

THE MOON

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LETTERS *to the moon*

To the College Community:

As the holidays approach, I sit here on my front porch feeling sentimental. I am reminiscing perhaps because I am feeling content and satisfied, or perhaps because I spend a lot of time sitting on my front porch. Right now my front porch is in Sant d'Eau, a large unimproved community in the Central Plateau of Haiti. I have a nice house; it is cement, has windows, doors, a bed, a kitchen of sorts, and every once in a while electricity. I could go on and on about my daily life, but that's not why I'm writing this letter. I'm writing this letter to say thanks to all the folks who have helped me out along the way, in whatever manner that may have occurred, and to say a big hellow to everybody in and around St. John's College. So, in the spirit of directness, "Thank you" and "Hello!" Now I'll fill everyone in a little on what I'm doing. First of all, I'm in the Peace Corps. I swore in as a volunteer November 24, 1999, the day before Thanksgiving, so I'll be here for two years. My program is Agro-Forestry Extension, and I'll be working largely with two organizations: PADF (Pan American Development Foundation), an international organization funded by the US government, and CODAIS (Comité pour le Développement Agricole Intégré de Sant d'Eau), the local peasant organization. I'll be working with a tree nursery that supplies mango and reforestation trees to local peasants, with local school children to teach them environmental education, and with the local farmers to help them diversify their crops from sorghum and beans to include vegetables. Also, I'll be helping a women's group market their barrettes and earrings made from coconut shells. Aside from working, I'll be improving my basic Kreyòl, visiting the beach in Jacmel for New Year's, dancing the konpa, attending voodoo ceremonies, visiting the waterfall in my backyard, and attending both the Catholic and Baptist churches regularly. My other activities will include bucket bathing, drinking awesome juice, eating lots of rice and beans, visiting my latrine often, sleeping under my mosquito net, boiling all of my drinking water, and trying to visit all the other volunteers here in Haiti. In my short time here, I've lived with and become a special part of three families. I already have good friends, and feel accepted into the community. I am thankful for everyone's hospitality, and look forward to becoming a closer member of this community. So, I'm doing fine, I'm happy, healthy for the most part, and hope everyone reading this is, too.

—Missy Phifer, SF99
Bureau Postal
Sant d'Eau
à la Commune Locale
Haiti, West Indies

HOW TO USE THERAPY

by Jan Arsenaault and Jan Boyer

In an ongoing effort to communicate to the College community what we're doing, we offer here a few thoughts about what therapy and counseling are, and about how students might think about using the services we provide.

There are many ways of using therapy. Often one comes into the first session of therapy not knowing whether to work for a short term, a long term, or just for one session to pull things together. Not knowing what you want is not a problem. In fact, identifying what is needed is a most important part of the process. Sometimes it takes a few sessions to determine what is needed and how much commitment there is to working on it.

For example, one session of therapy may be useful to sort things out when you feel overwhelmed. You might want to figure out what is a "big deal" and what is a "little deal," and to understand more about your feelings. This alone may be enough to restore a sense

of well-being.

Beyond that, you may feel a need for a few more sessions to clarify priorities and choices around a particular situation or issue. Examples of these concerns are relationships, academic pressure, stress, family, communication skills, self-esteem, and life choices. In many cases, a few sessions can provide insight into how to work with yourself or others in these situations.

In other cases, long standing patterns of behavior and beliefs may need to be addressed over a longer period of time. These old patterns can cause emotional pain and enjoyment on a day-to-day basis. The goal of longer-term therapy is to understand and acknowledge feelings, gain information from all aspects of yourself, and increase the ability to see possibilities in areas where perhaps before there seemed only limitations.

The essential component of effective therapy is that you experience safety, support, confidentiality, and room to grow. It is our

goal to provide this atmosphere for you.

A couple of reminders:

Jan Boyer: 982-4322
Jan Arsenaault: 983-2137

Since our hours on campus are limited, we appreciate 24-hour notice for appointment changes or cancellations, so someone else can use that time.

We thoroughly enjoy working with you, and would like to hear from you if you have suggestions about how we can best serve the College community.

DEATHMATCH 2000 CANCELLED

We know that there are a lot of individuals who are looking forward to another deathmatch this year and have been wondering what's been going on with it. For all those people who wanted once more to bask in the glow of hard core violence, we hate to tell you this, but the match has been cancelled by the administration. To give a quick background on the circumstances, the sophomores who are putting on reality decided to put the question of the deathmatch to a vote among their classmates, in true Johnny fashion, to determine whether or not to hold another one. Ms. Basia Miller found out about this and told them, in no uncertain terms, that they couldn't do it, vote or not.

When we found out about this turn of events, I met with Ms. Miller, hoping to clear up any uncertainties regarding safety, which we had understandably thought was the most pressing issue. You can imagine my surprise when I realized that the main concern was one of ideology and not safety at all. It turns out that in Ms. Miller's opinion, "There is too much violence in this country, and we have to ask ourselves why, and maybe we should stop encouraging it." I have a very high opinion of Ms. Miller, and respect her greatly, but I had to fight the overwhelming urge my jaw had to hit the floor upon hearing that sentence. Is the deathmatch really responsible for the downfall of western civilization? Not the last time we checked. We grant that continual exposure to violence might have an adverse effect on young, impressionable children. However, as adults we have reached a point where we no longer need our parents or the administration leaning over our shoulders waiting to change the channel should something we "shouldn't" see flash across the screen.

