

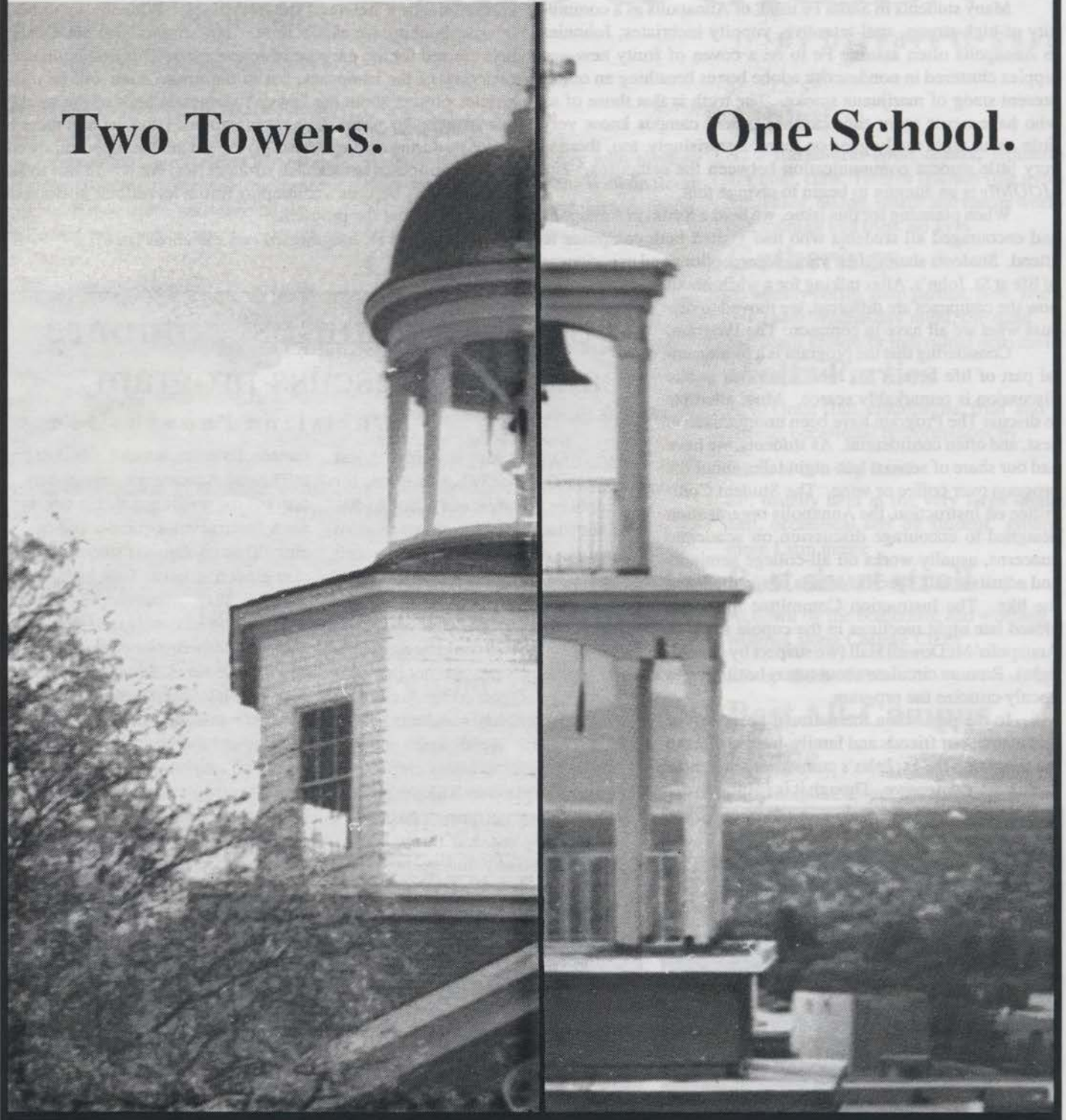
The **MOON**fly

The St. John's College Student Magazine
Santa Fe Edition

Annapolis, Maryland & Santa Fe, New Mexico
January, 1995

Two Towers.

