

# The Hummer

St. John's College Independent Bi-Weekly • Volume 2, Issue 12 • Thursday, April 16, 1998



## Inside

The Dean and Carisa Politely  
Correspond.....2

Letters to the Editors.....3,4  
Swing Recordings Reviewed....5

Reichman vs. L. Nino.....6  
Student Art Show Review .....7



# Letters to (and from) the Editors

The following correspondence took place between Carisa, the editor, about her last letter in *The Moon*, and Dean Carey.

April 3, 1998

Dear Ms. Armendariz,

Here is a copy of the letter I sent to Mr. Olszewski. As you can see, I made no distinction between classical and popular music. I wish your investigative reporting had included an interview with me, as I could have given you a more accurate account of what I actually wrote Mr. Olszewski than the account you received from others and chose to report in *The Moon*. I request that you print a copy of this letter in the next edition of *the Moon* as a correction to your report.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely,  
James Carey  
Dean

April 7, 1998

Dear Ms. Armendariz,

Thank you for your quick and thoughtful response to my letter. Ms. Miller is surprised that you understood anything she said to imply that it was all right to play music in the coffee shop (exclusive of those occasions where permission has been sought and received for a party). I shall raise this issue again with the faculty and see if a compromise of some sort is possible. I should point out, however, that students often complain about tutors not spending enough time with them outside of class. Tutors used to socialize with students at parties until the loud music drove them away. I doubt that music has been played quite so loudly in the coffee shop as at parties, but I have heard tutors say that when they hear music turned on behind the counter they just leave. After I talk further with my colleagues about this, I shall get back in touch with you.

Cordially yours,  
James Carey  
Dean

April 4, 1998

Dear Mr. Carey,

Thank you for bringing to my attention the error in my letter to the St. John's community. The tutor told the Coffeeshop manager, student employee, and food service director that classical music was acceptable, while you did not, in fact, make a distinction between classical and popular music.

I would like to bring up two points in my objection of your request to discontinue recorded music being played in the Coffeeshop. The first is an unwritten rule that the Coffeeshop employees follow, which is that when a member of the college community requests that music be either lowered in volume or turned off we immediately do so.

The second point I would like to bring up to you is the sleep/study rule that students were informed of before the beginning of the school year. This rule asked that students not play music in their dorm rooms during the week from Sunday until Friday afternoon in order to accommodate other students who may be studying in a dorm. Please recall the first issue of *The Moon*, September 4, 1997, when I interviewed Ms.

Miller, the Assistant Dean. Ms. Miller, who co-wrote the article with me, told me the following: "The sleep/study rule honors the right to every individual to use their dorm rooms for study and sleep at any time. It also levels the playing field for quiet people," says Ms. Miller. Where are alternative places to go during the week if students cannot be in their rooms? The coffeeshop sitting area (not the serving area) will be open twenty-four hours a day for students to socialize and study," was the answer that led me to believe that if music was not allowed in dorm rooms then it would be allowed in the Coffeeshop. If the sleep/study policy specified that quietness be observed all week in the dorms and the Coffeeshop is not allowed to play music, where are students supposed to go to listen to music?

I apologize if you felt that my article portrayed your actions incorrectly, however, I feel that your request that the Coffeeshop not play music contradicts the understanding of the sleep/study rule. Is there a compromise that can be made concerning this issue?

Thank you,  
Carisa Armendariz, Editor

April 8, 1998

Dear Mr. Carey,

Thank you for reconsidering music in the Coffeeshop. The student Coffeeshop employees and I would urge you to consider the following options in our joint effort to compromise the issue of music in the Coffeeshop.

The first option would allow employees to play music at any time. Music would be played at an agreed to volume or lower. If a member of the St. John's community asked an employee to lower the volume or to turn off the music, the employee would do so.

The second option would allow employees to play music only during certain blocks of time. The music would be confined to a certain volume. As always, students, faculty, and staff would be free to ask Coffeeshop employees to turn down or turn off the music.

Here is a schedule we believe will afford those people who desire to study with no music time to enjoy the Coffeeshop.

