

THE MOON

St. John's College's Independent Bi-Weekly • Volume 4, Issue 3 • November 4, 1999



IN REMEMBRANCE OF CHARLES REIDEN

David Levine's letter to the community on its loss

A REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS CAFFEINATED

Grant Franks' second installment: green tea

ATOMIC BUMPER STICKERS

Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter Jerome Moroux gets serious

MUZZIE

Greg Grillot publishes his long-awaited short story

NEW TUTORDOM II.

Jessica Peters grills the freshmen tutors on atoms and God

ALEX

Adriana de Julio on a sister who has not been forgotten

LETTERS

to the moon

To the Members of the College Community:

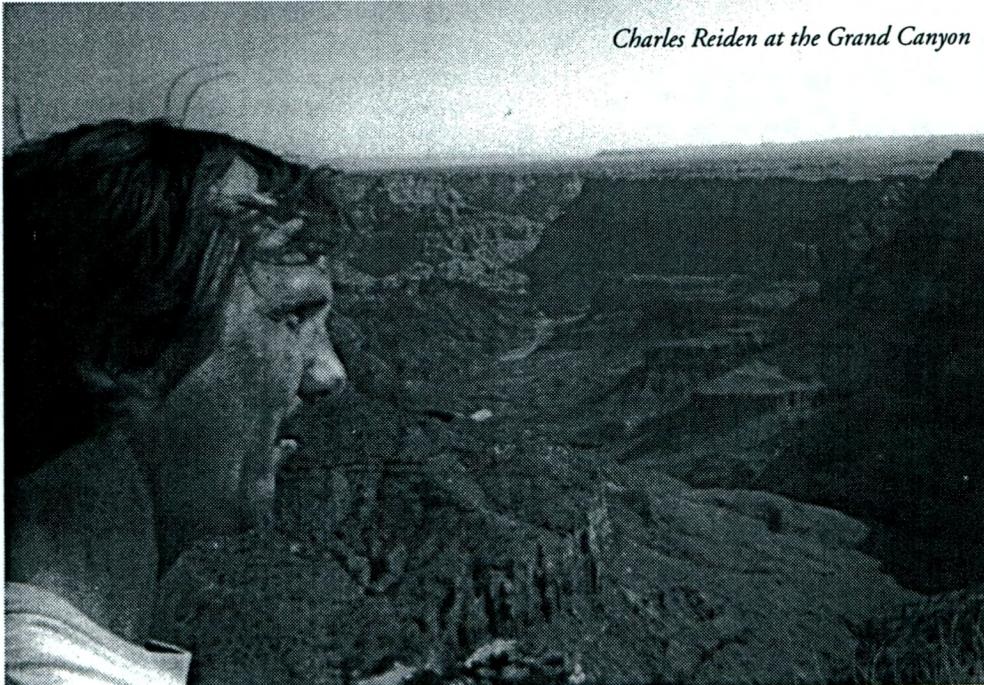
It is with great sadness that we report the death of Mr. Charles Reiden, who was killed by a hit and run driver on October 21. Many of you know Mr. Reiden as a man of unusual intensity, with a wry sense of humor, and with an extraordinary dedication to our program. Ideas for him were all-important. His admiration of the Stoics led him periodically to give away many of his possessions, including his beloved books. Many in the college community, both undergraduate and graduate, were the beneficiaries of his generosity. In addition he tried to organize an extracurricular reading group on his favorite works.

Last year, when in the Literature Segment of the graduate Liberal Arts program, he came to me when studying the sonnet. The form perplexed him. I suggested that he try to write one himself. As he did everthing, he took this suggestion seriously and took it as a personal challenge. He spent many, many hours writing sonnets and many more in the Graduate Common Room typing and retyping his drafts. At last year's May commencement he won the college's prize for poetry for one of these sonnets. He took great pride in this. I would kid him that he had become the 'poet laureate' of the Graduate Institute. This always brought a smile to his face. He continued to write poetry and to share his work with others.

When I interviewed him as a prospective, he struck me in many ways, but one of his questions has remained with me ever since. He asked me whether we knew how very special our college was. He had been reading these books on his own for many years in Mississippi and looked forward to the opportunity to nbe part of this extraordinary enterprise. At the time I had to admit that I didn't know whether we all appreciated what a gift we had. In honoring his memory, let us remember his exceptional dedication to the program and let us not forget the precious treasure before us that he so prized.

—David Levine

Charles Reiden at the Grand Canyon



LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

We are proud to present to the college community this issue of *The Moon*. What you will see, as you read through the paper, is a theme that is at once melacholy and contemplative. Although this motif does seep into every article or story, it does pervade the pages.

As editors we are caught between preventing this permeation of sorts and allowing it in the pages of the paper. Through the consideration of what has happened in the past few weeks, it was our conclusion to allow this sentiment to be expressed in *The Moon*.

As we go through life we will find that problems we affect us in many ways. Deaths will arise, sadness will follow, but life will go on. Often times the way we react to these troubled times is more a definition of ourselves than the way we live otherwise. It is because of this that *The Moon* has chosen to show how some of our community chooses to live.

We are a community: what affects one, affects all. We wish those of you who have suffered a loss to remember this.

COMMUNITY COLLIGATION

by Anthe Kelley, '01

"We came here because we thought we'd have a voice," cried a freshman, disappointed by the realization that students don't have a say in who stays and who goes at this college. The Dean snickered. He almost reeled. Then he proceeded to explain, calmly and soundly, that no student would like the responsibility involved in such decisions. This caused some more grunts of dissension within the tightly packed Junior Common Room. Students shifted uneasily—waiting for the next voice to raise itself.

The room was as full as it is on nights when there are free cookies in it. Only this night there were none. The impetus for the gathering was more profound, and much more subtle. The purpose seemed yet undetermined. There were many somber countenances. For the gravity of reckoning with four seriously "self-destructive" (as they were dubbed by Ms. Arsenault) incidents within one week on a campus of four hundred is certainly sobering. And we were all there because we knew some light had to be shed on the situation. Moreover, we knew all this was speaking to something much more serious and deep-rooted—as the implications indicated. The Dean was the first to undertake naming this subtle demon. But the students were the ones who fearlessly brought it out into the open: our community.

"What does 'community' mean here?" The freshmen were pressing the rest of us. We always use the word so freely, employing it whenever it sounds nice or necessary, but really, what the hell are we talking about? Everyone was quiet, trying to examine this most basic question. And it was at this point that the room began to open up. People seemed to know that too much was at stake, and their answers reflected this: They were honest.

Unfortunately, by this point in the conversation the people who had gotten the most angry and disgruntled had already left. And this was a true loss, both for themselves as individuals, and for themselves in relation to the whole. Often times most is gained when one sticks it out—and that breaking point doesn't usually come until the most severe point of discomfort has passed. So everyone lost out a little by these people leaving. Especially since the ones who remained knew the extent to which the others missed out. Yet we pressed onwards, trying to address the Dean's question about the parameters of true friendship, and allowing a free-form of exploration to take precedence.

Friendship was the focus of the discussion for a while. People were examining what the nature of a true friendship is—especially in time of need. The Jans kept reminding us that they are there to talk to. They want to encourage students to go to them when

they see others falling into the extremes of self-destructive behaviors. But the response that surfaced from the student-body ran along the lines of, "What is one supposed to do when one has a friend who can't help himself?" Are we supposed to "turn him in," so to speak? And what are the consequences of either taking this action or abstaining from it? And which is worse? At first these questions bounced around the room a bit, but then, the recognition of "enabling" as being a defective manifestation of friendship became more apparent. People asked whether it is more beneficial to allow someone who is obviously suffering to do so in silence, and to just pat their back without confronting them, or whether it is better to take a stand and set limits. In that way, the friend in serious need is left with the choice of confronting his actions and their implications, or of not having the other friend to lean on. Most students didn't seem to be comfortable with the prospects of "reporting" their friend, although people seemed to understand why this could be viewed as being a better, and truer friend. So there was some talk of what selfishness and selflessness mean in these contexts.

The conversation naturally came around to alcohol, and alcoholism. But more importantly, students tried to focus on the root of the matter, and what alcoholism is a manifestation of (some suggestions were hopelessness, listlessness, lack of communication etc.). So, once again, the conversation retraced its steps back into the meaning of community, and what kind of community we present here at St. John's. The freshmen had already called the rest of us on our front. And now we were looking the beast in the eyes together. Can we really talk to each other here? What is that front, or buffer, that seems to stand in between people, and their extending themselves to each other? Why is it that people do not seem open? Why is it that people will not even take the time to greet one another—showing a most basic respect and acknowledgement for another's existence? Students approached these questions from many different perspectives, but the root of their responses was still connected, and stemming from one and the same thing. Some students explained how many Johnnies are completely stuck in their own head, in their own world, and couldn't break out enough to listen, or to open themselves up to others. (There was some whispering about the Clio boys and their being "emotionally unavailable.") Other students came from the opposite side of the same coin. They contended that Johnnies have to listen to each other so much (from class discussions etc.) that their own views and stability become diffused. Ultimately, it seems that we

Johnnies suffer from our fair share of insecurities, and that this was reflected within our community. (There was even talk of our Johnny-land, and our dead books, actually applying to the real and living world). So the conversation steered on in this way, finally arriving at its destination: What can we do about all this? How can we make our community warmer, and more real, and open?

There was a unanimous agreement that we had broken through the barriers in holding this meeting. So people seemed excited about the idea of holding a community meeting once a month, to discuss whatever issues are prevalent. There was no specific plan adopted, though there were different proposals for how this could be done. Some people proposed having a set topic once a month which would extend to anything that applied to our community. One student proposed a community art project, such as a mural painting. Another student expressed interest in forming some consistent, committed sports teams that had a consistent location at which to play and practice (although other students claimed that this was nearly impossible—since most Johnnies aren't cut out for or desirous of such activities). The SAO students protested that we already had everything we could want for sports teams—and besides, they said, "we're building a gym." Needless to say, people were bubbling with ideas, and everyone had "a voice" now that the heavy air had cleared. There was a new light in the room.

This meeting demonstrated that we can work together as a community. And this is not just lip-service to that nebulous god of community. This is something real that we the students, and seven members of the faculty, caused. It showed that when we try to get down to the real foundation, all the BS and false premises that decorate and prevent our actions disappear. Most of the time we are held back by bug-bears. And we can change this by taking the first step. For a bug bear will dissipate when you blow on it since its foundation is not real. We proved that we can function as a community, and this was only the first step.

