was gray all over and Kimmy could see death in her with her young eyes.

She woke up to skeletons beckoning her outside the window of her second-story room. The early morning light shone freely through their naked, reaching arms and invited her to join them. Their bases were littered with red and yellow refuse from their dying limbs. The utter defeat in the branches and the leaves sent a shudder through her small body. The jacket from the day before sat on a chair beside her bed and she grabbed it up with a hand while keeping her eyes on the waving skeletons. She fished her leaf out without looking and held it up in front of her face, her eyes focusing on it while the trees outside blurred into a mixture of dark lines. Her mouth trembled at the creeping brown, now descended to a partial oval that threatened the strong middle vein of the leaf from all sides.

Kimmy jumped up to stand in front of her mirror. She was not sure whether she looked any different. Her hands and her face looked a little red, but that could have been anything. She looked out the window again, at all the leaves crowding round the tree in pain, proffering companionship if not life. She wanted to be down there with them. She ran downstairs and outside to the funereal trees. The wind blowing her hair bleared her wet eyes and tore at her thin pajamas.

Kimmy ran to the nearest chattering tree and fell to its base. She wrapped her arms round its solid trunk and closed her eyes to the dying firey leaves. She squeezed the trunk

with all her fire, all her small life, hoping to transfer to it the passion she had wished for the day before, the passion she now felt pounding in her temple. She squeezed until something passed out of her, then sunk into the leaves and fell into a deep and blazing sleep.

An hour later Kimmy's mom stormed into her room. "I've been yelling at you for over ten minutes. You're going to miss - ". She stopped. The bed was empty. But where could she be? She searched the room with her eyes but saw nothing odd. Her brow furrowed. But then, looking over the room once more, she caught a flash of Kimmy's red and orange pajama top out the window and her eyes darted back and fixed on the inert body of her daughter downstairs, lying among the trees in the yard.

The back door to the quiet white house opened and slammed quickly shut. "Kimmy!" She had wanted to sound angry but her concern fragmented her voice and betrayed itself. She ran to where her daughter lay in the cold, enveloped in a shroud of leaves.

"What are you doing out here?" she demanded of herself. She knew her daughter's blue lips would not answer. She picked the small body up and carried it into the house, frozen dew crunching under her feet. She managed the door with one hand while supporting the weight of her daughter on her arms, and carried the girl upstairs to the bathtub. She tore her pajamas off in deft motions, shunning the panic that banged in her ears and wanted to deafen her but could not.

The water crept slowly up to Kimmy's toes, then to her knees. Her small, naked body, androgynous at this age, looked forlorn. But there was a deep flush in the cheeks, a red that was building to a color of violence and resistance, stubbornness and life. Kimmy's mother felt her forehead, felt the fever that pounded underneath her skin. She bit her lip and chewed her trimmed nails, and the tub was full. But her daughter's lips were still blue, her eyes were still closed.

Slowly, slowly, a pink appeared amidst the blue. It spread out in tendrils until it infused itself everywhere. Kimmy's mother stroked her hair away from her face and kissed it over and over. What else could she do? And then, in the same deliberate miracle that had brought the color back, Kimmy's eyelids parted slightly and fluttered open. She was confused and wanted to look at herself. Was she all red and yellow and orange? She tried to sit up to see, but her mother held her still.

"Babe, what were you doing outside in the cold like that?" Kimmy turned her clear green eyes up to her mother. She had heard the falter, the fear in her mother's voice. She

did not believe its chastising tone. But how could she explain about the fire and leaves and yearning to someone like that, someone who wanted only to be strong? Her mother waxed strong in love but did not burn in desire. Burning consumed and killed. Kimmy was sure her mother had never felt anything like that, anything so irrational and base. Her grey eyes spoke of resign, of suffering. But Kimmy had wanted the fruit of life before its time, to live in complete passion without earning it in age. Her mother, who should have earned it herself, had eschewed the reds and yellows. Kimmy could feel in her body even without looking that she now existed in those colors. She had slept with them, but her mother had awakened her. How could she explain? She could not.

"I don't know." Kimmy looked at her pink toes poking out of the water, detached and far away. She wiggled them and felt she was playing with a marionette.

Kimmy's mom grabbed her face firmly, gently. She looked into her eyes. "You almost died." Even now she could only whisper the words though they had been playing in her ears, pounding on the drums of panic for a while now. She was surprised that she was able to say them. Kimmy just looked over her shoulder, wiggled her toes and looked bored. Her mother sighed.

"Well, you're not going to school today." She put her hand on Kimmy's forehead. "And you better get out of that bathtub and into bed."

She tried to help her out, to wrap her in a towel and hold her and dry her. But Kimmy would have none of it. She was all aflame and smoldered in her independence.

