

THE MOON

ST. JOHN'S MEETS THE 20TH CENTURY College Signs Contract with Apple Computers

by Wallace Witkowski '94

On November 15, St. John's College in Santa Fe signed a contract with Apple Computers, thereby updating our tragically antiquated "Computer Center." At present, this consists of several obsolete PCs without hard drives, which print out on dot-matrix printers.

A "user-friendly" computer facility seems to be a goal within our reach now. In talking with Todd Fahrner '92, I learned about the history of this project and what it hopes to become. It all began two years ago when a committee was formed by the faculty to update the computer facilities and to study the role of computers on this campus. In trying to obtain outside grants for this project, the Committee found all doors closed to them. Mr. Fahrner had transferred from Annapolis at about this time. He had been loosely affiliated with the "Computer Trust" of the Annapolis campus. This student-managed society, which has borne the brunt of much criticism, leased computers from Apple to create a general purpose computer lab. In addition to this, they secured a contract with Apple which would enable the society to sell Macintoshes at a reasonable price to other students. The profit from these sales would be used to pay the lease on the machines in the computer lab. Eventually some bugs appeared in the sys-

tem, attributed to human error, and the trust was plagued by late lease payments and maintenance problems which the college became responsible for, thereby creating a loss of faith on the administration's part for this student-run enterprise.

Mr. Fahrner was encouraged by the Annapolis Computer Trust to try to extend the offer of reasonably priced Macintoshes to the students of Santa Fe in a hope to generate revenue to alleviate the lease payments for the Trust. When Mr. Fahrner arrived in Santa Fe, he found that Simon Bone '92 was trying to create a computer trust for the Santa Fe campus modelled after the one in Annapolis. Needless to say, the marred reputation of the Annapolis Trust gave this campus' administration grounds

to oppose such an enterprise. Mr. Fahrner attributes this marred reputation to the reasoning that since the project was student-run, the faculty was for the most part unaware of its positive aspects.



INSIDE THE MOON THIS WEEK

—MORE LETTERS THAN YOU CAN SHAKE AN ANGRY STICK AT! *pages 3, 11*

—SPECIAL SPORTS & LEISURE SECTION *pages 6 and 7*

- Search and Rescue Attacked by Pizza Joint!
- Johnies Go into the Cave
- Update on Karate

—THE EXISTENTIAL LOBSTER! *page 8*

It seemed that the only option available was to purchase the machines outright. At this point, Mr. Fahrner was informed by the faculty-based Computer Committee that no money was available for machines which was why they had originally

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DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN

by Pete Rubenstein '95

Breathe! Calm down! It's all right. David Duke is not, repeat, not, the governor of Louisiana. In one of the largest voter turnouts in state history, with over three quarters of the populace turning out, Duke was defeated by his opponent, Democrat Edwin Edwards by a relatively comfortable margin. Edwards was elected to an unprecedented fourth term as governor. His first three were marred by scandal, including a trial on federal corruption charges of which he was acquitted. Said Duke: "The candidate may have lost, but the message goes out loud and clear across Louisiana and across the country." It sure does.

The U.S. Stock Market "sobered up" this week, to echo those busy putting a positive spin on such things, dropping 120 points last Monday. Analysts said that the market was simply finally coming to grips with the national recession. In unrelated domestic news, Magic Johnson was invited by president Bush to join a national advisory panel on the AIDS epidemic—look for the panel's three-point shooting average to jump substantially.

Let's take a look around that fun-never-stops place, the Middle East: Israeli soldiers clashed with and killed four heavily armed guerrillas who entered that nation along its border with Egypt—it was the first clash on that front in nearly a year. Saddam Hussein appointed his half-brother to succeed his cousin as Interior Minister—in response to charges of nepotism no doubt—this is the sixth leadership change in the Iraqi inner circle since March of this year. U.S. courts have indicted two Libyan terrorists for the 1988 bombing of Pan Am flight 103—no voluntary turnover of the accused is expected from the Libyan government; naturally, no terrorists sponsored by Syria or the Palestinians, who are attending the U.S.-pushed peace conferences, were involved in any manner whatsoever. Finally, the U.S. has proposed that regional cooperation talks among the Middle Eastern nations take place in Europe some time next month—this for nations that can't muster enough cooperative momentum to find a meeting place within their own region.

The Brits made the news quite a bit this week: While British scientists reported the first ever production of controlled fusion through the reaction of deuterium and tritium, British police announced the boosting of their forces in Northern Ireland after the IRA admitted killing four earlier this month. As Al Decker pointed out in a column earlier this year, *plus ça change...* and all that jazz. In addition, the UK gave signals this week that it would allow the European Parliament to take a greater role in lawmaking for the European community, to be further discussed at the political union talks at next month's EC conference.

Meanwhile, in that part of the world where the word "union" is now officially considered a profanity, troubles persist in not ceasing. The Chechen Enclave of Southern Russia is now demanding its own independence; Yeltsin accepted the resolution of his legislature calling for a political rather than a confrontational solution to said demands. Surprisingly, despite threats of sanctions by the EC, the Serbian-Croatian war ran rampant in the streets of Vukovar, considered a vital city in the struggle for control of the former state of Yugoslavia. Gorbachev now admits that he was warned by Bush of a possible coup plot prior to the event, but dismissed warnings because he believed only a "madman" would attempt to undermine the Kremlin; conspiracy theorists are having a field day on nightly news shows, speculating that Gorby was in on the whole thing in hopes of getting rid of his enemies.

World overview: Nelson Mandela announced that talks would begin on a new constitution for South Africa on November 29; officials of the white Apartheidist government were quick to demur, saying release of this information was "improper." Haitian political leaders gave foreign envoys a list of alleged abuses committed by the first and only democratically elected leader of that nation, Aristide, deposed last month. Last Saturday, German rightists rallied in Halle and Leipzig to mark the anniversary of the 1938 "Kristallnacht" pogrom which began the atrocity of the Holocaust; in response, a hundred thousand Germans later marched to protest rising racial intolerance in their country. Mixed reviews, all in all.

Sources: U.S. News and World Report, The Wall Street Journal, The New York Times, The Washington Post, The Albuquerque Journal, The Jerusalem Post

THE MOON

**THE ST. JOHN'S WEEKLY
VOLUME 9 NUMBER 9**

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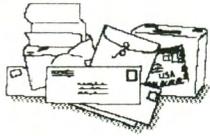
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L E T T E R S

Was it something we said?

SIC OF YOU

To the Editorial Board of *The Moon*:

Sarcasm is a weapon for the weak. Humored from the perception of ignorance in another is rarely more than a sick statement of our own failings. It saddens me that the goal of *The Moon*, to provide a forum for discussion in the community, has been eclipsed by its editors.

Your treatment of Ms. Severini's letter was sick. The editors graciously decided to demonstrate that the three spelling errors in Ms. Severini's letter were not, as usual, mistakes made by the editors themselves, but belonged to Ms. Severini alone; the editors kindly conveyed this information to us through the use of "(sic)". The intention was not editorial integrity; it was a blatant attempt to make Ms. Severini look foolish.

