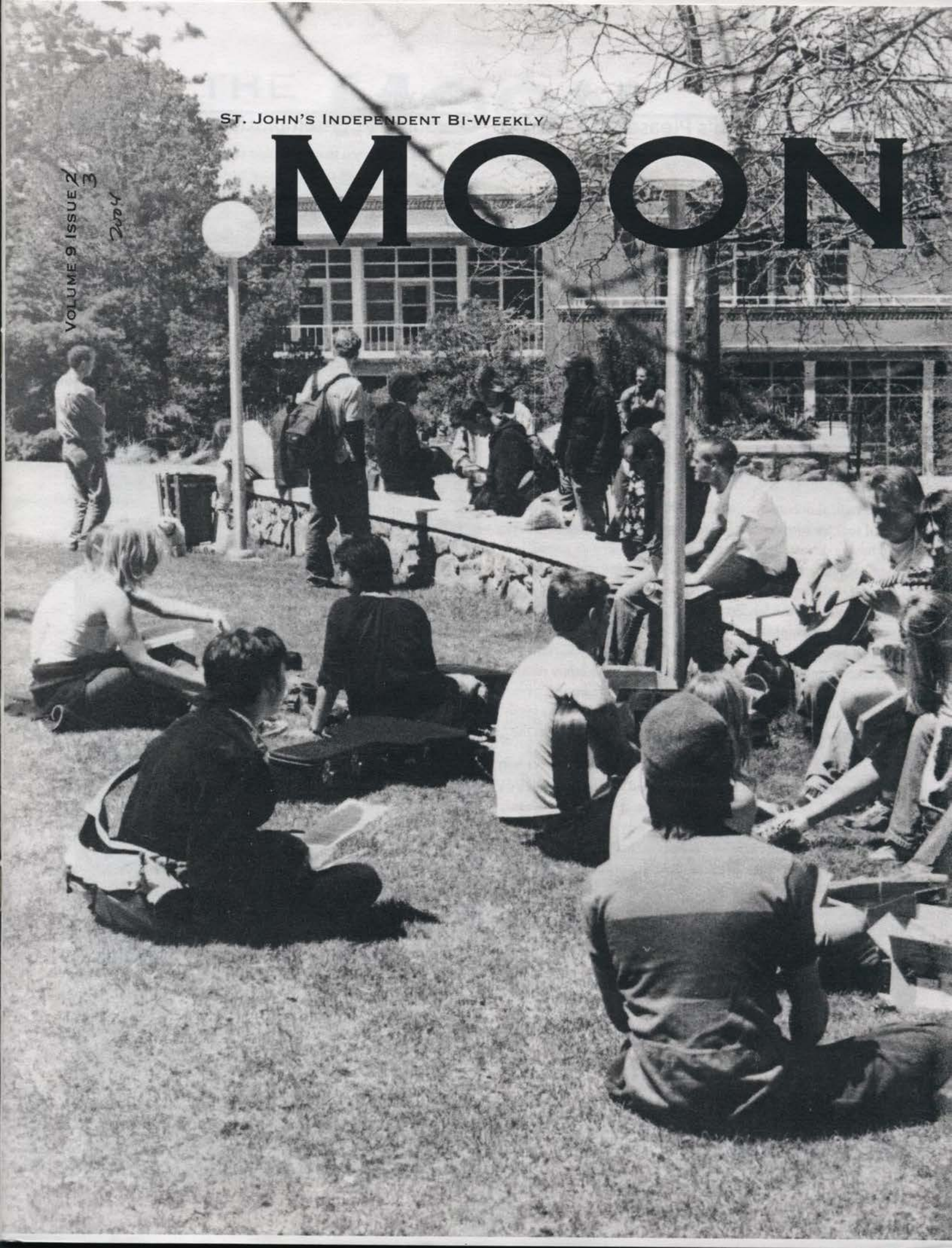


ST. JOHN'S INDEPENDENT BI-WEEKLY

# MOON

VOLUME 9 ISSUE 2  
3

*2004*



Jonathan Morgan

## Will the Real St. John's Please Stand Up?

Part I – Socrates against Athens

One of the stated purposes of a St. John's College education is to form students into *good citizens*, but it may not be clear what we mean by that term. Socrates, for instance, could be argued to be a good citizen—in that he served his country bravely in war, upheld its laws, and participated in its government. But Socrates could also be argued to be a very bad citizen, and rightly. For instance, he undermined the morals of his city by exposing the ignorance of prominent officials—showing that they were not actually capable of defining the virtues (Justice, for instance) that they claimed as their guides. In addition, his style of discourse—and its result, the “torpedo-fish” syndrome experienced by Meno—gave him a reputation for destroying the foundations of both personal and civic virtues, without holding anything up to replace them with (or “replace them with, *asshole*”—if you prefer).

While a radical deconstruction of preconceived notions may be a useful tool for turning someone towards the philosophical life, it can have a devastating effect on a society. Societies use assumed, shared understandings of certain fundamental principles to achieve stability—they need them to function. When a citizen finds out that even the leaders of his society don't have a grasp of what these principles really *are*, he begins to doubt not only the leader but the society itself. It is no accident that Socrates was charged with ‘corrupting the youth’, or that so many of his friends and followers (Alcibiades and Crito, for example) were enemies of democracy. The tragedy of Socrates' trial and execution is only accentuated when one admits that, at least from the point of view of his fellow citizens, he probably deserved it.

So what constitutes a good citizen? As I said, St. John's professes to know, or at least to know how one is formed. However, it seems that one could argue at least two ways a St. John's education trains “good citizens”. It also seems that these two very different interpretations are at cross-purposes with each other—possibly irreconcilably so. In the next issue, I want to explore the differences between the two definitions of “good citizen” apparent to me, and speculate on which one predominates around here—and whether or not it should.

...coming next issue in Jonathan's Pretentious Editorial Corner: *good citizen vs. good citizen*

Adam Willson

## The Sundry Contemplation of My Travels

“You will have seen that education must be based on a more intimate knowledge of man than can be found in natural science. For natural science, the basis of all present-day knowledge, cannot lead us to a real knowledge of man himself. The world is permeated by spirit, and true knowledge of the world must be spiritual knowledge.”

Rudolf Steiner, *The Roots of Education*

In 2003, a distressing tale of adolescent depravity hit the cinema: Catherine Hardwicke's tour de force, *Thirteen*. The first time I saw the movie, I approached its message with no small cynicism. I dismissed the film as another *Kids*-esque taste of our modern lunacy, without any real palate by which to taste it. I hadn't quite realized the myriad dilemmas that weasel their way into our nation's youth. And for that matter, I still haven't fully.

While reflecting on this theme (and having recently re-watched the film), I began thinking of Mary Pipher's *Reviving Ophelia*. This 1994 cross-section of female juvenescence drove home again and again that teenage girls, in our modern age, are becoming ever-more distanced from their identities. This may be so. However, after reading this book, I found myself perplexed: Is this really a problem only for females or is it a human problem? I was very happy to see that in 2000, Judy Mohraz wrote ‘Reviving Hamlet,’ an *About Campus* article which addressed concerns for the education of America's teenage boys.

I would like to take occasion, now, to put down some more of my thoughts on education and its effect on our society. I will now focus on early education through high school.

As it is in our epoch, early education is more an intellectual pedagogy than anything else. And there is something lacking in it. This intellectual approach encourages the budding empiricist to receive the world only as an assortment of sensible material – and not appertainable substance. What's worse, this approach fosters competition and individual ambition. It further widens the gap between the artificially independent individual and the interdependent world we live in. In truth, it makes us less human and more like primitive troglodytes, with never the wherewithal to pick our heads up and contemplate the heavens. One can maneuver the senseless memorization this education is based on and never once venture beyond the shape of things.

This is such a shame, for when we, human beings, are boiled down, we are so much more than our shapes. Whatever one wishes to call it, there is an inner-part of us deeply enfolded in our beings, and this part longs to reach out and connect with its kin. But such a thing is mostly prevented by the didactic atmosphere in the grammar and high-schools of today.

# THE MOON

FULL MOON

**Erin McGinty**  
September Memoir

**page 6**

*A reflection on September 11th.*

**Shane Gassaway**  
Letters from the Half Empty

**page 8**

*Our resident pessimist attacks individuality. I, for one, enjoyed it.*

**Sarah Davis-Goff** Moon Adventure:  
Morocco

**page 10**

*Moroccan vacations aren't always tea and Casablanca.*

**Gideon Culman Sandhi** Bloody Sandhi

**page 12**

*Is it the books you buy, or the books you read?*

**Translation : Jacques Prevert**  
Paris at Night & Alicante

**page 17**

*Who would have thought that the Greeks were dirtier than the French?*

**Trystan Popish and Laura Waleryczak**  
Freshman Perspectives

**page 18**

*We were all this young once. We just can't remember it.*

**Ashley Cardiff**  
Liam Gallagher and the  
Death of the Lead Singer

**page 20**

*Encyclopedia Brown takes on another case.*

# THE MOON

Jonathan Morgan  
*Editor-in-chief*

Adam Willson  
*Junior Editor*

Chris Harris

*Mr. Midshipman Hornblower*

Nyssa Travis  
*Sex Goddess*

Carly Jackson

Alexis Segal

*Staff Photographers*

Trystan Popish

*Moon Intern*

*Contributors*

Keiko Giacona | Cobalt Blue | Matt Johnston  
Erin McGinty | Shane Gassaway | Sarah Davis-Goff  
Austin Voltz | Gideon Culman | Trystan Popish  
Laura Waleryczak | Ashley Cardiff | Lucas Smith

## *Photo Credits*

Gideon Culman | Jacqueline McCabe

The Moon is the independent tri-weekly student newspaper for St. John's College in Santa Fe, New Mexico. As such, all opinions expressed within represent only the views of their respective authors, and do not necessarily represent the views of the College, the Faculty, the Administration or the Moon Editors. Issues are available at no charge to all members of, and visitors to the campus, and yearly subscriptions can be obtained for \$30.

The Moon is composed of student works and all contributions are welcome, but the Editorial staff reserves the right to demand an indefinite amount of revision in order to uphold our strict journalistic standards and to ensure that each issue is relevant, informative, and damn fun to read.



ST. JOHN'S  
College

ANNAPOLIS - SANTA FE

## Summer Internship Newsbrief | keiko giacona

The Career Services Office is developing a paid summer internship program for the Santa Fe campus, which will enable students to gain career-related work experience while earning a stipend. An Internship Committee, comprised of faculty and staff, has been formed to develop the program and establish procedures. Thanks to the Santa Fe Initiative, five positions with financial awards of up to \$3,500 have been funded for the first summer. Initial internships will be locally based (northern New Mexico), but the program plans to expand in both scope and volume in subsequent years. Your response to the **Student/Alumni Interest Survey** will help Career Services determine areas of interest. Additional information will be made available as the program develops. For more information, contact Internship Coordinator Keiko Giacona in the Career Services Office or email her at [ckgiacona@sjsf.edu](mailto:ckgiacona@sjsf.edu).

## Student Activities Report | cobalt blue

Okay, so here I am, trying to tell you about all the great college events coming up and I just don't know where to start. There are so many things happening that you can't swing a cat without hitting one. Not that I've ever swung a cat before, ...sure, I might've lobbed a gerbil or hurled a lemming once or twice but flinging felines? Never!

Lets start with September 25<sup>th</sup>. A rather good day to swing a cat. We will have the folk rock star Kristy Kruegar (who probably doesn't swing cats) to entertain us for our dining pleasure. (All you computer jockeys can check out her music at the iTunes Music Store.) She is traveling on the Swing State Tour and registering all you apathetic, apolitical, fence sitters. So come hear some cool tunes and do your duty as an American by registering to vote.

Then we jump to October 1<sup>st</sup> with the Santa Fe Pro Musica concert at 8:00pm in the Great Hall. I don't know much about this concert but I don't think they're playing Concerto #4 with Swinging Cat.... still it should be a good show.