In the college's opinion, violence is wrong. That's a perfectly reasonable opinion to have, but it is only an opinion. And as opinions go, Ms. Miller's has shown itself to be inconsistent. For example, despite her ban on violence, Killer will continue, as will Mud Wrestling and Spartan Mad Ball. These events are traditional, she said. Are we then to understand that violence that is embedded in the system is okay? Spartan Mad Ball is easily the most violent, brutal event this school hosts, as anyone who has participated can attest. Likewise, every year someone winds up getting hurt in the Mud Wrestling pit. I would much rather take a chair to the head then have an errant, drunken elbow

smack me in the teeth, but that is my opinion.

When it comes down to it, the school has decided that it has the right to dictate what is morally acceptable to the student body. The administration has chosen to take a stand against violence. Now, while we may not believe the



administration has any right to tell me what I can or cannot watch, we can respect the intention behind such a stance. But we ask you, which is worse in terms of violence: A group of guys actively trying to beat the tar out of each other,

or two guys who are only PRETENDING to do so? We would like the administration to apply their wisdom to this and find a solution.

We are not saying everyone has to like the deathmatch. Many people hated it. But the majority wanted another, and the students who are supposed to be in charge of reality, much less the rest of the college community, weren't even given the choice. In Ms. Miller's words, "They don't get to vote." And even the match's detractors must admit that it is much better to let their peers decide for themselves what to do than to have the administrators dictate morality to us. We are thinking creatures, as much as the administration might like to forget that sometimes, and quite capable of determining right and wrong for ourselves.

We sincerely hope that this can be resolved and that the match continues as originally planned. Along with many others, We have put a lot of time and effort into this match. We had some neat (and very safe this time, we promise) things planned and it would be a shame for all that to go to waste. Even if it doesn't, we hope this isn't the first in a long series of attempts to enforce an ideology upon us. If the school gets away with this gambit, maybe they'll try again down the line. We shudder to think what this school will be like in a few years if the white-washing continues . . .

If anyone out there reading this (at least someone must have) is even a little upset about the fate of our little deathmatch, please, by all means complain to the administration.

Film Society Submissions

Well, it's official, folks! The time for Film Society Submissions has come! If you have any great ideas about what type of movie your typical St. John's student would benefit from, or would thoroughly enjoy (these two areas are usually mutually exclusive), now is the time to make your voice heard! We are accepting submissions for next year's movies until April 7th, NO EXCEPTIONS. You can drop off your submissions in campus mail, addressed to me, Giovanna Vecchitto, or, we will also have a suggestion box available at all Saturday night showings so you can drop

them off there as well. Remember, we need your suggestions, or else you will have to be subjected to my whim, which will mainly consist of all Prince movies, all the time. (Scare ya?)

—Giovanna Vecchitto

A WRONG TURN IN THE DARK WOODS

CANTO I.

BY ED CONWAY, '02

Midway on my journey of indoctrination into the holy light of logic, I came to in the middle of a darkened woods. I remembered only that, on this night of nights, I had partaken perhaps too much of the holy wine of "Symposium" Mass. Somehow, I had wandered from the True Path of Reason, and found myself in the vicinity of this year's "Ark Party".

Before me stood a large, rather unkempt fellow who menaced me, and thence started to recite poetry. "Two paths diverged in the woods, and I, I took the one less..."

Verily did I flee before this evil visage, for oft had I heard of those poor souls who listened to the demon of Non-Program-Thought, and never found the true path again.

But when I turned around, I saw myself menaced by the twin forms of Faulty-Program-Logic and Pre-Aristotelian-Logic.

Thence I cried out to the great Prime Mover in the sky, and beseeched the One True Thinker to lend me His Wisdom. There was a crash, and a short Italian man landed

at my feet. Upon seeing him, the evil monsters fled, for, as all Higher Beings know, his name was Dante, and he was a Poet Among Men. Unfortunately for me, Dante was in a higher state of intoxication than I. Thus the drunk led the drunk down towards the Holy Campus.

The Campus, strangely enough, had been reversed, so that, by some miraculous intervention of Divine Logic, we ended up at the gates to Lower Dorms. These dread gates were barred shut, and from them hung the sign of dread: "Abandon all Logic, ye who enter here."

I shivered in the cold, and turned to my Master and Guide for reassurance. It was then that I noticed the crowd of fluttering shades, which howled in the cold night.

"Master, what Shades be these? I know them not?"

"These be the Shades of those who lived in the dark ages betwixt Aristotle and the coming of the great Program. They are forever barred from entering the fires within."

"Then how shall we enter? For you were

born in that sad age of darkness, and I be but a mere drunken sophomore."

"We shall seek aid for the Holy Ones." Thus spake Dante, and knelt to pray. "Oh Thinker and Great Ones who art in Weigle, hallowed be Thy Names, Thy Thought be known, Thy Words repeated, send us a sign!"

Behold, thence the heavens opened up, and down came a member of the First Choir of Angel's: Security. And then did the Angel open the door, and allow Dante and I to enter. The Shades around us pushed forward, but yea were they denied entrance. The Angel-Person of Security ascended back into Heaven, leaving the disgruntled Shades to mutter about coming down to France sometime for a reward.

Once inside the Lower-Regions, we beheld a fearsome sight: all around us, small groups of Shades debated and fought over different points.