Let she who is without sin cast the first stone. *The Moon* is replete with spelling errors. To call our attention to a few more of these errors is both painful and unnecessary. To do so at the expense of others is unforgivable. Is it merely coincidence that Ms. Severini's letter, calling for responsibility where responsibility is due regarding the alcohol policy, is directly in opposition to Ms. Leighton's quite public stance against said policy? If not, and if the editorial quality of *The Moon* is high enough to guarantee a mistake-free newspaper, why then was the grammatical mistake (obviously unintentional) in Ms. Klunk's letter, printed directly adjacent to Ms. Severini's, not caught and marked with a nice big "(sic)"?

The editorial board of *The Moon* owes Ms. Severini a written apology.

Tom Jacobson '94

Mr. Jacobson:

First, *The Moon* would like to agree with your comment that "Sarcasm is a weapon of the weak," and point out that your letter is seething with it. Sincerest apologies to Ms. Severini for any embarrassment *The Moon* may have caused her. In the future, *The Moon* will make emendations to all its letters with equal care.

However, Mr. Jacobson, we don't think your concern about *The Moon's* important function of providing a forum for discussion in the community is entirely sincere. Prior to this letter, you were the only *Moon* staffer to withhold an article in support of an attempted boycott of *The Moon*, an act detrimental to the paper's well-being. Nevertheless, *The Moon* has survived and is fulfilling its said purpose.

Admittedly, there were two syntactical errors in Ms. Klunk's letter. But we find your statement that *The Moon* is "replete with spelling errors" to be a gross exaggeration. Despite the harsh tone of your letter, *The Moon* is gratified to learn that our worst mistake is too accurate a presentation of a writer's thoughts rather than a gross distortion of facts to support an argument.

—Editorial Board

FEMINISM NOT A DIRTY WORD

This is in response to a particular paragraph of Theresa Klunk's letter in the last *Moon* issue. I found it extremely offensive because it plays on a common conception of feminism which is false and degrading.

First of all, Ms Klunk says that "A group of like-minded women...seems not only frightening to me, but incestuous." The sexual innuendo perpetuates the myth of feminists being a bunch of man-haters with penis envy. I realize that Ms. Klunk's statement was an attempt at humor, but, in keeping with the old feminist joke (how many feminists does it take to screw in a lightbulb?) I don't think it's funny!

Actually, "feminism" covers so broad a range of thought (indeed, even contradicting thought), that it hardly deserves to be a single word. Ms. Klunk would have learned this had she been attending the Women's Literature Study Group, which meets on Sunday mornings, and to which the whole community is invited. She would also see that the people who attend these meetings are by no means extreme in their views, and that the discussions are free and unhindered by an agenda. But since I have never seen Ms. Klunk at any women's issues meeting here, I wonder on what basis she is "scared to attend any of the women's groups this campus offers." She says she is afraid her ideas are too moderate. These fears are unfounded. I wonder if Ms. Klunk is "afraid or ashamed of these issues," an accusation which she makes of the Women's Anthology Group. If so, she is not alone. Let's face it, the word "feminism" makes people cringe. I wish this were not the case.

Call me moderate, but I love men. I think they're great. When women can accord themselves the same respect that they do men, the need for women's issue forums may be eliminated. But when I read things like what Ms. Klunk wrote, I fear this time is a long way off.

Daphne Blumenthal '93

DISCRIMINATION IS NOT A DIRTY WORD

Below is a rebuttal to Ms. Klunk's letter, "No Money for Discrimination." I hope to show that the Women's Anthology is not discriminatory in the derogatory sense which Ms. Klunk claims it is.

Firstly, I would like to point out that the Anthology is not associated with other women's groups on campus. I am an "editor" of the Anthology and am not associated with the other groups (mostly because of scheduling problems, I admit). Therefore, I cannot speak to the problem of "like-minded women dealing with

the literature of still more like-minded women." However, I can speak as one individual member of the Women's Anthology project. I emphasize that these are my own thoughts and that they may or may not entirely concur with the views of the other editors.

I would like to point out that there is a distinction between an anthology, which is a piece of work, a collection of art, if you will, and a women's study group, such as those both here and in Annapolis, which is a dialogue. I think it is an important distinction because the one starts the other, respectively. The Annapolis Anthology Group started the Women's Coffee Hour, and their anthology has spawned much dialogue from the entire community, men and women.

The Santa Fe Anthology will be called, "A Woman's Perspective" and hopes to include as many women's perspectives as possible. The focus of this collection is women's perspectives only; this is a piece of work, not a dialogue. The dialogue comes later.

Perhaps you say, "But that's discriminatory!" OK. But in what sense do you mean it? It's possible that the word "discriminatory" has assumed only negative connotations for you because of all the press it gets. I want to remind you of some of its other connotations, like "discerning" and "distinguishing." There are "distinctions" (a word Ms. Klunk shies away from) all over this letter, and I aim to facilitate understanding through their use. Insert the infamous phrase, "Isn't that why we're at St. John's?" The anthology is an opportunity for SJU women to distinguish themselves, in order that a heightened sense of understanding may come about in us all. It is important to insert here that the Anthology is by no means a forum for feminist movement issues only, as some think. We are looking for women's *perspectives*, however that is interpreted.

One of the questions in Ms. Klunk's letter is precisely the question I have in response to her letter: "If you don't share with someone, how can they understand you, and, if need be, make changes?" The Anthology is receiving pieces from many women students, alumni, and tutors. There is something distinct emerging from the compiled work and it is my hope that this special form of expression and sharing, e.g. an anthology format, is successful at starting a productive dialogue, and maybe even promoting understanding and change.

Sincerely,

Anne Boynton '92

BUT SOME WORDS ARE

Ms. Leighton:

We are writing to express our alarm at the repeated usage of *The Moon* by its columnists as
continued on page 11

PRESS RELEASE: IAN FROST /S LORD BYRON!

For the past several years, British actor Ian Frost has devoted himself to appearing "mad, bad, and dangerous to know!" He has lived, breathed, and—according to one critic—become Lord Byron, visiting his old haunts and echoing his words in theaters, universities, and meeting rooms throughout the United States, in Great Britain, and across Europe.

His one-man shows provide an intense insight into the life and works of the "wicked" Lord Byron—a life dominated by passion and scandal, with a love for language and a lust for living.

Santa Feans will have the opportunity to experience Byron in the following performances hosted by St. John's:

Friday 22 November: *Byron in Hell: His Life and Loves*

Saturday 23 November: *Lessons in Love: Byron's Don Juan*

Performances begin at 8 pm in the Great Hall. Admission is free.