And while we're on the subject of good shows...this is the one to mark on your calendar. Sunday, October 3<sup>rd</sup> at 2:00pm the University of Utah Theater Group will perform "Agamemnon" on the Library Placita. I've seen the press releases. They've

Submissions are always welcome. The deadline is generally the second Friday after the previous issue was published. A full and relevant deadline and meeting schedule is posted by the Switchboard, as well as submission guidelines and instructions. As always the email address for submission is [moon@sjsf.edu](mailto:moon@sjsf.edu), or drop your submission off at the Switchboard for **The Moon**.

continued from previous page

got great sets, beautiful costumes, cool music and a Greek Chorus...what more could you want from a play written in a dead language. The crowds just can't stop from crying out, "I laughed. I cried. It was better than swinging cats. I want to see it again and again."

Oops, I almost forgot about the Aspen Day-Hike on Saturday, October 2<sup>nd</sup>. Sign up in the gym or call ext.6149 for a trip to the ski basin so you can marvel in the glorious glory of the aspens changing color. Swinging cats are optional.

The weekend after that is Parents Weekend. We assure you that no harm will come to any cats at those festivities. Maybe a badger or two will suffer some embarrassment but that will be the extent of it. There will be a play. There will be a waltz party. There will be weepy-eyed parents, and much wailing and gnashing of teeth as they try to understand why you just didn't go to Clown College like they did. And just what is wrong with attending the Rhode Island School of Hairdressing Beauty or pursuing a lucrative career in the field of VCR Repair? These questions will plague your parents as they visit you. My advice is to simply smile and nod, for you are in an entirely different world now. Also, it is a known scientific fact that parents can smell fear. In fact it smells a lot like pistachio pudding. Look it up. It's true. I swear. No, you're right... I'm lying. It smells like waffles. Not like real waffles but like those frozen waffles that you put in the toaster. Yeah, it smells like that. No...I made that up too. Would you believe it smells like a cat spun at 78rpm? Yeah, I didn't think so.

Well, would you believe that The Long Weekend Rafting Trip is October 15<sup>th</sup> through 18<sup>th</sup> and that you could spend three days on the San Juan River for free? Well, you should, because it aint no joke. Sign up for this trip is Wednesday, October 6<sup>th</sup> at 8:00am in the

## The Santa Fe Initiative | matt johnston

As the new year begins at SJC Santa Fe we in the business of preserving and enhancing the lives of Johnnies thought it best to take a minute of your time to describe the substantial changes that, thanks to the Santa Fe Initiative, have occurred in student life administration. I'll begin with the most exotic of these developments, my own position, but be assured that even as I review the sundry metamorphoses, all of the primal, life-sustaining constituents remain in similar—and ultimately more recognizable—positions.

So, I introduce myself, Matt Johnston, Assistant Dean's Office Manager. Recently transplanted from our own Admissions Office, my task is to support the work of the Assistant Dean – keep his schedule, organize his office and help students resolve the many difficulties that they bring to the Assistant Dean. In this last-mentioned capacity I will also assume budgetary and scheduling duties for Student Polity, SCI, SRB, The Moon, Grout, study groups, political and religious clubs and other organizations not requiring athletic prowess or the technical expertise of the storied Mr. Blue. Most urgently, perhaps, I'll run voter registration on campus. See me by the end of September to register in New Mexico, or I can help you vote by mail in your home state.

Thanks to Mr. Blue's article in the last issue of this fine publication you are probably already aware of his changed title, College Events and Services Coordinator. He and I now share responsibility for helping student organizations. Cobalt will continue to work with Chrysostomos, the Film Society, and other AV-needy groups, and will serve another term as resident party guru. If you'd like to throw a party or you're part of a group with party planning duties (say, the sophomore class) then you'll work with Cobalt to schedule rooms, fun, and to marshal other party resources. As before, Cobalt is in charge



of college audio-visual needs—however, responsibility for the college vans has been passed on to...

The Security Office will run van sign-out through the switchboard, and if your favorite campus organization needs a driver, you can get yourself registered through Randy Harris, the Security Manager. This is a potentially lucrative opportunity as well. Under the new system, groups and offices are responsible for hiring their own drivers, and they'll be looking for registered drivers to shuttle board members, car-less off-campus students, and conifer tripping freshmen all over town.

Finally, you'll see a few changes in the Student Activities Center in the coming months. St. John's is in the process of hiring a new staff member to manage students who work in the gym and non-athletic extracurricular classes. Once that person is in place, you'll see a less-exhausted Mark St. John step into his new role as Director of Athletics and Outdoor Programs. Actually, those of you with an eye for such things have already noticed Mark's increased role on the Search and Rescue Team. Under the reorganization Mark will be able to "cut back" to managing outdoor activities, intramural sports, athletic extracurricular classes and heavy SAR involvement. Until then, please offer to lend a hand if you see him arranging gear or shuffling papers.

All of us involved in student life are excited about our new and evolving positions. If you find the new roles at all confusing, please come by one of our offices to let us know. We're still growing into our jobs and appreciate the insights of the community we serve.

continued on page 22

# What was so surprising, looking back,

is that it was such an ordinary Tuesday. The party formerly known as S&C had been the weekend before, and I had proven to myself that, a looming 32<sup>nd</sup> birthday notwithstanding, I could out-dork the most ridiculous 18 year old. I was enjoying St. John's, immersing myself in the work and riding high on an ennobling wave of freshman enthusiasm. That said, the most enthusiastic nightingale doesn't become a lark; on that particular Tuesday I was sleeping in. Greek tutorial wasn't until 10:30, after all.

The phone rang and the ring pattern said it was an off-campus call. I looked at the clock – it was 8:30 in the morning. No one that I really want to talk to calls me at 8:30 in the morning. I rolled over and burrowed deeper into bed. The phone rang again immediately, and as this was my then-boyfriend Keith's code for, "No, really, answer the phone," I got up.

"Hel-LO?!" (I'm not much of a morning person.)

"Get online."

"What? Do you know what time it is here?" I sat down at my desk and opened a browser window.

"Airliners have flown into the World Trade Center towers. It has to be terrorists." My browser blinked to life, confirming the surreal news. We sat in silence for a moment as I stared at the screen. Then Keith made a strangled sound, and when he spoke again, there was horror in his voice. "The tower...oh my God, the towers have collapsed. There had to be people in there....Oh God, oh my God....all those poor people....Oh, God...." His words trailed off as he began to weep.

I don't remember the rest of the conversation, though it couldn't have lasted much longer. I threw on a bathrobe and went into the hall, wondering if anyone else knew. The sound of the radio coming from my RA's room told me that they probably did, and the looks on the faces in the hallway confirmed it. I milled about a bit with the other stunned-looking people, feeling a vague but deep sadness, and hearing Keith's refrain: "Those poor people...." Somehow we all heard that there was a college-wide meeting in the Great Hall, and we made our way down there.

That meeting is fuzzy in my memory, though a few things stand out. Mr. Levine said that events like these are why we read these books. Ms. Arsenault (then one of the counselors) cautioned people not to use drugs and alcohol as their *only* coping mechanism. Mr. Balkcom openly wept. Classes were optional that day. I was still feeling stunned and sad but thought I could function through Greek, so I went back to my room to get my book.

My message light was blinking and I had a moment, so I dialed the voice mail number and my code. The message was from my sister-in-law Cindy, and it was brief. "Your brother was at the World Trade Center today. Call me." I was nearly penniless and had no calling card, but the school was temporarily offering free calls to those in need. Already in tears, I ran to Peterson, choked out an explanation to the woman guarding the phones, and called Cindy. She told me that my brother Mike had been scheduled to be in a meeting that morning; the meeting was on the 99<sup>th</sup> floor of the north tower and was to begin moments after the first plane hit. Mike was the kind of guy who showed up early for meetings. Cindy was very, very calm.

"He was out for coffee. I have to believe that he was out for coffee. It's going to be alright."

The hours and days after that are so surreal that they seem to have happened to someone else. I stumbled back to upper commons and told the friends I'd so recently made what had happened. One of the kids, whom I won't name but will never forget, offered his calling card number so that I wouldn't have to charge one of my own. I called my mother at some point and heard from my sister via e-mail. I had never been so aware of how much I loved my brother. I remember thinking about how distant our scattered and dysfunctional family was, and how this could be straight out of one those movies where everybody learns their lesson about expressing their love...he had to be okay, just for the narrative satisfaction of it all, right? We waited for news, waited to hear that he was in fact out for coffee, unable to call because of the chaos, alive and well, or at least fixable. I sent an e-mail to everyone I knew asking for their thoughts and prayers. Night fell, morning came, and we waited. Somehow I functioned through classes, occasionally reduced to tears, running often back to my room, wanting to beat the switchboard operators bloody for every piece of phone spam that made that goddamned message light blink. Still we waited. Every passing hour made it less likely that good news would come, and finally it became clear that it never would. Cindy's optimism was misplaced: Mike was not out for coffee, and in her household especially, it would be a long time indeed before anything was alright again.

We didn't think there would be a body. Cindy was making things happen, forced to be functional for the sake of her two



young sons (ages 8 and 7, loved by their father more than I knew children could be loved, and surely the subject of his dying thoughts). She got confirmation from my brother's company that he could not have survived. She put together a memorial service within two weeks, wanting closure for the boys, she said. My mother and sister and I attended this enormous and surreal event, then they returned to Texas and I to St. John's. A few weeks later as I was trying to write my first-ever semester essay (on the grief of Achilles, appropriately enough), another jolting call came: Mike's body had been found. To be specific, 185 lbs. of his body had been found. Mike was 6'2" and shared my tendency toward ample padding; he certainly weighed well over 185 lbs when he died. His poor wife buried what they'd found; she would end up putting other pieces in cold storage as they came to light. Meanwhile, television news fellated itself while looping footage of the falling towers, people hung flags absolutely everywhere, and you couldn't take a step without hearing a Canadian sing an American anthem. America grieved in its usual subtle fashion, and the exploitation of that grief began.

Here, for me, the immediate aftermath was such a strange time, and my memories are scattered but poignant. St. John's is as media-free as you want it to be, and that was a sanity-saving blessing. People in the college community were compassionate, clueless, or somewhere in between. Many people were remarkably generous with their sedatives – you've gotta love Johnnies. Then there was the not-too-balanced Dutch girl who insisted on repeated discussions (*with me* – she couldn't find anyone else?) of others' responses to the tragedy. I remember sobbing convulsively outside Peterson as Kathy Mizrahi pinned an angel to my shirt....and sobbing again and again as I had to tell each of my tutors individually what had happened because no one did it for me. Mostly, though, I remember kindness. A

friend read me sections of *The Odyssey* because I simply couldn't do it myself. A young woman to whom I had hardly spoken wrote me her sympathy and her phone number, with a believable assurance that I could use both as needed. A young man, also a near-stranger, could hardly look at me without his face creasing in worry; for some reason this was indescribably comforting. My tutors were kind, Jan Arsenault was a lifesaver (and remembers the anniversary every year, which is such a gift), and John

---

## America grieved in its usual subtle fashion, and the exploitation of that grief began.

---

Balkcom was as sweet as it is humanly possible to be. St. John's has been accused of being less compassionate than it could be, and I think that's a fair cop. I would add the observation that almost everywhere else is much, much worse. People are amazed that I stayed, but the simple truth is that there was nowhere better for me to go.

You all know the public part of the prologue. We invaded Afghanistan, an event about which I still have no opinion. Then certain men stood on the victims' graves and, among other false claims, untruthfully insinuated that Iraq had something to do with the attacks. Our country invaded, sentencing thousands of Iraqis and Americans to death and squandering the goodwill of the world. That, I take rather personally.

Cindy has been through hell and back, but has managed to look out for her boys as well as advocate for victims' families who were not as well provided for as she was. She just recently finished the paperwork that came with her widowhood.

Her younger son, David, seems to have recovered; he is back to his sweet, goofy self. The older boy, Daniel, has not fared so well. He had an unusual bond with his father, whom he resembles to the point of spookiness. Mike's sudden, public death hit him harder than anyone. He still struggles with depression and overwhelming anger; the sudden, public loss of his father has changed who he is.

As for me, I wish I had some amazing insight to bring this article together, but I don't. Terrible things happen so often, in so many places; 9/11 pales in comparison to many events, some of which the average American knows nothing about. I had hoped that Mr. Levine was right, that I could find insight somewhere in these books into why we savage each other, or what to do about it. I haven't. The closest I've come is the exhortation to love one another, but who among even the well-meaning can really live by those words? I think I found an answer of sorts in the *Meno*; something along the lines of, "There is no answer. Seek it cheerfully." While that keeps me from outright despair, it doesn't change anything. Perhaps Mr. Balkcom's tears were the most appropriate, most truthful response to this reality of unspeakable tragedy.

