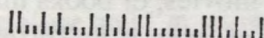


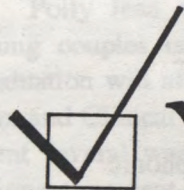
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Johnnie Love, p. 3

Graduation, etc.

Graduation will be Sunday morning at 11:00, which hopefully is early enough to avoid the rain. There will be a speech by Daniel Schorr of National Public Radio's All Things Considered. Come and see. This has been an enjoyable year for me as editor, and I'd like to thank the contributors, the readers, and the guys from Meem for making it that way.

I hope people enjoy the summer. If you come across any interesting music, movies, or books that you'd like to write a review of, give it to Taffeta for the first fall issue.

—Randall Rose

Public Letter

The class of '94 wishes to thank all of the Drake employees who helped us with food preparation and cleanup during Senior Prank. We couldn't have done it without you.

—Jessica Hersh, H. Del Carlo

Press Release Digest

The Art Gallery exhibit for June will include two shows by Santa Feans. One show, called "Figure-Form-Symbol", is by clay sculptor Nita Schwartz, who says, "Not knowing what will emerge from the kiln after committing work to the fire is an exciting aspect of the process. I think of it as a mysterious collaboration with nature."

The other show, "The Appearing Object", is by painter Dennis Fiedler. The press release says that "for the last twenty years Fiedler has practiced yoga and meditation. This experience clearly informs his work." On the other hand, a newspaper clipping that reviews his work makes it sound not "clearly informative" but mysterious and haunting. The reviewer got pretty excited about Fiedler's paintings, but you can't tell whether that's because she really liked the art or because she wanted to show off phrases like "Fiedler's work churns with a highly charged preternatural air."

—Randall Rose

Ode to the Graduate Institute

By a Student with Thirty-Five Years Between
Bachelor's & Master's Degrees

There once was a woman so quizzical
She dreamed of the realm metaphysical
Of Homeric mythology,
Augustinian theology,
The mathematic, Socratic — and mystical!

So she entered the halls academic
To engage in discourses polemic
With medieval scholastics
And desert monastics
In quest of "the paradigm pandemic."

To her offspring it seemed ironic
That their mother was waxing symphonic
Over old Lobachevski
All things Dostoevsky
And Dialogues deadly Platonic. (The housecat's
response — catatonic...)

When the *materfamilias* to her *filios* and *filias*
Chanced to read Aristotle a while,
Did they hearken — and ponder?
Or did their minds wander,
As they'd pass the wine bottle and smile?

Soon the *paterfamilias cum filios* and *filias*
And the friends and relations — a mob! —
Will be gathered together
to speculate whether
Philosopher-Mom can be called "a real job"!

I suggest (with appropriate modesty):
"On this rhapsodic-quixotic Odyssey,
Our present employment
Is enlightened enjoyment
Of nectar for the Soul's curiosity!"

So bring on the Gregorian Chor!
From the rooftops and towers, let soar
Hosannas! and Glorias!
For "St. Johnnies Victorious" —
The graduates of May, Ninety-Four!

—Peggy A. Jones
B.A. 1959, M.A. 1994

May 16, 1994

Johnnie Love

Polly Jean and Babraham embrace. The tassels of their mortar boards intertwine gracefully. Around them, tears are falling, parents are smoking cigarettes, grandparents are patting their purses and the Sunday air reverberates with hope and ambition. Tongues of new graduates thicken with the first savory flavor of success. For some, however, this day is not so glad. Ah, yes, it is sweet, but sweetness can be tainted so easily with bitterness. Bitter, bitter, O, bittersweet Sunday in May.

Polly Jean and Babraham are one of several young couples interviewed on the subject of how graduation will affect their love affairs. Dr. Roberta Flax and Clinical Consultant Jodie Persimmon-Foster spent several weeks at St. John's investigating this poignant moment in young lives for their forthcoming non-fiction masterpiece *The Pain and Profundity of Young Love*. Before this helpful self-help volume appears on the shelves of bookstores everywhere, the researchers agreed to share their interviews of the more archetypal cases.