"These are the Pre-Socratics," Dante said in answer to my unspkoen question. "They are doomed to forever wander this fell region, bereft of mention in the Holy Pro-

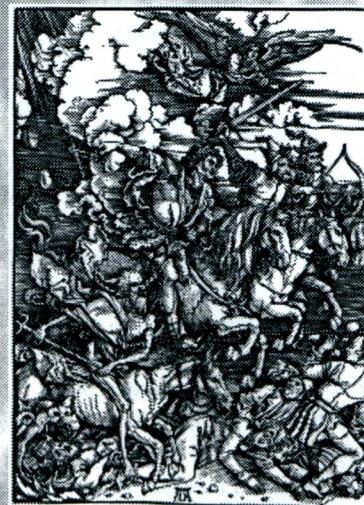
SIGNS OF THE APOCALYPSE

by Adrian Lucia, '00

The *Signs of the Apocalypse* Committee for the Response to Public Concern and Complaints would like, after a three-month period of debate and deliberation, to respond briefly to Ms. Lauren Sweeney's letter to *The Moon* criticizing the column. First, Ms. Sweeney, who seems to accuse the author of a petty intellectual nihilism, has not seemed to notice the column's self-mocking irony—partly, of course, because this irony has not been made perfectly plain. Secondly, Ms. Sweeney has not done her research—also understandable, given the College's ahistorical format. She writes that "the earliest *Signs* columns ... had a knack for exposing the peculiarities and the hypocrisies of the modern world," while the more recent columns are "tainted with a fever ... that is more than mere irony, the reigning affliction of the times." Ms. Sweeney goes on to point out the "cheap targets" of corporate criticism, and worries that "it is our families and ourselves being exposed." In fact, the earliest *Signs* columns did in fact attack these "cheap targets" (Wal-Mart and Bank of America were the subjects of the first two), while later the author has attempted to direct his observations at less obvious and blatantly repulsive "targets". Third, *Signs of the Apocalypse* simply does not believe that the "real Apocalypse ... will come in the smug intellectual hypocrisy" that Ms. Sweeney clumsily claims "we all" toss around without "self consciousness and elegance." That the ever-escalating corporate homogenization of the wealthy countries and the exploitation of those in the 'third world' is a path of suicidal blandness—*this* is the kind of apocalypse at which we direct our criticism. Why Ms. Sweeney thinks this is necessarily a pompous condemnation and betrayal of our friends and families seems unclear.

One last point... *Signs of the Apocalypse* wishes to make clear that its aim is not to promote a petty, mumbling cynicism, but rather to excite consumer action and awareness within the College community. We all confront basic consumer choices every day: whether to shop at Whole Foods or Albertson's instead of The Marketplace or Kaune's; whether to patronize Starbucks instead of Ohori's or the Aztec Street Café, and so on. These choices are simple, and *Signs of the Apocalypse* only hopes that they are made with

consideration or, as Ms. Sweeney puts it, "self-consciousness and elegance." And although we at *Signs* fell somewhat isolated in our opinions, the great success of the World Trade Organization protests in Seattle tells us otherwise.



Albrecht Dürer
The Four Riders of the Apocalypse

ASK DAVE ADVICE-KOPF

by David Weiskopf, '01

gram.”

As he said this, a pack made up of Heraclitus' followers ran up to us, bearing torches and yelling about the non-existence of Coherent Thought. They strung up and burned an effigy of Pythagoras, to which the Pythagorean crowd responded by shredding all copies of Heraclitus' works.

We left these mobs behind, and went on to where a group of Dark Forms had gathered in Calliope. They held in their hands copies of Platonic Dialogues, and, as we approached, they started towards us, chanting a sinister chant.

“Let me tell you a likely story...”

“Let me tell you a likely story...”

Over and over they chanted, reaching out to us with boney hands. Finally, when I felt my fear would overcome me, and I would forever fall into the hands of these Dark Forms, I call out with my failing strength to the Heavens.

“I am a friend of Socrates, but a greater friend of Truth! Aid me, great Aristotle!”

Thence from the Heavens came down a Great Angel of the Second Choir: A True Person Of Tute. Upon his chest he wore a great letter 'D', and the light of it's Reason burned brightly, banishing the Dark Forms.

“Fear me, for I am sent by Aristotle and Aquinas to banish ye non-existent Shades! None of you had historically-documented lives, thus, with the power of Reason I banish you!”

As he said this, the Dark Forms, Shades, and all other dead disappeared in a burst of pre-Fux-Counterpoint Howl, leaving me alone with Dante and the Angel D.

Then the Angel spoke, and leaped heavenward in flight, “Purely Logical Seminars for all, and to all a good night!”

End of Canto I

Submit

to

THE MOON

Dear Readers,

I was wondering to myself why it is that I have not yet received a single entry via campus mail for my essay contest. Remember, the one where a monkey gets to be our new president. What's more, upon reading a list of all the Senior Essays, I saw that not a single one was titled “An Inquiry Into Monkey Shaving: You Know, 'Cuz If A Monkey Is President It Can't Be All Hairy Like Other Monkeys.” Neither was there one called “We Are The Chimpions: On Primates and Rulers —or- How Queen Revolutionized Animal Politics.” There are only three possibilities. The first, and least probable, is that since the last issue wasn't actually released until after the essays were turned in, no one knew about the contest until after it was too late. Unlikely considering the ease of time travel, I say. The second is that everybody wrote treatises on monkey presidents, and the Free-Masons are suppressing them. But the third and most likely explanation, seeing as how the Masons are little more than a drinking club these days (or at least they would have us think so), was proposed to me by Will Bonner at dinner one night. He said, “Dave, there have been no essays on this topic because the thesis itself is both self-evident and intuitable immediately to anyone capable of reading the words. Any further explanation would be redundant.” Agreed. Let no more be said on the topic until our new Monkey-dent (or Presi-key if you prefer for some strange reason) makes his first speech on the steps of Monkey (formerly Weigle) Hall. Now, on to the letters.