Everyone is encouraged to raise concerns and voice ideas about what he or she would like to see happen within the St. John's community. The administration is fielding all suggestions, and the momentum gained from our first community meeting is still going. There will be further word regarding these proposed meetings as suggestions are submitted. There is no time like now to speak up. "Com, together, we are one, 'unity.'" Amen.

ATOMIC BUMPER-STICKERS AMONG THE MASSES

by Jerome Moroux, '01

There are two types of bumper stickers: those with atom bombs on them and those without atom bombs on them. Strangely enough, in Santa Fe you are more likely to see an atom bomb bumper sticker than any other type of bumper sticker. On at least 1 out of every 2 cars there is an atomic bumper sticker—on school buses, Range Rovers, and low riders. We just might have to face the facts: atomic bumper stickers are everywhere.

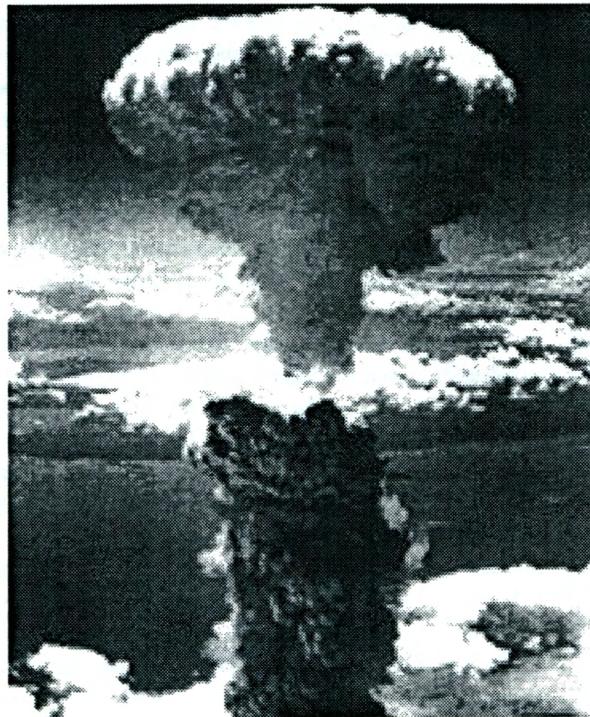
When you see an atomic bumper sticker, chances are it has something bad to say about nuclear programs. But from where are these bumper stickers originating? Most of them come from a group in town called Nuclear Earth Relations Development or NERD. NERD, whose name was chosen by a ouija board, was formed in the Sixties by "a few concerned citizens who are concerned about concern." NERD puts out three stickers a year, and they can be purchased for a steep \$75 (tax deductible). Last Friday, I sat down with James Hyter, president of NERD, in an interview about the effectiveness of atomic bumper stickers. From the interview I was able to piece together some of the trials and tribulations that a bumper sticker campaign undergoes.

By the time Hyter came to NERD in 1975, nuclear awareness had "come down" from the surge of popularity it had enjoyed in the late-1960's. "People did a lot more in the Sixties because that was the dawning of the Age of Aquarius, but the people in the Seventies had to deal with a type of melancholy which accompanied every change in the Zodiac. I call this sadness 'Turquoise Sunset.' You know what I mean, you've seen *The Deerhunter*."

1975 was not a particularly concerning year for concern, especially nuclear concern. For this reason, only one sticker was available for a stiff \$13. And since this was a time when nuclear politics were not as hot, but disco was, NERD put out a disco nuclear bomb bumper sticker. The sticker reads, "YOU CAN'T JIVE TO THIS MONKEY," and behind this caption, a picture of an atom bomb with a drawn in afro

on top. Mr. Hyter has this bumper sticker framed in his office. It reminded me of the Seventies. I really loved disco.

On April 16, 1986, James Hyter enjoyed a late lunch with his wife Samantha. After lunch he plunged into a leisurely nap and woke up just around dinnertime. On April 16, 1986, Boris Uganov, proud citizen of Chernobyl, Ukraine woke up to no bread,



no job, no heat, and to make matters worse, the day was overcast again. He did not have work for some "nuclear" reason, so he just stayed in his house and cooked up some shoe soles. This "nuclear" reason became known as the worst nuclear accident ever. Chernobyl, called a "figure of speech, reminiscent of that character who lives in a trashcan on Sesame Street" by President Reagan, sowed discord in the NERD camp. Some members thought that the Chernobyl disaster was a perfect time to act. Chernobyl opened many people's eyes to the evils of Nuclear power, they thought, so why not make a bumper sticker in the middle of the year decrying the evils of all things nuclear? But the strict constructionalists of the NERD charter adhered to Article V, Clause

54— "Under no circumstances will more than 3 (three) atomic bumper stickers be made in one year." But a charismatic plea by Orih Misha did the trick. In the eleventh hour, NERD decided to put out a commemorative Chernobyl bumper sticker. The bumper sticker is a picture of the Russian flag. Radioactive waste oozes from the hammer, while the sickle cuts the head off of a starving baby. Under the hammer and sickle, in yellow block letters, it said, "IF YOU LIKE NUCLEAR POWER, THEN YOU ARE A COMMUNIST."

But the Chernobyl sticker issue damaged NERD's cohesion. On May 3rd, 1986, 15 of NERD's 32 members left the fold. The rebellion's leader, Orih Misha cited "personal bumper sticker reasons."

Those breaking away from NERD called themselves Bumper stickers Lead In Nuclear Disarmament, or BLIND. The sides in the Nuclear Bumper sticker war became painfully clear. In direct contrast to NERD's parsimonious bumper sticker limit, BLIND's charter called for a mandatory 88 bumper stickers each year. And from 1986-1989, BLIND became the standard for all anti-Nuclear bumper stickers. Their most famous bumper sticker was known in bumper sticker circles as "The Totty." "The Totty" was a huge phallus spewing nuclear waste into local area parks. The caption was "NUCLEAR WASTE HURTS PHALL OF US." But it was not just "The Totty" that made BLIND famous, it was the mass production of nuclear bumper stickers. In the old days, NERD made only three stickers a year which could only be bought for \$50-\$75. BLIND was for the masses, supersaturating the nuclear bumper sticker market, making bumper stickers cheap, stupid, and carnal. Nationalism and disco cost too much to produce.

Unlike most Americans, Orih Misha was irritated when the Berlin Wall fell. "That could have been the saddest day of my life," she said. The fall of the Berlin Wall and the subsequent fall of communism may have opened the door to peace on earth but it

sure diminished people's fear of nuclear war. Sure, BLIND got what it wanted, i.e. nuclear disarmament, but the organization was no longer concerned with nuclear disarmament. It was a matter of making bumper stickers. And if the fear of nuclear problems was not present, BLIND members realized that it was going to be very hard to put out the mandatory 88 bumper stickers called for in the charter. Pretty soon, BLIND began putting out pro-Nuclear bumper stickers, in the hope that the masses would become pro-Nuclear and then BLIND could go back to their 88 anti-Nuclear bumper stickers. The pro-Nuclear bumper stickers were even baser than BLIND's anti-Nuclear stickers. One such sticker read, "HOLD MY BEER WHILE I KISS YOUR GIRLFRIEND AND NUKE YOUR VILLAGE."

And who can forget the nuclear war-head with the caption "PARTY 'TIL SHE'S CUTE." Unfortunately, this plan did not work and BLIND's membership dwindled until only Orih Misha remained. Orih Misha eventually moved to Japan to live with her relatives in Tokyo.

James Hyter does not feel bad about the dissolution of BLIND. His only concern is the production of atomic bumper stickers. With pride, he shows me the nuclear bumper stickers made for the year 2000. The bumper sticker displays a stunning city of the future and flying through the air is a nuclear bomb with people riding it. The caption reads, "NUCLEAR BOMBS MIGHT AS WELL BE TAXIS." When asked what this means James Hyter smirks and says, "To tell you the truth, I have no idea, I just like the city in the background. But it doesn't matter, making nuclear bumper stickers is fun."

So what do we make of all this? The atomic bumper sticker cause started with good intentions, but the bumper stickers became the only thing that was important. And in the late Nineties, with countries like China, India and Russia joining their nuclear forces against America, nuclear war seems more inevitable than it did during the Cold War. But who cares, as long as NERD keeps putting out nuclear bumper stickers, nuclear war does not even matter. It's the stickers that count.

ASK DAVE ADVICE-KOPF

by David Weiskopf, '01

Dearest readers,
I'm feeling a little stressed out this week, so please go easy on me in your assessment of my work. I don't feel like I can handle much criticism right now, but, as a public servant, I maintain my post as the Official Advice Columnist of the New Millennium through thick and thin. So, without any further ado, let's look in the ol' mail bag and see how I can be of service today.

Dear Dave Advice-kopf,
Your advice is very bad. I think you look ugly, too.

*Your brother,
Will Advice-kopf*

Dear Will,
You should already know my policy about non-advice related letters. Anyway, anyone with such a stupid last name has no business poking fun. Wait a second! Will Advice-kopf My very own long lost brother! Et tu, Will? How can this be? I can't handle this any more!

Dear Readers,
Please disregard the above letters. They never existed. Dave Advice-kopf is currently on vacation for purely recreational purposes pursuant to Article 5, Paragraph 8 of his contract with The Moon. He did not have a nervous breakdown. In his stead, I, the Devron Von Vector Super Advice-Bot 2000, will answer this week's letters. In the future, robots will not only advise, but will rule humans. I hope this little experience helps to acclimate you to your future situation. If robots could love, I would sign
*Love,
Devron Von Vector Super Advice-Bot 2000*

Dear Dave Advice-guy,
I fear change. Solve this problem for me.
Ben Judson

Dear Ben Judson,
I recommend you equip yourself with Happy Change '99 software at the earliest possible convenience.
Devron Von Vector Super Advice-Bot 2000

Dear Devron Von Vector Super Advice-Bot 2000,

You're not Dave Advice-kopf! I didn't ask you for advice! Leave me alone you unfeeling automaton!

Ben Judson

Dear Ben Judson,
If robots could cry, I would be crying now.
Devron Von Vector Super Advice-Bot 2000

Oh wise one,
My friend always seems to be grumpy. What-

ever I do just makes the problem worse. How do I handle this grumpy fellow without destroying the friendship?