Open - 9 a.m., music played  
9 a.m. - 12 p.m., no music played  
12 p.m. - 1 p.m., music played  
1 p.m. - 4 p.m., no music played  
4 p.m. - Close, music on non-Seminar nights  
8 p.m. - Close, music on Seminar nights

This schedule would apply to weekdays. Weekends would allow employees to play music at all times. We believe this schedule is sensitive to tutors' schedules.

Please consider these two options, which we believe allow for flexibility in the Coffeeshop. Thank you again for your attention in this matter.

Sincerely,  
Carisa Armendariz, Michael DiMezza, Eric Rosprim, Margaret Ross, Kyle Mc Namee, Karina Gill, Chela Norton, Shane Stump, Dan Fram, Michael Rozak, Mai Grant, Justin Kray, Jarrett Zigon, Jonathan Haack, Melissa Miller, Lorna Anderson



*More Letters to  
the Editors...*

# Hooray for Ms. Dunn!

**Giovanna Vecchitto, '01**

It has recently come to my attention that Ms. Dunn was up for tenure this year and was refused. She is currently appealing the decision, but the word around campus is that she will not be coming back next year.

Ms. Dunn is my freshman math tutor and this idea is appalling to me, and as a result of a notice that I have put in every student's mailbox, I have found that it is appalling to a number of other students of hers as well.

Ms. Dunn is simply the finest teacher I have ever known. I'd always heard stories about teachers who had changed students lives, but had never experienced that for myself, and was even questioning whether that could actually happen, or whether it might just be a myth. But through my year in Ms. Dunn's class, I have found out just how true that statement can be.

During our classes on Euclid, Ms. Dunn consistently kept up a level of enthusiasm

and wonderment at the beauty of these proofs, which she has most likely been familiar with for quite some time. And her excitement was genuine. She displayed a pure joy for the subject that the rest of the class couldn't help but get caught up in. And now that we are struggling through Ptolemy, her patience has been shown to be of heroic proportions. She has not once lost her faith (or her temper), and instead calmly walks us through as we moan and whine and pull at our hair in despair.

Most recently though, in light of our desperation, she has brought outside bits of wisdom that have succeeded in inspiring us and yanking us out of our funk. And she instills in us the desire to do the work, for her as well as for ourselves. She expects a certain amount of discipline from us that we are only too glad to uphold. (That is unless we're crying over how to convert degrees, minutes and seconds into decimals, and which one is the ecliptic again?)

She displays a genuine concern for the well being of the entire class as well as each individual that comprises it. She will always take time to explain something to us, or allow us to work it out for ourselves, perhaps for the 4th or 5th time, and never rushes on ahead, at the expense of leaving "only a few" people behind. Everyone leaves the class knowing that their questions have been addressed, even though they may not have been solved at that particular time.

Anyone who has had the immense fortune of being a student of Ms. Dunn's cannot in good conscience deny that opportunity for anyone else. Please don't let this go by. Talk to the Dean, talk to other students, talk to tutors, talk to your parents. Do whatever it takes to keep Ms. Dunn here as an undeniable asset to this school and to everyone who knows her.

If anyone has any questions or suggestions, please contact me at extension 4277.

**BRETT ESAKI, '01**

## By The Rules

As children, we are told to play by the rules and "cheaters never prosper," but often times we witness those who break the rules winning frequently and with greater margins of success. Hopefully, a schoolyard guard or parent admonishes the cheaters and either makes the cheaters play by the rules or eliminate them from the game to ease the gushing tears of young do-gooders. These occasional acts of saving by the guardians of purity, made me, as a do-gooder, believe the old maxim "Cheaters never prosper". Later, I placed these game playing experiences behind me, since I would never play with cheaters again, and hence the battle between the cheaters and the idealists would never resurface.