One School.



Welcome to *The MOON*fly

To **both** college communities:

The *MOON*fly is a joint publication of the Santa Fe and Annapolis student newspapers. The *NOOMOON* is published bi-weekly on the Santa Fe campus; *The Gadfly* weekly on the Annapolis campus.

Many students in Santa Fe think of Annapolis as a community of high-strung, anal-retentive, yuppie inebriates; Johnnies in Annapolis often assume Fe to be a coven of fruity new-age hippies clustered in nondescript adobe boxes breathing an omnipresent smog of marijuana smoke. The truth is that those of us who have never spent time on the "other" campus know very little about what really goes on there. Surprisingly, too, there is very little student communication between the campuses. *The MOON*fly is an attempt to begin to change that.

When planning for this issue, we held a forum in Annapolis and encouraged all students who had visited both campuses to attend. Students shared their various perceptions and experiences of life at St. John's. After talking for a while about how the campuses are different, we moved to discuss what we all have in common: The Program.

Considering that the program is a fundamental part of life here at St. John's, serious public discussion is remarkably scarce. Most attempts to discuss The Program have been unorganized at best, and often confidential. As students, we have had our share of serious late-night talks about the program over coffee or wine. The Student Committee on Instruction, the Annapolis organization designed to encourage discussion on academic concerns, usually works on all-college seminars and adjusts small, specific details of manuals and the like. The Instruction Committee itself has closed late night meetings in the cupola room in Annapolis' McDowell Hall (we suspect by candlelight). Rumors circulate about tutors hesitating to openly criticize the program.

In the past when the national press or, for that matter, our friends and family, have criticized the program, the St. John's community is almost consistently defensive. Though it is natural to de-

pend what one believes in, the difficulty comes when we realize that in our defensiveness we often neglect to seriously and publicly address the issues that concern all of us so much.

We hope that this magazine will become a cornerstone for communication between the campuses. With the upcoming internet hookup, we expect to see "newsrooms" and other channels created for the purpose of Johnnie talk. This first issue is an overview of the campuses, but in the future there will be more articles printed about the "away" campus in each of the weekly newspapers. To create the next bi-campus issue we will meet in Santa Fe during Spring Break, giving yet another opportunity for the two campuses to establish stronger ties. We would like to see *The MOON*fly become a continuing forum for serious, all-Johnnie discussion about the program.

—Nathan D. Jongewaard and Elizabeth Trice

Forum: Johnnies compare campuses, discuss program

Christina Papavasiliou

On Tuesday evening of last week, *The Gadfly* held a forum for Santa Fe transfers and others to discuss what life is like on our western campus as well as other issues such as our common Program. Students who had been at both campuses agreed that any academic difference between the two could be attributed to specific classes and not the location. The biggest common concern was apparent low standards here at the college. We all know that we are expected by tutors and fellow peers to explore each idea or assignment far beyond the point where we can simply make it through each class. But many students are pretty upset by their discovery that it's very easy to get by without doing any real work.

Junior Allison Eddy Brown initiated a discussion of the small liberal arts college in California called Thomas Aquinas College, whose curriculum is very similar to that of St. John's. One major dif-

ference, however, is that the students at Thomas Aquinas are expected to dish out the goods practically every week, with regular quizzes and exams. Thomas Aquinas students are also graded strictly. So what's the answer? Tests at St. John's?

"I don't know if tests are the answer," Eddy Brown continued, "I don't think Aquinas sounds like a very free intellectual environment. But there must be some way to get it across to the students here that this should be a rigorous program."

It was agreed that the problem is not usually the tutors. "We have some truly incredible tutors here," one student explained, "but sometimes I feel like they're really naive about how much work their students are doing. Most of the time they think we're doing much more work than we are."