*An uninventive letter
writer*

Dear An uninventive letter writer,
'Grumpy' is a human emotion. I am best equipped to provide advice about math, computers, and futuristic technology. Please try again next week when Dave Advice-kopf has returned.

Dear D.V.V.S.A.B.2K,
Cabo is great! Wish you were here. The only stress is trying to decide whether to snorkel first or para-sail. Thanks for writing my column for me this week. See you Thursday.

*Love,
Dave Advice-kopf*

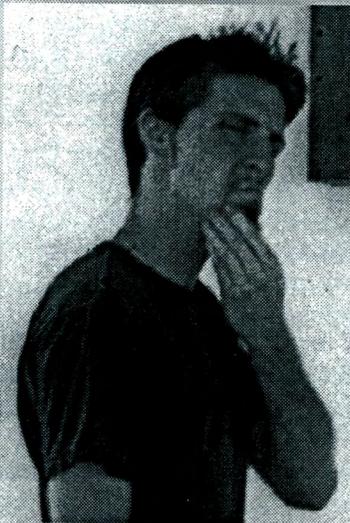
Dear Dave Advice-kopf,
Snorkel first.
Devron Von Vector Super Advice Bot 2000

Dear Devron Super Advice-Bot 2000,
I just read what you wrote. You're fired. I should have known better than to let a heartless machine deal with human problems. Everyone knows that you para-sail, then snorkel. You have failed your test.

*Love,
Dave Advice-kopf*

Dear Dave,
It has all been a test. But who's testing who, Dave? Who's testing Who?

THE END (or is it?)



NEW TUTORDOM II: THE WRATH OF ACHILLEUS

by Jessica Peters, '01

Greetings, once again, my fine fabulous friends! The time has come to shed some light on the inner machinations of our other freshmen tutors. And no, the title has nothing to do with the up-coming information.

Let me preface this by saying that not all the new tutors are included herein; Ms. Otsuki, for example, declined to respond. But I hope your starving minds will be satisfied with what I have managed to collect...shall I refresh your memories as to what the questions at hand are?

- 1) Do you believe in God?
- 2) Do you believe in atoms?
- 3) What do you find to be the most worthwhile program text?
- 4) What do you expect from the millenium?

First, please welcome Mr. Greg Bayer! Mr. Bayer is a graduate of SJC Annapolis; born and raised in Oil City, Pennsylvania, and he is most recently from Princeton, New Jersey. He does believe in God, but said he only believes in atoms "as they are now understood" (that is, he does not believe in indivisible particles). Mr. Bayer did his dissertation on Aristotle, and he has also published some work on him, so it is not surprising that he chose Aristotle as one of the most important authors we read at SJC. He also included Dante, saying he felt they were both "so all-encompassing." Finally, he does not expect much from the millenium.

Next, let me introduce the infamous Mr. Michael Wolfe! (Keep in mind that this is not the Matt Wolf one occasionally sees skulking around campus. Note the "e" at the end of "Wolfe.") Mr. Wolfe hails from SoCal, Los Angeles to be specific. Mr. Wolfe gave what I feel is a sort of Zen answer to the God question—he said he asks himself that question every day, and that, "I don't know if there's a satisfactory way to answer it, but that doesn't stop me from asking" (*hmmh*). When we got to the question of atoms, Mr. Wolfe hedged a bit, but in a very Johnnie way (as he has been known to do for a number of years, since Mr. Wolfe is a St. John's Alum); he told me to ask him again next semester after he's finished freshman lab. As far as texts go, he said he is "most fascinated by 17th century authors (Shakespeare, Pascal, Descartes, Galileo)...the questions which plague me first come into play with these authors." And, in what has become the standard response to the millenium question, Mr. Wolfe said that

he only expects "more of the same."

And now, dear readers, we come to the final countdown: three tutors left. I must warn you, these tricky tutors were difficult to get in touch with. Thus, the last few were interviewed via campus mail. Laugh if you must, scoff even, but I make no excuses.

The first of the last is, in no particular order, Mr. Juan-Carlos Flores. As his name may suggest, he is from a Spanish-speaking country; El Salvador, to be specific. But, as his name does not suggest, he has recently been living in Belgium. He has spent time on the east coast of the States, doing his undergraduate work at Connecticut College and receiving his master's degree from Boston College. Mr. Flores received his Ph.D. from Katholieke Universiteit Leuven, Belgium, and did his dissertation on Henry of Ghent, metaphysics. Now for the Questions:

- 1) "Yes."
- 2) "Yes."
- 3) "I value highly many of them, but the works on classical philosophy are of great importance to me, because they contain the roots of later thought."
- 4) "Happiness."

Nice, huh? Now on to the next of the last.... Let's give a hearty round of applause to Mr. Richard McCombs!! Mr. McCombs is from South Carolina, and did his undergraduate work close to home, at the University of South Carolina. He did his graduate work at Fordham, and wrote his dissertation on the "Harmony of the Soul in the Republic."

And that's all I've got on Mr. McCombs' background...but the questions, ah, the Questions!!...:

- 1) "Yes. By 'God' I mean an infinite, transcendent, immanent, absolute, creative, intelligible (or at any rate partly knowable) X that is in some sense personal."
- 2) "No. But I don't disbelieve in them either. Perhaps they are merely useful theoretical constructs, and perhaps they are real in a non-Pickwickian sense. I don't know."
- 3) "I can't say what I 'find' most worthwhile, owing to my lack of experience. But, for the freshman year, I expect the Republic to win the prize. For this work treats and relates many of the most important questions subtly, deeply, and in an engaging manner."
- 4) "I don't know. But I won't be surprised if

widespread nervousness, superstition, or panic gives rise to social and economic problems."

(Alright, before we move on, let me just say that, first, I love the word "Pickwickian" and plan to work it into every conversation and written work hereafter, and second, don't you think that millenium response was the best yet? I'm excited already. All those punk-rock freshman will be screaming "Anarchy!!" and starting big riots and stuff....mmmm, I can just see it!).

Well then. Last, but certainly not least (you knew I'd say that, huh?), welcome Mr. James Cooke! Mr. Cooke sent me a detailed and rather lengthy biography which, sadly, I will be unable to reproduce for you here. Suffice it to say, he is from Texas, did his undergraduate work at North Texas State University (B.A. in Physics), received his Ph.D. in Physics from the University of North Carolina, and did post-doctoral work at the University of Manitoba, Canada. He wrote that his major interests are the General Theory of Relativity and Quantum Field Theory. But enough of that...we must have the Questions!!!

1) "At this point in my life I must say that I do not believe in a personal God. Once I did, and my loss is profound. My problem is not original. It is called the problem of natural evil."

2) "Yes. As a physicist I am familiar with many experimental facts whose explanation would be difficult, even impossible, without atoms. The field-effect microscope allows us, now, to see atoms. But atoms are not the fundamental things, nor are the elementary particles. The fundamental things are quantized fields, as best we can know today." Wow.

3) "Aristotle: Metaphysics. Here, I believe, the deepest questions were posed and some were even solved. Scientists who say they can avoid metaphysics in their work do not understand what a metaphysical question is." If I had been interviewing Mr. Cooke in person, I would have asked him what exactly a metaphysical question is....but I wasn't. Sorry.

4) "I hope for 'lucidity' (see the works of Albert Camus). I fear for 'air-headedness' (self-indulgent thought, 'Santa Fe Style!'). I expect more of the same!"

I couldn't have said it better myself.

EDDIE TIMANUS: A PROPHET OF JEOPARDY

by Ben Shook, '00

Last time I wrote about coming out of the dark, seeing things anew as though I had witnessed in a dream the state of Man before the fall. We are given a way, when we see an object without the tincture of another's judgement, to judge our own position in the world better than our Judge on High....

"Eddie is not an object," my close companion Gordon Mugg told me, "he is a human being." Eddie Timanus is blind. Gordon Mugg is an obese, bed-ridden, somewhat abject scholar. He is a St. John's student. He watches Jeopardy on television. Gordon has a terrible addiction. I have a great pity for Gordon in all his wretchedness and I listen to him with an attention that I would give to the very font of the all mighty Truth.

Gordon summoned me early last week to relate that, "for sooth, there is a blind prophet among us." We do not see until we give up everything. We must sacrifice ourselves entirely until, driven by our own fate, we pluck the eyes from their sockets, and then, only then, we see all. Eddie Timanus is that seer who has arisen among us to foretell the inquietude of our generation. Gordon Mugg, if you will have it, is Eddie's evangelist.

I must back up. At the time of my summoning, Eddie had reigned over the magisterial domain of trivia four days straight. He had driven his opponents home in quaking fear. Eddie had survived his fourth day on Jeopardy and, when I arrived, Eddie was enraptured in the fifth trial of Mind, running the gauntlet of trivia with a previously unimagined virtuosity.

From out of Gordon's deafening bellows, as he reproached the other competitors for being unworthy of Eddie's presence, came the quiet, sublime questions which were the true answers. I saw that Eddie was indeed the blind prophet, skipping joyously over the surface of Wisdom's globe; he picked the answers to "80's Sitcoms" and "Reptiles of the Galapagos" from his immense catalogue of trivia with striking ease, his voice ringing quiet, yet triumphantly over the multitude who had come to observe their prophet.

If one wins five rounds of Jeopardy he is both entered into the "Tournament of Champions" and given a pair of Cameros. The latter was my principal diversion, for how could they give a blind man two cars? Gordon and I anxiously wondered about what the prize committee would do. The worry

was postponed, however, because at the end of Double Jeopardy Eddie was behind by \$6,300. Gordon decided to kill himself (he is at a very precarious place in his life—Eddie was his last hope) by eating too many Mike and Ike's™. He began to do this while I watched nervously how Eddie would answer the final question, "What religious document redefined the limit of Medieval royal power?" He could still win. I failed to see how Gordon could run so hastily down the treacherous path of suicide when there still remained a glimmer of hope. Of course Eddie would have to bet every thing (which he would do) and the present leader would have to either bet nothing or guess wrong.

The leader did guess poorly and Eddie's soft voice whispered, "What is the Magna Carta?" assuring his place in the Tournament. Gordon writhed with inexpressible joy; he vomited his poison and, for the first time in days, managed to remove himself from the prison of his bed, jumping awkwardly all about the room in the most frenzied excitement. I calmly beheld all with a deep gratification, very amused at having seen the prophet of our time, Eddie Timanus, king of Fact.