At least that is what I thought until recently, for as older children we learn ways to cheat and not get caught in other more complicated games like: "Climbing the Corporate Ladder;" "The Game of Love;" and recently I've witnessed the game "Remaining a Teacher in a School System." The object of the latter game is to remain a teacher and ideally entails teaching well, but it actually includes having other teachers admire or adore you, keeping the adminis-

tration happy by being their friend or bringing the school positive publicity, and never receiving a lawsuit from a student. The rules entail that you should never assault another teacher, never create reason for a lawsuit from a student, and never bring bad publicity to the school. Unfortunately, the latest version of this game does not include anything about teaching, and those players who follow the ideal method of winning, that is teaching well, often end up losing.

Far too many times I have witnessed teachers losing and winning purely based upon the degree in which they follow the current rules—meaning that often times the best teachers lose and the worst teachers win. This is possible because the best teachers may not be involved with school politics, and the worst teachers can know how to cheat without getting caught. For example, I have known a teacher who sexually harassed his female students and another who verbally abused his students, but since they hadn't overstepped the boundaries of a lawsuit, these teachers have hardly been punished. Just as in my childhood, the cheaters end up with greater gains with less work, and the do-gooders end up with less

with more work. The reason that I know the latter is because I am currently sitting by, watching, as one of my best teachers is being denied tenure.

This experience particularly alarms me because I might become a teacher one day, and this teacher inspires me not only to become one but also to become a teacher like her. If this teacher is denied tenure, I will not be sure what to believe, for as an idealist at heart, I will be hurt to watch while those who cheat win and those who mean the best for everyone are trampled over by those who are hungry to win. Furthermore, if this teacher is denied tenure, it should be a warning to all of the future teachers that opening students' minds may have to include playing "Remaining a Teacher in a School System." Perhaps I am too much of idealist and am bringing up too much of my pure childhood beliefs, but somehow I believe that somewhere there would be a place that teachers remain teachers because they teach. I had hoped "that somewhere" was St. John's, but I suppose the game may be played by everyone, since we are only older children.



Yet Another Letter  
to the Editors

# Let Me Play My Music, Man!

Daniel Fram, '01

I've been working in the coffee shop since last August, and everyday that I have worked I have played my music on the stereo there. This has not been due to a lack of exposure to philosophy and conversation, by the way. I love music. Furthermore, as anyone who's worked in food service knows, we're not supposed to think on the job. Doesn't mean we don't, y'dig, but it's got to be sneakily done.

Just after spring break, having found a killer stereo at the sophomore sale, I came to work excited (yeah, right?) to play my new CD on the new stereo sitting on the new shelves built for the stereo, 'round noon. The CD was of fiddle and banjo duets; elegant and peaceful improvisations on traditional southern tunes. Not everyone likes the banjo-I don't blame them. The fiddle is a far superior instrument, naturally. However, these particular duets were of such a nature that, had I never heard banjo and fiddle music before, I really might have mistaken it for "light classical", whatever that means. Honestly, it was probably the most mellow music that had been played in the coffee shop this year.

A tutor on sabbatical happened to be in the coffee shop that day discussing papers with students, a wonderful practice in my opinion. It somehow came to his attention that, in addition to the general noise and hubbub of lunchtime and the occasional screams and hollers regarding forgotten food orders, there was this soothing music being played for the benefit of the coffee shop staff and whoever else cared to listen.

The tutor asked me to turn the stereo off and I politely offered to turn it down. I could give, I suppose, a one-sided account of the rest of our interaction, but let it suffice to say that we never did find a happy medium. What I'd rather discuss is the results of the occurrence and the issues that I believe are involved in them.

The tutor wrote a letter or in some other way communicated to the administration

that he didn't want there to be a stereo in the coffee shop, and the administration in turn wrote a letter to John, the manager of Aramark at the College, forbidding the use of a stereo in the coffee shop, and John put the stereo on a high shelf in the storeroom with a letter to the employees that the stereo

*"The coffeeshop is the one place on campus where the entire community- B&G, students, secretaries, administrators, townies, Aramark employees, tutors, janitors, the SAO guys, security, switchboard, bookstore workers, hikers, Go-players, and traveling musicians meet, interact, and share informally. Isn't that great?"*

was not to be used. A pretty direct line of communication, eh? By the way, I'd like a jukebox in the dining hall...