"I can do it." She knew she was hurting her mother, but the fire pounded in her head and she felt that her mother was beneath her. Kimmy had embraced life, had initiated herself into its penultimate phase where everything was beauty and passion. Kimmy had escaped death and her mother had been left behind. Kimmy wrapped the large towel around her tiny shoulders and walked with big defiant steps into her room. She dressed quickly and was going to leave, to go back outside. But her mother blocked the door.

"You need to go to bed honey."

Her mother's face was serene and implacable. Kimmy hated its lack of inspiration or danger. She lifted her small fists, precipitating the wave of vehemence she wished would pour out of her so that she could encompass her mother. But instead she dropped to the floor, red-faced and unconscious. Her mother picked her up and carried her to bed. She smiled at the beautiful face of her daughter and sat down to wait.

# CANTO VII

## PAPÉ SATÂN, PAPÉ SATÂN ALEPPE!



BE QUIET, CURSED WOLF, LET YOUR VINDICTIVENESS FEED ON YOURSELF. HIS IS NO RANDOM JOURNEY.

HERE, MORE THAN ELSEWHERE, I SAW MULTITUDES TO EVERY SIDE OF ME; THEIR HOWLS WERE LOUD WHILE WHEELING WEIGHTS, THEY USED THEIR CHESTS TO PUSH. THEY STRUCK AGAINST EACH OTHER; AT THAT POINT, EACH TURNED AROUND AND CRIED OUT:

WHY DO YOU HOARD? WHY DO YOU SQUANDER!



NOW YOU CAN SEE, MY SON, HOW BRIEF'S THE SPORT OF ALL THOSE GOODS THAT ARE IN FORTUNE'S CARE, FOR ALL THE GOLD THAT IS OR EVER WAS COULD NEVER OFFER REST TO ONE OF THESE SPIRITS.

WE CROSSED THE CIRCLE TO THE OTHER SHORE; WE REACHED FOAMING WATER COURSE THAT SPILLS INTO A TRENCH FORMED BY ITS OVERFLOW. FORMING A SWAMP THAT BEARS THE NAME OF STYX. AND I COULD MAKE OUT MUDDIED PEOPLE IN THAT SLIME, ALL NAKED.

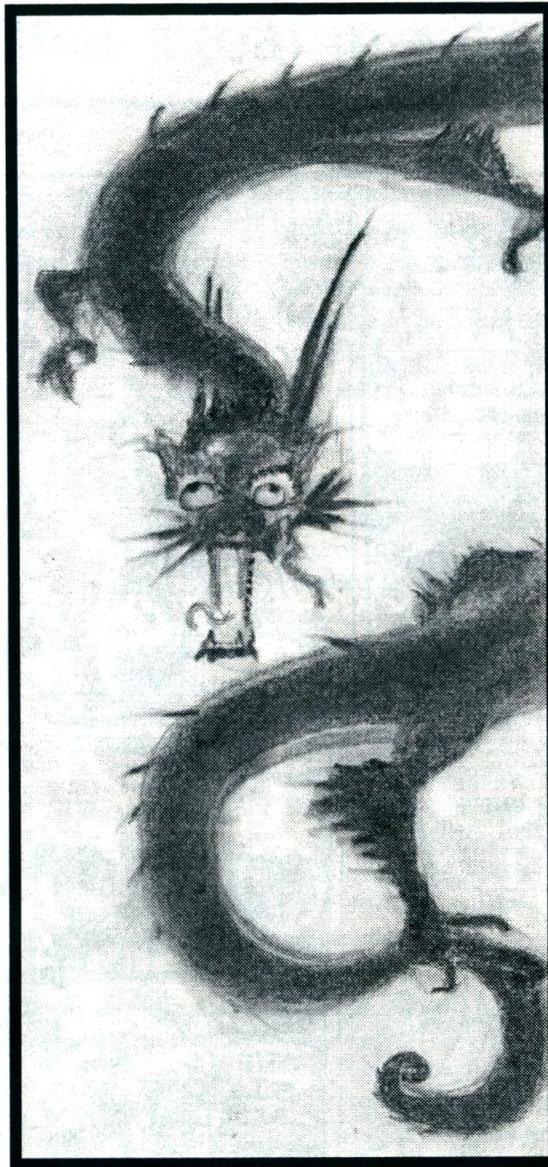


SON, NOW SEE THE SOULS OF THOSE WHOM ANGER HAS DEFEATED. UNDERNEATH THE WATER THERE ARE SOULS WHO SIGH AND MAKE THIS PLAIN OF WATER BUBBLE.

WE HAD BEEN SULLEN IN THE SWEET AIR THAT'S GLADDENED BY THE SUN; WE BORE THE MIST OF SLUGGISHNESS IN US; NOW WE ARE BITTER IN THE BLACKENED MUD.

AND SO, BETWEEN THE DAY SHORE AND THE SWAMP, WE CIRCLED MUCH OF THE DISGUSTING POND, OUR EYES UPON THE SWALLOWERS OF SLIME.





rain dragon  
mike santillanes

the past was dead  
the future was  
unimaginable