Dear Dave,

After writing my Apollonius paper, I never want to see a parabola again. Unfortunately, I heard a rumor that every time I throw something in the air, I create a parabola completely against my will. This so-called “law of nature” goes against the natural law of my conscience, so Aquinas tells me I can break it. Any ideas on how? (And don't just tell me not to throw things.)

Anticonically yours,
Anna Perleberg

Dear Anna,

How're things? Everything's fine here. Sorry it's been so long since I've written. Oh, wait, here's a letter from you. I must have missed it when it appeared earlier in my column. Let's see. OK, just don't throw things. Oh, wait. Scratch that. What are you doing listening to Aquinas, anyway? Alright, you can do any of the following: a) close your eyes every time you throw anything and cluck like a chicken (the latter part being primarily for dramatic effect and aesthetic symmetry) b) Only throw things straight up or straight down, thereby collapsing the parabola into a straight line c) equip everything you throw with little jet packs that will make them fly in little loop-de-loops d) prove geometrically (or ontologically) the impossibility of parabolas e) take solace in the fact that wind resistance prevents anything you throw from actually flying in the shape of a perfect parabola. See you soon.

Love,

Dave Advice-kopf

Dear Dave Advice-kopf,

I have this horrid speech impediment where whenever I'm being sincere, people think I'm being sarcastic, and, when I'm joking, they take me seriously. Help!

Love,

Jessica Godden

Dear Jessica,

Please do not make a mockery of this forum with your sarcastic commentaries in the form of pseudo-advice questions. It's just not funny, OK? If I thought you weren't making fun of me, I might have told you to always say the opposite of what you mean if being understood is important enough to you for you to sacrifice honesty. Or I might have said to bring a monkey with you everywhere who would translate everything you say into the universal language of love, but I refuse to dignify such an insult with a response. Ooops, too late now. At least it was bad advice.

Love,

Dave Advice-kopf

INTO THE WILD

by Laura Vitale, '01

I stepped off of the open-car train that followed along the raging Animas river and turned to wave good-bye to the Colorado tourists riding on to Durango. Car by car passed by as I stood by my pack and waved, looking like a lunatic on an adventure, by myself, in the mountains of Silverton, Colorado.

I gathered myself, took a deep breath, and began to look for the trail. I was now some 15 miles away from town, having ridden into the wilderness by train, and expecting to emerge out of the forest once more in four days, on foot. I found the trail on my second try and began the ascent which would end at the source of the Animas river, and all our country's rivers, the Continental Divide.

Earlier that day in Silverton, as I walked inside the station with my heavy boots and tie dye (worn for easy search and rescue purposes as well as morale), the old wooden floor creaked under my step. I was an eager face topped with a big ponytail and sunglasses, peering into the shutters of the ticket booth. I asked the lady if I could take the next train. She handed me a one-way ticket to a field called Elkhorn stop, after some confusion ("Oh—you want a *one way* ticket?"). My plan was to hike from the train tracks up a creek, across the creek, up into a mountain valley, along the bottom of a mountain chain, up over a ridge and down another valley, hang a left at the creek junction, up another creek to an alpine lake, up and around the lake to another ridge that leveled out onto the continental divide. My last night would be spent on that high windy plain, lacking all life except insects, alpine flowers, grass, and myself. The trail on the divide would lead me to a popular trailhead and road. Hitch a road back to Silverton, then take the train, this time all the way back to Durango. All of this abstract information bounced around in my head as I looked around at the old photographs hanging on the walls of the train station.

By the first night I had convinced myself that I shouldn't continue on my planned route, which seemed too enormous as the rain pattered on my taut plastic roof and the wilderness loomed all around. The unknowns were piling up against me as I yearned to take the most simple route that I had found on my map. The imagined experience had finally come to be and with it, fear.

But by morning the sun had expelled some of the anxiety and I, I took the path less travelled by. Actually I passed a lot of people on that trail, and it was two people disappearing though some boulders that tipped me off to its location. I was

now bound for glory and trying to beat the storm brewing in the north. Safe in my sleeping bag by dinner time I gloated in the memories of the day, including a brief lightening storm (which doesn't feel so brief when you have to be squatting on your tiptoes) and some majestic views of Weminuche wilderness. I felt silly for the night before, satisfied with the day, and still in infinite uncertainty about the day to come. But my confidence had soothed my nerves greatly and chamomile tea put me to sleep when the sunlight withdrew.

Have you ever climbed up the rim of an alpine lake basin, a few hundred feet in height? Gotten to the top of the ridge, looked down into the mountain valley below, and wondered how the heck you're going to get back down the other side?

One of my first adventures is to find the best (or quickest) way to avoid lightening passing overhead. Storm King is a peak a few miles away, enjoying an excessive amount of rain this summer that flirts towards the peak and embraces it. Today it descended into the narrow mountain valley I was in, just at the time I arrived at treeline. I decided to stay in the trees until the storm was not visible within the two mountain chains that cut off a quarter of my horizon on either side. With the small bit of horizon that was not blocked out by the two chains of mountains on either side of me, I

There are not many days out of the year that I get to be by myself, without even seeing anybody. There are even fewer that I spend without seeing anything made by human hands. On these days I watch my own hands. They make my food, construct my shelter, and mostly hang by my side. I had four days this summer, in the rainy season of late July to watch my own thoughts and use my own hands.