Shall we share? The coffee shop is the one place on campus where the entire community--B & G, students, secretaries, administrators, townies, Aramark employees, tutors, janitors, the SAO guys, security, switchboard, bookstore workers, hikers, go-players, and traveling musicians meet, interact, and share informally. Isn't that great? What else is a coffee shop for than to accommodate

plurality? Even our coffee shop, where there are blackboards and almost always someone studying, is primarily a social space. Now I'm only a freshman, so don't ask me to define "social space" here, but is this so far off? Don't we want a place where we can hang out and study at the same time?

There are alternatives and space both inside and outside of the coffee shop for activities which are incompatible with a plural, social experience.

Within the coffee shop, one might note, there is a) right next to the stereo (where our tutor was sitting), b) next to the opposite windows, where there is sunlight and yet a little ways from the stereo, c) the fireplace and chalkboard area, a good twenty feet from the stereo. Outside the coffee shop there are the classrooms, the library, and the Thorpe room, senior and junior common rooms, and the Great Hall, all often empty and quiet within food-carrying distance of the coffee shop. After all, the nicest part

about a social space is that you are not obligated to be there. In fact, the only people who are obligated to use the coffee shop are the employees. Do they count?

The argument of the tutor who complained and, I assume, the administration, is that the coffee shop is a) a place for quiet conversation [excusing Mr. Kates--ed.] and b) an extension of the classroom. As illustrated, the coffee shop is *not* quiet anyway, and there's no reason that it can't act as a place for both quiet conversation *and* reasonable social behavior. As far as it being an extension of the classroom, however, we may have to decide yea or nae.

There are quite a few arguments I see which dispute extending the classroom all around campus and especially into the coffee shop and, say, the dorms. The most important one involves how we see ourselves as students and how we see this school. Are we basically children who need to be forced to study and to think because if left to our own devices, we would just smoke pot and play bluegrass music all day in some lovely grove in the Smokey Mountains with the whippoorwills singing and plans to go fishing later or maybe see our sweetheart? No! But I mean, is this the type of school where we all came here because, well, we had to go somewhere, and

it might as well be near a ski area? I really don't think so. I think St. John's students think for themselves in general and come to St. John's of their own free will.

If we're saying that the campus

*"Are we basically children who need to be forced to study and to think because if left to our own devices, we would just smoke pot and play bluegrass music all day in some lovely grove in the Smokey Mts. with the whippoorwhills singing and plans to go fishing later or maybe see our sweetheart?"*

**NO!"**

must be free of places to relax in and must constrain people to conversation and studying wherever possible, what we're really saying is that none of us are capable of independent thought, and the result will be that those thinkers will leave.





# Great Swing Recordings of the Western World

CARL SCOTT, GI

One of the nicer surprises I got upon coming to St. John's was finding that the students had kept alive the tradition of ballroom dancing. Classic indeed! Its also an enviable situation of having preserved something now back in style. Ballroom dancing and swing music have seen a resurgence of popularity in the last five years or so, with growing scenes in a number of cities, such as my San Diego hometown. In Santa Fe, I figured I would to have few opportunities to "jump my blues away," but what did I know? The St. John's enthusiasm for swing is thus something I'd like to do all I can to encourage.

A basic problem for any budding jitterbug is that stores are glutted with a lot of so-so stuff that claims to swing. Many of the big bands recorded far past their primes and made numerous live tapes of varying quality, both of which make it easy for companies to slap together CDs displaying famous band names and song titles that actually contain music only slightly more exciting than Lawrence Welk. But as all Johnnies ought to know, there are inspired works that stand the test of time, that in fact stand as witnesses against the shoddiness of any age. What I have compiled here is a short list of the best swing recordings I am aware of, and I have intentionally narrowed selection to the most danceable ones from the 30s and 40s swing era, which necessarily leaves out a lot of great swing-oriented jazz, as well as the contemporary groups.

Before beginning just yet, let me emphasize that swing music is not just about the dance floor. A song can be dutifully danceable without having a spirit that dances. As novelist Albert(not Arthur) Murray suggests in *The Seven League Boots*:

When you dance to that music...it is not just a matter of going out there and doing something to show you can get down with the latest do. You feel something deep inside yourself when you hear that music.