There is a bit of hope on which to end this article, though I have no analysis for it. In 2003, the lights went out across the northeast, including New York City. *No one was killed.* I've heard stories of strangers helping strangers (a bizarre phenomenon in that part of the world, I believe), of impromptu drum circles, and of sustained, if annoyed, peace. This peace must have been a direct result of the attacks of 9/11. It is unlikely that human nature has changed, but in that time and place it was put at bay; we can't know how many lives were saved as a result. I would like to believe that my brother, a devout and thoughtful Christian, would have found comfort in that.

**Erin McGinty is a St. John's Senior.**

## Letter From the Half-Empty

# Being a student at St. John's means learning to say "Goodbye."

Many of my friends and former colleagues have not returned this year—owing to their own decisions, or to the decision of the Enablement Committee last spring. I fear many will never return. We were all told in the beginning, and it has been maintained ever since, that St. John's offers a superior method of learning. And yet so many students fail to engage themselves that, unless I am mistaken, roughly half the students with whom I began are gone *after only two years at the college*. If this were a major consideration taken into account for gauging the success of the program, I doubt anyone would call it 'superior' that wasn't trying to sell something.

Such reflections have led me to doubt much concerning our efforts at St. John's. Looking for reassurance of some kind, I returned to the *Notes on Dialogue*, by Stringfellow Barr, the text with which my class became initiated two years ago and which I kept for a reference and touchstone. The *Notes* did not ease my mind, as I hoped, but they did give my thoughts some helpful momentum. I was amused at the irony of Mr. Barr's rhetorical advocacy of the seminar, as well as his charming sanction of cigarettes (O for the days when I could have blown smoke-rings across the seminar-table at Miss Hedges, like so many burnt kisses); but what seized my interest most strongly was a passage in which he addresses the pathos of modern dialogue—a pathos that the seminar-method is meant to overcome. "Is it possible," Mr. Barr writes, "that we discussants are oppressed by a subconscious suspicion that we are really saying precisely nothing, and that this nothing will stand up as conversation only if we say it elaborately?" This suspicion, which has become one of my strongest fears, still pervades the discussions in which I take part. For that reason I will attempt in this letter to cut to the heart of what we really do in the classroom, examine it with a critical eye, and bring to light what may turn out to be a jewel, or a ghost, or a cache of wind-eggs. I wish to understand, not why I came to St. John's, but why I should stay after all this travail. It is a dangerous attempt because I must inevitably fail in some regard, thus inviting counter-criticism directed at myself as well as my ideas. Therefore I ask you—my droog, my lovely, my violent reader—to have some sympathy for an unarmed conscience. Thoughts made public are as delicate as any others; please treat mine as tactfully as if they were offered in private conference.

Enablement is a process of learning to conform. Conformity carries a negative connotation these days, but it isn't necessarily a bad thing. I doubt we would accomplish anything at St.

John's without conforming ourselves constantly. One must yield to the discussion on the table, or lead it into chaos; one must listen before one speaks, and speak to the point one encounters rather than the point one would introduce. Early on we learned the necessity of incorporating into the general discussion the ideas of a person who speaks in error or confusion. So-and-so is an enthusiastic contributor, but his comments are so riddled with vague references to matters outside of the text that their substance is difficult to reconstruct; yet he must be acknowledged, his thoughts must be given proper ground, because when one comment is dismissed, all are compromised. Observe closely, and you will find there are far worse impediments to the process: so-and-so made a very interesting point that did not fit into the context of the discussion at hand (she wasn't listening). To make matters worse, her failure to present the idea clearly leads her to defend it against arguments directed at *what people thought she meant*. Half an hour of discussion will be compromised for the sake of clearing up the confusion, at which point all momentum is lost. There are tense instances in which participants do not mutually or individually conform. I have seen reason at odds with conviction, and all I want is to leave the room, or crawl under my chair, or hide my head under a book like an ostrich hiding his head in the sand. This is what we do. I grant that we can do better things. When people ask how we can make our efforts more successful they do not ask in vain; but these problems are part of the process. This is what we do.

Is it worthwhile? What does it teach us to conduct ourselves in this way? Would it not be better to yield to the authority of an expert than to subject oneself and great books to the tyranny of our collective ignorance? I often have these questions as dinner-guests, but I never let them to stay the night. They go away quietly at the thought of all I've learned these past two years, submitting to no greater authority than my own judgment.

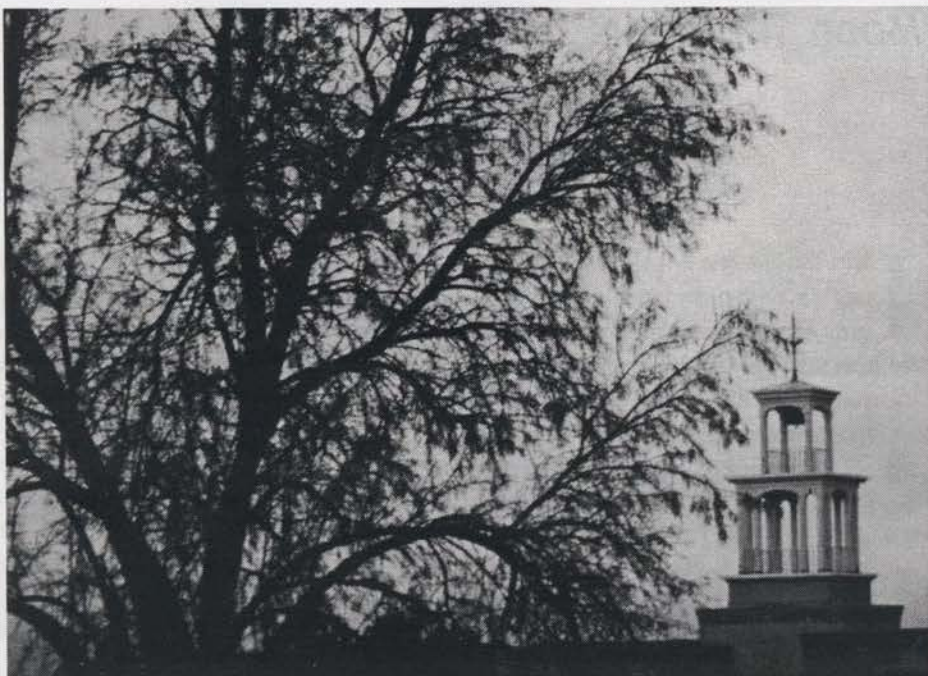
The only reason conformity carries a negative connotation is because it suggests a denial or undermining of the self. At St. John's, conformity adds new dimensions to the self, gives it new support. The seminar-discussion is not merely a collection of active participants, it is an organism; every participant is a mover, and every word has repercussions. In a discussion about (as a Junior I shall say) motion, it may happen that an individual has an insight regarding the infinite. He presents his idea: the group is skeptical, if not outright hostile. The discussion proceeds to incorporate objections and support regarding the details of the idea, ranging from the simple to the far-reaching consequences of looking at things in a different way. But a new understanding can be reached through the digestive process. The group benefits from the individual, and afterward the individual receives his idea from the group clothed in greater profundity than that with which he initially presented it.

Perhaps what we do is worthwhile in its own right. But where will it lead us? Mr. Goldfarb made a very good point in his *View From the Edge*, printed in the last issue of the Moon, regarding our inability to study any one of the Great Books properly. Beginning with brusque capital letters (the literary equivalence to grabbing you by the throat), Mr. Goldfarb writes, "NOBODY can understand these 'Great Books' in their depth, their richness, and their complexity the way we read them here, and each of them is worthy of years of study." Mr. Goldfarb is right. I felt like Sophocles and I were just beginning to develop a close, meaningful relationship last autumn when I finished the Greek segment. (In hindsight I realize how abusive it actually was--but I still miss him.

Nobody else does me quite like Antigone.) Ours is not the study of any one idea. We put a lot of effort into merely developing a language with which to discuss things. The language of geometry is useful for discussing Plato and Aristotle; the Greek gives us enormous perspective on the New Testament. Even more crucial is learning to understand the language of our peers. Trust is a very important ingredient to the discussion. We trust that another person's ideas are good; we do not trust that they are correct, until the ideas are our own. This happens when we understand one another perfectly. Where will it lead us? Pretty much anywhere, if we allow ourselves to grow comfortable with being challenged. When someone asks us that time-honored question, "What are you majoring in?" perhaps our answer should be this: being challenged. (It sounds, admittedly, as though we ride the short bus to school; but then, the interrogator ended his statement with a preposition.) IF NOTHING ELSE, we gain the ability to work closely with others who we may find irritating or irrational (I should say 'energetic or unorthodox'). We learn that we can learn from anyone, which is a valuable and humbling life-skill.

Wherever my thoughts have led you, my droog, I feel obligated to inform you that I shall stay in the undergraduate segment of St. John's as long as I am welcome. I am selfish in the classroom; I don't always listen attentively; I often hijack the discussion when it reaches the slightest proximity to an idea that is dear to me; in short, I am every person with whom you share your classes. But I care very much for ideas, especially good ones, and most of all for those that challenge. All this considered, tell me, do you wish to continue? I hope so. You make all the difference.

While attempting to end a coal strike Shane Gassaway was arrested for "corrupting a miner."



# alphagraphics®

Printshops Of The Future™

2002-C Cerrillos Road • Santa Fe, New Mexico 87505  
**(505) 473-1300 • Fax (505) 473-3460**  
 Email: us494@alphagraphics.com

## ISO 9002 Certification What does this mean to you?

- **Reliability** - Your order will be delivered correctly and on time.
- **Quality** - Your order will be checked at each stage of production for accuracy.
- **Efficiency** - Alphagraphics is required to operate at greater than 97% efficiency.

**Our staff takes pride in this accomplishment as we strive to serve you better.**



## Moon Traveller:

# Morocco

I was the last one left awake. The day's activities had conquered the girls snoozing around me, but it was the heat that was beating me, keeping me from sleep. Beads of sweat pooled and ran down my forehead, stomach, legs, before settling comfortably on the dirt floor beneath me, turning it to mud. It was eerily quiet. The boys were all up on the flat roof of the kaspa, partly because then we could all be in various states of undress, and partly in the hopes of catching a cool breeze. I shifted slightly and closed my eyes again. The static of absolute silence filled my ears.

I started, immediately fully awake, without having realized that I'd been asleep. There had been an enormous *thump*. My first thought was that a cow had fallen over. Heart beating wildly in my chest, I looked around me; no one else had woken up. Perhaps I'd been dreaming...I sank back down onto the mud floor. Just as I closed my eyes again, someone screamed.

...

The twenty-three of us had started walking about 40 hours ago, decked out in hiking boots and brimmed hats. The heat was atrocious despite the hour. We sweated while the 10 skinny donkeys accompanying us swished away the flies. I was happy and scared. The hike to the Hidden Valley was notorious in Morocco, even amongst the locals; we had been lucky to find a guide as we had, all the more so because he was an inhabitant of the Valley. His name was ridiculously hard to pronounce, so we took to calling him Jesus. This guy was fantastic, all long black hair and aquamarine eyes. I fell into step beside him, hoping that he'd (carry me!) tell me some stories about the people that he'd grown up with. Jesus had gone to college in the UK so his English was perfect. Booming voice carrying across

the mountains and valleys, he entertained us with anecdotes about growing up; no running water or electricity, no outsiders...the nearest road, which was where we were walking from, was two whole days away.

We had walked all day and then spent the night camping on the hillside. The heat never relented but there was a smoky fire to keep away the worst of the bugs. We were all sprawled around it; ten boys, ten girls, two teachers, and Jesus. I looked around at everyone—dirty, smelly, smiling. There were a lot of bad things about going to an archaic Irish boarding school, I mused. The food, obviously. The complete lack of central heating. Perhaps most of all, the fact that we were only allowed out of the place for a few hours on Sundays once every fortnight. At the same time, though, it was bloody great, because every now and then one of the (clinically insane) teachers would come up with an idea like, "Lets take a huge pile of sixteen year olds adventuring in

Morocco!" to which his or her cohorts would enthusiastically agree.