But isn't the system designed so that information like this would show up in the don rags? Senior

Continued on page 8



Last week, with so many Santa Fe students in Annapolis, questions about the two worlds abounded. Some answers were given on Tuesday at the bi-campus forum in the Conversation Room, and transfer students expressed the general campus flavor. Here are some of the aspects that make our respective campuses so distinct.

Geography & Color

Annapolis: red and green (bricks and grass and trees), creeks, rivers, and the Chesapeake Bay

Santa Fe: blue and yellow (sky and earth), deserts, mountains, and canyons

Townies

A: midshipmen, old money boat owners, senators mixed with mid- to low- income minorities

SF: Native American, Hispanics, and new-age, new money movie stars

Outsider's First

Impression

A: classically collegiate

SF: New Age collegiate

Most Famous Town

Event

A: nation's largest boat show

SF: nation's largest annual effigy burning

Buildings & Layout

A: big old brick dorms, small campus—two dorms on either side of McDowell, Paca-Carroll and Chase-Stone off in the distance

SF: adobe-type small dorms, big campus, three major groups- higher (apartments and suites), uppers, and lowers. Uppers and lowers separated by the rest of the build-

BLUE & YELLOW VS. RED & GREEN

By Dierdre O'Shea

ings.

Library

A: dark sequestered library with mystery sleeping gas piped into King William Room
SF: big, airy, skylights and terraces; popular study spot—few class copies

Coffee Shop

A: cellar-like with small cozy rooms, low ceilings, mailboxes

SF: mini dining hall, great view

Lecture Halls

A: auditorium that seats all students, tutors, with room for guests

SF: Great Hall seats about 200 (no room on campus can accommodate the entire community)

Security

A: key cards, Capt. Larry Adams, and his crew

SF: unlocked dorms, some student security guards

Seminar Dress

A: a range but more conscious of attire, be it a velvet leisure suite or a linen ensemble or just what was worn that day

SF: going to seminar barefoot is normal

Promptness for Class

A: arriving to class 5-10 minutes early

SF: waiting on the lawn until your tutor arrives late

What to call second

semester freshmen

A: "Febbies"

SF: "J.F.'s"

Athletics

A: 5 intramural sport teams, Homeric Training, crew, Temple Iglehart (the gym)

SF: hiking, biking, search and rescue weekend training and trips, no gym

Gatherings

A: weekly coffee shop parties, New Year's Eve every Wednesday night, the quad

SF: small groups or individual activities

Waltz Parties

A: in Great Hall, champagne, fruit and cheese; occasional performances by

tutors or live Big Band

SF: usually held in the very large dining hall, occasional sets by student groups, more Latin music

more Latin music

Best short stroll

A: down by the boathouse and weeping willows along College Creek

SF: up Monte Sol

SF: up Monte Sol

Best All-Campus

Game

A: midnight Capture the Flag

SF: Killer!

Coffee & Snacks

A: Chick N Ruth's Delly, The Moon Cafe

SF: Taco Bell, The Aztec Cafe

Favorite Late-night

Haunt

A: Cupola Room, Chick N Ruth's

SF: inside or on top of the Water Tower

The advantages of water: Crew & Camaraderie

By Carter Orlando Sneed

St. John's Annapolis has the luxury of an on-campus boathouse, access to the Severn River and the Chesapeake Bay. Beth Martin, member of the graduating class of '94 calls our boat house the best and most under-used resource of the Annapolis campus. Our house is appreciated by students interested in sailing, canoeing, or a leisurely paddle down the creek, as well as by those who search for excellent weekday mornings through crew.

Crew is special here because our approach to it is as different from other universities' approaches as our academics are different from theirs. The St. John's College Rowing Club is unique in that it has the capacity to facilitate a host of varying needs. That is to say, people looking for very different things can and do co-exist within one program. Whether your interest in rowing lies in the aesthetic experience, the aerobic workout, the camaraderie of a close-knit community, or speed and smash mouth competition, these elements are all present in the SJC Boathouse. It is a matter of personal choice as to which you pursue.