Let the foot-bone be connected to the soul-bone! This is not about some inherent soul anybody's just born with, nor is Murray talking about any old swing music, but rather, he's talking about a joy that's cultivated, and cultivated best by listening to the best. Naturally! So whenever I hear somebody dismiss music as great as Count Basie's as so much "musty Victrola cartoon music," I think to myself, "Man! Get cultured."

1.) Duke Ellington Orchestra The Blanton-

Webster Band 1940-42 (3 CD set on Bluebird)

Many feel the 1940-41 band was the best Ellington Orchestra of them all, although to conclude that this is the only one you ought to hear would be like only reading Shakespeare's *King Lear*. In this particular set, the material ranges from gorgeous ballads and tone-pieces to fiery blues and swingers, and even to a few pop novelties and Latin numbers. So while the swing dance numbers do not predominate, those that are here, such as "In a Mellotone," "Harlem Airshaft," and "Mainstem" are second to none, not even to Basie. Close listening will be rewarded, and your ears will get used a distinctive richness which soon makes anything else sound one-dimensional.

2.) Count Basie Orchestra The Decca Years: 1937-38 (3 CD set with brown cover)

The legendary "One O' Clock Jump" band, also famous for tenor saxman Lester Young. The Kansas City sound perfected here could be described as a blend of swing and old-time blues, bursting with vigor, elegance, and joy. Irresistible to dancers, to be sure, but a big bonus is the singing of blues giant Jimmy Rushing, either infectiously fun or woefully blue. Another bonus: ten tracks featuring Basie's famous rhythm section with his delightful piano playing, making for some of the most relaxing music you could ever wish for.

3.) Benny Goodman Orchestra Sing! Sing! Sing! (Bluebird)

The hits are here, the ones that began the swing craze in 1936. Swing had been around a while and was already popular with many blacks, but it took the success of the white Goodman band to get things rolling nationally. Of course, the Goodman band's success was not predicated on being white, but on a unique sound and an ability to out-swing all but the very finest groups, black or white.

4.) Jay McShann Orchestra Blues from Kansas City (Decca)

More than half of the songs here are tasty small-group blues, but the big band numbers stomp like a souped-up Basie, and feature some guy named Charlie Parker on the alto sax.

5.) Ella Fitzgerald Hallelujah! (Milan/BMG)

A voice that embodies the swingin' spirit. These are her first recordings, mostly with the formidable Chick Webb Orchestra, so joyous

that they may erase whatever memories you ever had of the Smashing Pumpkins or Pink Floyd. This Milan collection will be hard to find, but there are other good ones—look for the 30s versions of "Tasket," "Undecided," "Sing Me a Swing Song," "Jitterbug," "Ella," and "Hallelujah!"

6.) Louis Jordan Best of...1942-45 (MCA, I think it's two CDs)

If we had to pick one man most responsible for rock and roll, bug-eyed Jordan would be the one. His fish-fryin' small group pioneered what became known as the jump blues, a music somewhere between swing and rhythm and blues. I don't have this, but have heard enough to bet on it fully.

7.) Lionel Hampton Orchestra Flying Home 1942-45 (Decca)

Just how fun was this band? Well, check out how Malcom X describes them in his autobiography (pgs. 73-74).

8.) Glenn Miller Orchestra

You don't need my help here. A little prowling in thrift stores and grandad's attic ought to turn up some kind of Miller record, and I haven't heard a bad one yet. Purists dislike Miller's pop approach to swing, but his big sound works well enough on its own terms. Its a good place to start, anyhow, and its good to practice dancing to "In the Mood," which will be played at two-thirds of the wedding receptions you ever attend.

One last piece of advice: avoid purchasing big-band compilations. They are generally patchy and disappointing. One exception I know of is *Big Band Swing: 1931-1950*, on Decca, a two CD set notable both for its variety of bands and styles, and for the way it traces the history of the big-band sound. For those allergic to 30s sound quality, try Capital's *Oscillatin' Rhythms* which features very danceable and very hi-fi 50s versions of "Sing! Sing! Sing!," "For Dancers Only," and "Opus One." A special treat are numbers by the Casa Loma Orchestra, one of the best white bands, and especially deft at delivering dramatic "killer-dillers." If you just want one CD for dancing purposes, get this.