So, if you take a stack of teenagers of adventuring, there are probably going to be casualties. In fact, there always were; it was sort of a running joke. Part of the fundraising was taking bets to see who could guess what was going to go wrong. There had already been winners on this trip: my friend Baz had spent a night in hospital—his diarrhoea really was that bad. Also, my housemistress, Mrs. Sherwood, had fallen off her camel and broken her arm. But they were fine, both laughing at Jesus' story about how his people had spent the last few years saving up for a door with a lock to their one outhouse, given pride of place in the middle of their village. The loo had been christened, "The Throne". Mrs. Sherwood gesticulated rather too wildly and smacked poor, skinny Baz upside the head with her plastered arm. I looked on, giggling and scribbling happily in my notebook, blissfully unaware of what was to come.



Terrified, I got up, threw on some clothes and rushed in the direction of the noise.

The moaning was coming from a dark shape on the ground. I slowed to a walk and squinted –

“Good God –Roly!” I fell to my knees beside him. Roly lay face forward in the dust. His head was angled towards me –there was a lot of blood and his eyes were closed.

“Roly!” I touched his shoulder, but couldn’t bring myself to shake him. God, both of his arms were bent awkwardly at his sides.

“Roly, don’t move.” Ha bloody ha. I got up and ran for help. Mrs. Sherwood was awake in a moment and came with me unquestioningly. She took in the scene at a glance, told me to stay with him and ran back into the kaspera. Suddenly staying with Roly seemed like an incredibly difficult thing to do; I trod slowly, and in my mind’s eye I knelt beside Roly again and he’d stopped moaning. Sobbing, I stumbled on, and fell to my knees at his immobile shape. Too afraid to touch him, I simply knelt.

Suddenly Roly croaked, making me jump –“Sarah?” The word was horribly wet somehow. “I can’t get up.”

Hearing his voice shocked me, and broke the spell of paralyzing fear. Touching his shoulder again, I comforted him, saying not to move, help was on the way, just stay still, they’re coming...we were together like that for just a few minutes, strangely calm. I tore off a bit of my sleeve and gently wiped at Roly’s face with it.

“Thanks,” he slurred, “much better, really”. I giggled and stroked his hair. There were voices and the sound of feet behind me. Somehow I was only half relieved. I backed away.

They brought Roly into the room assigned to the girls. The locals had very heroically torn down the door to The Throne and were using it as a stretcher. Cleaned up and packed full of painkillers, Roly was quite jolly. A helicopter had been sent for, but couldn’t come because there simply wasn’t anywhere to land. At first light a team of stretcher-bearers led, naturally, by Jesus, would run with him back to the road that was two days away, and he could get an ambulance from there. Despite the lightheartedness of the gathering, we were all pretty worried about the extent of his injuries. So far it looked like a broken nose and two broken wrists. Considering he’d fallen (he must have been sleep walking) about twenty feet, he wasn’t too much the worse for wear. A few of us stayed up the rest of the night with him. Our eyes met sometimes but I didn’t move from my place at the back.

Poor old Roly, he spent the next while walking around with both wrists set in casts straight out in front of him; a mockery of a sleepwalker. To be honest, though, the thing that he seemed most annoyed about was the fact that he’d missed the next part of the adventure, where I managed to get myself rather lost in the Sahara.

*Sarah Davis-Goff is a sophomore and is better traveled than the rest of the Moon staff put together. Which is why this is Moon Traveler: Morocco, not Moon Traveler: Owl’s Liquor*

## A Fake Smile

austin voltz

Remember how slyly  
The cab driver laughed?  
I felt uneasy at her smile.

I stepped off the path  
And the road.  
Began looking for love  
In shared showers.

Aphrodite’s rain slaked  
My thirst,  
But blurred my vision.

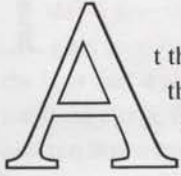
I sat alone in cafes  
Ruminating on paper napkins.  
Trying to clean up.

I suppose I still  
Teach from clocks  
Without knowing time.  
Though my heart is weak,  
I peek at her vanity.

Not knowing what I see,  
Nor how to smile.



# Johnnie Neschintz



At the other end of the St. John's College bookstore this undergrad with short red hair looks at his watch. Time for class. He places a volume of

Rey's entire *George Cycle* back on its shelf. Pretending to read the coffee-table copy of *Pat the Bunny* trembling in my hands, I turn toward a large bookstore window and watch a reflection of the *George Cycle* undergrad walk past reflections of books and out the reflection of the bookstore door.

I close my coffee-table *Pat the Bunny*. Sweat trickles down my face. My sleeve wipes it dry. I reach out to put my upside-down copy of *Pat the Bunny* back on its shelf and then I stop. Upside-down? The edges of my vision blur and my breath quickens. Upside-down! I've spent the last fifteen minutes holding up a coffee-table copy of *Pat the Bunny*, upside-down! My whole chest thunders. I case the room. I turn the book right-side-up and shove it back on its shelf.

Now I check all the aisles. Nobody. Just books. I walk to the back of the bookstore. Here I take one last look over both shoulders. Nobody. With nobody to see me, I slip off into the plain brown wrapper section.

Since I don't want anybody to see me in the plain brown wrapper section of the bookstore, I have to leave here fast. But some lazybones student worker forgot to mark all the plain brown wrappers. Now I feel trapped. I peek around the corner of the brown wrapper shelf in front of me once again, just to make sure nobody sees me. Then I start unwrapping brown-wrapped books and re-wrapping them as quickly as I can.

Hands shaking, I sift through dozens of fast, trusted, and proven brown-wrapped books. Each unwrapped book reveals a diagonally black-and-yellow-striped cover with a stopwatch on it. Only the titles differ: Aesop's *Fables*, Bemelmans's *Madeline*, Hoffmann's *Struwelpeter*, Sendak's *Where the Wild Things Are*, Stryper's *In God We Trust*.

My rapid search yields nothing. After minutes of fruitless looking, I gulp and stumble sweat-drenched away from the brown-wrapped books. I want to drop to my knees, point my tight-shut eyes up at heaven, and curse the broken Western truth that obviously runs this store. But for reasons beyond my control, I take a deep breath, compose myself, and walk my all-loving smile up to the clerk at the check-out counter. The clerk asks if he can help me.

"I'm looking for a book," I smile.

Instead of doing what the college pays him to do and looking for my book, the clerk just stands there and stares at me. Do I have to spell this out for him?

"It's about Sanskrit," I smile. "It's like by this guy." I look around me and whisper, "Name's Cliff."

For a split second the bookstore clerk looks up at the broken Western truth in heaven that just now I wanted to curse. Then he looks back down at me and without even lowering his voice says, "We don't have any CliffsNotes for Sanskrit. You in Eastern Classics?"

"Yes," I smile, somehow restraining myself from grabbing the clerk's head and smashing it open on the cash register for having the gall to say 'CliffsNotes' out loud.

"We do have other things," the bookstore clerk says. He comes out from behind the check-out counter and walks me into the Eastern Classics section. "We don't have a CliffsNotes companion to Sanskrit, but we do have—this little blue book required by the syllabus—as well as Mr. Perry's companion to the little blue book." Then he points to the bottom of the languages section. "Here's some more books. You can teach yourself Sanskrit. Couple of dictionaries—some CD's—flashcards—"

I pick up one copy of each item the bookstore clerk points out.

"That's a lot of stuff," the clerk says as we walk back to the check-out counter. "But you know what? There was this other EC student, came in her a couple of days ago and bought copies of all the same things you're buying right now." The clerk stops, looks straight at me, squints, and shakes his head. He looks puzzled. He says, "Almost seems like the EC student who bought all that stuff the other day was *you*."

Excuse me?!? Do I have to explain that, yes, I *have* in fact already bought each of these Sanskrit products three times over since the beginning of semester? Do I have to explain that the more of these Sanskrit products I own, the more easily I can probably actually learn the language? No, buddy, I think these things so go without saying.

"Wow," I simply smile. "That's really funny."

The bookstore clerk starts ringing up my purchase. Some kid walks in through the door wearing one of those pretentious,



stupid Western shirts that says, *A person's a person, no matter how small*. He peruses the new arrivals behind me. The clerk scans in the last half-dozen items in my purchase.

"Wait!" I have a sudden flash. "What about pills?"

"Pills?" The clerk gives me a surprised look instead of looking for my pills.

"Yes," I say. "Sanskrit pills."

"Sanskrit pills?" The clerk does not get it.

"Look," I smile. "I'm like really enlightened this year and so I'd like rather not have to waste my time looking up a bunch of foreign words in some foreign language while—"

"We don't carry Sanskrit pills," the clerk frowns. "Your total comes to six hundred and twenty-seven dollars, fourteen cents."

"No Sanskrit pills, huh?" I take out my wallet and hand the clerk \$650 cash. "Keep the change." I smile as I stick the wallet back in my pocket. "And maybe order some of those Sanskrit pills for me. This *is* a school, right?"

I take my newest set of Sanskrit products and exit the bookstore. Since my Sanskrit class started just a little while ago, I decide to join my fellow students so that we can truly make Sanskrit happen.

My hand twists open the knob of the classroom door when I realize something has probably gone terribly wrong inside. "Bha! Bha! Bha!" I hear coming from within the classroom. Not just one voice either. A whole chorus of voices going, "Bha! Bha! Bha! Bha! Bha!" It sounds like my whole Sanskrit class has turned into a room full of chickens. I let go the doorknob.

In the Western program I would have known better than to think that everybody in my class had turned into chickens. But not in the Eastern program. In the Eastern program anything can happen. In true Eastern fashion, I search my soul for the best explanation. Maybe my class hasn't turned into chickens after all? Maybe the tutor Ms. Greer placed a curse on the entire class, causing all the students to transform into spirits with human faces and bird-shaped bodies! Maybe all the birdlike spirits carry green jade batons!

I didn't see any of the obvious outward manifestations of magic before I entered this building . . . no dragons hovering in the sky above the classroom. Which can only mean that if Ms. Greer

cursed all my classmates and turned them into birdlike spirits, she probably did this only seconds ago. I alone remain unfazed. I must know the whole Eastern truth!

Again I reach for the doorknob. Inside, the birdlike spirits holding green jade batons somehow manage to assume their original human form right as I turn the doorknob to take a peek. Through the cracked door I see only regular humans beings. As if undergoing some collective kind of allergic reaction, the whole class starts sneezing, "Chha! Chha! Chha! Chha! Chha!" Ms. Zirkadazeh sees me, stops sneezing "Chha!", and waves hi. Ms. Bailey sees Ms. Ziradakzadeh waving and then she sees me. This means I really do have to go inside.

I open the door all the way and walk in. The class stops sneezing "Chha!" and I sit down.

"Oh my god," Ms. Winters sighs. "I *love* vacillated continents!"

"We're doing vacillated continents?" I smile.

"Aspirated Consonants," Ms. Winters, the auditing undergrad who knows everything you can know about languages, rolls her eyes and says, "You're *obviously* an Aquarius."

## Maybe all the birdlike spirits carry green jade batons!

I empty out my new bags of Sanskrit products onto the table. Ms. Greer asks Mr. Timmons to translate a sentence on the board. I arrange all my brand-new Sanskrit products on the table in front of me, but facing away from me, like in a window display. Everybody claps. Ms. Greer asks Ms. Milevska to translate a sentence on the board. I rearrange the display of Sanskrit products on the table in front of me to look both more informative and more erudite. Again everybody claps.

"Mr. Neschintz," Ms. Greer says. "Would you like to translate the next sentence?"

"Of course!" I field Ms. Greer's attack. "But what if Ms. Henderson would prefer to do it?"

"Okay," Ms. Henderson says. "I'll translate the next sentence."

Ms. Henderson goes up to the board and writes something utterly incomprehensible on the board. I look at Ms. Mulligan's book next to me to find the page she has her book open to. 290 in Mr. Perry's companion to the little blue book.

I open my own newest copy of Mr. Perry's companion to the little blue book and look. It puzzles me how everybody's book



can share the same major typographical error and yet still nobody speaks up or says anything. The font defies readability and some saboteur at the printer's went behind Mr. Perry's back and dangled all of his letters from a floating bar held up by nothing.

"So essentially," Ms. Henderson says. "We can translate this as 'Every night has its dawn.' Any questions?"

"Awesome!" Ms. Zirakdazeh beams. Everybody claps.