By the time of Byron's death of a fever in Greece at the age of 36, Byron's name had been connected, rightly or wrongly, "with every vice, sin, crime, and horror of which man is capable." Byron broke every rule of polite society, fathering children with abandon—including one by his half-sister. He loved men, women, and animals. "He had this tremendous compulsion to dare, to shock people—intensely competitive, anxious to score in life and love."

But there is also plenty to admire. Byron was the only Lord of the Realm to speak out for the starving poor, thrown



out of work because of the Industrial Revolution. His support for Greek independence from Turkish domination has made him a hero to the Greeks to this day.

Frost's association with the notorious poet started before these one-man shows, beginning with the Narrator in the award-winning adaptation of Byron's "Don Juan" at the Edinburgh, followed by the BBC Radio series, "Byron's Last Letters," and finally "Byron in Words and Music," which he performed in Amsterdam at the Edinburgh Festival. "But you could barely scratch the surface in that format—the man had such an amazing life!" said Frost.

Frost's sold friend, American playwright Bill Studdiford, suggested a solo show for the actor. The result was their first biographical collaboration, the biographical Byron in Hell—actually almost autobiographical, since it has been carefully based on Byron's own letters, journals, and poems. This was followed by their adaptation of Don Juan, Lessons in Love, which finds Byron at his writing table finishing his poem—so pleased with what he has written that he must share it with others.

These solo shows—and their actor—have been hailed variously as brilliant, ingenious, compelling, spellbinding, and remarkable. Even more pleasing to the originators and their director, New Yorker Judith Joseph, were the congratulations from the Byron Society and the acceptance by Byron scholars in America and England. "The critics could say what they please, as long as they approved! but perhaps most rewarding of all is the applause from audiences of all ages as they have a chance to meet Byron for the very first time," said the creators.

LECTURE NOTES

by Darien Large '95

Venerable Mr. Bruce "Spike" Venable gave a lecture in the Great Hall on Friday 15 November entitled "Why is there so much Church Music?" Mr. Venable's lecture was an exploration of historical attitudes of music and its relationship to religion—why have music and religion stood for so long in uneasy alliance with one another? What does music contribute to religion, and why is it such a widespread notion that music somehow compromises the religiosity of a liturgical service?

Mr. Venable began at 8:04 pm with a civil toot of his police whistle, indicating that the lecture had commenced.

"Every aspect of social life was accompanied by its appropriate music," and all these events were broadly religious; for example weddings, funerals, and crop-planting and harvesting. The disappearance of their characteristic music indicates the disappearance of their religious qualities. Mr. Venable pointed out that some remnant of the

religious aspect of now secular music can still be seen in the inexplicable solemnity of classical music concerts.

The ancient objection to music was that it excited the passions in not altogether good ways. For Socrates in *The Republic* an important part of "the regime" was an expurgation of all musical modes that were enervating and tended to excite unwholesome appetites in the listeners. Only that music would be allowed that tended to make the listener vigorous, stout, and moral. The Roman Juvenal spoke disapprovingly of music at dinner; he noted that "the absence of a flute girl at a private gathering indicated that it was a respectable one, a gathering at which the rational pleasures of discussion and argument could be enjoyed, rather than more dubious activities."

The Biblical approach to music, especially the Old Testament, Semitic approach exemplified by in Moses, was that the playing of instruments was a sort of bridge for the

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ADAPT A SMOKER THIS THURSDAY!

LEAVE THE PACK BEHIND

THE THIRD THURSDAY OF NOVEMBER

SEE TAKEO OR MARY FOR INFO.



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WAYS TO CUT DOWN YOUR SMOKING

Many people find that cutting down on cigarettes day by day makes it possible to stop. Here's a list of ways that worked for some of us.

- Decide to smoke only once an hour. Or decide to stop smoking for an entire hour and then start lengthening that time by half hours.
- Make it hard to get and smoke a cigarette. Wrap up the package and put elastic bands around it. Smoke with your left hand if you usually smoke with your right.
- Change to a brand you don't like. Buy only one pack at a time.
- If you always have a smoke with your coffee, switch to tea, juice or soda.
- Do something for your body. Get back in shape. Exercise is a great way to relax.
- Call up your friends and tell them you're going to quit.
- If you quit for one day, you can quit for another. Try it.
- Save all the money you would have spent on cigarettes and buy yourself something. You deserve it.
- If you break down and have a cigarette, don't worry. Some people take several tries before they make it.

It's worth quitting no matter how many years you've smoked. So don't give up.

Graduate Council Minutes

G.I. Minutes

Present: Christian Hatfield, Chairman

Caryn Good, Vice—Chairman

Steve Van Dresser, Treasurer

Abigail Cinader, Secretary

Treasurer's Report:

—Budget

—Return Ms. Buchenauer's check with thanks unanimously approved

—Annapolis party budget—\$15 weekly for GI parties

—Huge Annapolis GI budget

—If we limit spending to \$20 weekly school will help

—End of semester party? Social chair to be notified

—memorandum to business office concerning last vote on fiscal issue

—Meeting adjourned

GETTING TOUGH ON ABSENCES

by Luke Warren '92

I will be polling the student body about the absence policy this Thursday, Friday, and possibly Saturday. I will be set up next to the cafeteria check-in. If you want to drop your response in my box instead of writing your response at lunch or dinner, please feel free to do so.

The proposal is that there be a total absence limit, excused and unexcused, per semester. The number is undecided, but it would be around twelve or thirteen absences per tutorial. Don Cook has asked me to poll the student body about this proposal. A yes or no answer to this proposal is not the only possible response. Alternate ideas are perfectly welcome; tell me exactly how you think the absence policy should be.

Why the proposal for a total absence limit? Some people end up missing a third or more of their classes. This affects classes adversely. Also, it is ludicrous to allow an individual who has missed a third or more of a classes' meetings to pass the class, primarily because so much of the learning at St. John's occurs in the classroom.

I would like to point out that this proposal would affect very few people, and if they were aware of this policy being in effect, they could easily arrange to make it to a few more classes. If the policy does accomplish this, then it will be worthwhile. Again, everyone please respond and express your views on the absence policy. Lengthy answers are acceptable.

Thanks to Ms. Blumenthal for pointing out the SIC's polling oversight.

"I don't live in a world of delusion, although that could be a delusion, of course."

—Laurae Melbin

Under the zoom lens:

Hola, bonjour, greetings, and all that cal. Welcome to yet another edition of Sports: Man or Myth? This week there's even a little to tell you, so prick up those ears. Here we go.

For news on karate, see the following article by Patricia Simpson. It's a dandy, chock full o' all the breaking news in contemporary martial arts today (or at least at this godforsaken berg). Look for a bone-crushing and butter-spreading (I don't know either) interview with the dojo's

SOLID, JACKSON, SOLID!

head, Mr. Aigla, in next week's *Moon*.

Search and Rescue were violently accosted by a malevolent pizza joint! Read all about it in Derwyn Harris' piece.