With regard to the aesthetics of rowing, there is little that compares with feeling the connection of eight synchronized sets of legs, backs, and arms as a sleek racing shell moves beneath you. The sunrise on the water, the landscape, and the occasional blue heron and osprey also contribute to the beauty of the rowing experience.

As far as aerobic workouts go, rowing is one of the most effective means to get in shape I have ever experienced. When one rows, muscle groups are utilized in the legs, the upper and lower back, the abdomen, the shoulders, the forearms, and the biceps and triceps, as well as the chest. Also, rowing is extremely beneficial cardiovascularly.

In any organized sport, particularly in sports of peculiar or strenuous nature, certain bonds form between those who participate. If you've ever heard a conversation between people who row, whether they know one another or not, this becomes readily apparent. The main reason for this is that to row effectively, one must learn to work closely and in concert with others to a profound degree. Camaraderie is a necessary result of this process.

As for hard core competition, I must say that of all the elements of rowing, this is what gets me up every morning to make the trek to the boathouse. However, because of our size (our school as well as our rowers), failure to recruit, and lack of equipment, it is difficult for us to compete with serious (funded) rowing programs. Be this as it may, we succeed. This fall, five of eight SJC boats medaled at the Head of the Occaquan, with two golds, a silver and a handful of bronze medals. Ten percent of our campus competed in this particular regatta. However, the real satisfaction comes on any day of the week—on the water during intramural races, in the erg room, in the weigh team, or even when the alarm clock rings at 5:40 in the morning. Then the competition is not really against one constant opponent; it's sometimes against another boat, it's sometimes against a digital readout, and sometimes it's against sleep deprivation. I suppose the necessary addendum to that which I just stated is that the competition is not really against one consistent opponent outside of yourself. You compete against opponents within yourself. That's the real reason I get up in the morning and go to the boat house. I doubt any other reason could be as compelling.

A letter from our cousins:

A WEEKEND IN ANNAPOLIS

Dear Santa Fe,

It's 3:29 and we're in our last class of the week, which ends at 3:30. Thank god I'm not in Fe and don't have twenty more minutes.

The bell tolls. We're out. We're free. The kinks get tweaked pronto, and we rail. Every 180 degrees needs a peelout; the weekend is here. Activities include croquet, coffee, cocktails, athletic endeavors, bonghits, travel, or Dungeons and Dragons. Friday evening, there is frequently an off-campus party to attend. Of course, parties don't start before lecture has been let out. The revelry usually ends around 4 a.m. in a blurry request for greasy fries at Chick-N-Ruth's. The campus sleeps on Saturday. Saturday is usually the day to visit Washington, D.C. or Baltimore (either city is 45 minutes away). On campus it's a stick-to-yourself chill-out time to relax before the next active weekend evening. Saturday it's usually an on-campus affair. You can determine the entire weekend from this point: you could a) go to an on-campus movie and then search for a hall party b) go to a sticky, coffee shop beer dance c) dress up, sip champagne and ballroom dance the night away. Saturday is usually an all-campus event with 100+ people gathering for a single affair. These affairs have been known to go till sunrise Sunday. Sunday is a wildcard. Some spend it in denial of Monday, some prepare for Monday.

Bear in mind, at any time there are various facilities where you might fill idle time. From the downtown scene there is Little Campus, Harry Browne's and The Ramshead. Go to The Moon or Cafe Northwest for a cup of coffee. You can mingle with "townies," tourists or naval midshipmen at all these places. On campus you can play pool in the billiards parlor, read in the library, play croquet 'neath the Liberty Tree, go to the gym and shoot some hoops or go to the boathouse, take out a canoe or sailboat and hit the water.

We gotta go, but we will you with carrot juice wishes and granola dreams.