"Mr. Neschintz," Ms. Greer says. "Could you translate the next one?"

"Sure I could," I smile and outsmart Ms. Greer once again. "But look at Mr. Jenkins. I'd hate hate to deprive Mr. Je—"

Even before I finish my manoeuvre Mr. Jenkins has walked up to the blackboard and started writing more incomprehensible gibberish on it. It resembles a line of incomprehensible gibberish on page 290 of my book.

"Right," Mr. Jenkins grins at us through his nerd glasses. "Brahmano is actually Brahmanas but it gets changed because—um—"

"Because it's a superlative?" I smile.

"I don't think so," Mr. Jenkins grins at us through his nerd glasses and cocks his head. "I believe Brahmanas is a noun."

"Right," I smile. "But why can't a superlative be a noun? I guess what I'm saying is doesn't the word 'superlative' sound really, really good? And nouns are good, too."

"Perhaps Ms. Winters can help us," Mr. Jenkins grins at Ms. Winters through his nerd glasses.

"It's a sandhi rule," Ms. Winters rolls her eyes and shakes her head. "Any '-as' before a voiced letter in the middle of a line becomes '-o'."

"Sooo naughty," Mr. Jenkins nods and grins through his nerd glasses.

"Right," I smile and reason. "But if a sandhi rule has the power to do that and just change the spelling, then it's obviously a superlative."

"Mr. Jenkins," Ms. Greer says. "Would you like to continue?"

"We know that 'dina' means 'sad' and we have two of them here," Mr. Jenkins grins back at the blackboard. "And I think we have to translate both of them."

"I guess—it's—um—I—maybe it's—I'm kind of wondering why," Mr. Timmons says. "I mean, we had 'yatra yatra' and 'yatra' means 'where' but 'yatra yatra' means 'wherever' so I guess my question is why 'dina dina' can't be some—I don't know—intensification of 'sad'."

"Well," Mr. Jenkins grins at Ms. Winters through his nerd glasses. "Perhaps naughty Ms. Winters can help us out again."

Naughty Ms. Winters glowers at Mr. Jenkins and says, "I don't see how two 'sads' *isn't* an intensification of 'sad'."

"Okay," Mr. Jenkins stands there grinning. "So I translated this line as, 'Every Brahman sings a sad, sad song.' Is that right?"

"Yes," Ms. Greer looks down at her book and back up at the blackboard. "That works well."

"Very good!" Ms. Henderson beams. Everybody claps.

"Mr. Neschintz," Ms. Greer says. "Would you like to—"

"How about Mr. Culman?" I smile. "I bet Mr. Culman—"

"Now, Mr. Neschintz," Ms. Greer looks at me as if preparing to transform me into a birdlike spirit with a jade baton. "You're very generous and I'm sure your fellow students appreciate that. However, right now I'd like to see you translate the next sentence."

I take my book and walk up to the board and wonder what I should do. In my book I find the lines of incomprehensible gibberish that Ms. Henderson and Mr. Jenkins just wrote on the board. I decide simply to copy the next line of incomprehensible gibberish onto the board.

"They look like they're all doing chin-ups," I say about the characters I write on the board. "Or maybe like they've all been hanged."

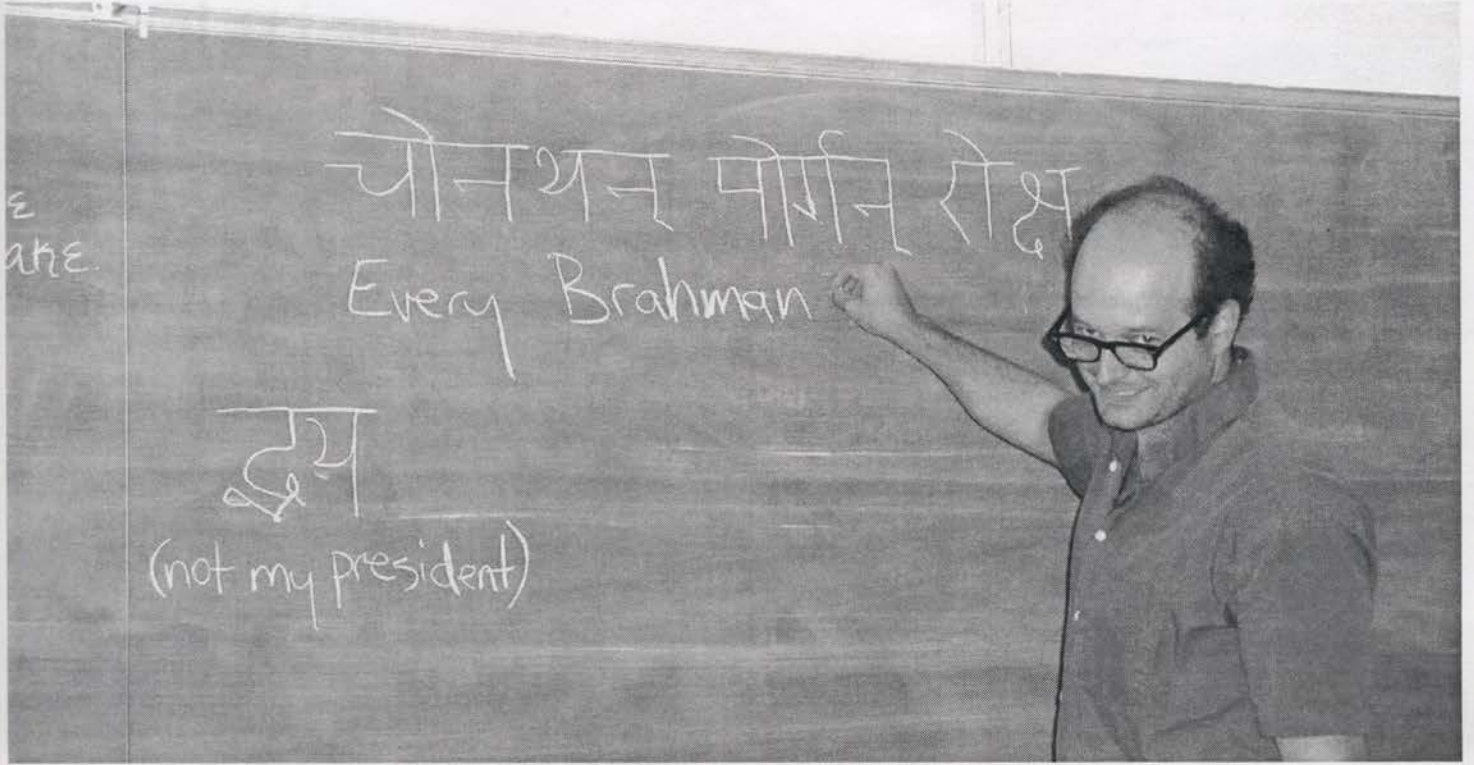
"Tell us what you have," Ms. Greer says.

"I have like strong feelings about each of these letters," I tell the class and point to a letter. "This one looks you know like a scythe dangling down from like a bar." I stand back and look at the blackboard. Then I find another letter to interpret. "See how this one like almost looks like a snake suspended by its tale on like the bar, but its mouth is disproportionately gigantic?"

"It's called Devanagari," Mr. Voss interrupts. "Maybe you should translate it."

I look around the classroom for helpful hints from anybody. Zero. I look at all the blackboards around the room. 'Every





"Sooo naughty," Mr. Jenkins nods and grins through his nerd glasses.

night has its dawn,' one of them says. 'Every Brahman sings a sad, sad song,' I see on another one. 'Every night has its dawn,' I repeat in my head. 'Every Brahman sings a sad, sad song.'

'Every rose,' I inexplicably write down on the blackboard, firing a shot into the dark, 'has his thorn.'

"Every rose has his thorn," I smile at the class.

"Mr. Neschintz," Ms. Greer says. "Are you sure?"

I look at the sentence one more time, erase 'his', and write down 'its'.

"Every rose has its thorn," I smile even bigger. Seems like I fired my shot into the right dark. "Every rose has its thorn."

Ms. Greer looks at her notes and says, "That's a very good translation, Mr. Neschintz. But I'd like you to parse the Sanskrit sentence and say why you translated it that way."

"No," I smile. "We're like running out of time. Plus I'm too enlightened for the process to really matter. I kind of just do it." I walk back to my seat. "Oh wait," I smile before I sit down. "I guess I did use sandhi rules. Yeah—I'm pretty sure I used a lot of them."

I breathe easy back in my seat, confident that I fired my shot into the right dark. I spend the rest of the class arranging and rearranging all my brand-new Sanskrit products for everyone to see. I've bought so many brand-new Sanskrit products since the beginning of semester that it almost hurts to think anyone would doubt I understand the language.

At the end of class, on my way out, I stop by Ms. Greer's place at the table. "Ms. Greer," I smile. She looks up at me. "I'd just like you to know that I'm impervious to your magic. And that's a shame. Because if you chose to use your powers for good instead of transforming my classmates into birdlike spirits, you could cast spells that would allow us to know Sanskrit without having to do lots of homework." She looks shocked. I leave.

Outside by the grassy knoll after class, I notice that the leaves have begun to change color. The students from my class sound all excited. They want to talk about Sanskrit like they've got something to say. I stare at them through my enlightenment and try to understand. But nothing comes out when they move their lips—just a bunch of gibberish. It pains me to see them act like they've forgotten about English. So what do you say to somebody who doesn't get it? Such a beautiful language. Probably the only language really worth knowing. . . .

I choose not to think about the cruel way all my Sanskrit classmates have chosen to forsake the English language just because they've found Sanskrit. Instead I focus my attention on the changing leaves and the cool autumn wind blowing against my face.

"Hey!" this kid yells to me from the ledge around the knoll. "You were in the bookstore just now, weren't you?"

"Before class," I smile and walk up to him, "That's a really pompous t-shirt you're wearing—*A person's a person, no matter how small*. Are you a liberal pinko?"



"What?" the kid looks down at his shirt. "Maybe. But check this out," he reaches into his backpack and pulls out a little white plastic bottle. "I've got Sanskrit pills."

"Really?" I smile and lower my voice. "Tell me more."

"You're in Eastern Classics?" the kid with the Sanskrit pills says. "How long is the program?"

"A year," I smile. "I'm like leaving town after that."

"Oh," the kid pours out a small pile of little blue diamond-shaped pills into his palm. "See, you have to take these Sanskrit pills for a little over a year to feel any kind of effect. But if you take them for over a year, your knowledge of Sanskrit just shoots through the roof. No work at all."

"That's perfect," I hold out my hand. "What do I do?"

"Every morning," the kid drops four little blue diamond-shaped pills into my hand, "you take three of these. Then every evening you take four."

"Only three in the morning?" I nearly fly into a rage. "How am I supposed to like learn Sanskrit?"

"Okay," the kid takes one of the pills out of my hand. "Four in the morning and three in the evening."

"That's better," I smile. "And like how much does a little bottle like this cost?"

"Five hundred dollars," the kid says. "But it'll last you all week."

"Five hundred dollars," I grumble as I get out my wallet and hand the kid five hundred dollars cash. "The bottle doesn't even like come with a label. Where do you get off charging so much for only a week's worth of Sanskrit pills?"

"I'm a reality dealer," the kid makes my five hundred dollars disappear. "We need to raise money."

"There's no such thing as like a reality dealer," I shake my head at the kid. "Reality isn't—it's not something you can commodify. That's like such a Western attitude." The kid jumps off the ledge and tries to walk away but I grab the handle of his backpack. "I'm not finished," I smile at him. "Reality is a social construct and it like doesn't really exist."

"You're weird," the kid says.

"And like you're wrong," I smile. I point at some yellow leaves blowing by. "You see those yellow leaves blowing by? Your broken Western mind tells you that those leaves mean you know the change of seasons. But my flawless Eastern mind tells me that those leaves mean the oneness and the unreality of everything. It's like something you either own up to or you don't."

"Okay," the kid wriggles free and starts backing away from me. "Reality is actually this huge party in May that we throw for the graduating seniors. There's all kinds of free booze and stuff but we also have to raise money somehow."

"Oh," I smile. "So why didn't you like just say so?"

"Whatever," the kid says from maybe fifty feet away. "You just keep buying my Sanskrit pills every week and there'll even be enough free booze for you."