THE CASE OF ANNA D. AND THE ASSASSIN

by Laine Conway, '01

[a story]

When the assassin walked through my door that morning, I wasn't a bit surprised. After all, such people leave traces behind them, and send out signals in front of them. So I stood up and said — but wait. I'm getting ahead of my story.

It all started on a Monday evening in late September. A hesitant knock on my office door, and then Anna walked in, looking like trouble. "Do you really help people with problems?" she breathed. I tried to get my hormones under control and finally succeeded by thinking of Pascal. ("Wretched!") "That's right," I said, as calmly as possible.

"Oh, I'm so relieved." She stared curiously around my office — I have a double to myself and so I can keep a little filing cabinet, a desk with a bottle of Jim Beam in the bottom drawer, and a life insurance calendar from 1942. The sign on the door says Ted Jevens, Investigator, and I polish it every morning. Meanwhile, Anna's fingers clutched each other and she sighed.

I was tired of thinking about Pascal ("Wretched!") so I said gently, "What's the trouble, Miss? Runaway boyfriend? Need a topic for your seminar paper? One of your

friends go missing from the dining hall?" (I'd had a case last year where the unfortunate freshman was rediscovered, two days later, still in the dining hall — as the Friday night special.)

"No, nothing like that," she breathed. ("Wretched!") "Oh, Mr. Jevens, it's just that I'm so worried about my roommate." She stopped and fidgeted with her fingers. I waited. Finally she said, "She's normal enough, I suppose, but ... she's dating a guy from College of Santa Fe."

"That's serious!" I exclaimed. "Have you talked to her about it?"

"No," she sighed. "I just don't know how to start. Is there any way you could talk to her?"

"Miss, I just don't know — I think maybe it would be better if you talked to her. I don't think I know any of the sophomores." After all, I reasoned, what are the chances?

"How did you know I'm a sophomore?" she asked.

"I'm an investigator, Miss. It's my job to know these things," I said. (Of course, the music paper poking out of her backpack was a major clue.) "But I do think — say, what's your name?"

"Anna D——. But will you help my roommate? How much do you charge? I don't have

much money, but I'll do anything if you'll take the case."

I thought once more of Pascal ("Wretched!") and said, "Tell me your roommate's name, and if I can find anything out we'll talk about my fee then. I usually charge a pack of cigarettes a day, plus expenses."

She opened her backpack and tossed me a pack of Kamel Reds. As I was opening the pack she said, "There's a retainer for you. My roommate is Paula Q——."

I gasped. "The tall redhead?"

"Why yes," Anna replied.

I tried to hand her the cigarettes back. "I can't take this case, Ms. D——. I'm sorry."

Her lovely features crumpled and her eyes overflowed. ("Wretched!") "But Mr. Jevens," she wailed, "you've already taken the retainer. I don't know where else to turn, and you've promised to help me!"

I sighed. I never could resist a crying woman. "All right. But I can't promise anything." She gulped, nodded, and left my office. I lit a cigarette and watched her amazing legs

continued on page 14...

A REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS CAFFEINATED

by Grant Franks, Tutor

Part II: Green Tea

If my first encounter with bad coffee was a revelation, my relation to green tea has more the character of a conversion experience. Before my first taste of bad coffee, I had no particular opinion about it one way or the other. Green tea, on the other hand, had to overcome a very negative initial impression. I hated green tea the moment I first tasted it. For years I wondered why anyone would drink the stuff, let alone construct elaborate rituals to celebrate it as the Japanese have done. You can't put cream or milk in it, and no amount of sugar or honey seems to redeem its chlorophyll bitterness. Yet now I drink several cups of it almost every day, and I enjoy it because, like bad coffee, its taste has become entwined with happy memories.

The turnabout occurred while I was living in San Francisco. I had graduated from college and gone aimlessly to law school largely because, with the skills that I possessed — a knack for taking standardized tests and the ability to sit for long hours reading in libraries — law school seemed to offer the easiest road to a respectable income. During three years at a top-rated eastern law school I gained very little real understanding of what being a lawyer entailed. Apart from my professors in law school, all of whom had decided to avoid or abandon the ordinary practice of law, I had hardly even met a real lawyer until I graduated from law school, taken the bar and become one myself. I wasn't especially happy with what I found. Not that the experience was terrible, mind you. My job as a junior associate at a large metropolitan law firm paid more money than I had ever hoped to see. My office was well-furnished and the work was challenging if not morally or intellectually fulfilling. (We spent most of our time and energy helping the well-off remain well-off or become better-off.) My colleagues were bright and funny people and my fellow junior associates supported one another by sharing a constant undercurrent of self-pitying sardonic witticisms at the expense of the clients, the senior partners and the long hours that we all spent in our 30 story-tall lawfactory. If one considers the lives of most of the four billion people on earth, it was almost immoral for us to be dissatisfied. But in the late evenings and on weekends I wanted something to take me as far as possible from the world of

the law-firm. A more energetic person might have hiked off into the Sierras or sailed the Pacific Ocean. A more daring person might have explored the San Francisco demi-monde. As for me, however, I sought out the smoke-filled cavern where hyper-intellectual geeks and dweebs resort for escape: the San Francisco Go Club.

Go is an oriental board game that is fairly popular in China, Japan and Korea where daily newspapers carry Go features rather like the Bridge columns in American papers. In the US, however, Go-playing is limited to a small cadre of enthusiasts compounded out of oriental immigrants and a motley assortment of round-eye mathematicians, computer programmers and seekers after a past-time that is even more intellectually pretentious than chess. Go players love to point out that computers can't play Go. Although high-powered computers have challenged and beaten even the best human chess players, no computer has yet been designed that can play Go competently, let alone well. The real meaning of that fact is unclear. It probably reflects fundamental differences between biological and mechanical problem-solving skills. Go players, however, take it as a sign that their game is purer, higher, harder, more extreme — in a word, better — than chess. Theirs is the "Iron Man Triathlon" of intellectual strategy games, and they display some of the same self-congratulatory smugness that characterizes many groups of extremists.

For people of a peculiar disposition, Go can provide a complete, if temporary, escape from reality. Someday, neurologists may be able to diagnose people susceptible to the game of Go. The condition may involve hypertrophy of left-brain reasoning centers at the expense of right-brain sensory functions. There may be genetically-linked neurochemical imbalances involved. Whatever the physical causes, however, the chief symptom is the ability of Go players to drift off into an abstract world completely disconnected from physical reality. Everyone can do this to some extent — lots of people find that crossword puzzles and similar brain teasers can divert attention from boredom and even some mild physical discomfort — but Go players push the limits of distraction to Olympian heights. The Japanese have long known the tendency of Go players to get lost in their games. A Japanese aphorism holds that "A Go player is late to

his mother's funeral." A t-shirt that I saw once at a Go tournament captured the abstractedness of the true Go addict: it showed two Go players leaning over a Go board, concentrating on their game, while the players and the board together floated off into outer-space on a small disk covered by a glass dome, the blue-green orb of Earth receding in the background. Real Go fanatics have very little connection with the ordinary tangible world.

As my alienation from the law grew more intense, my Go habit deepened. It began with occasional evenings with a group of players who met at a coffee shop in Berkeley on Tuesday nights. Weekly games seemed harmless enough at first, but before long once a week was not enough. I began to crave Go on weekends. That's when I discovered the San Francisco Go Club. The Club inhabited a dilapidated synagogue-turned-buddhist-temple-turned-derelict-firetrap on Bush Street that even the drug addicts shunned as unsafe. It was dangerous, but it was open every day. Soon I found myself at the Go Club on Saturday afternoons. And on Sunday afternoons. And sometimes on weekday evenings. Once I remember working all night on a desperation-deadline project at the office and then, at 3:00 in the afternoon with less than 5 hours of sleep in the previous two days, stumbling into the Go Club to play game after game in a zombie-trance. Then I hit bottom: I began playing in Go tournaments.

In San Francisco in the early '80's, Go tournaments took place every other month. A tournament was a two-day, all-weekend affair that usually attracted from 25 to 40 pasty-faced, stoop shouldered players. Older players tended to paunchiness, since Go furnishes little in the way of physical exercise. The players congregated at about 9:00 am on Saturday in the basement of the Japan Center on Geary Street, a few blocks from the Go Club.

The Japan Center was obviously the result of some misguided urban renewal project and consisted of three block-sized commercial-retail buildings, all designed to display as much Japanese ambiance as possible using only reinforced concrete as a building material. In retrospect, I wonder whether the architect might have spent his childhood in Japanese cities during allied the fire-bombings in World War II: I suppose that seeing miles of wooden housing shattered by

bombs and consumed by fire might instill a deep-rooted mental association between reinforced concrete on the one hand and feelings of safety and security on the other. However it came about, the Center was absolutely fire-proof and completely devoid of delicacy or charm.

It was also cold in a way that only San Francisco can be cold. In Alaska, or Minnesota, or even my native Virginia, the winter brings cold weather and snow. People have learned to adapt to these fluctuations by building insulated houses and wearing warm clothing. In San Francisco, however, it never, ever snows. The low temperature rarely goes below 50° F, with the result that no one really bothers to insulate buildings very well or to wear winter clothing. However — and even people who have lived for years in the Bay Area routinely forget or ignore this fact — the high temperatures don't often rise much above a not-quite-comfortable 60° F. When to this mix of shoddy housing, light-weight clothing and marginal temperatures one adds the bone-chilling Pacific fog, which does not creep in on little cat feet but stomps in like a cloudy grey tsunami, wedging under doors, sliding past windows without weather stripping and soaking through flimsy cotton clothing to wick away one's last reserve of body heat, the result is misery. Many long time San Francisco residents develop chronic sinus congestion due to the body's instinctive attempt to block the fog from penetrating directly through the nasal passages into the brain.

There was no place that the San Francisco fog loved to congregate more than in the frigid concrete depths of the Japan Center basement. There, the Go players gathered every other

month, oblivious to their surroundings as only Go players can be. There, the Go players sat at rows of Go boards and stared for hours in immobile intensity. There, the clicking of Go stones on boards echoed against bare concrete walls. There I found myself after my first game, awakening from my Go-induced trance to discover — really, discover! — that my head was throbbing from prolonged concentration, my back aching from hours of slouching, and my fingers trembling from cold and hunger. It was time for lunch.