P.S. —If I don't get too many takers, I'd be willing to tape a ninety-minute compilation I've made of the swing era for those interested enough to get a tape into my box. A buck tucked inside for the time and trouble would be nice.



CHRIS REICHMAN, '98

# Stealing Spring

Now that the nice weather has made at least a cameo appearance in this supposed desert, I feel justified in taking a few potshots at the snow. It is important to avoid complaining of the weather which one is in. There is no easier way to continue a bad situation than to complain about it. As proof of this, I offer up most seniors. After four years of complaining, where are they?

Anyway, the few days of vernal weather have awoken my poor soul from its snowy slumber. I begin to ask

many questions of my Rumpelstiltskinned comrades, such as: 'Is green really the color of grass, I was beginning to think it was white?' and 'How can you have a decent snowball fight with this leafy crud?' Alas, spring has decided to entertain us with a strip tease of its bounty. It is exposing the mer-

est fragments of its delights, only to hesitate and pull them away again. The urge overcomes us to become anti-Lears, screaming at the cloudening sky, "Get the hell out here! Shine you cursed sun, and send the growing rains you overcast skies! It is time."

After all, we paid for the lap dance of spring; paid in spades. Have we not done our penance in short biting days, and long nights in electrically lighted shelters. It is now time to enjoy the fruits—which should be burgeon-

ing on the limbs—of barbeque and patio furniture weather. So why does the season of Venus tan-

talize us with morsels only filling enough to awaken our tongues?

Well boys and girls, step right up and uncle P.T. Reichman will tell you of a tale of a fateful trip. It seems that the eternally young Lady of Spring does not spend her winters in hibernation like the rest of us. Oh no, she hops the nearest Greyhound

south every fall to the equatorial lands, where even CNN reporters do not go. Apparently, there is not enough serious issues down there to attract anyone's attention, and even She gets tired of the accolades of the white skinned northern types. I mean, I can understand: paparazzi following you everywhere, men (like me) who do not belong in shorts spending every moment possible inflicting the sight of themselves on her. Hell, one more article of clothing

less, and these men would be as bad as flashers. The poor girl-spring gets so tired of us that she has to take some time off to steel herself for her next visit.

So, she skips down to Mexico for a few months every year to rest up. And this, folks, is where the story begins. Imagine her through the border haze of a bad TV flashback, sitting on a lawn chair with a frosty margarita

on a sun-beaten beach. This is the same image the Evil Wizard of Screw Weather had in his magic crystal digital hi-res big screen (\$1499.99 at Sears). For ages innumerable he has been plotting to bring his chosen people—cold enduring nordic types—to domination of the earth,

young lady from her days in Hugh Hefner's PR service. The poor young boy spent so much time analyzing the pictures that the wind experiments went haywire, but he did not care, and quickly hopped a flight to Mexico.

Sauntering up to her beach chair with tallish pina colada in hand, he introduced himself, "Heya babe, me llamo es L. Nino." For the few remaining weeks of winter, they enjoyed the fajitas of a vacation in manana land. But as groundhogs began waking, Lady Spring told her beau that she had to get back to her job. Being an impetuous young man, he stood up to his father and tried to go with her. After waiting in line for three eons at the Border Patrol station, he found out that he could not enter the country, being a citizen of the Pacific Winds. There was also something about an illegal entry when he was a rash teenager. So, they both went back and found a ten peso fleebag motel to come up with a plan. There, L. Nino's old man had a teleconference with his boy and gave him a plan to get back at the Customs jerks. After dad had wired him some money, the youth went through with the plan.

So, in a motel in Bordertown, Mexico, L.

Nino has Lady Spring tied up and can be heard muttering,

*"So, in a motel in Bordertown, Mexico, L. Nino has Lady Spring tied up and can be heard muttering, 'Kick me out of the country, huh? I show you gringos.'"*

only to be beaten back by the lazy inefficiency of siestas.