Again no one signed up for archery. No one. As in not anybody. I mean, what's the deal? Doesn't anyone have sick and violent urges anymore? Where have all the sadistic mongoloids gone? All *The Moon* can do is shake its head ruefully, whilst letting an occasional tear of lament drop with sickening slowness to the already drenched ground below. Sniffle. Sigh.

Those machismo marauders of soccer are geared up for another game this Sunday, the 17th of November. It may be postponed or cancelled, however, due to four or so inches of the fluffy white stuff. Fingers are crossed nationwide.

Everyone who plays volleyball on Wednesday nights is having a great time.

Aaron Fredrickson '95, that burlesque behemoth of basketball, is still recuperating from his knee injury of weeks ago. He will undergo arthroscopic surgery immediately after Thanksgiving, and will then have a certain tendon cut, placed elsewhere, and sewn back. Yum. *The Moon* would also like to add a special thank you to Chris Wetzel '95, for her profound devotion and sympathy to Mr. Fredrickson in his time of need, as she bore to him on a tray of gilded silver an increasingly rare and elusive Cherry Coke. No one else has done as such, nor has even one Choc-O-Dile been seen in the vicinity of Meem House, the place of Mr. Fredrickson's abode. You're a heartless bunch, you are.

Did I mention that no one signed up for archery? No one!?

The Moon has a sneaking suspicion that basketball is still happening somewhere at St. John's as an organized event. The only source known to *The Moon*, John Kochendorfer '95, slept a lot this week and couldn't say much about it. Stay tuned.

Well, I suppose that's about all you get. Next week will be largely devoted to fencing and yoga: what they're all about, their spiritual relevance to our materialistic society, and how the two peacefully interact and co-exist with one another (with the exception of that tragic and unfortunate case in Malaysia in 1972). Really. Until then, just don't do it. That is all.

Viva la hermanos en amarillo carne de pollo!

KARATE-DO AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

by Patricia Simpson '94

November 9 proved to be a day of great significance for the St. John's Karate-Do. It was the formal welcome for the white belts into the School of Karate and a chance for promotion for those colored belts who were prepared to advance to the next level. It should be noted, however, that it wasn't so much a test as an acknowledgement that one can do the basic techniques and katas (formal patterns) and spar with a certain degree of proficiency and skill.

The head instructor is tutor George Aigla who has been a student of Karate-Do for more than twenty years. He is a third-degree black belt and is skilled in the use of Okinawan martial weapons. The assistant instructor is Steve Dietz '92 who is a second degree black belt in Tae Kwon Do and has been a student of various martial arts for eight years.

There are fourteen people in the class. The white belts include Mike Nerney '94, David Harman '94, Michael Harrington '95, Erika Hildebrandt '95, and Joaquin Baca '94. As a symbol of their induction into the class, they were given special patches for their gees (uniforms), a patch that represents the long tradition of this particular school of Karate-Do. The sole yellow belt of the class is Bob Fitzgerald '93. Those who earned their orange belts include tutor Bill Kerr, Patrick Bohan '93, Corinne Belsky '94, Clay Coffee '93, Bill Kowalski '94, Sebastian Pagani '94, and myself. The level of green belt was earned by Brendan O'Neill '93.

Many people are under the impression that Karate-Do is merely a good way to learn self-defense; however, that is only one aspect of Karate-Do. Translated, it means "way of the empty hand," or, more fully, "the way to enlightenment or self-knowledge." This is difficult to elucidate, for understanding of it is experiential and thus words can convey only a small portion of its meaning. Ultimately, the aim is perfection of both mind and body. Students practice the techniques diligently and vigorously, striving to refine them as much as possible. Through this kind of intense practice, students are forced to confront themselves on many different levels. Suddenly habits, fears, frustrations, and anxieties emerge and one comes to see clearly one's own strengths and weaknesses. Then, in order to progress in Karate-Do, one must "empty" one's self of anger, vanity, and false passion, and if and when this occurs, the path towards understanding through Karate-Do becomes open and accessible. If all this sounds intriguing enough to sign up, you will have to wait until next fall. This is because the class is at a certain level and it would be too difficult to attempt to catch up and reach that level. If, however, you have the will, the time, and the discipline, and if Plato just isn't enough, then St. John's Karate-Do offers an excellent way to physical and spiritual enhancement.

JOHNNIES ASCEND FROM THE CAVE

by J. Elizabeth Huebert '92

On Saturday, promptly at 7:00 am or so, Mark St. John led the Franks, the Iannacones, and fourteen adventure-seeking, procrastinating students off into southern New Mexico. We were destined for the famed Carlsbad Cavern.

A smiling and chipper Mark greeted us in the morning mist. A buffet table and waiters with coattails stood ready for us. Ah, this is how SAO trips should start: with a nice breakfast before a pleasant drive. George Dolan '92 declared, "No more mimosas for me," and we were off. Mark looked very proud and fatherly as he took the helm of one van. Luke Warren '92 drove the other while Joanna Corwin '93 acted as this van's musical director.

A six-hour drive lay before us and we all hungrily anticipated the delectable Marriott sack lunches, but alas, there were miles to go before we'd eat. Luckily, Peter Haugan '92 entertained us with inventive tricks using a condom. Greg Brown would have been proud! Four hours into the trip, the mob became vile and obnoxious and Father Mark allowed us a short stop in Roswell. The big news in Roswell: "McRibs® are back!" Loaded with cookies, chips and pop, we re-piled into the van for the next two hours.

We reached Carlsbad, went wee-wee, and headed out to the spectacular Carlsbad Caverns. A ranger warned us that touching any part of the cave or littering in it are federal

offenses that carry a big fine (much like the alcohol policy).

An elevator whisks us 750 feet down into the "Great Room." Johnnies snake out into the cave. A gasp! A sigh! General amazement sets in. The cave stretches out around us. Asphalt paths lead us around a room as tall as a ten-story building and as large as ten football fields.

Mr. Franks, clutching his son Leonard to his breast, stops besides me and we lean over to look into a deep hole. I confess to Mr. Franks that I worry my glasses will fall off my face and into the hole when I lean over. "The same thing," I say, "might happen to Leonard." "Yes," he replies, "and not only would I lose Leonard, but I would be fined."

After the mile-and-a-half walk around the cave, the Johnnies return to light and do what all philosophers do when they leave the Cave: go to Pizza Hut®. Hunger satiated, the group divides into the campers and the motel softies for the night.

The next day, Johnnies rise from cow-pattied fields and squishy motel beds to explore "The New Cave." This cave has been fully mapped but is different from the Carlsbad Caverns in that it is undeveloped (no lights or asphalt paths) and its floor is covered with 30

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SEARCH AND RESCUE IN A NUTSHELL

by Derwyn Harris '95

Neither snow nor rain can stop this ready-at-all-times team. A good Halloween party? No way! Not even their favorite lab class could stop them! While you're asleep, lying under your warm covers, dreaming of sitting on a beach sipping a Mai Tai and telling Socrates your ideas on life, the St. John's Search and Rescue team is in the rough terrain of northern New Mexico, rain pounding hard on these weary heads. But I'm here to state some of the latest adventures with so many in such a short time. I'll be brief.