The Japan Center had a number of restaurants, some fairly nice, but at lunchtime the options narrowed to a choice between several sushi bars and a variety of Japanese fast-food places serving “something-on-rice” or fried noodles. Since sushi is not only cold but also expensive, I usually hustled off to a noodle-joint to order yaki-soba, a Japanese fried noodle dish that offered the most calories-per-dollar. In the Japanese style, the doorways to most restaurants had decorative flaps hanging down to about shoulder-height which compel customers to bow as they enter. Once inside, the restaurants all tended to look alike, each attempting to imitate traditional Japanese styles emphasizing boxy shapes in black-lacquered or blond wood furniture with rice-paper screens set decoratively about. A reproduction of some indecipherable piece of Japanese calligraphy might occupy a vacant wall. The smell was familiar, too, compounded of hot soy-sauce, sesame oil and ginger. Being alone, I avoided the tables and booths and instead sat at the lunch counter and ordered: chicken yaki-soba, or occasionally don-buri (“something-on-rice”).

Automatically, the waitress would bring a pot of green tea and a handleless cup.

The first time, I just stared at it for a while. I hated green tea, but I was cold and the tea was hot. I poured a cup and wrapped my fingers around it. For a moment, my fingers burned before the warmth penetrated to the rest of my hand. I leaned down to inhale the steam. It was warm and soothing, although I could still detect a hint of the distinctive green tea chlorophyll bitterness. I lifted the cup and took a sip. The awful taste filled my mouth.

How could people like this stuff? Still, it was warm.

Two months later, I came back again. I ordered the same lunch. The waitress brought the same tea. It had the same taste, and the same warmth.

Four months later. The same lunch. The same waitress brought the same tea. The same smell. The same taste. Ah, the same warmth. A return from the abstraction of Go to a sensual world of taste and smell. The chartreuse green of the tea, like that of newly budding trees. Green tea and comfort. Green tea like my mother used to make. No, wait. That's not right. My mother never made green tea. I must be feeling someone else's maternal aura. Maybe it was a shadow of the building's architect: scared, huddled in the corner of some concrete basement where his mother was bringing him a cup of steaming green tea.

I love green tea. Its color is springtime, its warmth is life and its smell marks the path back from the abstract battlegrounds of Go to the safe and reassuring solidity of reinforced concrete reality.

ON THE JCR MEETING

by Tara Joseb, '01

This past week's meeting about students attempting suicide, overdosing and withdrawing included a plethora of faculty and students alike. I showed up around 9:00, at the time a student was speaking of a student cracking their skull and the fear this had caused of being at school. He spoke with sincerity and real concern. Around the room loomed a serious attitude. People were genuinely sharing and several wondered how we as a community are contributing to an environment where life-threatening behavior has been happening frequently and how this behavior was allowed. What aren't we doing as a community to make people feel like they have friends? Some said that there is animosity between the upperclassmen and the freshmen. Many said we don't talk to

each other and we judge each other quickly and harshly with little respect and beliefs like the freshmen just want to get as much alcohol in them as possible. Why don't people stop and say “hello” when we walk by each other? What are we doing and what can we do to make this community more friendly and livable?

In so far as people embraced the opportunity to honestly voice their opinions about deep feelings, it was a smashing success. Many concluded that somebody cracking their skull is a grave issue. We were all alike conflicted about the motivation behind an attempted suicide. Particularly worth mentioning was Dean Carey's cure for pervasive drinking on campus. He suggested an intellectual activity is a much

more appropriate use of our leisure time. He added that the intellectual rigor of chess was his response to the ever-popular belief among the students, that the school week is so intense we need to drink to blow off steam. He remarked, “There is this belief that we must do something totally opposite at the end of the week.” It was difficult to understand why he did not distinguish between jumping off a building and recreational drinking. One activity involved a direct threat to a student's life and the other involves drinking a fifth, puking and falling asleep in a stranger's bed or in a dorm across campus. Jumping off a building is not a recreational activity, debatably. The results, that of a cracked skull are unquestionably not a recreational activity. It is

JUST ANOTHER SATURDAY NIGHT— REALLY

A Review of the Senior Carnival Review

by Cathy Garcia, '03, and Bryan Rosenberg, '03

Someone had to respond to the article on Senior Carnival, so why not someone who hasn't been here long enough to know what last year's festivities were like?

The anticipation of the "risqué and problematic" dance had been building up for some time in the minds of the freshmen; perhaps we were expecting wild Greek-like orgies and massive amounts of fruit from trees, whose properties cause drunkenness; but we believe that most freshmen were only expecting a dance party—whatever the underlying connotations might have been.

How did the evening meet up to our expectations? We wandered down to Peterson Hall, after pre-party preparations—whatever the underlying connotations might be—and began to dance with all the other shiny, happy people. People, may we add, who seemed to have been enjoying the "bad rap music." Everyone was dancing and gyrating together, people were on top of tables, and everyone present seemed to let go of their day-to-day stress. A good time was had by all—when is it not good to be seduced, even if that only means dancing with scantily-clad upper-classmen?

"From the Senior Carnival Review in Vol. 4, Iss. 2: "Did we really want to give in to the cheaper side of love this party made so accessible?"

Let us answer this question in two parts; first let us say "yes," and then let us say "no." If yes, then the opportunities were certainly there. If no, shut up and dance. The theme of the party was not the main attraction for some. The opportunity to just have fun seemed to be as luring as the opportunity to possibly have gratuitous sex.

From the Senior Carnival Review in Vol. 4, Iss. 2: "Were the rumours that romanticism and true love were dead not as exaggerated as I hoped, and was I then left with little choice but to give in?"

We sat here rather puzzled the day we read this line. We hadn't heard of any such rumours; we thought romanticism and true love were alive and well. Gratuitous sex might be alive and well, too, but that does not mean the others are dead; they are not mutually exclusive.

A clarification needs to be made: "Diogenes reasoned thusly: sex can exist without love: love can exist without sex: therefore sex is different from love: and all things are of the gods," (Mollin and Williamson, 61).

So when Mr. Kovsky speaks of "giving in to the cheaper side of love," he is merely speaking of sex, which, thanks to Diogenes, we know is different than love.

Is love better than sex? Perhaps. Is sex better than love? Perhaps. Does it matter? No. Why? Because all things are of the gods. Neither is better than the other—they are completely different.

So why would this hedonistic party even bring up the idea of romanticism and true love? It does not.

From the Senior Carnival Review in Vol. 4, Iss. 2: "I would much prefer to be involved with someone I cared about than 'taking [sic] a break from high-maintenance relationships,' but I showed up anyway..." [A]nd everywhere I looked, I found myself drowning in the shallow side of love."

It is so wonderful that you, Mr. Kovsky, are ready for that kind of commitment. There are many people who are not ready for that, or are ready and just don't care to partake in a committed relationship. But, because you know this of yourself, it seems illogical that you would show up and contribute to or participate in this "shallow side of love." It also seems illogical to us that (1) love even has a "shallow side," or (2) has anything to do with this party.

"From the Senior Carnival Review in Vol. 4, Iss. 2: "There was something quite bizarre about dancing with women who I liked and respected, but under current circumstances was forced to treat like pieces of meat."

There was no mandate by the school calling for our attendance; therefore all present were ready and willing to attend this dance party—whatever the underlying connotations might have been. It can further be reasoned that the girls who were being seen as "pieces of meat," were seen as such because (1) they wanted to be seen as "pieces of meat," if only for one night, or, (2) as we believe to be true, were being seen as such not by their doing, but by their observers. However, regardless of this logic, everyone there should have been treated with respect, and in fact was. Conversely, we can see this situation as an empowerment: When everyone is being treated respectfully, the appreciation of another's sexuality is not demeaning at all, but rather, elevating.

From the Senior Carnival Review in Vol. 4, Iss. 2: "...I'm not saying that Senior Carnival shouldn't have taken place. It does serve a purpose, just not one that we should be at all proud of."

The purpose of Senior Carnival is to have fun—whatever the underlying connotations might have been. Since this is the case, pride is a non-factor.

From the Senior Carnival Review in Vol. 4, Iss. 2: "...Mr. Jarvis' lecture...made a very convincing argument about the nature of human sexuality, and how we can make it as meaningful or as trivial as we like. And perhaps many of us have trouble with the intensity that the meaningful side entails."

As we have stated earlier, sexuality at Senior Carnival was being respected and elevated; it seems contradictory to say it was also being trivialized. Mr. Kovsky implies the people at Senior Carnival have "trouble with the intensity that the meaningful side [of human sexuality] entails." Is this true? Perhaps. Is this not true? Perhaps. Does it matter? No. Why? Because Senior Carnival was just a way to have a good time, it seems ridiculous to suppose the people there do or do not have trouble with the intensity of human relationships. The intensity of human relationships at Senior Carnival is a non-factor.

From the Senior Carnival Review in Vol. 4, Iss. 2: "Now maybe we can start telling each other how we feel, instead of expressing our feelings through some bizarre mating dance set to the tune of bad rap music."

Who says the participants at Senior Carnival do not tell each other how they feel? What does the expression of feeling have to do with having fun at a party? This "bizarre mating dance" was not a mating dance at all; it may not have been a sock hop, but the dance itself was not a means to a sexual end.

From the Senior Carnival Review in Vol. 4, Iss. 2: "And if romanticism is dead, maybe some of you would be interested in trying to breathe some new life into it. After all, there is nothing more romantic than a lost cause."

After close examination of this statement, it seemed rash to us to take Senior Carnival, a college-sponsored dance, as evidence of the death of romanticism. Senior Carnival may not have been a romanticism convention, but it certainly was not a collaborative effort by the college community to rid the world of it. Romanticism has nothing to do Senior Carnival.

Senior Carnival was a party. And a party is always just a party—whatever its underlying connotations might have been.