Five hundred dollars a week for an effortless knowledge of Sanskrit after a little over one year? Plus free booze on top of that? I lean back against the ledge around the grassy knoll. In my head I do the math and it actually works out. A gust of wind blows two or three dozen yellow leaves off a tree. On the concrete in front of me a few dozen red leaves scuttle past. At peace with the world I smile.

## Molly's Moral:

When speaking to a herd of water buffalo,  
always be polite.

*Gideon Culman has a thing for good morals. Out of all the members of the St. John's Community, Gideon has found no one with better morals than Molly Roush. We hope than Molly will continue to interpret each of Gideons self indulgent Moon fables with a fitting moral.*



# Translation

## Answers:

EURIPIDES

This happens to be the dwelling of the renowned tragic poet Agathon.

KINSMAN

What Agathon do you mean?

EURIPIDES

There is an Agathon

KINSMAN

You don't mean the suntanned, strong one?

EURIPIDES

No, a different one. You've never seen him?

KINSMAN

Not the one with the full beard?

EURIPIDES

Well, you must have fucked him, though you might not know it. But let's hunker out of the way; one of his slaves is coming outside with brazier and myrtle sprigs, probably to make an offering for his master's success in poetic composition.

*Enter Agathon's Slave.*

SLAVE

Let the folk keep holy silence, gating the mouth, for here sojourns the holy company of Muses within the suzerain's halls, fashioning song. Let Aether windless hold its breath, and the whelming brine its boom, gray—

KINSMAN

Blah!

EURIPIDES

Ahhh! What's he say?

SLAVE

Let the feathered tribes lie down in rest, and the paws of wild beasts that course the woods be checked—

KINSMAN

Blah blah blah!

Send in your translations for valuable prizes!

## And For Next Time:

SLAVE

for that mellifluous Agathon, our champion, prepares—

KINSMAN

to get fucked?

SLAVE

Who uttered that?

KINSMAN

Windless Aether.

SLAVE

— to lay the keel of his inchoate drama. He's warping fresh strakes of verses; some he planes down, others he couples, minting aphorisms, swapping meanings, channeling wax and rounding the mold and funneling metal—

KINSMAN

and sucking cocks.

SLAVE

What yokel draws nigh the ramparts?

KINSMAN

One who's ready to take you and your mellifluous poet, and spin you around, and bend you over, and up your rampart funnel this cock of mine.

Paris at Night

Trois allumettes une à une allumées  
dans la nuit

La première pour voir ton visage  
tout entier

La seconde pour voir tes yeux

La dernière pour voir ta bouche

E l'obscurité tout entière pour me  
rappeler tout cela

En te serrant dans mes bras.

Alicante

Une orange sur la table

Ta robe sur le tapis

Et toi dans mon lit

Doux présent du présent

Fraîcheur de la nuit

Chaleur de ma vie

Jacques Prevert



# Freshman perspectives on

Some of the people I've talked to here at St. John's knew the moment they saw their first brochure that this would be the only school for them. After taking the PSAT my sophomore year, I was bombarded with information from many colleges I'd never heard of, much less wanted to attend. I received my first information about St. John's one day about two months into this new surge of mail. I sat in my kitchen and read the rather large packet all the way through, something I had not done before. I excitedly turned to my mom, tried to explain the novelty and brilliance of such a program, and received as my response a rather unenthusiastic nod that showed only that she was aware I was talking. I became more hesitant but still amazed that this one brochure among the many had sparked any kind of interest in me.

For the next two years I played with the idea of attending St. John's. Even after my tour of the campus the summer before my senior year I still wasn't convinced that this would be the school for me. My indecision about college led to my application to nine schools ranging in size, location, and reasons for applying (like Kalamazoo, in which I originally expressed interest because of the Dr. Seuss-ish name). Different schools floated in and out of my first choice school, but St. John's always remained in the background, not rated against the other schools but present as a daring choice; I could love St. John's or I could hate it like any other school, but picking St. John's in the first place would put me on a path which would be difficult to reverse. By the end of the year, I realized St. John's was an opportunity I couldn't pass up, so here I am now.

The summer after senior year had to be the most bittersweet I've ever experienced. Good friends and loving family members would soon be hundreds of miles away, or rather I would be hundreds of miles away from them in a town I'd only seen once before, and for only eight hours. A major and extremely happy section of my life had ended, and I was left to wait for three months for this completely new and perhaps not so joyous next section to begin. The waiting was the worst part, not really knowing what would happen: what if my roommate was crazy? What if my classes were over my head? What if I had made an idiotic decision placing myself at St. John's? I spent up to the very last day taking in sights and spending time with people from home who would soon be out of my reach. As I packed my life in preparation for the nine hour drive from Grand Junction, CO to Santa Fe, I questioned again if I had made the right decision. St. John's was a long way from home and any traditional school I could have attended, but I already was registered; I was going. The trip went as quickly as a nine-hour drive wedged between my stuff and my sleeping little sister can, and we were here. We spent the night in a hotel and came to St. John's the next morning.

After standing in registration lines for several hours, I found my dorm room without much difficulty. Moving in took much more effort. Even coming from an elevation of about 4500 feet, I huffed and puffed my stuff up and down the stairs several times until everything was brought up. The white walls glared at me, defiantly daring me to put up homey touches and break up the monotony. My

family took several pictures and hugged me several times before they went to explore Santa Fe and left me to attend several orientation activities. Those first few minutes I was alone in my dorm room, I was excited and nervous, but I was finally here. No more waiting to know how things would work out or if they would at all. I could finally begin learning.

I was amazed immediately by the dynamics of the classroom setting at St. John's. Yes, I understood the concept, but actually experiencing the class as a vital member of it is both more difficult and rewarding than I imagined. Each class is a conversation that cannot be recreated or explained, as I discovered when I tried to explain the first day of lab class to my brother-in-law; he laughed for several minutes straight when I said I examined nature for more than an hour in "the meadow." (I didn't bother to tell him I spent two hours examining one flower in lab class yesterday. The thought that I was genuinely interested for that long isn't completely comprehensible to me or at all communicable to non-Johnnies. I can hear their laughter and scoffs of disbelief now barely more audible than my own.) Somehow I'm enjoying it, and everyone else seems to be as well—though there are days when, if Euclid weren't already dead, I might be tempted to plan something, or times in Greek, as I struggle through the longest word I've ever dreaded pronouncing, that I think "what have I done?!" I'm still here. I've been here three weeks already. In that time, I've procrastinated on some of my homework, I've learned how to dance, how to knit, I've celebrated a birthday, and I've laughed past the point where



# ... St. John's College

I first saw the sun setting over the Sangre de Cristo mountain range on the Monday evening before classes began. My father and I climbed past the winding adobe neighborhoods in our rented Honda toward campus, and my duffel bags of clothing and books shifted in the backseat, still adorned with Albuquerque Sunport tags. Despite suggestions in various St. John's Admissions materials stressing the importance of an on-campus trip, I was one of the students who never visited either campus before deciding to attend. In fact, I never even visited the state of New Mexico, never mind Santa Fe. So, we approached the darkening campus and I eagerly studied my new home,

my stomach hurts several times (mostly thanks to my roommate who, though a little crazy, is delightfully so). And though I worried about being so in the beginning, I'm happy. I don't know that I'll ever be 100% sure this was the best choice for me, but I'm here; I'll be here for four years, and I'm looking forward to it.

*Trystan Popish is a freshman, and the Moon intern. In this capacity she has learned how to edit, write, file, collate, copy, scan, swear, help the layout staff with hangovers and procure rare Turkish birds for the Editor-in-Chief's fetish. She is a gem, and a talented one at that.*

a home I only knew from pamphlets, websites and books.

When we checked into the Radisson, the friendly hotel clerk asked if we were 'fresh off the plane.' I never liked that expression, considering that I never feel fresh after flying all day. I always thought 'stale' or 'sour' off the plane would be more appropriate. However, exploring Santa Fe for the first time, I did feel somehow refreshed by my surroundings. Gone was the humidity of a New England summer day that stuck my clothes to my body. The massiveness of the blue New Mexican sky stretched out before me, and the altitude, or perhaps just the quality of the sunlight, seemed to improve my vision. In the first days before orientation, my dad and I spent most of our time traveling in and around Santa Fe, which I appreciate in retrospect, considering how rarely I manage to get off-campus now.

It was strange to experience orientation for a second time, and it occasionally still throws me off that I am a freshman again after one year at a large university and another year of travel. Like *déjà vu* which improves with its second coming, I participated in the obligatory processes involved in a freshman orientation. Just as I did at Boston University, I introduced myself to new people and listened to their stories. Only this time, I did not have to actively seek out intelligent and interesting peers. They were all around me. I quickly realized that self-directed and talented individuals are not the exception at St. John's, they are the expectation. Like at BU, I attended my first class, but rather than sitting in a lecture of five hundred students in which the professor hands out a syllabus that

breaks down quiz and paper scores to a percentage of a final grade, I sat in a small and thoughtful group of students and discussed virtue. College parties used to take place in crowded Boston basements, now they are on a mountain peak.

Although I wrote for BU's daily student newspaper, now there is a strong possibility that I will one day interact with most students who read my writing. I've lost a sense of anonymity and the scope of my immediate world is suddenly a lot smaller.

Of course, there are aspects about Boston that I miss, now that I live on a hill. I feel somewhat disconnected from the current events of the outside world. I miss feeling connected to my city and community. However, the atmosphere at St. John's allows for a focus on studies, and tranquility. There used to be car accidents outside of my dorm in Boston. Now, there is an apple tree.

**Laura Waleryczak** is a freshman.

*As often happens, she caught the first note of St. John's siren song while matriculating at another college.*

*Welcome, Laura.*



# Liam Gallagher & the Death

Have I accomplished anything recently? Well, about a month ago I watched a tubby Japanese guy in a billowing cowl air guitar to a metal version of "Flight of the Bumble Bee" on Steve Harvey's Big Time. In retrospect, I feel this degrades both myself and Mr. Harvey. And as for the first question, the answer is assuredly "no."

With having accomplished little to nothing recently, I've been thinking too much. This inevitably leads to resentment. So: You know what really burns me? Like, seething volcanic hatred that just spills from my pores? Well, the state of contemporary music for one thing, but to a more specific extent, the state of the lead singer.

You see, I flip to MTV about, say, a couple times a day and I always regret it. Whether it's the shameless interminable parade of Real World/Road Rules re-runs or Jessica Simpson breaking my gentle spirit as is her fashion, I end up scolding myself to stop checking MTV and promise never to return.

Alas.

You see, between those Real World/Road Rules reruns or Mrs. Simpson's latest plucky mangling of the English language, there's the odd video. Very occasionally. Unfortunately, an MTV-approved music video is often infinitely worse than those other two.

If I may take a shot at what you're thinking, I'd go with: "Denouncing MTV in a campus newspaper? Surely no one's broken ground quite like this. ...How utterly passé." Or, perhaps: "Here another critic goes, convinced she's less susceptible to the zeitgeist than 'regular' people and writing snarky ironically-self aware editorials just to make priggishly sure we're aware of it too."

Well, little from column A, little from column B, actually. And if you were thinking either of those things, that's totally lame. Nobody thinks like that.

Anyway. There was a video on the other day by an "alterna" emo rock outfit called Story of the Year. I think the very nature of blandness requires that it not physically hurt, but somehow this video gave me a headache, which by extension was almost as exceedingly dull as said video. And the music. And the band.

I watched the clip for all of forty seconds, and I think I got something about CGI crows and murky filters and whining. And the word 'anthem' somewhere in there. Whatever. My

problem wasn't with the melody or the lyrics or the visuals. It was worse than that.

What I want to know is who told this loser he could front a rock band?

- 1) Charisma? Sorely lacking.
- 2) Attitude? None to speak of.
- 3) Scintillating good looks? Maybe for a doughy high school A/V nerd who's written you reams of poetry but whose name you're not quite clear on.
- 4) A voice like a punch in the chest? Forgettable.
- 5) Sexually threatening? About as much so as Jon Bon Jovi in his lavender stretch pants.

Why is it so hard to understand that if you're going to be a lead singer for any sort of musical outfit involving one or more guitars -- as in a "rock" outfit -- you must abide by the laws? Because of course there are laws.