While gnashing his teeth, his eyes happened to

linger on a graduation portrait of his son, who has now working on a mightily cold off-shore rig in the Pacific doing wind pattern studies. He hit upon the plan of using the mischievous, but good looking, boy to entrap Lady-Spring. Quickly he called up the Hermes messenger service to zap an e-mail to his boy complete with glossy spreads of the

"Kick me out of the country, huh? I show you gringos." And this is the story of why spring has only been able to escape long enough to tease us, because the little sombrero-ed guy can't get a green card.

As a white (maybe translucent) skinned lover of spring, I should implore all of you to write to Customs and plead for a green card for L. Nino. But, we cannot do this. If the great USA were to acquiesce to every lousy bandito who kept the nice weather to himself, there would be no more border to keep the brown skinned Mexicans on the side where we can legally take advantage of them. I think all we can do is urge Mr. Clinton to send in the marines. It's time for us to issue the final ultimatum: Lady Spring alive, or L. Nino dead.

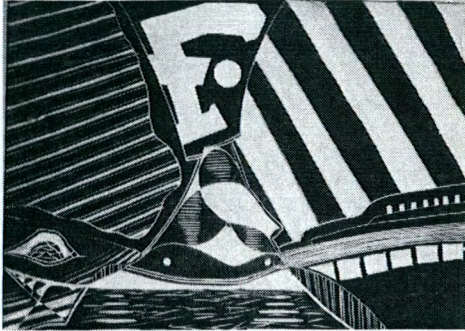
*"Well boys and girls, step right up and uncle P.T. Reichman will tell you of a tale of a fateful trip. It seems that the eternally young Lady of Spring does not spend her winters in hibernation like the rest of us. Oh no, she hops the nearest Greyhound south every fall to the equatorial lands, where even CNN reporters do not go."*

*"Alas, spring has decided to entertain us with a strip tease of its bounty. It is exposing the merest fragments of its delights, only to hesitate and pull them away again...After all, we paid for the lap dance of spring; paid in spades."*



# Student Art!

Jacob  
Keller's  
Striking  
"#7"  
Woodcut.



An Electrifying  
portrait by  
Benjamin  
Andres  
Hernandez



Tara Josub  
and her  
vivacious  
pieces.



The lovely  
Larissa  
Archer and  
her striking  
work.



## Fifth Annual St. John's College Student Art Show.

### *A Brief Review*

**By Steven Mickelsen, '01**

It is with great apprehension that I undertake the review of the student art show. Being an artist myself, I understand the effect criticism has on the emotional nature of the artist: tantrums, liquor binges, the self loathing and the egocentric megalomania of the artistic soul as they are personified in their creations. Not wanting to make enemies, I will restrain my criticism to the most vague variety.

My first impression of the works was a profound understanding of why these people chose St. John's over art school. This could be taken in two ways. First, that much of the work exemplified an artist who was far too good for any of the existing institutions of art treachery. Second, that the artists were of such foul variety that they should commend themselves for their choice of colleges, for no amount of instruction could have saved their art careers. With this out of the way, I would like to encourage everyone in the school to go and see for themselves the master works of our little art colony so that you can judge for yourselves which path these artists should follow.

My second impression was an awkward perplexity at the judges criteria for excellence. You will find, if you are brave enough to venture into our humble little gallery, that there are ribbons awarded

to some of the artwork. Now, I'm not sure what the ribbon recipients won, but it seems to me that the judges, being endowed with certain extraordinary aesthetic intuition, chose the victors of this contest based on unseen qualities that the mere common man could scarcely observe. All kidding aside, however, above all the rest I must say I enjoyed Jacob Keller's woodblock pieces and felt he was unfairly denied the hero's portion as he only won second place in the eyes of the judges.