First the Santa Fe Prep Lacrosse team decides to go up to Hyde Park and run. Three of them get lost. Who are you going to call? That's right. And are the boys safe? Of course! By conveniently posting a car at the end of the trail we found the boys. Then, a hunter decides to stay up in the mountains an extra day without telling anyone (he was two miles away from a phone). So, leaving the incredibly fun Halloween party, we set out to arrive at his campsite and find him asleep in someone's RV. This, by the way, is 0500 in the morning. His greeting to us is "Hey, bro!"

Now, on a lighter note, we got called out to go into Pecos to look for a woodcutter who had been missing for a day and a night. The road was treacherous but with the four-wheeling enterprise of the St. John's College Search and Rescue team it was no problem. We find the woodcutter, who turns out to be no one else but Ron Hale, former Director of Career Planning for St. John's College! His truck was stuck in four feet of mud. It took the power of the Clayton Mobile and the Troy Lewis Mule-Slinging Jeep from Hell to pull his car out. By the way, those who think Search and Rescue is nothing but serious should ask a few who went on this trip about that little misconception.

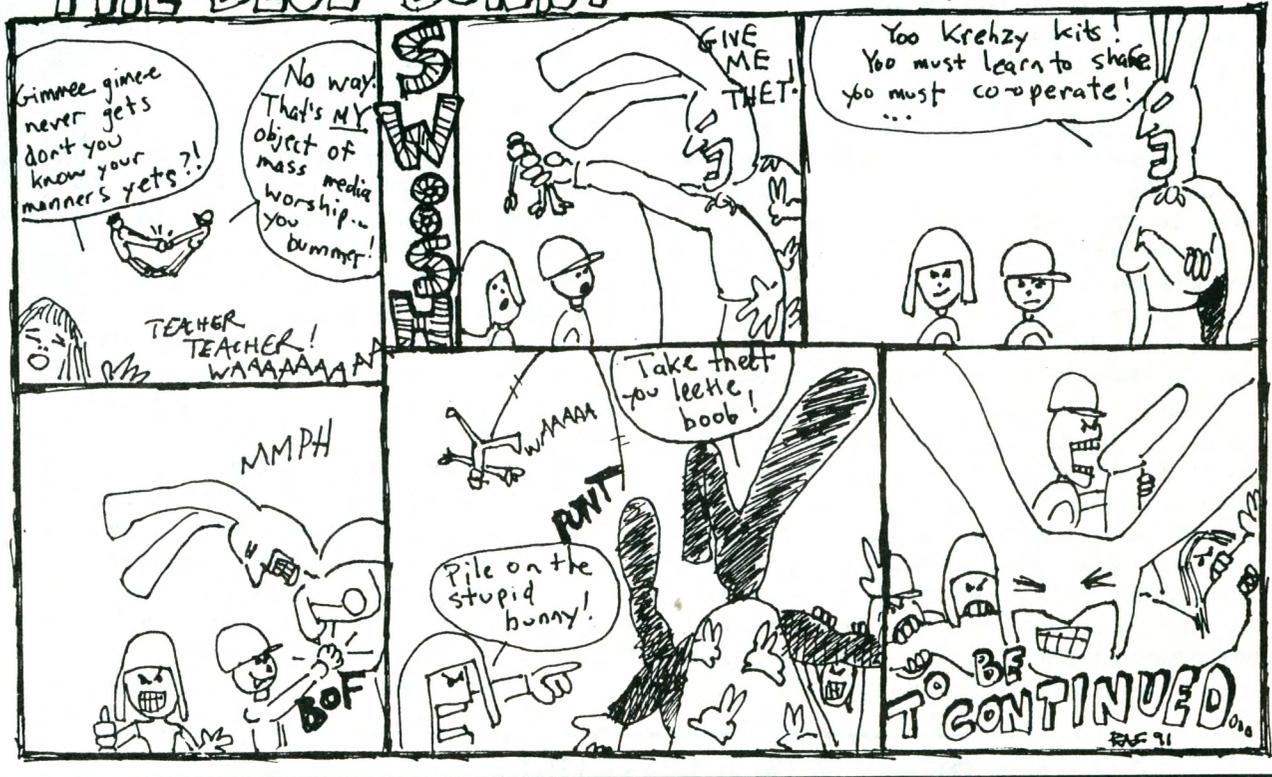
Now the next mission was a little different. It was six hours away and the hunter had been missing for four days already. So we went. It rained a cold slow drizzle the whole time but we stuck it out in hopes that the hunter was still alive. We sweep-searched a two-mile area to no avail and returned to camp where Ric Gaudet hooked us up with the most killer camp stew while the other teams quietly ate their military ready-to-eat meals. (The hunter was found by the National Guard the day after we left). We arrived back too late for seminar on Thursday. We would have made it back in time if it weren't for that malicious pizza place that jumped out at us and forced us to stop.

So there it is in a nutshell.

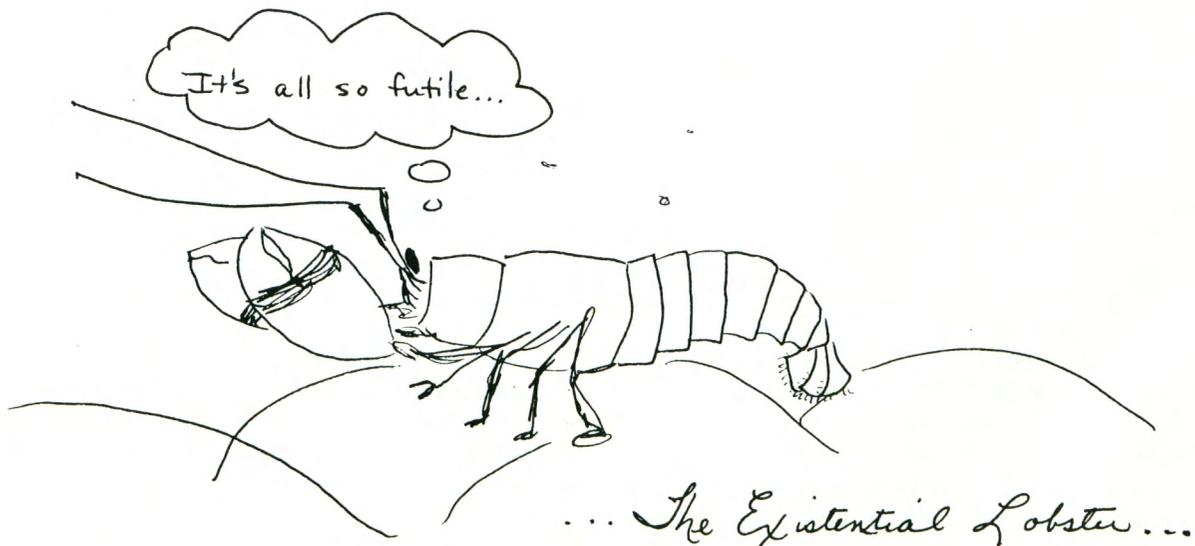
UPROARIOUS PAGE

THE BLUE BUNNY

NUMBER TWO



Through a freak, nuclear accident, there was a lobster born with a consciousness and free will of thought. Unfortunately, he's in the lobster tank of Sakura restaurant. His name is Henri (pronounced "Ennui", he's got a speech impediment). He is...



NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Buy the Ticket, Take the Ride

AL DECKER '95?

*Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes in holy dread,
For he on honeydew hath fed
And drank the milk of paradise.*

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *Kubla Khan*

On Saturday afternoon I began to worry. I was supposed to have written enough words to fill a page in *The Moon* by 5 pm yesterday, and I simply could not concentrate on any kind of journalistic endeavor. Instead, after lunch I went prowling about campus with an aggressive gleam in my eyes and harassed innocent students with snowballs. Then an omnipotent *Moon* staff member found me and demanded (although pleasantly, since he was menaced with a cocked snowball aimed right between the eyes) my article. So I went back to my room, turned up "Presence of the Lord" to approximately 105 decibels, and began reading an issue of last year's *Esquire* magazine. Someone began knocking loudly and relentlessly on my door, which I assumed to be a complaint about the noise, so I threw my hardcover copy of *The Great Shark Hunt* at the door and added a verbal threat of violence. Then I resumed reading an article by the editor, Lee Eisenberg, on how nice it is to get a letter, when the knocking began anew. I tried to squeeze a couple more decibels out of my amplifier to further annoy this mysterious knocker, but the component responded by emitting a burst of dirty soot which quickly filled up the room and sent me into a fit of coughing.

I picked up my can of mace, and with a deft motion swung open the door and squirted a sizable amount of the chemical billy on a short, well-groomed man who wore a red, neatly-pressed doorman's outfit. He involuntarily dropped an envelope at my foot and blindly groped his way down the hall screaming and whimpering. Forty-five minutes of blindness and dry heaves would teach him a lesson. My resident assistant, a savvy fellow from Austin, nearly ran into this mysterious messenger as he turned the corner. The R.A. seemed disturbed and discombobulated until I yelled, "Don't take any guff from that swine!" He understood me and dunked the red daemon into a garbage can. I picked up the envelope and quietly retreated into

my smoky abode.

The elaborately ornamented psychedelic envelope was roughly drawn, to be sure; but there was something graceful, almost mystic, about the way someone had drawn bats and Elvis caricatures with magenta and brown crayons in a pattern that resembled an Escher print. The envelope contained a letter addressed to me in care of my friend Alphonse du Dexter, and judging from the first couple lines it was obviously written by some deranged, twisted creature like Frank in *Blue Velvet*.

I was tempted to throw it on top of my amplifier and watch it burn like a palm tree in a napalm attack, but *final cause* had another end in mind and prodded me to read it. As it turned out, the letter was from Cliff Dillard. I should have known. Indeed, I would rather not contemplate the circumstances under which he wrote it, but instead just savor the pure beauty of it. How it got to my room, I don't know; perhaps Dexter himself sent the evil red daemon. Maybe the messenger was drawn to my room by the mournful, prayer-like strumming of Eric Clapton, or the girls from American Samoa who dance on the balcony outside my room on moonless nights.

Regardless, Cliff invited me to attend the Dexter New (W)Age Success Strategy conference next week, given by Dexter at his ranch near Durango. I met Cliff one sunny afternoon as I walked out of the campus bookstore. The peaceful post-Euclid-groovy-relaxed calm of the day was shattered by the sound of tires screeching followed by deranged bursts of honking from a car. Peeling around the bend near the outer parking lot at approximately 65 M.P.H. was a black Porsche 928 S4 with smoked glass windows and Venezuelan government license plates. Making a bee-line for the Circle, the driver accelerated and pulled a sloppy 180 which left skid marks for ten yards. The driver's power windows descended to reveal a red-haired man in a Patagonia pull-over with a flagon of cheap pisco in one hand and a magenta-colored hookah in the other. He jabbed his head out of the window and ripped his Oakley Frogskins off to reveal two horribly dilated, bloodshot eyes, and began screaming incoherent gibberish about huge holes in the ozone layer and swarms of

killer bees streaming towards Brownsville, Texas. Two French women were giggling and drinking from a magnum of champagne in the shotgun seat.

Finally, I understood that he trying to say he was from Big Sur and was this Sante Fe? I informed the group that they had indeed arrived at their destination, which must have impressed them greatly since they started laughing hysterically and bouncing around in the seats like ping pong balls in a lottery machine. After an uncomfortable minute of pretending to stand there and act as if there was nothing strange going on, as if two French women and a guy from Big Sur ricocheting uncontrollably off the leather interior of a Venezuelan Porsche with smoked windows was a common sight here at St. John's, the fellow calmed down, introduced himself as Cliff, and invited me out for a drink or two or thirteen. Of course, I realized that the man was none other than Cliff Dillard, code named Blue Max 5, infamous ecoterrorist and card-carrying ACLU member from Chicago, an underground cult hero of mine from the old days. I hopped in and we sped straight to Evangelo's. The ride went smoothly save for the fact that we witnessed the murder of an escaped water buffalo killed by a man in army fatigues with a swastika branded on his forehead who claimed he was a member of the Aryan Nation. He was heavily armed with an AK-47 Assault Rifle, the Musashi 12" Ball-Bearing Hardwood Nunchaku, a Weehawk II 4" 440C Polished Stainless Shell Balisong Knife with Skeletonized Handles, and a two-by-four. The reasons for his wanton act of violence were never made clear, but he repeated earnestly that the buffalo in question relieved itself upon the man's car.

From the moment I stepped in the car we did speak a word, and for the next seven hours we sat in silence at the tavern. He took me back to campus, and as I stepped out he handed me a gold medalion worn by St. Francis of Assisi. Then he screeched away raging into the night; gone, like the thought of summer during a cold winter day, like Jim Morrison singing, "We had some good times, but they're gone..." And so is Crazy Jim.

The letter said to be at the top of Monte Sol next Wednesday at four o'clock.

A N N O U N C E M E N T S

NOTE FROM THE DON

The ad hoc committee considering changes in our current smoking policy is now meeting. If you wish to express an opinion on this matter, please speak with one of the members of the committee or drop me a note. The committee members are: Ms. Caryn Good (GI), Ms. Lisa Mabli '94, Mr. Jerry Montoya (staff), Mr. Peter Pesic (faculty), Mr. Corbett Riner '92, Ms. Ginger Roherty (staff), Ms. Linda Wiener (faculty), and Mr. Don Cook (assistant dean).

—Don Cook
Assistant Dean

FACTS ABOUT AIDS

submitted by Kathy Mizrahi, Director of Residential Life

Santa Fe has a higher rate of new cases of AIDS per capita than Los Angeles, Dallas, Denver, and Chicago.