With a bit of help from modern technology, I can start a fire on my little stove. I gather water from a stream and use it to drink, cook, and clean. When I reflect on these actions, they seem as simple and essential to me as do the lessons of the *Meno* or the idea of classification on the conifer field trip, in terms of how we learn to think here at St. John's. In the "real world," (the life I have away from St. John's and the mountains) these fundamentals of living and thinking seem to have been long forgotten. Some folks in our community often voice the feeling that we live up here in the hills and forget about how life really is, as if we are enjoying the leisure of the aristocratic instead of facing "reality." To me, then,

it seems that of my solo trip this summer, or of backpacking in general, one could say that I am not having to deal with a crummy full-time job or bills or social issues of the country and globe; that I have been ignoring the "realities" of our world.

I would love to think that Johnnies will be active in our community-at-large, from neighborhood to global scale. Surely we are becoming equipped with the skills that enable us to interact with others confidently and thoughtfully. Similarly, I encourage all to experience the backcountry, this land's amazing beauty, and discover those parts of life that are present always, whether we are aware of them or not.

By the time I came to St. John's I had had my first exposure to the wilderness. More outstanding than the cold was the realization that life was just different on a hiking trip. I was smitten. Most people are when they glimpse the beauty of simplicity or sunsets or something of the nature sort. It did not exist for me the way it happened when I was on a hiking trip, interacting with other people in both menial and spiritual ways. Meaningful interaction on any level could only happen, I realized, if I

There wasn't much inner dialogue about. I saw that I had one last week in Durango at the end of the summer with no obligations. I figured that I had at least the minimal amount of skills necessary to live comfortably in the mountains for four or five days. I borrowed some gear from friends, packed a backpack, and drove to Silverton with my friend Laurel Beth in time for the moonrise. Silverton is a town of 200 situated amongst a multitude of mountain ranges in southwestern Colorado. There is an old classic mining train that runs multiple times a day from Silverton to Durango for the numberless tourists to shop on main street. We crashed in the truck for the night, got some coffee in town in the morning and parted at the train station.

Trips can really only be planned to a certain extent. Once I hopped off the train, set my pack down and waved goodbye to the other passengers, only the vague notion of my planned route was certain in my head. Anything can happen in the wild of America, and I was out to find anything. Surprises became the bulk of each day, although not one was particularly surprising; yet, I For example, I awoke each morning with a notion in the back of my head that I would have a day of events that were unplanned for. In a way

"Into the Wild" continued on p. 12

SHEEP, BACHANALIA, AND A QUOTE OR TWO

by Timothy Mitchell, '02

When I was through selling myself and other wares in Santa Fe, I discovered stores and stores of time that were free-or could be made free easily enough. I started spending this free time with abandon, trying first the lost art of sheep tending. I know, now, that it was a bad idea, probably even tending toward the absurd. I had no idea how to care for sheep, no suitable grazing space for the little things, and with the level of sexual frustration and angst amongst much of the male population at this school, I basically committed the animal rights violations myself. Before I sold the little guys there were some funny stories, like the time I had lab all afternoon and had to pay some of the guys in my dorm a beer per sheep to walk them. In the end it turned out to be just a wool fetish anyway, nothing a bunch of sweaters and a box of Kleenex couldn't cure.

After the sheep, I tried joining most of the student groups on campus. Does anyone out there realize how many groups there are? Besides the SAO groups, study groups, illicit substance groups, secret societies, and self-help groups, there are still more. I personally joined the knitting circle, drum circle, Kant study group, martial arts class, yoga class, 3 or 4 sports, and a couple of the secret groups which meet in the hills behind the school after dark. In the end, however, my conviviality didn't work out either. I did learn how to knit myself a hat like a cauldron, how to make a lot of things percussive that I wouldn't have thought could be (even the Starr's Dog will make a noise, if you poke it in the right place with a stick), run better, ski better, jump better, and had a great time wearing some of the bacchanalian regalia. In the end, I wasn't any happier, and still had free time.

Recently I've settled for reading until I think of something better. It passes the hours and even makes me extremely nervous at times too-not as nervous as waking up in the middle of the night with a sheep, standing over you, staring into your eyes from only 6 inches away-but nervous nonetheless. Just check this one out if you don't believe me:

The only unbearable thing is that nothing is unbearable. —Artur Rimbaud.

That one made me drop a few stitches once that I didn't notice until I got so close to the end, I just threw the hat away and started over. How's that for scary? Honestly, that sort of French 19th century poetry will make you feel like never complaining again—who cares if Mom & Dad won't send you money, even though you

may think you really, really need it. That really annoying person in your seminar just spoke for over 15 minutes straight, alternately digressing, sobbing, and quoting texts that are still weeks off yet—who can care? Let it go, even if the mirror is showing you unwelcome things, Rimbaud wants you to take a deep breath, and not even think about feeling sorry for yourself, unless of course you're sobbing uncontrollably because you have finally realized you really can bare anything that happens to you, we all can. Ouch Rimbaud, easy!

Or this little gem from contemporary novelist, Jeanette Winterson:

Contentment is feeling you say? Are you sure it's not an absence of feeling? I liken it to that particular numbness one gets after a visit to the dentist. Not in pain nor out of it, slightly drugged. Contentment is the positive side of resignation. It has its appeal but it's no good wearing an overcoat and furry slippers and heavy gloves when what the body really wants is to be naked.

Hmmm, so that post-retirement reclining-chair thing I hear older relatives talk about isn't all it's cracked up to be? Or perhaps the marriages without passion, that just settle into faces passing amidst the quotidian—this might not be worthwhile, this saving up for tomorrow approach to life? Hmmm, so now what do I think about merely finding a job after SJC?