Love,

Jim and Jon (Knerr and Spooner)

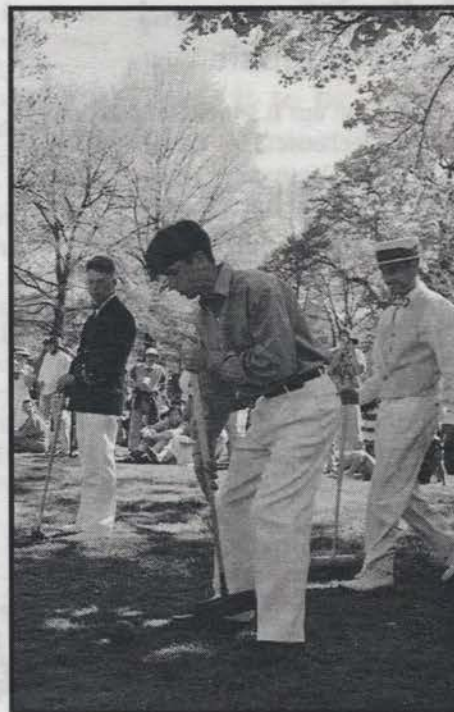
CROQUET: YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND WHERE THIS GAME IS PLAYED. UNTIL THE MIDDLE OF SUMMER THE LAWN IS A VERY DARK AND

LUSH GREEN. The lawn is almost completely open to the air and sun: at one edge, facing the straight line of College Avenue, our main border with the town, there is a row of tall trees; on the other three sides are College buildings of fair size and imposing architecture. Not in the middle, but still dominating the landscape, is a great 600 year-old tree, the "Liberty Tree." It has a very thick trunk (scout troops reach around it, hand to hand, and have a hard time encircling it), and stretches up into the sky with strange, gnarled branches that look like the upraised arms of a bunch of pagans. This place has a clear pull: Friday afternoon, you walk out of McDowell, or crest the Quad, and open sky shining down on a great green space immediately turns your eyes—or maybe the grass has been cut this morning, so that even if you shut your eyes, or if you are distracted by a friend, or if somehow sunlight on the earth doesn't move you, even then the smell of the grass catches you and pulls you down. It is nearly impossible to imagine a better place to be than on this lawn, in the sun, under the tree, with the wonderful Library on your right, and paths to your back and left, paths carrying everybody to and from the College—so that if you just stay on the lawn long enough, anybody you're looking for, anybody you need to see but forgot about, will walk by soon enough. Sometimes it's tourists or other strangers who walk by (even Midshipmen!) and you look so strange with your mallet and this child's game laid out on the lawn that they can't help asking what you're doing, what the point of the game is, who's ahead—and this is where the essence of the game is revealed. Then it is clear why it's so appropriate that the game is played daily within sight and earshot of the Library's King William room, a dark and august space where the Senior Orals are held even as the croquet balls are clacking against each other on the lawn below: the essence of the game is talking.

I don't mean only the talking of tutorials and seminars, but the talking of cocktail parties. Croquet would be nothing at the Annapolis campus if there weren't always people wandering off the paths or down from the Quad to chat with players. In fact, it is only under rigorous and impoverished conditions that you can look at the court and tell who is playing. There will be a knot of people gathered around some balls or a wire

hoop in the ground. Four or five people will be pointing or swinging air-mallets, or deep in contemplation, or arguing with great vehemence. At the same time, there will be inevitably four more people lounging under the great tree, perhaps with the luxury of a blanket and a cooler, and a couple more people nearby, quietly reading something, and there will be no way to say who is playing. The turn only takes a second or two, the game takes a couple of hours (more when it is exciting), so it is necessary that most of the time spent on the croquet court is spent in discussion. This discussion can be a pointed one between two teammates ("But if you're already dead on blue and red, and and black is *at least* two shots from its wicket, why in the world would you shoot on it? Just set for the next wicket." "Yes, but blue's live on red and yellow, could take two off red and hit me, get a three-ball break, and really screw us up!"), but that gets tedious for everybody. When the game is most wonderful, and we take full advantage of the

By **Abe Shoener**



Continued on page 7

The Annapolis Cup: History in the playing

By **Kendall Golladay**

On a night at an Annapolis bar in the early 1980's an argument began that was to begin one of St. John's greatest traditions. A group of Naval Academy midshipmen boldly boasted that SJC students were wimps and that Navy guys could beat the Johnnies at anything. The Johnnies, never ones to dodge a challenge, took the Navy guys up on their boast, offering to test the truth of their statement with a game of croquet. They consented and the Annapolis Cup—America's premier collegiate croquet event—was born.