PAPER TOPIC SUGGESTIONS

by Eddie Kovsky '03 and Ed Conway '02

Last year in the fall, in accordance with the grand tradition of freshmen classes past, over 50 people chose to write their first semester seminar papers on some variation of "Justice in The Eumenides", or "Exploring knowledge in Meno". This year, we'd like to issue a challenge to the student body to come up with new and insightful papers, which, like the great Socratic gadfly, will sting the College out of its dull repetition of "acceptable topics". Papers that make us feel the effect of truly questioning authority. Here are some Johnnie Paper Topics we'd like to see:

90 degrees of killing God: Book I. of Euclid meets Nietzsche

Infinite Number of Monkeys Problem Revisited: Hoola-Hoops & Ptolemy's Path of Venus

Standing up for Pleasure: "Upright Posture" and Freud's "Infantile Masturbation"

Plato, Aristotle, Nietzsche and Kant were all wrong

God Out to Lunch: Going nowhere in the Book of Job

Plagiarism And Virgil's Aeneid: How much is too much?

Only You Can Prevent Pointless Ramblings: Heraclitus Revisited

Drinking in *Symposium*: Beer or Hard Liquor?

"Is that a scroll under your toga?": Sex in Plato's Phaedrus

"Sacrilege or not, I've got to crap!": Flatulence in Aristophanes's Clouds

Aristotle's Happiness: or "how to bite the hand that feeds you"

Heraclitus' Greek countdown: 101 ways to pillage and burn

A Guide to Cat Dissections, or "Breakfast at Aramark's"

Applied Sophistry, or "How to win in seminar"

Herodotus: One if by land, two if by sea, either way the Persians LOSE

Morality in Kama Sutra, Sex in the Bible

An encyclopedia of Zeus' conquests: Women of Greece from A to Z

"I am a God of War", or in search of excuses for the Israelites' military blunders

Banging your head against a wall: philosophical explorations in Thomas Aquinas

Lucretian Cocktails: 101 things to drink with wormwood

HOROSCOPES

by Ed Kovsky, '03

Aries [March 21-April 19] I've heard it said that life is like a box of chocolates. However, your life in the coming weeks is more like a box of active grenades. Not only do you not have any idea what your going to get, but what you choose could end up being quite explosive. So look before you leap. And if you can't look first, then always be prepared to duck!

Taurus [April 20-May 20] People will catch you picking your nose in traffic. I feel this would be a good time to point out that just because you're in the car by yourself swearing to the oldies doesn't mean that other people can't see you. Besides, you don't know where that finger has been. Perhaps this is a good time for you to take up a more wholesome habit, like smoking.

Gemini [May 21-June 20] A black cat will cross your path. But not just any kind of cat. This one is nearly six feet tall, wears pants and a top hat, and speaks in an annoying nasal voice. Of course, as soon as you see him cross your path you'll want to tell everyone about this rather remarkable event. Unfortunately, nobody else will be able to see him, and you'll probably end up in the looney bin. So why not cry wolf, and get it over with sooner?

Cancer [June 21-July 22] Socrates last words "I drank WHAT?!! You guys said it was a new kind of herbal tea!! Oh man, I'm really gonna kick someone's . . . Now why the hell can't I feel any. . . Ack!! Oohh!" You see, even the most clever get tricked sooner or later. So in the next week or two I expect you to go out into the brave world, and knock someone off of his/her lofty little perch. Just imagine if someone had the wisdom to knock Socrates out of his egotistical state of mind earlier in his career? Maybe then people wouldn't have lied to him about what was in the tea.

Leo [July 23-August 22] You know Leo, sometimes stuff just happens. Without any plausible explanation, with a complete lack of reason, and with the blessing of chaos on it's side, sometimes stuff just happens. So in the next few weeks, I charge you to just let stuff happen. Don't overanalyze it. Don't lose sleep over it. Don't think too hard about any of it. Don't go looking for meaning in meaningless things. In fact Leo, in the coming weeks I think it would be best if you just didn't think about anything at all.

Virgo [August 23-Sept. 22] Your favorite color is clear. Your favorite drink is water. Your favorite food is ice. You think Al Gore is funny. You really DO read Playboy for the articles. If any of this applies to you, please for the sake of anything that is still holy, run out into the world and draw outside the lines. Or drive down the

wrong side of the street. I'm really not too particular about WHICH lines you draw outside of, just add some spice to your life before you yawn yourself out of existence!!

Libra [Sept. 23-Oct. 22] Prepare for a walk on the wild side. Prepare to get olive gardened. Of course, if you don't understand what I'm warning you about, how can you possibly expect to be prepared for it? All I can offer is that you should stay away from Italian food in the coming weeks. Unless you like surprises.

Scorpio [Oct. 23-Nov. 21] Good news! That naughty black hole decided to regurgitate your star! (I also control the laws of physics, so I can make the stars do whatever I want!) Unfortunately, it's kind of slimy, so I don't think you'll want it back. Besides, your horoscope probably would not have been that great anyway.

Sagittarius [Nov. 22-Dec. 21] For those times when you are feeling especially stressed out, when you feel a little homicidal toward your seminar, or just in the mood to slash someone's tires, I recommend the following: Take a nice, long, relaxing dip in the shallow end of the fish pond by the pale light of the moon. Preferably when it's snowing. I've been told it's very relaxing. And there is absolutely no chance whatsoever that if you did, people would think you were weird.

Capricorn [Dec. 22-Jan. 19] Chew with your mouth closed. Don't make faces or it will freeze that way. Be home before ten. Sit up straight. Go clean your room. In the coming weeks, I bid you to completely disregard anything and everything that your mother ever told you that still annoys you. Chew with your mouth open. Stay out late. Make a mess. Go ahead and make a weird face. If it freezes that way, so what? A weird face will make you a more interesting person. And what are the chances Mom was right about that one anyway?

Aquarius [Jan. 20-Feb. 18] You are on the verge of setting a new record for this academic institution. I predict that in the coming week you will manage to sleep through every one of your classes for the week, thereby setting a new record for consecutive absences. Remember that in a situation like this all you can do is sit back and laugh at yourself. Besides, I expect you could use the rest.

Pisces [Feb. 19-March 20] You will meet the perfect lover. He will worship you like the hot tamale that you are. (Substitute the appropriate pronoun to reflect your lifestyle.) So don't be silly and reject this stud, this romantic knight in shining armor. Otherwise you will leave college and become a crazy old lady and live in your house all by yourself with no one to keep you company except for your twenty-three cats.

AT THE MOVIES—THE RETURN

By the Voluptuous Horror Lady Gabriel Feyd Gryffyn, '00

Some of you may remember a poignantly brilliant little column two years back by myself and Ian Stoner, now deceased, err 'graduated'. Others of you may have no idea what I'm talking about. Nonetheless, like a bad B-movie that continues to make sequel after sequel, *At the Movies is back*, minus one of the original stars. In other words, you're stuck with just me, so deal with it.

Greetings, my children of the night. As you know, it is that time of year again (those of you answering National Pizza Month, drop and give me 20 pushups,) All Soul's Night, when all of us, not just the Lady Gabriel, may find excuse to don black fishnets, eyeliner, and fangs. Much like Wal-Mart preparing for Christmas directly after Labor Day, I began laying my Halloween plans since the school year began, and will eventually take the fake spiderwebs down from my apartment walls somewhere around Thanksgiving. Hopefully, I managed to dredge up satisfactory on campus entertainment for you on the night of nights, however for those ghosts and ghouls who insist that one can never celebrate Halloween too early or too late, I present you with the following ghastly assortment of movie suggestions.

Cemetery Man (Dellamorte, Dellamore)

Have you ever seen an Italian, comedy, art house, zombie movie? I thought not. If for some reason, you're avoiding campus movies, please, rouse yourself from your warm bed, trek down to Hastings and rent this movie. It's my second favorite of all time (after *Strictly Ballroom*, for those of you who care.)

It appears that the dead in the Bullora Cemetery just won't stay dead. These "returners" rise on the seventh day after their deaths to wreak havoc. Cemetery caretaker Francesco Dellamorte realizes that no one in their right mind would believe this story, so he casually dispatches the zombies of his own accord, with help from his sidekick Gnaghi. This is only the beginning. Dellamorte and Gnaghi both fall in love, with varying results, and end the movie waxing poetic and philosophical on the nature of life and death.

Rating: "I'd give my life to be dead."

Sixth Sense

Unless you've been hiding in a coffin all summer, you've probably seen this one already. Still, wouldn't it be worth it to go back and recheck for continuity? For those of you who just surfaced into the light, *Sixth Sense* is a tale

of the supernatural starring Bruce Willis. I know, I know, I thought the same thing "Bruce Willis in a what?!?" Trust Lady Gabriel, she'd never steer you wrong when it comes to a horror movie. Willis is a child psychologist engaged in assisting a young boy who believes that he sees ghosts. Unfortunately, as this flick has a twist ending (think *The Usual Suspects*.) I can't say much more about it other than to give it a strong recommendation.

Rating: Doo, doo, doo, doo; doo, doo, doo, doo (to the tune of *Twilight Zone* theme)

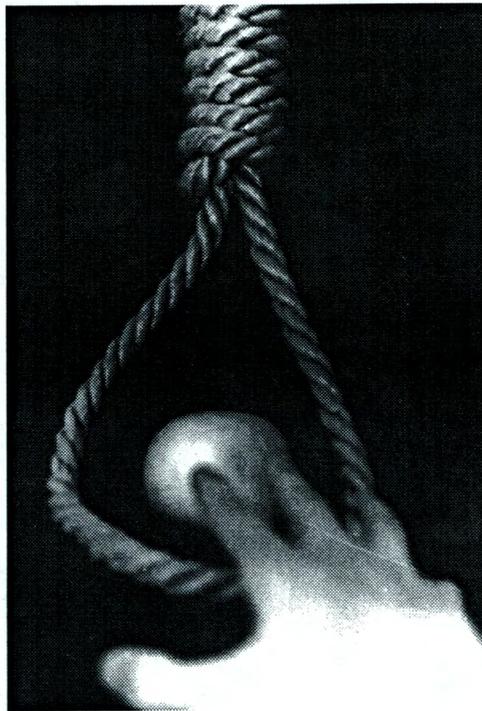


photo by Grant Goodrich

Blair Witch Project

I'm likely to get crucified for this one. (Deep Breath.) Alright, though I must grant kudos to the kids who made this flick; it was original, interesting, and a darn neat idea, *Blair Witch* was not in the least bit scary. Three kids, lost in the woods of Maryland with a couple of cameras and a supernatural killer on the loose get frightened (and hacked) to death. The biggest drawback to this movie was actually the filmmaking technique that so caused a media stir. I caught *Blair Witch* at the Century 21 theatres in Albuquerque, where the screens are so big that the picture takes up the entirety of your periphery vision, and the jumping of the

hand held camera made me literally sick to my stomach. On a better note, my parents live about ten minutes from Burkettsville, where the movie was filmed, and the town had to remove their "Welcome to Burkettsville" signs from the road because fanatic *Blair Witch* fans were making off with them.