Here's the shortlist of characteristics one needs to make a good rock lead singer: Looks, attitude, charisma, some sense of peril, and a voice like he's spent the whole night prior drinking whiskey and snorting illicit substances off a prostitute's backside. ...Because he HAS.

You might guess where this is going.

Say what you want about Oasis, but Liam Gallagher is one of the last surviving great frontmen. The kind that makes you anxious about buying tickets because he could flip out at any moment before hitting the stage and call the whole thing off. The kind that drinks while he plays and snarls the most soapy, sweetly ornate lyrics that Noel Gallagher can rhyme through all the quaaludes. The only way you can take a lyric like "don't go away / say what you say / say that you'll stay / forever and a day" seriously is if the guy singing doesn't either and is too loaded to give a shit. Liam Gallagher looks, acts, and sounds like a lead singer. And you know what? A little piece of the soul of rock'n roll is slumbering somewhere in his throat because of it.

That's right. Modern music had taken the Lead Singer -- the vox in Gallagher's case -- and turned him into the Guy Who Gets to Stand Next to Carson Daly the Longest During Promo Stops on TRL. Useless, indistinct, and boring. Sometimes so audacious as to have a potbelly. Is it so damn much to ask that



# of the Lead Singer



at least one of you pricks can carry a tune and have magnificent cheek bones? The whole slouching ineffectual lot of you look the same, wear the same high tops, write the same sad-eyed lyrics about girls who break up with you and more than a healthy portion of you have gauged ears. You tremendous assholes.

The lead singer's job is NOT to just stand there with a guitar and look blank. That's the damn guitarist's job. How have we sunk so low that the difference between a lead singer and a guitarist is a microphone? It seems bands like Newfound Glory, Story of the Year, Dashboard Confessional (ESPECIALLY Dashboard Confessional), those ridiculous twins from Good Charlotte, most of Canada, and Hoobastank exist solely to make music suck a little harder. ...And cover the theme from "Fraggle Rock" once in a while. That's hilarious guys, really. I mean, speeding up the tempo like that? Clever!

Remember when a lead singer was a Lead Fucking Singer? Remember Bon Scott? Remember what Robert Plant allegedly did to those Zeppelin groupies with the pieces of dead shark? Perhaps (the old, pre-botox) Axl Rose is the most ostensible example of this dying breed. They just don't make em like they used to.

Look at Richard Ashcroft (of the Verve), one of the ugliest abominations ever. He was a real Lead Singer. He didn't care that he looked like a donkey's corpse with a nose broken several times over, he still walked around like he was God's gift to groupies. Mick Jagger was a Lead Singer (natch). Even Scott Bondy, who's a tall lanky snaggle-toothed ugly creature, pulls it off with a voice so resolutely sexy and an attitude so disaffected that it works just fine. Hell, the Lead Singer even got its own cartoonish pop parody in Billy Idol.

For example, think of a band like Fuel. Man. Fuel really suck. But when you think harder, when you really get down to the long and the short of it, they don't suck that bad. Why? Because lead singer Brett Scallions is a stone fox who drinks beer and wears leather pants and would nail your girlfriend if she got backstage. Brett Scallions bleaches his hair and preens and sometimes even paints his nails black... But, Brett Scallions knows that there's more to fronting a rock band than getting to bang Winona Ryder. And for this, Fuel should be appreciated. ...Well, no. But at least acknowledged.

But Liam Gallagher is the standard by which we set our watches and our clocks. And you know what the best part is? Liam Gallagher's also kind of a nancy boy. I mean, the man is like 5'10" with a shoe size of maybe 8, and he shakes a tambourine and beds benignant blonde pop-stars. But wait; you show me a man better suited to fronting a rock'n roll band that sings about cocaine and groupies and giving up on giving a shit, and I'll show you Jim Morrison. Only less spoken word and ruffled pirate shirts.

This article is by no means calling for credibility given to Oasis. In fact, Oasis -- still the poor man's Beatles -- haven't written a listenable album since 1994 (I blame sobriety). But that's not the point. The point is that Liam Gallagher has a unibrow and a shag haircut and aviators and a closet full of leather jackets and razor stubble on his face and he doesn't care. Liam Gallagher went on TRL completely wasted and slurred to Carson Daly that he was feeling "godlike." Liam Gallagher is a pasty English guy who named his son Gene and Liam Gallagher is still more rock'n roll than you've ever looked at.

THAT is a lead singer.

So. What the hell happened to music? How did it get like this? I blame the E! channel, I blame the popularity of inoffensive pop-rock, and chiefly I blame Jessica Simpson getting a multi-million dollar sponsorship deal with Chicken of the Sea for thinking that their tuna was in fact chicken.

Man. Dennis Miller once said "I rant therefore I am." But Dennis Miller is also kind of a douche bag, so forget I said anything. Well, in any case, I'm done. As for those of you skimming, I'll just concise it right up:

Liam Gallagher once got drunk in the street and put a condom on his tongue and had a picture taken by the paparazzi while Bono sucked it off.

...Somewhere, the guy who sings the songs in Saves the Day is rocking himself back and forth in a corner. He knows he's an imposter. His time will come.

*Ashley Cardiff is a freshman, and knows all the lyrics to "Sir Psycho Sexy." The Editor-in-Chief fancies his musical taste both expansive and refined. He is properly rebuked.*



Of course, there are those like Rudolph Steiner (who founded the Waldorf School philosophy) and Maria Montessori who have led crusades for more soulful education. But they and countless other revolutionaries remain on the fringe of near-obscure. To this day, our students still retain an ignorance of most metaphysical things. Schools are but farms in which we grow our future - a shady one where capitalism takes control and adults are content never to have to explore the greater world. While Rousseau divided education by gender, we do so by culture, sub-culture, race, and other larger divisions. Through this, we make it impossible for us to really connect with each-other, or even to wish to.

This has all got to change.

In these days, we are shocked by movies like *Thirteen*. We marvel at how disassociated and lost teenagers become, but really - why marvel? The reasons are right before us. No doubt, there are many things that strongly affect our country's youth, and one of the most nefarious is our educational system, as it stands today. It's no wonder there are kids, yes, even in Santa Fe, who lead lives of drugs, sex, violence, when one comprehends what our schools do to them.

It is imperative, especially now, that education as we know it sees some real reform. In our time, we are taught to trust our material perception; we are shown how to make the grade without making the effort; we are allowed to forget about ourselves - our true beings; we are led to a world where our peers construct our self-images for us, and where we care not a whit about our true identities. We're not really being informed, but robotized.

Naturally the needed education to convert this is one outside the school, but how can we see the trees if the forest of neglect bombards us wherever we go.

A collection of Thomas Jefferson's writings on education is cleverly called Crusade Against Ignorance. But a profound and lasting question is: Really, who will crusade against education, as it is in our country in this era. Who will destroy the degrading status quo of our poor, misguided students?

Student Activities Center. Space is very limited so no cats will be allowed.

That's all for this week, so if you'll excuse me I have to go to the doctor. I think I pulled something on that last Persian Longhair. (Twelve meters aint bad, though.)

Cobalt Blue a.k.a Swinger of Cats among Men

College Events -- "Have cat will swing"

---

## Correct This!

Aristophanes is always trying to trick his readers. As it turns out, the Thesmophoriazusa is much longer than a page. We're sorry we had not discovered this sooner and billed it as only an excerpt of Thesmophoriazusa.

It's come to our attention, that contrary to Chris' caption to Erin Enouen's article, there is no mention of tofu in the text. But, as we all know, Chris has tofu on the brain. If we had not restrained him, the caption might have looked like this: Tofu Ms. Tofu's tofu does not tofu for bacon, the tofu and tofu tofu is way more tofu. We're also terribly sorry Erin's article was truncated at the end; we're sorry as well for all those who attempted the incomplete recipe and experienced minor explosion. No you don't mix the removed eggs with plastique.

Yes, we know our last few pages seemed blank...but they weren't. You see, it was all part of our master-plan to print some of our issue with conceptual ink. This clever liquid is like invisible ink, but a bit more effective. So glad, you noticed.

The photo of Gideon as a sumo wrestler was birthed from the loins and mind of Jesse Lasser.

We're sorry the Moon needs so many corrections, but what to expect when we, the Moon staff, also need corrective treatment?



# St. John's Works & Days

	<p align="center"><b>Sept. 22</b></p> <p>Blood Drive, 11-3:30, JCR Kickboxing Cardio Style, 12-1, SAC main courts Moon Meeting, 12:15, CS Life Drawing Workshops, 2:30-4:30 Brazilian Jiu-jitsu, 6-7 Search and Rescue meeting, 6:30, JCR Ballroom dancing lessons, 8, GH</p>	<p align="center"><b>Sept. 23</b></p> <p>Tai Chi, 7:30-8:30 am, by fish pond Lunch Time Basketball, 12-1, SAC French Conversation Group, 12-1, PDR Fencing, 5-6, SAC hallway or racquetball court Tai Chi, 6-7:30 pm, GH Viennese Waltzing Lessons, after seminar, GH</p>	<p align="center"><b>Sept. 24</b></p> <p>Kickboxing Cardio Style, 12-1, SAC main courts Intramural Sports, 4:15-6, gym or soccer field Public Speaking Study Group, 5:10-6:10, PDR Lecture "A Poem of Emily Dickinson", 8, GH</p>
<p align="center"><b>Sept. 25</b></p> <p>Ashtanga Yoga, 1-4, JCR Ultimate Frisbee, 2-4, Soccer field Music with Dinner, Kristy Kruegar 5:30, DH Bridge, 10:15, CS</p>	<p align="center"><b>Sept. 26</b></p> <p>Yoga class, 10:30, JCR Learn Perl, 2, CS</p>	<p align="center"><b>Sept. 27</b></p> <p>Tai Chi, 7:30-8:30 am, by fish pond Kickboxing Cardio Style, 12-1, SAC main courts Fencing, 5-6, SAC hallway or racquetball court Viennese Waltzing Lessons, after seminar, GH Bridge, 10:15, CS</p>	<p align="center"><b>Sept. 28</b></p> <p>Pottery, 4-6, FAB Intramural Sports, 4:15-6, gym or soccer field Modern Dance Class, 7, SAC racquetball courts</p>
<p align="center"><b>Sept. 29</b></p> <p>Kickboxing Cardio Style, 12-1, SAC main courts Life Drawing Workshops, 2:30-4:30 Search and Rescue meeting, 6:30, JCR Ballroom dancing lessons, 8, GH</p>	<p align="center"><b>Sept. 30</b></p> <p>Tai Chi, 7:30-8:30 am, by fish pond Fencing, 5-6, SAC hallway or racquetball court Tai Chi, 6-7:30 pm, GH Viennese Waltzing Lessons, after seminar, GH</p>	<p align="center"><b>Oct. 1</b></p> <p>Gallery Talk - "Dan and Margaret Kelly" by Mari Grana, 5:30-6, JCR Art Show opens - "Reflections on New Mexico Life Well-lived", 5-8 p.m. -runs through Oct. 25, AG Moon Deadline 6 PM, email <a href="mailto:moon@sjcsf.edu">moon@sjcsf.edu</a> Santa Fe Pro Musica Woodwind Quintet concert, 8, GH</p>	<p align="center"><b>Oct. 2</b></p> <p>Fall Aspen Day-Hike Ultimate Frisbee, 2-4, Soccer field Bridge, 10:15, CS</p>
<p align="center"><b>Oct. 3</b></p> <p>Yoga class, 10:30, JCR "Agamemnon" performed by Univ. of Utah Theater Group, 2, LP</p>	<p align="center"><b>Oct. 4</b></p> <p>Tai Chi, 7:30-8:30 am, by fish pond Kickboxing Cardio Style, 12-1, SAC main courts Fencing, 5-6, SAC hallway or racquetball court Viennese Waltzing Lessons, after seminar, GH Bridge, 10:15, CS</p>	<p align="center"><b>Oct. 5</b></p> <p>Pottery, 4-6, FAB Intramural Sports, 4:15-6, gym or soccer field Modern Dance Class, 7, SAC racquetball courts Symbolic History, "Nature, the Perspective Field: A Heraclitean Celebration, 8, PDR</p>	<p align="center"><b>Oct. 6</b></p> <p>Rafting Trip Signup, 8 AM, SAC Moon meeting, 12:15, CS Kickboxing Cardio Style, 12-1, SAC main courts Search and Rescue meeting, 6:30, JCR Ballroom dancing lessons, 8, GH</p>
<p align="center"><b>Oct. 7</b></p> <p>Tai Chi, 7:30-8:30 am, by fish pond Fencing, 5-6, SAC hallway or racquetball court Tai Chi, 6-7:30 pm, GH Viennese Waltzing Lessons, after seminar, GH</p>	<p align="center"><b>Oct. 8</b></p> <p>Kickboxing Cardio Style, 12-1, SAC main courts Lunchtime Concert, Peter Pesic, 12:10-1, JCR Intramural Sports, 4:15-6, gym or soccer field Lecture - "On Reading Hegel Before the Age of Eighty", 8, GH</p>	<p align="center"><b>Oct. 9</b></p> <p>Ultimate Frisbee, 2-4, Soccer field "Devil and Daniel Webster" performed by Chrystostomos, 8, GH (tickets \$5) Bridge, 10:15, CS</p>	