Croquet at SJC has many incarnations, but the most important is the annual Annapolis cup. The cup, so named for a trophy that sits in The Little Campus Bar, is the prize for the match with the Naval Academy. In the lead up to the match team members from both schools are invited to lunch at the other school. After the match members of both schools dance the night away in MacDowell Hall at a Waltz Party.

The SJC team now competes against other teams. In May, a few weeks after the match with the Academy, the team competes against the team from Ginger Cove, a nearby retirement home, for the Generation Cup. This past October St. John's competed for the first time in a sanctioned Croquet Association collegiate event. The event, an 'open' tournament, saw teams led by St. John's students capture first and second place, against players from Princeton, Yale, Smith, Mount Holyoke, Penn, and the Naval Academy. How much farther can St John's Croquet's competitive success go? Team members often wonder, as they have yet to participate in a National Collegiate Croquet Championship. But it should be noted that the 1994 National Champion was the Naval Academy, and that the day before they won the Nationals they were defeated in the Annapolis Cup, zero games to five, by the team from SJC.

Public Letters

Coffeehouses and country music

Listen up! It is time to learn how to run a coffeehouse. First there should be an MC. The MC introduces the acts and keeps order. By insisting that each group only play three songs, he insures that all the acts get to perform before two in the morning.

The producer should save the big and loud bands for last. This allows those who enjoy quiet music to depart satisfied before the guys who are interested in noise begin tinkering with their guitars. Then the fans of noise can scream and slam into one another until they fall down from fatigue because they know that the true connoisseurs comprise the remaining audience.

The coffee should not be in the corner. Half the people did not realize that it was there. The advertisement should include the fact that one must pay for the coffee. The best coffee house that I've been to was in Annapolis. They had candlelight, cheesecake, and Irish coffee. The MC kept the evening running smoothly. And I spent a lot of money on cheesecake and good coffee.

I really enjoyed the country music at this last coffeehouse. Being from Southwest Virginia, I am partial to a good redneck hoedown. I even thought that the lead singer could have made it in Nashville. A cute butt (clad in tight bluejeans, accented by a leather vest on a bare chest that performs a hip thrust) does a lot for a country blonde. My heart was... until it became Santa Fe's only country band with a stripper as the lead singer. Nudity and country music doesn't mix. Willie and Garth never take their clothes off. Marty Robbins would have never let those sharp shooters drop below his knees. They don't need to strip, for they have class.

The mystery of what those jeans cover was tantalizing. But I would have rather made the discovery in other circumstances. In fact, the lead singer can make twelve dollars an hour posing for my figure drawing class. I like a redneck poser cowboy as much as the next girl but not

when he gives away the only secret he's got, "What do those Levi's cover?"