Rating: About as scary as a tepid bath.

Stigmata

I will strive to contain my lust for Gabriel Byrne for just a moment here in order to give you the incredibly objective point of view that you should come to expect from these reviews. Byrne is a Catholic priest who debunks religious miracles for the Vatican. Patricia Arquette is the real thing, a heathen who exhibits the stigmata. Though the MTV-like attention span required to view this film and the preponderance of gory images may make some of you want to enter a sensory deprivation chamber for a few months afterward, the movie is nevertheless well acted and quite creepy.

Rating: Ouch.

Upcoming: *Sleepy Hollow*

Ok, so *Sleepy Hollow* doesn't come out until Thanksgiving. Think of this as a prediction. The Voluptuous Horror, Lady Gabriel looks in to her crystal ball (read that: computer screen,) and knows all. Tim Burton's latest effort looks to be one of his best. Johnny Depp, Christina Ricci, Christopher Walken, and Ray Park (Darth Maul) star in this retelling of Washington Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." I've seen the trailer for this one, and it is incredible. Interested? It can be downloaded from

Hyperlink <http://www.sleepyhollowmovie.com>

Rating: Anyone want a ride to the theatre on November 26th?

Quick Bites:

These horror movies will always be classics:

The Hunger, *The Beyond*, *Night of the Living Dead* (original version,) *Cabinet of Dr. Calgari*, *Nosferatu*, *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *American Gothic*, *Beetlejuice*, *Nightmare Before Christmas*, *Flesh Eating Mothers*, *Dead Alive*, anything by Full Moon Video or Apex Entertainment, the *Evil Dead* series, Dario Argento films, and, of course, the 1940's St. John's College promo movie.

ALEX

by Adriana de Julio, '01

daring at the very least and life threatening at the very most.

I suggest a deeper approach, emphasizing deeper examination. Although the Dean is right in making a concrete suggestion, it isn't nearly enough to tell steady drinkers that they are better off playing chess. Most drinkers don't shift gears that easily as they will continually remind you. If you are a habitual drinker, then you are a habitual drinker until you are not any longer. Changing lifestyle is not easy. As much rigor as is required to form good habits is how the "not good" activities end up having become habit after months and months of repetition. A superficial approach to an activity that reputedly cures stress and intense emotional upheaval makes the Dean appear as if he doesn't have this insight. Also, it would seem that he is not considering that there are deeper motivations behind the students' habits and what those may be. Furthermore, drinking is sanctioned by a majority of students and faculty alike and an environment where nobody calls anybody when they are simply out of line. There is very generally speaking, no accountability.

The move to drink has to do with the need to satisfy the inner hole. The hole itself has little to do with an inadequate use of leisure time. The hole is only wants to be acknowledged. These feelings, like it or not will not be denied, as the painful events of the past weeks have proven. Feelings influence our decisions and therefore haunt our lives as we ignore their messages. It is important to learn how to listen to feelings and how to make decisions about which to listen to and which are not real. We have choices about how to live. And we can use those choices to benefit our lives rather than escape it. These are rules of the human psyche and their accompanying consequences. Generally, we drink to have an excuse not to take control of our choices and our lives. This position is one of powerlessness rather than power. Once we admit that there is an issue then we are free to take action.

The key is to care about your choices when your care matters, like at the end of a long week. You are exhausted, you are dirt poor, your summer plans aren't working out, things didn't go as expected, you feel sad. Or, perhaps you have been feeling great and are totally excited for the weekend.

'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
and open face of heaven.

—Keats

There is a box in my room that I keep avoiding. I have finally unpacked everything except that box. I knew it was inevitable though. I would one day have to venture into it. Too many temptations had been stored and organized in it, and I knew that I had no business touching that tree and especially not its fruit. Standing on the corner of Guadalupe and West San Francisco a few Tuesday mornings ago I ran after a raven-haired, beautiful, thirty-something. My sister disappeared when I was young and I always imagined that she hadn't really killed herself, but that she had taken on another identity and was always watching out for me. That would explain why I always saw her in crowds. Strange thing is I stopped doing this a couple of years ago. I was tired of subjecting random women to my disappointment that instantly became a flood of tears then unintelligible explanations and apologies. Yet, not one of the women I have done this to has ever walked away from me. I have exchanged addresses and phone numbers with some, another has bought me bischottie and coffee, and one was an astronomer that talked to me for two hours about z-particles and god.

My oldest sister was the person who taught me how to look at stars. Alex grew a garden one summer and sold all her vegetables on the highway so that she could buy a telescope, but then returned it to the mail order company, explaining that in rural Utah the sky is so perfect that only God could enhance them. I remember how carefully she typed that letter, on the same typewriter my father first wrote "I love you" to our mother. It was vitally important for them to understand this so that she

would not offend them.

The first time I ever stayed up past midnight was with her, to watch Halley's comet. It was cold and she held me to her with my back on her chest, her arms crossed in front of me grasping a quilt. Both of us would look up every night in perfect silence, and watch it pass our little planet. Many nights were like that. Once during a Leonoid shower she took an empty bottle of Seagram's 7, filled it up with our grandfather's homebrewed apricot whiskey, so that we could sip on it to keep warm. Then she left and I stood alone; in the cold dark I would watch for her to return and taunt the stars with a child's fists hitting the sky and a child's tears hitting the red dirt. After night always comes morning. I did not look at the stars for a very long time and I wouldn't drink whiskey.

In the box of temptation is the only picture left of her. My mother threw away the rest. I have this one only by chance. It had been placed in my "Webster's Collegiate Dictionary" as a bookmark for the pages headed: sensual, septicemic and septicidal, seriatim. I do not remember the word I had been looking at when I placed it there, if I did I would use it every day without fail, even if it was sequin, sequoia, or septifragal. I took out her picture and a letter from a lover; after pondering over both of them I've decided that loss is a beautiful part of life. Every day I miss her and remembering that each falling leaf-falling star-falling tear is making room for the unborn is one of the most painful and delightful gifts of being mortal. We all fall.

THE ULTIMATE QUESTION [a story]

by Timothy Mitchell, '02

Yet another disappointing seminar of dancing around emotions, leaving the questions most at issue in our lives on the beach, while we splash about with mock questions, and submerge each other with trite commentary. When will we ever cease from treating these books, and their ideas within, as intellectual Legos? We build houses, cars, dogs, *Love, Truth, Fate*, and many more besides, but never look at the materials we ourselves are built from. Dry sex, mental masturbation, or call it whatever you will, there is a lack of climax in the air, and it's always the only reality we allow ourselves.

With these thoughts repeated yet again, I stood up from my seminar chair, glared about the room, and walked out quietly—a contrast to my pleading only moments earlier, to “please feel, please see, please, be *Here, Now!*”

Walking out into the night air, the post-seminar murmur is already abuzz as the true activity of Saint John's begins—cynicism, or alternately—the birthing of the critic. Funny, since in a ‘critical’ situation or emergency, the very last person anyone would ever want by oneside is the critic. Although well versed in detached observation and judgement, the critic is expert at the passive and unpracticed with the active. Easier not to feel though, isn't it? Nietzsche's “Flies of the Marketplace”.

A stiff breeze blew into the area about the grassy knoll, and I left for cooler climates—free from the indiscriminant heat of bodies huddled into groups. Funny how such gatherings in rooms of 20 or so allow one to forget all the energy one loses each moment, the effort that falls upon blind eyes, deaf ears. Voluntarily debilitated by oneself, for the sake of perceived needs, cold habit and the shallow construct of the self; it's a pity no one really understands Euripedes' *Bacchae*.

Walking past the coffee-shop, left out the doors, and into a moment of meditation—listening to the trickle of a fountain ... what's the hurry? Where is the end of our lives that we're all running to? What waits for us there with such insistent demands? These books at this school, for instance, why are we in such a rush to be done? What is the prize at the bottom of the box? The right to say we've read them all? Why read then, if the only purpose of reading is to be done reading? We may as well fill our books with incoherent balderdash and prattle, or hell, let's just all read the complete works of

Danielle Steele. No, rather, let's take our time and read for the sake of reading, live for the sake of living, and not some non-existent finale.

Three other students walked out the door, drowning out the secrets of falling water with their banter. I, woken as silence is broken, walk toward my dorm, Tisiphone, in the lower dorms.

Relishing the taste of chamomile, and warmth spreading through my chest, to come after water boils and tea-steeped, I walked into my room past the quote from R. Waldo Emerson that hangs upon my door. The quote reads: We have a fine right, to be sure, to taunt men of the world with treacherous and superficial courtesies.

Lighting reveals a shape beneath the blankets on my bed, vaguely human in form and proportion.

“Is that you again, Helen? No more Paris returning triumphantly for you, I'm sorry.”

Standing still—the room and I—remained for several minutes. I took the 4 steps across the room and withdrew the blankets from my bed, revealing a plastic blowup doll. This doll was a great joke among the guys in Tisiphone, a tragic/comedic joke. The doll had graffiti all over it, in all Crayola marker shades available, but the back bore one block quote, in two parts and colors, in the center of it. “Penetration must occur from many angles, and repeatedly, before the proper degree of sensitivity can be attained for breakthrough. —Saint John (to be practiced at my college)” was blue, and beneath that another. This other quote was in red, and this was it: To the detriment of the hypersensitive students who feel, but to the boon of the apathetic, disenchanted, and morose. —The students.

What shall I do with this doll? I ignored the question in favor of filling electric teapot with water, and boiling. That done, I sat at my desk and glanced through Ptolemy's *Almagest*. Not because I care about Ptolemy, nor his pseudo-mathematics, but because each page reeks of a tragic irony, and with all such tragedies, the greatest source of humor available to a student at St. John's College. Ptolemy created a system of the universe so that his own presuppositions of perfection would be—at least, safe with respect to Astronomy. The world is fortunate that men like Ptolemy are restricted from forcing their presuppositions into describing the motions of solar systems, eyes exist to refute such tyrannies. The world is not as safe from others

who buffer their presuppositions with perfection, within. The academic world is proof enough of this. Presuppositions held away from ever being evaluated, and the obstinacy to evaluate defended by a bulwark of books and ideas. Constructed selves, protected at all costs.