# Haiku Personals

denser than Dedekind, yet  
more spare than Flaubert

soft-eyed gym pixie  
swing that kettle-ball my way  
but please, be gentle  
690-7439

Wanted: Hegel fan  
for lordship or for bondage  
self-conscious a plus

please hitch up your pants  
it's more than a man can take  
thong tha-thong thong thong

slay me a dragon  
fetch a rainbow's pot of gold  
Sir Knight, prove your worth  
x4355

I, spurned once, You thought  
solitude preferable  
didn't wait to see  
x4071

Your books in one hand  
Diet coke and cigarette  
The other one holds.  
x4218

Best cheesecake in town  
Wasted on a date with you  
I'm not getting laid

4 bottles of wine fail me  
Alone, broke, I cry, jerk off

#### Editor's Note:

*The above is an example of a haiku in Tanka form. Tanka haiku are characterized by a "couplet"—two lines of seven syllables apiece—following the main body of the haiku, usually containing the term "jerk off."*

*'vec toi dans mon lit*  
I find my quietude in  
these moments after

hey keg-man  
my cup is small; the line, long  
fill 'til I say "when"

Are they bare, full arms?  
Or full bear arms, I wonder,  
Hippopotamus.  
x4324

Hi, I'm a Senior.  
Kant, Maxwell- I've read them all.  
Wanna go make out?

## Join us, or be Uncool

As the year begins, the Moon Editorial Staff has the distinction of actually having staff members who are not editors. But they are few. So the call is going out for anyone interested in reporting, critiquing, photography, cartooning, publishing, layout, editing, cooking, living, drinking, being, or staying-at-work-being-themselves

If interested contact

Jonathan Morgan 690-7439 or  
Adam Willson x4324

# Quotes taken out of context

We solved the mystery of the  
herd of virgins.

—Simon Navarrette, *on the Freshman class*

What are those two sexy people  
doing lying on the grass?

Just being beautiful?

—Freshmen, *on themselves*

I was conceived

in a tank.

—Felicitas Steinhoff, *on why East Germany Rocks*

You're sucking the  
ketchup out of the  
packet!

—Chris Harris, *to the guy who was*

With my girlfriend,

it's not sugar, it's nuclear warfare.

—Name withheld to protect the guilty

Do you have an extra cigarette?

Nope, this time the pack only came with 20.

—Ryan Thompson to Guthrie Graylobe, *on Relativity*

Mr. Ingham, you might notice a  
me-shaped absence  
in class this afternoon.

—Jonathan Morgan, *On the phenomenon of negative space*

What am I  
marinated in?

—Aran Donovan, *on Aramark*

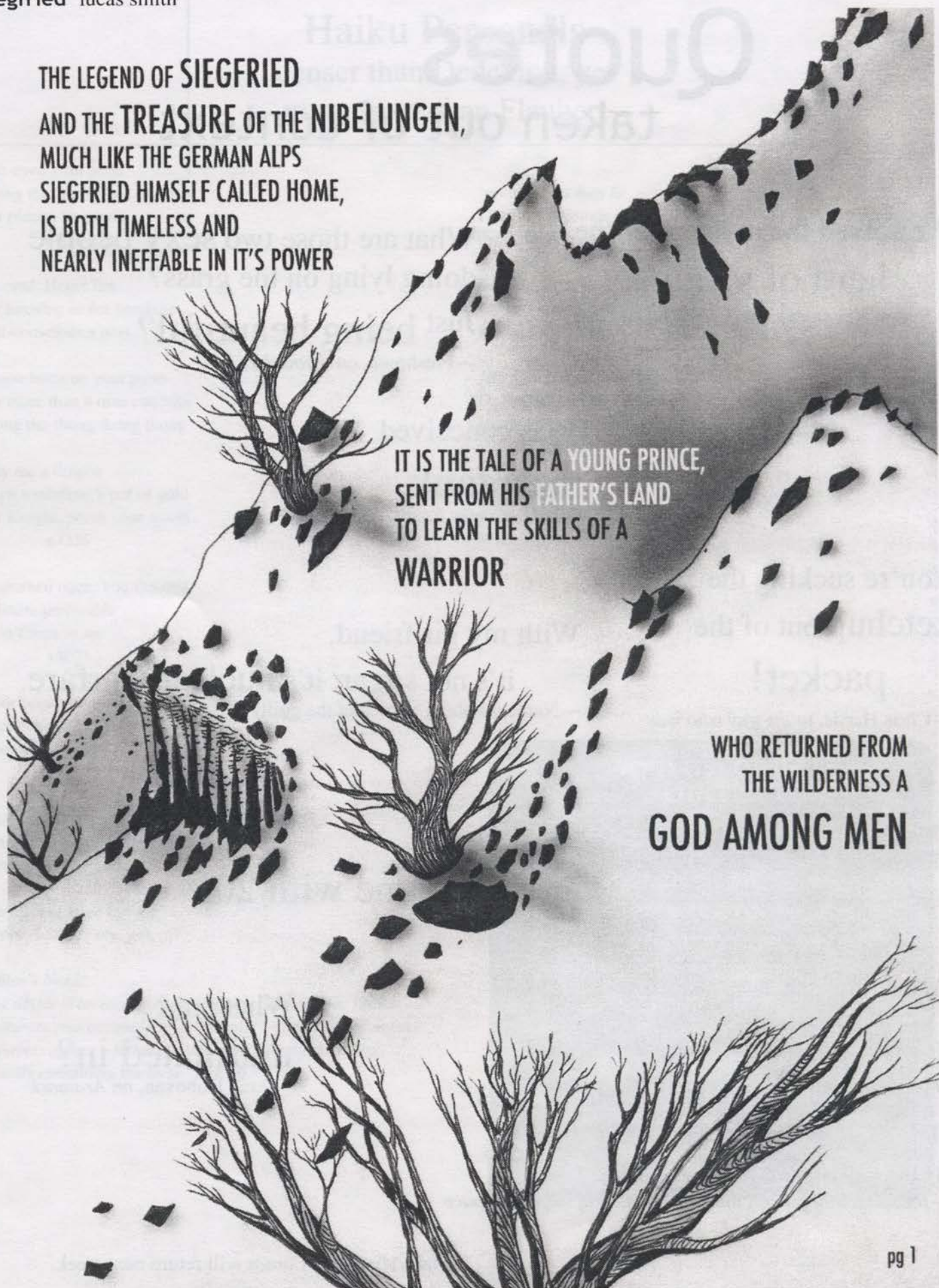
Blake Hindley's *Cantos* will return next week.



THE LEGEND OF SIEGFRIED  
AND THE TREASURE OF THE NIBELUNGEN,  
MUCH LIKE THE GERMAN ALPS  
SIEGFRIED HIMSELF CALLED HOME,  
IS BOTH TIMELESS AND  
NEARLY INEFFABLE IN IT'S POWER

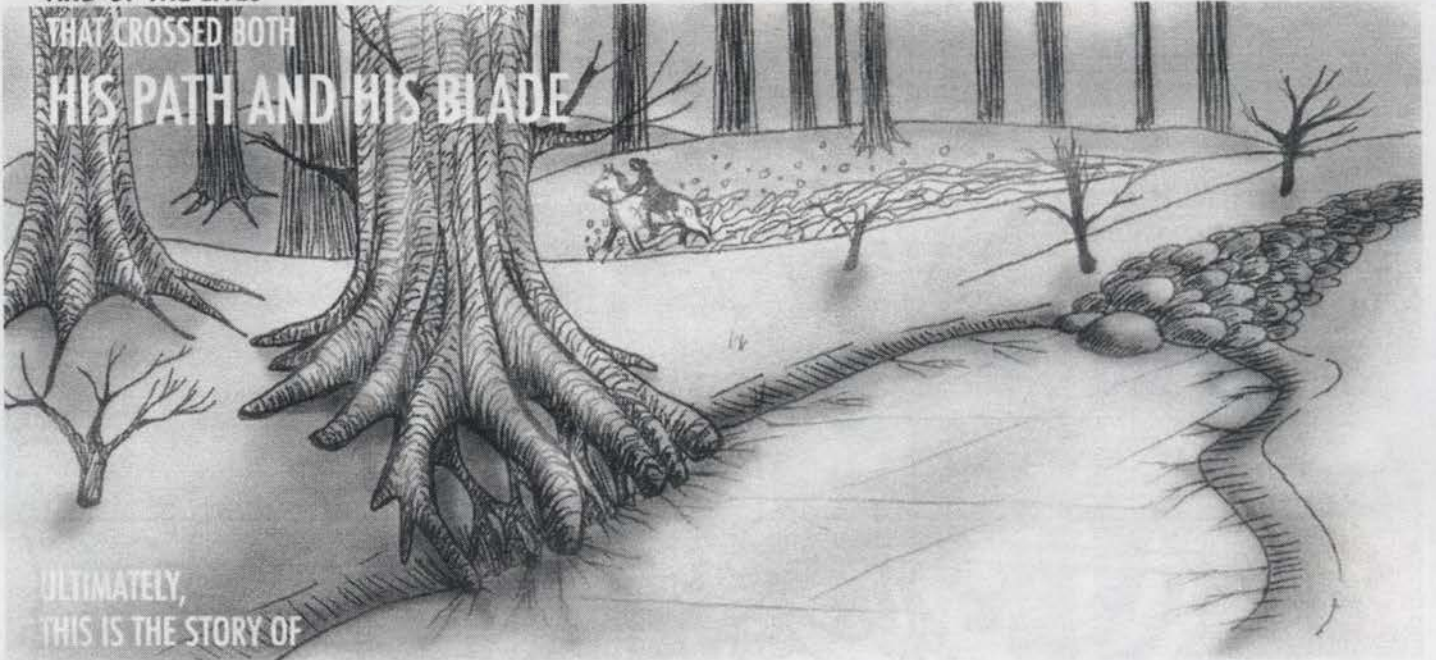
IT IS THE TALE OF A YOUNG PRINCE,  
SENT FROM HIS FATHER'S LAND  
TO LEARN THE SKILLS OF A  
WARRIOR

WHO RETURNED FROM  
THE WILDERNESS A  
GOD AMONG MEN



THIS IS A RETELLING OF  
SIEGFRIED'S ADVENTURES  
AND OF THE LIVES

THAT CROSSED BOTH  
**HIS PATH AND HIS BLADE**



ULTIMATELY,  
THIS IS THE STORY OF

THE **FATE** OF THE  
**NIBELUNGEN**



# Officer Chipman

## 1997-2004



Earlier this month, Officer Charlie Chipman left us for greener pastures, leaving his mark on this campus and on our hearts. Officer Chipman has been intimately involved in all our lives for the last few years—he has checked our i.d.'s, unlocked our dorm rooms, ticketed our cars, and occasionally even turned a blind eye to occasional activities of ours (activities which may have been against the letter of the *St. John's Student Handbook*, but were very much in keeping with the spirit of the school).

While those of us who were around way back in 2001 may remember Officer Chipman as "The Tow King of Santa Fe", the last few years have shown the softer side of Charlie. Who hasn't had the urge to hum the tune of "Raindrops keep fallin' on my head" as Officer Chipman glides gracefully by on his bicycle?

Officer Chipman is now running security patrols for the Eldorado housing development and "is very happy", according to one of his former co-workers. The *Moon* staff salutes Officer Chipman for his contribution to our community. Farewell, Charlie—we'll miss ya.