SINCE SEPTEMBER 16th

Sahara and Darlene, a senior and a freshman respectively, had been together for eight months when our interviewers forced their way into Sahara's dorm room, finding the couple in the unhappy state of mutual hangover. In bed together, alternately puking into a garbage can while watching "The Jenny Jones Show," they feebly submitted to an interview.

Q: What are your plans after graduation?

S: Smilin' cause we're in it together.

D: She'll only be eleven hours away, so we'll probably have sex just as often.

S: I don't like to have sex when I'm stressed. We're spending the summer together in P_____ with Darlene's mother.

D: (reminiscing, sweetly tapping Sahara's elbow) Remember last time we were home at my mother's? We told her we were going upstairs for a nap, but you know what always happens when we lay down together in the afternoon.

S: I thought I'd never show my face at the kitchen table again.

D: She never knocks.

Q: We'll get to your sex life later, ladies. Back to the question—What are your plans after graduation?

S: I'm going to Boron to start my career.

D: I decided not to transfer to Annapolis based partially on Sahara's location.

Q: So, you're planning to stay together indefinitely . . . monogamously?

S: We're gonna have a lot of space. I have to live alone and I'm scared of the dark and I don't like to sleep alone and I haven't been alone since I was seventeen and I'm a scaredy cat so this is enough of a change for me.

D: I'm gonna stay here and be an R.A. and do some things.

D+S: I trust her.

18 MONTHS

Mickey and Sarafina, two seniors, had been together for eighteen months when our interviewers caught up with them at that center of campus hum, the switchboard.

Q: How did you meet?

M: Mutual friends helped move her. I didn't fall for her then. She crashed at my house a lot. It was easier to start getting it on. It only took two nights to get into her pants.

Q: Have you been discussing your plans for after graduation?

S: Yes. Not a lot.

M: A lot.

S: We're taking a little hiatus, then we're going to travel together. We got sick of each other in December.

M: The time off is needed.

S: Last time he said "I love you" was in October.

M: Now I only show it by vacuuming.

Q: What are your gut feelings about your time apart?

S: We're going to stay monogamous. I'll be happy to get my own room. It's confusing. I can't trust any prediction.

M: I'm going with the Tao. The girls in my
continued, next page

Johnnie Love, continued

hometown are too stupid.

S: What about Bonnie Bost and Tammy Tracy?

M: One's a moron and the other's out of town.

Q: Will monogamy be hard for you?

S: Monogamy will be hard for me if I get drunk, but it will be hard to cheat with my heart.

Q: Is sex a drag when you've been doing it together for so long?

M: I don't know what affects our sex life. Sometimes we do it a lot; sometimes not at all.

S: I'm excited about seeing him after a separation.

M: Absence makes the heart grow fonder—for one day.

S: I put all my money in his bank account once. Scary. Separation is a good idea. It's bittersweet. I'll miss him and everyone else too. If he took off with another lover, it would be an ego blow that would take a long time to get over, plus I love him.

M: Our roommate can't deal with our sex life.

Almost Six Months

David and David, a senior and a man from Albuquerque, had been together for almost six months when our interviewers waylaid them on the thick carpet of lawn in front of the tower building. They were lunching on some artificial crab salad, a delightful treat that David had kept cool in his petite cooler.

Together in innocent, black-wearing hard days,
You taught me to linger on bridges, take trains,
Scare parents with bleak and blasphemous ways
And brood for beauty in Oregon rains;
While, Eve-like, I taught you to swallow sadness
And the knack of making a bright heart dead.
Who knew that now I'd ask your forgiveness
For giving you much more grief than you wanted?

You have had my best years, who proved to me
That this life, sore for tears and sick with lies
Is so, so heavy with easy beauty;
Easy as mist, grey and easy as eyes,
Easy like red and soft-remembered lips,
And easy as flicked drops from fingertips.

—Hope Del Carlo

Q: How did you two meet?