Scarlett Williams

An Invitation

This year's Dean's Winter Film Series is a great chance to experience the greatest of American genres: the Western. We think we've managed to unearth forgotten gems by forgotten craftsmen like Bud Boetticher and Delmer Daves, but we'll also be showing a couple of irresistibly weird classics. There won't in this series be any John Ford, Sergio Leone, or Clint Eastwood, whom we all love; we get to see their films often enough. Instead, this season's films cover a surprising range of themes and moods: Sam Peckinpah's aging heroes struggling to preserve honor and loyalty against mortality's grim corrosion (*Ride the High Country*), the former bullfighter Boetticher's "small, glittering morality plays" pitting Randolph Scott against some fascinating villains (*The Tall T*, *Ride Lonesome*), Nicholas Ray's wild, baroque "woman's western" *Johnny Guitar*, the quiet psychological studies of Delmer Daves (*Jubal*, *3:10 to Yuma*), Robert Altman's eerie, melancholy ballad *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, Richard Pearce's beautiful little tribute to real-life "wilderness woman" Elinore Randall Stewart (*Heartland*), and an extraordinary movie by Geoff Murphy about a Maori rebellion. All these films ponder the nature of heroism, shining out as it does in a vast and indifferent landscape, an emblem of lawless, violent Arcadia—the land into which our primal parents take "their solitary way and slow," the land through which Cain is condemned to wander. If you find yourself already absorbed by Western visions, you will be absorbed by these; if you still think you don't like Westerns, we're sure that you'll be gripped by at least some of these.

Sam Peckinpah's mellow, introspective *Ride the High Country* (1962) will begin the series. It has beautiful performances by veteran Westerners Randolph Scott and Joel Macrea (one of the most

loveable American actors), a chilling portrait of a mining community, and a moving showdown. It is nothing like *The Wild Bunch*, but those among you who love John Woo will not be disappointed all the same: the classic Peckinpah/Woo themes of betrayal and why-loyalty-in-a-transient-world are intelligently contemplated here.

Check the usual places for dates and times.

—Krishnan Venkatesh

The Way of the Sword

It's never too late to start fencing! Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, all have plenty of time to become skilled in the art of the rapier—and Seniors have all that free time...Why fence, you ask? What is the appeal? Fencing is like high-speed chess, a combination of strategic cunning and disciplined physical energy; it is explosive, like sprinting, and as full of bluff and feint as boxing and bridge. It inculcates the virtues of initiative, resolve, grace, promptitude, and thoroughness. (I've noticed that people who love fencing tend to be Romantic idealists: there's something about the clink of steel on steel...) Yet it is like conversation: you must listen and watch, you must observe your opponent before committing to full action, and you must give as little away as possible to your equally observant opponent. This is the best training for lightning fast observation and response — for above all, fencing is fast, exhilarating, decisive; it has the attraction of all-out sparring, and the blessed knowledge that even so you will not hurt your friend.

If you're interested, sign up at SAO. For \$15, you get all the necessary equipment and instruction by our handsome young master-of-arms Rob Madril. And this is a really fun way to get in shape and stay there. (By the way, it's also an opportunity to avenge yourself on Mr. Venkatesh for numerous insults and offences.)

—Scaramouche

Continued from page 5

warm sun, the sweet grass, and the cool shade of the tree, the talk is just talk and people are just hanging out. Half the winning team could well be on the blanket drinking beer while the other half is standing in the knot of kibbitzers, talking about class. Neither one has a full memory of which ball they hit most recently.

This should help show why the Croquet Match against the Naval Academy is the *eidos* of all other croquet games. Once a year, a team of ten croquet players from St. John's faces a team of midshipmen from the Naval Academy. There is a spicy atmosphere of competition that waxes and wanes from year to year, and there is always some kind of odd tension that arises from a match between these two inevitably xenophobic neighbors. But this tension is not what interests me about the match, because it has nothing to do with Croquet; the study of such phenomena belongs to another science. The Naval Academy game is the *eidos* of all the other games because it is the most social, the most splendid, the most festive. It is not more festive than the daily games merely by some measurable degree. Rather, it is an ei-

detic game because it takes place in a different realm: the realm of pure sociability. There are no gaffes on this day, no awkwardness, only elegance, *luxe, calme, et volupté*. On this day music from the thirties and forties drifts across the lawn inviting spectators to leave their champagne and hors d'ouvers for a dance on the library patio. On this day everybody looks dressed up and wonderful. Does everybody wear new or different clothes? No. Many people put on outfits they would never wear on any other day at the College; many put on clothes they hold very special, clothes that feel and look more like Wardrobe than clothing. But more people wear what they are most fond of, most comfortable in, or what they do not even notice putting on. Just clothing. Nonetheless, *everybody looks splendid on this day*. This splendor is because the realm of croquet is not only the realm of Pure Sociability, but also (properly) the realm of Pure Appearance—and in this realm all appearances are good. Thus, when you are watching a game, you require a well-informed (and perhaps tedious) expert in order to know who is doing well. In croquet, all shots look good.