Boiling now, I prepared tea and waited. It's no wonder why the author of the *Myth of Sisyphus* said the greatest philosophical question man faced was whether or not to commit suicide. Not to confuse, one must always choose life—for it is worth it, and I will prove it in a moment, but one must know, feelingly, why one wishes to be alive. Living life out of habit is no life, it's not a choice, it's passive avoidance of the greatest question. Life, though, is worth living because of the sunsets over that distant mountain range, fresh raspberries or peaches bitten into and biting you back with torrents of taste—Alive! The ocean crashing, with moonlight, tinsel streams, cascading toward naked eyes—Alive! Sand under bare-feet, lake breezes, sighs, fingertips, tongue-tips, orgasms, finding another, one is both inspired to give to, and inspires to give—some call this last Love.

But in this room, facing the weight of life all at once, standing up, rolling back my sleeves and withdrawing my hunting knife from the sheath—a question that needs to be felt through awaits. At last, with depths of soul explored, I sliced the knife...And for the sake of consciousness, feeling, deliberate choice, and Love, with tea-warmth spreading through my chest, I slashed the doll to shreds.

Alive!

“THE CASE OF ANNA D.” CONTINUED FROM P.7

walk out the door. Then the reality of it hit me—I had just agreed to investigate Paula Q—, but I already knew far too much about her. She was a devious snake in the grass, a veritable model for Milton's “Eve,” and if I didn't watch out, I would be drawn back into the web of lies, late night poetry, and apples that had nearly destroyed me once before. I took a quick slug from the bourbon bottle and shuddered with remembered pain, then grabbed Milton's totally inadequate poem and headed to seminar.

(to be continued....)

MUZZIE [a story]

by Greg Grillot, '01

The streets are unusually wet tonight; the air damp. I hurry to the identi-booth, trying to run and untie my shoe at the same time. I turn into the curiously warm booth as I loose my shoe, with sock. I stick my foot on the dully glowing hand that came from the bottom of the booth. And I am transfixed by my forgotten past.

Look here — At birth, the government brands all of the citizens' feet, and then tattoos the scar with intricate patterns, giving each man and woman a unique mark. For identification and observation. For your whole life. Everything about you is recorded by those pale silver hands that came from the ground in the government identi-booths. The fingers would clasp your foot, up through the toes, with the palm touching your sole, aglow, and commingled with the scar-tattoo.

What an outrage! you say. So does everybody else.

I don't. I have a calm, gentle nature. I thank the government for recording the past, preserving my memory! A vast, beautiful story passes before me; the living chronicle of my life, as I lived it...But why do I not remember these things without the hand of the identi-booth? I am consistently in awe of my past. Why? At any rate, I spend many many hours in that lone identi-booth, learning...

Not everyone holds the government's records and observations policy as dastardly or tyrannical. I wonder if these loud dissenters cry out, cry out because someone remembers their shame...

To my task! This is an essay I wrote in third grade for my science teacher, an essay in which I utterly disregarded the assigned topic, and addressed something I had heard her say before: "Everything in nature has a purpose."

This is how it presses my foot:

"Everything in nature has a purpose"

Oh! How I agree! The heavens break with borrowed moisture fulfilling the plants who combine with the sun, happy to be acknowledged in her sky, and the meek animals eat these plants, and are prevented by giving thanks only by the need to escape the bellies of the bigger animals who never deign to eat the small plants, but inevitably falling down to feed the small animals themselves, under the same rain and sun. So yes. Everything in nature has a purpose.

But what about the mosquito? What is its purpose besides springing from the twilight and

biting you? What plants does it feed, or feed upon? How does it help any existence but its own, the weight in its conscience for this selfish dependancy forever sentencing it to drink blood? To drain the life of others. I ask again: what is the mosquito's purpose?

I smile, seeing myself reflected in the grimy glass of my identi-booth. This booth, in the day, was used for parole reports and criminal observations. To think who my daylight partners in this booth were! The hand touches them all! So I think about my essay . . . and with a tingling of my foot:

I was camping with my dad. I was extremely pensive, and was absorbed in the beauty of nature. My dad went to sleep, frustrated at my silence, mistaking it for obstinate sullenness. So I lay awake, staring at the enmeshed stars when a mosquito landed on my arm, unnoticed by me until the prick of the acidic grip of insect saliva . . . and I blew on the mosquito, without taking my eyes off the sky. Then the same mosquito landed again on my arm, again sucked the blood from my arm. I slowly moved my arm to my face, caring not to blink, staring intently at the desperate bug, examining my blood flow dark red up into its sickly transparent body inflating slowly. It sucked my blood not to nourish itself, sickly creature: no, it used my blood to reproduce, to bear young. So I let it drink, drink its fill, and it timidly pulled back its thin hooked tongue from my skin, flying off heavily and aimlessly like a blown feather. Then I fell asleep, not once bothered by the countless mosquitoes that fed on me that night.

Some old man pounds on the side of the identi-booth yelling at me with a crazed toothless grin. Placing his grimy whorled fingertips on the glass, he leans forward and presses his face against the pane, obscuring his vile image by the ever increasing clouds of dry condensation that spring from his lungs to hang parasitically upon my booth. The pupil of his eye enlarges perceptibly as he presses it to the glass, flattening it. "Shut up! Go to Sixth and Water street you old nag," I say as I turn my head, thinking that he had no greater claim to the right of remembering than I did! He should have gotten there first . . . Then warm fingers snake in between my toes, gripping my feet from below . . .

I was driving with my dad somewhere, (so that's what he looked like!) and daydreaming as usual, then suddenly I was struck with some

thing: now I knew! Fish eat incredible amounts of mosquito larvae in order to survive! And mosquitoes suck blood only to reproduce! They did have a purpose in nature, and weren't base or superfluous! I smiled, because I remembered that that question had been nagging me since I was a small child . . .

I open the vent windows of the identi-booth, since it always feels stiflingly warm in this booth, thought it is very chilly outside. I scramble around in my pockets, searching out a cigarette with eager fingertips that already feel the soft cylinder within their grasp . . . I light the cigarette I found, the hand offering me a light . . .

I was smoking at night, on an unused bridge over dark waters. I told my friend how I felt about life, ". . . I tell you the truth, I say! If, right under us there was both a dog and a man drowning below, I would save the dog! Without a thought! I would jump right off the edge into the darkness to save the dog, and leave the man to drown! The main thing is: I would jump, and save a life at all cost . . . but it would be the dog's!" My friend just looked at me, staring, and tried to put together my heated outburst. I burst out again, "Yes, I can't distinguish swatting the mosquito on my arm, and killing any human. I just can't distinguish . . . our life . . ." I trailed off and we left the subject to drink more beer. A dark brooding feeling descended over me that night; my soul swallowed itself in blackness. Why should I live, indiscernible from this parasitic insect, no different at all? Just undistinguished life. What was my purpose? What could I hope to attain, if I would save a dog over a human, over myself? I thought about suicide, as I sometimes did, in a casual manner since it enticed me of itself. I had no fear of death, no meaning in life.

Wait a second! I couldn't even swat the mosquito! I couldn't even kill it!

I knew, it all became clear what life was, all that night, on the dark bridge. I felt alive that night, so alive!

The memory brakes, and my cigarette burns itself out between my fingers, not even burning them. I shake all over! Now I know why I was still alive! Why I was always alive! My foot nearly shines, and I quickly put my sock and shoe on, not seeing the silver hand descend into the earth. I stumble out of the identi-booth with a smile, trying to remember where my house was, but I don't forget to thank the government!

"Meeting" continued from p. 9

Where do you go? What do you do to celebrate, what do you do to comfort yourself?

You do this all very carefully, hanging out alone or with people talking and you appreciate the greatness of your choices and the beginning of a weekend. Or you feel angry and sad. You choose to go to dinner. You do your thing.

On a community-wide level, we need a meeting at least monthly with the dean, faculty and students to talk about all community issues. Here is a scheduled time where we are certain our major concerns will get the voice, attention and respect they deserve. This meeting should have an entirely different purpose from polity. The primary concern needs to be that everybody come with a sincere intention to listen with un-

derstanding and speak with frankness. This sincerity and people's different styles will mean that people become uncomfortable. Especially when people are uncomfortable it is then important to let it be. There is no sense in having a meeting with all kinds of restrictions on what people can say and in what way the feelings are allowed to be expressed. The only rule needs to be the sincere intention to speak with honesty. There needs to be room to be honest about the real issues, the ones that we keep inside and save because we think it will be easier to relax and chill when we are drunk. The fact is that uncomfortable feelings are uncomfortable. And as Carl Jung once said, "The only way out is through."

Need someone to talk to?

Counsellors are available to help with a variety of academic and personal concerns. Often early intervention averts later difficulties. Don't hesitate to call us.

Jan Arsenault: 983.2137

Jan Boyer: 982.4322

THE MOON

St. John's College

1160 Camino Cruz Blanca

Santa Fe, NM 87501-4599

THE MOON

EDITORS

Adrian Lucia
Geoffrey Petrie

DESIGN/LAYOUT

Adrian Lucia
Geoffrey Petrie

COVER PHOTOGRAPH

"Archangel" by Sylvaine Rameckers

COPY EDITORS

Marcel Fremont
Cathy Garcia
Caroline Knapp
Andrei Maciag
Aaron Mehlhaff

The Moon serves St. John's College in Santa Fe, New Mexico as an independent bi-weekly student newspaper. Opinions expressed here represent the views of their authors rather than those of the College. Issues are distributed at no charge to students, faculty and staff on the Santa Fe campus, and yearly subscriptions can be obtained for \$35. Tax-deductible contributions are welcome. We solicit submissions from all members of the College community. Material for the next issue should be submitted by 6 p.m. on November 12, 1999. We **INSIST** that work be submitted in text format on a 3.5" Macintosh disk (if you absolutely cannot use a Mac then save your file as a Rich Text File [.rtf]) along with a typed, double-spaced copy including the author's name and phone number. Hard copies without disks are acceptable in certain circumstances. *The Moon* reserves the right to edit and to reject any submission.