D: We met in the coffee shop. He was doing research on his dissertation "Conflict Resolution in New Mexico in Territorial Times and How It Relates to Capitalistic Expansion." It was a cold and drizzly day and my Gaydar honed in on him. I thought he was cute and nerdy enough to be a tutor or a GI. I could tell he was checking me out. I inquired with some GI's—they didn't know who he was. I did a peacock strut past him five times. Finally, he said, "Hi." I walked past one more time and said to myself, "David, if he looks up once again, bust a move." He did and I ditched lab class to get to know him.

Q: So, what are your plans for your love affair after graduation?

D: I want him to go to Sedona with me and my parents for 3 or 4 days. Basically, we're playing it by ear.

Q: Monogamy?

D: I may date, but won't sleep with anyone. If I do want to sleep with someone it will be an issue we'll have to bring up. My boyfriend doesn't want monogamy. We're playing it by ear.

Q: How will you survive without getting any action?

D: It won't bother me if I know the boundaries. Most guys are too shallow for me to want to sleep with anyway. I want a penis with a mind, not just a penis.

D: I'll become closer to my right hand. After an absence, all I'll want to do is have sex with him all day.

Q: What does "all day" mean?

D: I'd like to try that.

Ex-Lovers

A paradigmatic woman of the 90's, China proved to be an invaluable source of information for our interviewers. They talked to her about one of her love affairs—a stormy, two-year romance which ended in disaster, leaving the two young hearts shipwrecked on the same small campus. Since the break up the two have been forced daily to meet each other's wounded

glances and to be scathed by the judgment of their ruthless peers.

Q: How will it feel after graduation when you're not seeing Shark anymore?

C: It'll be great, cause it's hard. We have serious personality conflicts, but we love each other. Tension is a beast I won't miss.

Q: Has his presence kept you single?

C: I've loved many men since Shark.

Q: How will you say goodbye?

C: I'll cry, we'll have a little moment together even though I feel resolved. It won't destroy me if we fall out of touch, but I'd like to keep in touch. Whatever happens, happens.

As a follow-up, our interviewers caught up with the other half of this ex-love affair, a young man named Shark. He was running late, but paused a moment to placate the shrinks with his comments on the subject of his past love affair.

Q: How will it feel after graduation when you're not seeing China anymore?

S: Half and half. We drive each other crazy. We're weird when we get together. She asks me questions I can't answer.

Q: How will you say goodbye?

S: The moment won't be nice. It won't be rational and sentimental.

Q: Will you miss China?

S: I will miss her. We'll stay in touch. Our early years at St. John's knocked the s— out of us. I'll still be thinking of her after I leave because she's been a large part of what's happened to me at St. John's.

Three Years

Polly Jean and Babraham, two seniors, finally consented to an interview at 12:59 one lunch hour in the dining hall. They had one minute to spare before lab class.

Q: How did you get together?

B: Front seat of my car—a mutual friend.

P: We were best friends for a couple of months.

B: It was like slipping into an oil pit.

Q: Do you have plans for after graduation?

P: We have thought and talked about it endlessly. We're not going to be actively apart, although we're not staying in the same town.

B: Same relationship.

Q: Monogamy?

P: Yes. Maybe.

B: Like any other day. Monogamy is always an active choice. Graduation doesn't change anything. There is no promise for the future.

P: I'm freaked out. I can't differentiate between the graduation changes and the relationship changes. I don't know what's gonna happen and I'm scared.

B: I feel no sense of relief.

P: It feels healthy that he's gonna do his own thing.

Q: Thing?

P: One of us might not want it to happen. It is in the future. I don't know the answer. I want to know the answer.

B: Uncertainty doesn't bother me.

P: He does have a pulse.

B: (exasperated) The Heisenberg Principle—once you pin down one thing you lose knowledge about everything else. I've never had a problem. I don't go looking for bunches of women. This relationship feels natural. It feels right. Monogamy will be harder for her.

P: Sex is not the major concern at all. It's the least of my worries.