Hey!

This is your Newspaper. To help make it what you want it to be, come to staff meetings on Wednesdays at 2:30 in ESL 115. There are two more NOOMOONS coming up, and then another MOONfly around Spring Break. Come share your ideas and enthusiasm.



Continued from page 2

Kristen Byrne questioned whether that works. "I think after a while students learn how to have excellent don rags. Maybe it's just because when I was in Santa Fe, they were really hard core. But my first don rag sophomore year really shocked me—it was like a tea party!"

Byrne went on to explain, "I do study hard, but I feel like that's entirely up to me." So what about the students who aren't as self-motivated and need the extra incentive?

"I think that maybe what we need is the day-to-day standard of expecting students to be prepared for class," suggested Liz Trice, a sophomore at Santa Fe.

"During translations sophomore year one girl didn't know how to parse *luw!*" Eddy Brown exclaimed.

One student complained, "I personally think that the language tutorial has its head in its...well, never mind."

"I completely disagree!" A freshman exclaimed, "I have Ms. Blits for Greek, and I always feel like that day-to-day standard is very firmly held."

The students arrived at the conclusion that class efficiency

often does depend on the particular tutor. Math and Lab were the next classes addressed.

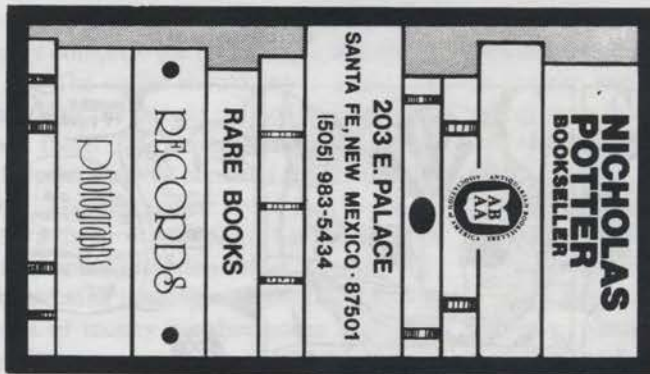
"I think it's very easy to become apathetic about math and lab when you're not being highly motivated or told that you have to do it," Eddy Brown said.

"I have a much better sense of the program in seminar. Tutorials are so confusing, though. I don't get that same sense of a goal or purpose. Especially when people aren't prepared!"

Nathan Jongewaard interjected, "You know, I wonder what the slackers feel about this..."

And then another student interrupted him, "I'm in college more to develop myself as a person. That's why I chose this place. I didn't want to be a specialist on any particular facts."

It was evident from the discussion that students have a lot of ideas about how the curriculum works or doesn't work in some cases. Only a small number of students actually make the effort to approach those who could make a change in the parts of the Program that could use improvement. Most of those in attendance at the forum agreed that greater communication between the two campuses via the internet, publications like *The MOONfly*, and sit-down forums is desirable for many reasons, and may also help important changes come about in *The Program*.



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The Moonfly is a joint-publication of the *NOOMOON*, of St. John's College in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and *The Gadfly*, of St. John's College in Annapolis, Maryland. All opinions expressed are those of the authors. Single semester subscriptions to the *Noomoon* are available for \$18.

All contributions to the *Noomoon* are welcome. The next deadline for submission is Thursday, February 2, at midnight. Written work may be submitted in any Macintosh-based word processing format on a 3.5" disk, along with a typed, double-spaced copy and the author's name and phone number. Typed, double-spaced submissions are also acceptable. The *Noomoon* reserves the right to edit or reject any submission.