One night after the bathroom had been abused badly by revelers and sheep, I had to use the upstairs bathroom, and I found this craziness amidst the women's bathroom:

From my personal observation, I would say that woman has not made the separation between love and sensuality which man has made. The two are usually combined in woman; she needs either to love the man she gives herself to or to be loved by him. After lovemaking, she seems to need the assurance that it is love and that the act of sexual possession is part of an exchange which is dictated by love...

I believe women still mind a precipitated departure, a lack of acknowledgement of the ritual which has taken place; they still need the words, the telephone call, the letter, the gestures which make the sensual act a particular one, not anonymous and purely sexual.

This may or may not disappear in modern woman, intent on denying all of her past selves, and she may achieve this separation of sex and love which, to my belief, diminishes pleasure and reduces the heightened quality of lovemaking. For lovemaking is enhanced, heightened, inten-

sified by its emotional content. You might compare the difference to a solo player and the vast reaches of an orchestra.

We are all engaged in the task of peeling off the false selves, the programmed selves, the selves created by our families, our culture, our religions...

There is common agreement about only one thing, that woman's erogenous zones are spread all over her body, that she is more sensitive to caresses, and that her sensuality is rarely as direct, as immediate as man's. There is an atmosphere of vibrations which need to be awakened and have repercussions on the final arousal.

—Anaïs Nin

Aside from being a mouthful, that quote is some pretty scary stuff, again, not quite as scary as following a trail of beer cans and tufts of wool down the hallway, disappearing behind a closed door, but scary. Granted, there are plenty of guys on this campus who know exactly how to please women, at least, there are a lot of long lasting relationships, and a few guys who are regularly in demand after parties, so it's assumable that some men know what they're doing. I wonder, though, for the bulk of men of college age, if there is some question about how a woman needs to be touched, treated, etc. I'm willing to bet that for all those guys out there who don't know, there are a lot of women who do wish that the guys did. That is some pretty uncomfortable stuff when the attraction is there, the immediacy is there, and no one knows what to say because the guy just doesn't have any idea what to do, everyone gets embarrassed, tensions arise, no one knows who to blame, but everyone feels like something is definitely wrong. Yeah, well, maybe that's enough on that subject.

Or how about this one from the old German himself:

Of all writings I love only that which is written with blood. Write with blood: and you will discover that blood is spirit.

It is not an easy thing to understand unfamiliar blood: I hate the reading idler.

He who knows the reader, does nothing further for the reader. Another century of readers-and spirit itself will stink.

That everyone can learn to read will ruin in the long run not only writing, but thinking too.

Once spirit was God, then it became man, and now it is even becoming mob.

He who writes in blood and aphorisms does

"Sheep, Bachanalialia..." continued on p. 12

THE CASE OF ANNA D. AND THE ASSASSIN

Part 4

by Laine Conway, '01

I sat in my office on Sunday afternoon and puzzled over poor dead Jason R——. If he had, in fact, been Paula's boyfriend, his appearance on the grassy knoll was explained, but that implied that Paula was responsible for his death. My telephone conversation with her suggested otherwise, but who could be sure? I knew that Paula was ruthless and driven; I hadn't had to date her for more than a few days before I realized just how ruthless. Of course, it was always possible that Anna D——, in a fit of madness, had done for her roommate's boyfriend herself, and had hired me to investigate in order to divert suspicion.

Heck, I was even ready to suspect Mr. M——, as unlikely as it seemed, since he had arrived on the scene so promptly. Of course, the fact that the body was so near the Tower Building made everyone in Administration suspect. I toyed with the attractive thought of somehow pinning this one on the Dean, but reluctantly concluded that I couldn't make it stick. After all, it's hardly a crime to be an administrator.

As I poured a fifth cup of my beloved Jamaica Blue Mountain, it occurred to me that my responsibilities in the case were technically over. Whatever else might be going on, it appeared that Paula was no longer dating anyone from the College of Santa Fe. I could draw up a bill for Anna D——, perhaps ask her on a date, and forget the whole mess. I took out a piece of notebook paper and began figuring, but my heart wasn't in it. I was frankly relieved when someone knocked sharply on my office door. "Come in," I called.

My relief turned to guilt when Paula stormed in. She was a mess, with tear tracks on her cheeks and that long hair tangled and blowsy, but she was a beautiful mess. "You bastard!" she said.

"Paula, what's up?" I tried.

"It was you, wasn't it? You bastard! You called me last night, didn't you, pretending to be Jason! And you already knew he was dead!"

I handed her a tissue. "Easy, Paula, please. I had to be sure....." I couldn't finish the sentence.

"Sure of what?" She stared narrowly at me for a moment. "You thought I killed him? Gods, it's bad enough as it is!"

"What do you mean?"

"I didn't love him, Ted, but I liked him well

enough, and I keep thinking that if I'd just loved him like he loved me, he'd still be alive!"

"Oh, come on now," I said. "Paula, he didn't get shot because you didn't love him."

She sighed heavily. "Well, it doesn't matter. Look, Ted, I know we don't get along any more, but I want you to find out who killed Jason. I'll pay you your usual rate."

Here it was: the excuse I needed to keep nosing into Jason's death. I set aside Anna's bill and said, "All right. I'll do it. And listen, Paula, I'm really, really sorry about the phone call."

"Yeah, well, don't ever do anything like that again. Here." She fished in her pockets and handed me a piece of paper with a name and telephone number. "This is the name of one of Jason's professors; the one he always talked about. Maybe he can help you."

I took the card and showed her out, then looked at the slip. Dr. F——. Perhaps he'd be in his office on a Saturday afternoon. I dialed quickly, and sure enough, within half-an-hour I was sitting in the Doctor's comfortable office, drinking herbal tea and wondering how to begin.