B: Most people don't know what the f— they're doing, but we do. I know myself.

So do young hearts cower

As their love affairs just flower

At the final hour

When their diplomas grant them power

To exit from their bower,

To leave behind the tower.

The fruits of youth are sour.

Now or

Never.

—Lori O'Dea, Vida Day

People to bitch at if you don't like what's went on here: **Randall Rose** (editor), **Alexa Van Dalsem** (layout & delivery), **Cass Carrigan**, **Hope Del Carlo**, **Kathryn Hoar**, **Tom Jacobson** (taste & judgment)

A reform proposal (dismissed) for the end of the year

Note: this article, by an Annapolis student, was too late to make it into the student newspaper there; we've decided to publish it instead.

One often encounters those reform-minded people who propose remedies for everything. I recently had the chance to converse with such a person.

This person, you must understand, was a non-Johnny, an outsider, unfamiliar with the nature of our institution and, presumably, of all centers of higher education.

When our conversation turned to the issues of campus life this rather naive ideologue was quick to suggest five "modest" proposals that would "eliminate the sources of all the varied problems one now finds plaguing St. John's," problems with which we are all familiar (student apathy, gender conflict and sexual politics, the student need for therapy and psychoanalysis). Incredulous, I begged to hear them and our friend the reformer begins...

(1) **Divide the students of St. John's by gender between the two campuses.** "Female Johnnies should of course be accorded the Santa Fe campus since they have nice views and milder weather out there—not to mention the fact that Fe Tutors are known to take the 'soft' approach to everything. (Fe seminars would be allowed to discuss at length the 'dead-white-male intellectual hegemony' and any other related matters as desired.) Annapolis and all its bricks and midshipmen would be most appropriate for the Johnny males." This gender division would, I was told, effectively eliminate all the gender conflicts we now experience and simultaneously reduce academic diversion on the sexual front. Sexual tension, so I'm told, could be redirected—*Symposium* style—towards "loftier things."

(2) **Impose a formal dress code.** "You address one another formally, why not present yourselves formally?" The idea here, our friend tells me, is to at least look like we're serious.

(3) **Make free coffee available in the coffee shop** (Tall espresso for those going to long lab). "Maybe the availability of free caffeine would get students mildly excited in the classroom," the reformer speculates.

(4) **Eliminate all attendance policies.** Some students simply do not want to be in class ... ever. "Why not allow for philanthropic students? They come to St. John's, partake in various extra-curricular activities, and never bother anyone in class. Class size is thus smaller and more intimate, more efficient and enjoyable, while St. John's remains financially secure." Perhaps classes would consist of only a few students who did their reading and really wanted to be there to discuss the matter. "Wouldn't it be great?" our friend asks.

(5) **Prohibit the use of audio equipment in the dormitories.** Our friend didn't have time to go into all the ramifications of such a policy, but he did claim this would somehow eliminate a host of minor problems, primarily having to do with student disposition or, as he put it, "the general attitude". "One never hears 'Alien Sex Fiend' playing in the Oxford dormitories. Students could of course go to the music library to listen to the St. Matthew Passion and an assortment of other fine musical works."

Now we do not have to dispute the value of each of these proposals. That would be useless and tedious; for it must be sufficiently obvious to the reader that our well-intentioned reformer is clueless as to the general nature of higher education today. These reforms go a long way toward furthering the supposed intellectual pursuits of the College, but at least two of them sacrifice the essential *social experience*—the universally acknowledged *raison d'être* at college today. No one minds a little painless intellectual stimulation now and then, our homage to times past. But to take measures aimed at making our *studies* the central focus (this is the really radical idea implicit in these proposals) and sacrificing the social life on campus—thereby remedying most of the problems students presently face, or at least worry themselves with—is to propose a cure surely worse than the disease.

Everyone can rest assured that such extreme proposals will never be adopted; that we will be able to return to the same familiar scene next fall, perhaps with new ideas to contribute to the ongoing discussion of the issues and problems which now seem to be part and parcel of student life.

—J. Voigt