Hispanic and Native Americans account for 31% of the cases in New Mexico.

Women account for 42% of those receiving some service from the AIDS wellness program, including HIV testing and counseling. 5% of patients receiving clinical services are women.

Over 20% of people diagnosed with AIDS were infected at college-age or as teenagers.

On Wednesday 13 November over 120 students were tested for HIV. Next week *The Moon* will publish a more detailed report on the test when the results are back.

IT'S ABOUT TIME!

continued from front page

Considered outside grants. A while later, it came to Mr. Fahrner's attention that the Computer Committee had, in the meantime, received \$5,000 from the president's Discretionary Fund to be spent as the Committee saw fit. It appeared as if the Committee was planning to purchase a few IBM-PC style machines.

From his experience in Annapolis and in Santa Fe, Mr. Fahrner felt that the preference of the student body was more towards the Macintosh format than to that of the PC. Mr. Fahrner informs me that he had less than a week to try to come up with a proposal that would argue for the purchase of Macintoshes based upon the student's preferences and cost-effectiveness.

The proposal stated that the school could purchase a "base" of seven Macintosh terminals with a laser printer for approximately \$8,600. The advantage of a seven-machine base being that Apple Computers allows purchasers of seven or more machines special discounts or "demo" prices, which would make the proposed computer center cost-effective in both the initial stage and in any future expansions.

Seeing that the president's Discretionary Fund had only allotted \$5,000 towards new computers, extra funds would be needed to leverage the Committee's decision to purchase Macintoshes instead of PCs. It was to this end that Mr. Bone and Mr. Fahrner presented the results of a lunch-time survey to Polity (where 86% of the students surveyed preferred the Macintosh format over that of the PC), sponsoring a bill that would utilize Polity funds for a Macintosh-based computer lab. Polity, seeing that the proposal would better serve student interests, motioned for \$2,000 to be placed in escrow for the Macintosh-based system.

The Committee, reluctant to jump into a contract with Apple based upon an informal survey, met with Todd Fahrner and Sean Smith '92 to put the proposal to further consideration. Because of strong student enthusiasm in the form of Polity money and convincing arguments from Mr. Smith for the technical superiority of Macintoshes over PCs, the Committee decided to meet once again with Fahrner and Smith to examine the proposal more seriously as only one-third of the Committee was in attendance. In the second meeting, Mr. Fahrner presented to the Committee results of a more

formal survey (the results of which were later printed in the *Moon* of 6 November 1991) where those who responded to the survey had an overwhelming preference to Macintoshes. In the end, the proposals of Fahrner, Bone, and Smith, as well as the support from Polity and those surveyed, led the Committee to decide upon a Macintosh-based system.

With the \$5,000 from the president's Discretionary Fund and \$2,000 placed in escrow by polity. The contract was signed by the school on the 15th of November through Apple's Higher Education Purchase Program (HEPP) for an undetermined number of Macintoshes which are slated for general use in what will cease to be the Music Library in Meem, beginning next semester.

Mr. Fahrner informed me that the "base" of seven computers won't be met unless further funds are allotted. If not, the present funds will go to purchase five or six machines and a laser printer. Mr. Fahrner thinks that the discounts connected with the seven-machine base may provide an incentive to discover further funding. And there's always the prospect that "lines" waiting for available terminals could provide that incentive in the future.

Which brings us to the potential "troubles in Paradise." Annapolis, which in its heyday had more than ten terminals for general usage and approximately the same number of students as Santa Fe, has been known to have the problem of people having to wait to use the next available computer. Also, there is the issue of making the new Computer Center available 24 hours a day, especially during paper-writing periods, a prospect that would give rise to problems in the areas of both security and staffing. But for now, the first hurdle has been cleared, and its best not to have needless worries over problems that haven't become problems yet.

...AND INTO THE LIGHT

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feet of guano (bat poop). (*Is this too scatological? Sorry, Troy and Brad!*—ed.)

After a long discussion on "What is \$6 times 14?" a ranger leads us, flashlights in hand, into the darkness. As we stand in the twilight zone of the cave, the ranger begins her lecture by asking us what sort of beings may go into a cave. "Philosophers!" comes the answer from

the Johnie crowd.

She leads us farther in and we see signs of past inhabitants. Prehistoric people, bats, and guano-miners have all used the cave. The cave, she tells us, preserves whatever is left behind.

A mile into the cave, we sit on 3,000 years of guano and turn off our flashlights. You have never been in the dark until you have been in the cave dark. This, I think, is what Plato was talking about. The Cave, the utter confusion and blindness, feels fully present in the total darkness. I wonder why the cave is both scary and comforting. As Plato says, we are afraid of complete light but we also fear complete darkness. Most people, I think, are comfortable in the twilight zone of truth.

We return to the mouth of the cave. Light and fresh air greet us and truth is only a six-hour ride away.

SO WHY ALL THAT CHURCH MUSIC?

continued from page 4

Hebrews between their low idolatry and a spiritual worship that still included a sensuous liturgy [instrumental music]."

As the Christian Church Fathers wrestled with the problem of sensuous elements in their worship, music in the early Christian liturgy consisted of singing only, a treatment of the presence of music in religious services that Mr. Venable speculated may have been inherited from the predominant practices in Synagogue at the time.

Even as St. Augustine confessed that he was often swept away when listening to liturgical music by the beauty of the sounds he heard rather than the meaning of the words being sung, Mr. Venable pointed out that no one tried to get rid of music in church entirely. In the Patristic tradition, the music of the human voice represented a unity of human nature in spirit that was able to express such a unity when all words failed; and as such, it was more an expression of this unity than a musical instrument could be. As well, the human voice is the only instrument able to articulate words. At its most exalted, articulate music proclaims the majesty of the creation of God.

continued on next page

LETTERS CONTINUED

DIRTY, THAT IS

continued from page 3

a forum in which to vent their pubescent, scatological ravings. Specifically, we are referring to a trend appearing in both the "Sports" column and the "Notes from the Underground" column.

The Moon is perceived by the college community, parents, and alumni as representative of the thoughts and views of the student body; as such, it should reflect the caliber of responsible thought towards which we in the St. John's community are supposedly aspiring. This letter is on behalf of many students whose reaction to these deliberately antagonistic inanities is not so much offense as embarrassment at the image created by them. We would therefore urge the editor of *The Moon*, its contributors, and the student body as a whole to consider whether this image projected by pointless and inappropriate profanities is desirable.

Sincerely,
Troy Lewis '94
Brad Hodge '92

GETTING THE FACTS STRAIGHT

Dear Editor:

In the November 13 issue of *The Moon* Mr. Decker wrote, "as far as I can tell...the people who killed Jesus were Jewish." Lest Mr. Decker has convinced anyone of this, I am writing to disprove this ridiculous statement with a fact: The Romans killed Jesus. In modern times the Church itself has dispelled the myth that the Jews murdered Jesus.