Dr. F—— forestalled me. "Were you acquainted with my student, Jason R——?" he asked.

"In a manner of speaking. I'm an investigator, and Jason's girlfriend's roommate asked me to look into their relationship. Anna was worried that her roommate was in over her head...." I trailed off, afraid I sounded young, stupid, and nosy.

"Well, young man, the police have already been here, so there's no need to hedge. I know that Jason's dead." Although his manner was pompous, Dr. F—— was obviously trying to set me at ease, and I could see why Jason had talked about him so much.

I cast about for something to say. "Did you know Jason well?"

"Oh, yes." Dr. F—— fiddled with the papers on his desk. "He was one of my best assistants, particularly on digs."

"Digs?"

"Yes. This is the archaeology department, after all." Dr. F—— looked proud.

"But," I struggled with my knowledge of mainstream academia, "isn't it more usual for professors

to use graduate students as their assistants?"

Dr. F—— nodded. "Yes, but I was willing to make an exception for Jason. His library work was exquisite, as well."

"Library work?"

"Oh, yes. A good bit of archaeology is knowing where to dig. That's how Schliemann found Troy, after all."

I was startled. "There was a real Troy?"

Dr. F—— laughed. "Yes indeed. All based on successful library work. Of course, they pillaged the site—19th century investigators!—but it was careful research that told them where to dig. And Jason was such a wonder in the library. He was the one who put us onto the Anasazi chalice."

"Is that something like the Holy Grail?" I joked.

Dr. F—— stared at me for a moment, and then chuckled. "In a way, young man. It's apparently a large ritual basin, with a pictographic history of the Anasazi engraved around the outside. If it still exists, it would be invaluable, simply invaluable. We have no information at all about the forerunners of the Southwestern Indians, and something in their own words, well!"

"Do you know where to find this chalice?" I asked.

"Well, Jason thought he had a lead," Dr. F—— said. "He was looking up on Atalaya; apparently he was wooing a young lady from St. John's College in order to avoid suspicion."

"He was faking it?" I squeaked.

"I think so—oh dear. This is the young lady you mentioned, on whose behalf you are investigating, is it not?" At my nod, he shook his head. "I warned Jason that it would lead to trouble."

"You suppose it's led him into even more trouble?" I asked. If Jason had been murdered by someone else, I could rest easy.

Dr. F—— frowned thoughtfully. "It's possible. Artifacts of that age are always valuable to collectors and pirates. But if it's so, young man, you'll have to give up your investigation. It's far too dangerous."

"But who else can look into it?" I cried.

Dr. F—— nodded slowly. "You have a good point. Who else, indeed?"

(to be continued.)

QUESTIONS ON TUITION

by Benjamin Hitchcock Cross, '01

It is always good to be vindicated, sort of. By raising tuition, the college must acknowledge its financial burdens. As pleased as I am, I would like an immediate payment of debts, namely the fifteen dollars US that the college, particularly the housing office owes me. If they think that I will take Canadian money, think again, this is America buddy. Honesty is only the first step. *I want my Money, that is the next.*

The sudden burst of honesty is refreshing. Well, about as honest as when the housing office finally admitted its so called "housing lottery" was rigged. I never expected anyone to admit that tuition increase is merely an attempt to flood the school with rich white people. Now let me be honest. I have no problems with the college increasing tuition, if the increase goes to keeping the institution solvent, or any of a dozen good things to do with the money. Where are our increased tuition dollars going? Is the money going to more pay for the tutors? More scientific equipment? Is the money going to the creation of a non-corporate controlled student space? Maybe more phone lines? Maybe the money is earmarked for extra heating oil so that Weigle can be kept at a constant 85 degrees Fahrenheit? The fact is that we just don't know.

This is what we do know. There will be an 11% tuition increase for all entering freshman. Tuition for rising sophomores, juniors, and seniors will be increased 6.5% next fall. The reasons given for the increase are two. The Board mandated tuition parity, and to target students that go to Ivy league type schools. Our two sources are the Dean's memo and Heather Heunermund's report, as reported by Phil Bolduc.

The Dean's memo says the Board mandated tuition parity between the two schools. This raises several questions. Are we paying more tuition for them? Are they paying more for us? Or, are the two schools paying more for different reasons? I suspect that the last reason is the most true. Each school has a different problem. Santa Fe has a financial crisis, while Annapolis needs students. A tuition increase, according to the Board, would solve the problems of both schools.

It is obvious why a tuition increase would solve Santa Fe's problem. The thinking behind the idea that more people will be attracted to a school with a higher tuition sticker price

needs to be explained. The theory is this: people who are attracted to high priced items: high priced cars, Faberge eggs, tiger skin rugs, exclusive hairpieces, will also be attracted to high priced schools: Harvard, Yale, St. John's. The problem with this solution is that it will attract those miserable broods of the type of people who like high priced items. When have the rich ever been involved in community? I assume that they don't mean to recruit black scholar football players from inner-city Chicago, when they say: the type of student that goes to Ivy league schools. They mean precisely what this school does not need more of, and that is rich white people. Every inch of this college is so drenched with rich white people, and their apologists, the seams are bursting. To expand my point on the two schools, let me tell a story a story of two friends.