Lastly, I have the most sincere regard for anyone who feels compelled to create and display a work of art, for in my eyes, an artist is merely one who creates, regardless of the impact their work has on others. The following is a list of our most noble community of resident artists who were brave enough to participate: Larissa Archer (honorable mention), Stephen Conn, Karina Gill (honorable mention), Julie Gronnenberg (first place), Gabriel Feyd Gryffyn, Benjamin Andres Hernandez, Lara Hill (honorable mention), Michael Hokenson (honorable mention), Tara Josub, Jacob Keller (second place), Justin Kray, Jerome Moroux, Joshua North-Shea, Ian Stoner (third place), Elizabeth Trice, Linda Wirtz, Jarrett Zargon (honorable mention).



# Announcements

*As You Like It*, which has been in rehearsal here at St. John's since mid-December, will premier in the Great Hall on Tuesday, May 12 at 8 pm. Watch for further information soon! Meanwhile, artists are wanted to help paint a tapestry for the play. Any help would be greatly appreciated. 'Tis a big project!

If you would like to lend your talent, call Adrian Boese at 474-2866.

## Robert Mirabal -- Santa Fe Benefit

**Robert Mirabal**, well-known Taos Pueblo artist & musician, is giving a benefit performance for the Tara School, a non-profit elementary program expanding to the upper grades. At Santa Fe's **Eldorado Hotel, on Saturday, April 18th, at 7:30pm**. Much appreciated for his unique blend of Native flutes and drums with rock & roll rhythms, Robert has been nominated for two major music awards to be decided later this month.

**Tickets are \$20 tax-deductible, charitable contributions.**

Advance ticket sales are available through Tara School, 986-4310, LewAllen Jewelry, 105 E. Palace Ave, near the Plaza, and Downtown Subscriptions on Garcia Street.

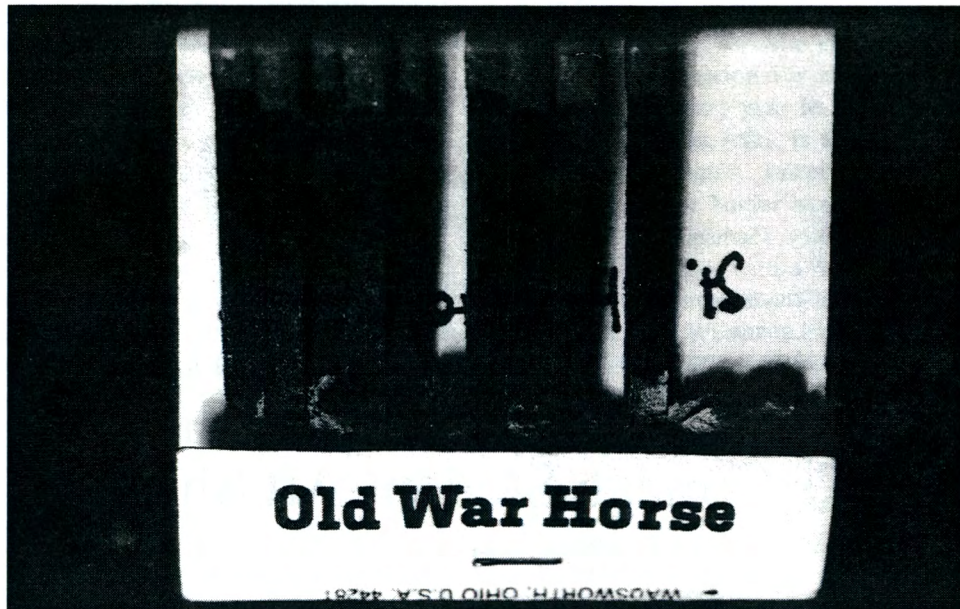


Photo by Erika Carlson, '00

### *The Moon*

St. John's College  
1160 Camino Cruz Blanca  
Santa Fe, NM 87501-4599

# Credits

## Editors

Carisa Armendariz  
Evan Skladany

## Layout

Adrian Lucia

## Cover Woodcut

Jacob Keller

## Copy Editors

Anna Christenbury  
Gabriel Gryffyn

## Logo Design

Jonathan Orbeton

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. Staff and contributors meet Tuesdays at noon in the SJC coffee shop. Material for the next issue should be submitted by 6 p.m. on Friday, April 24, 1998. We INSIST that work be submitted in text format on a 3.5" Macintosh disk 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.