Perhaps Mr. Decker will consider my tone too harsh. However, for hundreds of years Jews were slaughtered by their Christian neighbors due to the belief that the Jews had killed Jesus. Furthermore, European officials would manipulate such falsehoods in order to incite the peasants to destroy Jewish villages.

In light of these facts, I hope that Mr. Decker will retract the last part of his article.

Nicole Kalmanor '92

Dear Ms. Kalmanor:

Thank you for your letter, and I'm sorry if my column appeared to express any racist thoughts. I assure you, my intentions were quite contrary. By no means do I wish to support the opinions expressed by the old man in the park.

Sincerely,
Al Decker

DARNED STRAIGHT!

Letter from the Editor:

Regarding Al Decker's "Notes from the Underground" column of last week: The Moon joins Ms. Kalmanor and others in pointing out the untruth in Al Decker's assertion that "The Jews killed Jesus." A close reading of the Bible tells us that Israel in Jesus' lifetime was occupied by the Romans; Roman magistrate Pontius Pilate sentenced Jesus to death. Freshman Aysha Massell's comment, "I hate Western Civilization...but if I want to do something about Western Civilization I have to know what I'm talking about," has a point; we only earn the right to criticize something after we have carefully scrutinized it.

The Moon editor did make clear her factual objection to Mr. Decker's comment. Mr. Decker felt that he should make his statement anyway, in light of the larger message he was conveying. The Moon felt that Mr. Decker was making an attempt to be metaphorical in his comments relating Jesus' and Dr. Martin Luther King's deaths, so the decision was made to print the questionable paragraph. The Moon will undertake to ensure that future articles and columns are either wholly factual or definitively non-factual, and we apologize for the doubts concerning Mr. Decker's column.

HERE'S WHY:

continued from last page

Even so, the conflict between the meaning of the music itself and the meaning of the words sung seems to be irreconcilable. St. Jerome pointed out that "not the voice of the singer, but the words of Christ, should give me pleasure." Is music in unlawful competition with the meaning of the sacred texts that are sung?

Mr. Venable gave a neo-Pythagorean explanation of church music that church-music apologists used to explain music as something that carried a self-contained meaning. The peculiar quality of music is that of an objective harmony that is intrinsic in God's creation. Musical harmony cannot be other than what it is. When the Pythagoreans discovered the mathematical bases of musical harmony, said Mr. Venable, "it could not possibly have been predicted to be the way it was and therefore can never be sufficiently wondered at." Music recreates the harmony of the scattered parts of the human soul. It is reunion with God and perfection of His creation. Music is pure communication with the Divine, that is, with the real harmony of God's creation.

Mr. Venable also explained some of the reasons that performance was essential for music in this sense. In a liturgical setting music creates sympathy among the members of a congregation that is "the first flowering of charity." But in a more essential way music "frustrates the

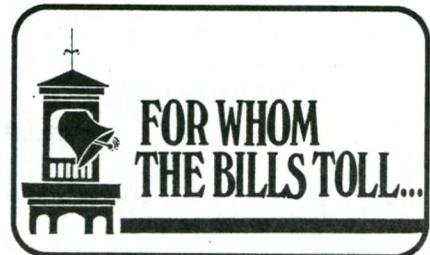
desire for acquisitive knowledge." It is only in performance and in listening that the harmony of music that overcomes all opposition can be expressed. Music never yields itself completely.

Copies of all Friday night lectures are available in the Dean's Office in the Tower Building.



11/2/91: On Saturday near midnight an unregistered Kawasaki motorcycle (licence G-496N, NJ), presumed to belong to a student, was overturned by an unidentified man driving a white VW wagon (white license plate, green numbers: first two letters were EY). The two men were stopped by Security at the roadblock while trying to gain entrance to the Halloween party. As they recklessly left campus the incident occurred. Not known at this time the extent of the damage or the owner of the motorcycle.

10/27/91: Time: 3:00 am. While on a routine campus patrol, one of the Security officers found the following items on the roof and hood of a vehicle parked on campus: half a ham, a whole wrapped turkey breast, and a block of swiss cheese. The articles were returned to the Marriott kitchen.



Above: Winning Title for the parents' newsletter, submitted by Kathleen Sherman, mother of Melissa Sherman '95. Melissa's father, Roger, is a summer Graduate Institute Student. Kathleen won a lunch with President Agresto which she will arrange next summer.
—Susan Friedman, Parent Program Coordinator

RAVE REVIEWS

On Paul in general:

No sooner had Jesus knocked over the dragon of superstition than Paul boldly set it on its legs in the name of Jesus.

—George Bernard Shaw

On Corinthians:

Faith may be defined briefly as an illogical belief in the occurrence of the improbable.

—H. L. Mencken

Hope in reality is the worst of all evils, because it prolongs the torment of man.

—Nietzsche

Charity creates a multitude of sins.

—Oscar Wilde

EPHEMERA

Tuesday 19 November 1991

4:00 pm in the *Moon Office*

Moon Meeting. Newcomers always welcome.

4:15 pm: Senior Oral in the JCR

Richard Lass: "The Death of a Divine Organism: An Investigation in the Epistemology of Astronomy."

Wednesday 20 November 1991

Deadline for the second semester pre-registration form. PLEASE remember to turn it in to the registrar's office before this date. Students living off campus wishing to petition for a room on campus should see the Housing Director soon.

Thursday 21 November

4:00 pm in the JCR

If you are interested in teaching English as a Second Language, please come to an informal meeting to hear the current options and tell the Career Placement Office what you think. The Placement Office is in the process of developing a potential on-campus course.

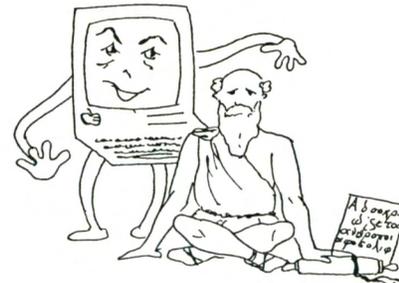
Friday 22 November and Saturday 23 November

4 pm

Deadline for next week's *Moon* and for the special all-tutor issue.

8 pm in the Great Hall

Theater Production in the Great Hall: Mr. Ian Frost will give two one-man performances. Friday: *Byron in Hell* and Saturday: *Lessons in Love: Byron's Don Juan*. More information on page 4.



Sunday 24 November

3 pm in the Great Hall

Concert: "Music of Kulhau, Beethoven, Françaix, Reger." Pierre Levy and Terri D. Kuntz, Flutes; Katherine Wood, Violin; and Linnea Ohlsen, Viola. Free to St. John's Students, Faculty, and Staff.

Tuesday 26 November

8 pm in the JCR

Charles Bell's *Symbolic History through Sight and Sound: "Deutsche Charakter der Kunst,"* a special German show.

The Kirby's will be the senior residents on duty from **Midnight, 18 November, to 21 November.**