My graduating class produced one applicant to each of the St. John's campuses, Brendan von Breisen and myself. Now Brendan was one of the two funniest people that I had ever met. His jokes were so funny that you would laugh even before he told the joke. Sadly for the world of humor, he spent his junior year in Mexico. I have a cousin from Leon and he often tries to translate Mexican humor in to English much to my chagrin. They always involved the knowledge that a every Mexican word can be roughly translated into slang as penis. Humor translation is all but impossible except in the following cases English-American, American-Swedish (in the last case because no translation between English and Swedish is possible, the humor involves listening to the speaker speaking that hilarious tongue.) So Brendan came back to the states less funny, and with a rabid case of revolution. The fact of the matter is this, when we applied to schools, I applied to St. John's and Wisconsin, and he applied to all Ivy league schools. When he wrote the required essays he started most of them: "I call myself a revolutionary because..." The schools all sent him postcards with the word "no" stamped in big letters. He was in a bit of a jam, late in the year with no college prospects. His two options were schools who had not filled their freshman rosters, and were willing to accept him if he paid full tuition: Antioch and St. John's Annapolis. I don't mean to make fun of Brendan, I would take that midget over all but two of you. The point is

my freshman year Santa Fe was celebrating how large our class was, while Annapolis had room to spare. The idea that people would pay more just to brag to their friends about how much it costs to keep Johnny a johnny is wrong. We don't want them.

This college walks down a difficult road. Being broke is never easy. A school's belly is always hungry for more money. Gifts are not always as free as they seem. When people pay more they expect more. So honest! That is why I disagree with the decision to have the freshman pay more than the rest of us. I don't want anyone in the school to think that they have more rights because they pay more. Yet that is in our future. We are talking about the gentrification of St. John's. Boo Hiss!!

It is ridiculous for the Board to assume that a higher sticker price will attract more students. The only thing that attracts students to St. John's is the program. In many ways attending St. John's was a sacrifice of my other interests, that I was willing to make for the program. A comparably priced school offers thirty times more non-great books activities. If the Board thinks that the Gym is going to attract those scholar athletes that the school has always wanted, think again. You don't attract flies with this fancy poop, you attract brats.

The tuition is increased. Santa Fe gets its budget under control, Annapolis get to fill its rosters (maybe, still sounds dubious to me) and the students get to pay more. Good, so it all works out and everyone is happy. Terrific, not so, Boo Hiss. Who wants the gentrification of St. John's, not me. I wish I could believe that this tuition increase is not a thinly veiled attempt at putting tuition just a little bit father out of the public reach. This is the conclusion that I have come up with, based on the available evidence. I would be happy to reevaluate my position given better evidence.

This is no small matter. I urge all students to ask themselves what are the causes of the tuition increase. Whether it is not, in part, elitism. If it is, I urge you to reject it, until a better answer comes along. I love this school, more rich white people is not what it needs. If we need to raise the tuition for the school's budget, I am for the increase. I am not convinced that the motives behind this moves are entirely pure. I wish I was.

A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT FROM SAO

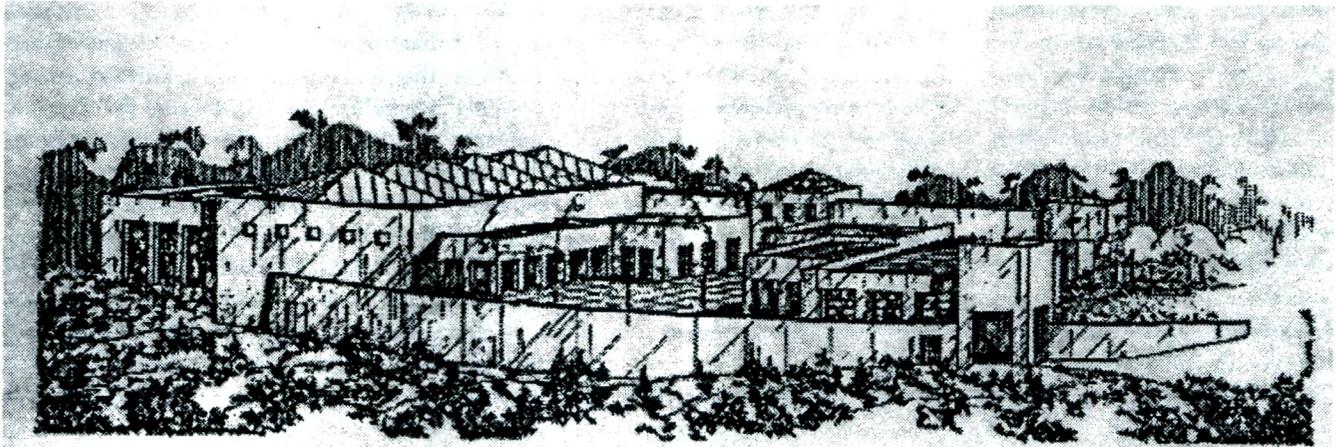
Dear Students,

I apologize for not keeping all of you more informed about the new Student Activity Center. I hope that this letter will answer most of your questions and address any concerns that you might have. If not, I invite you to come and speak with Brendan or me about any ideas or concerns you may have. An Activity Center was in the initial master plans for the Santa Fe campus. There has never been a time in the history of the Santa Fe campus in which building an athletic- activity center was not an expressed aim of the College. Several years ago, the

able, the campus planning committee began extensive discussion concerning what kind of facility the college community wanted. Students were involved in this dialogue in several ways. First, students were invited to join the campus planning committee. During the last eight years, several students have served on the committee and continue to do so this year. The committee also asked Lisa Carey to develop an extensive questionnaire and survey regarding the Activity Center. The majority of the student body filled out the survey in the mid-'90's. The results were discussed among faculty, students and

Do jo, and ballroom dance floor. The facility will also have a weight room, which will be larger, more aesthetically pleasing and better equipped than our current one. There will be men and women's locker rooms with showers, a large equipment room, two small offices and a work-room with fax and copy machines for students. There will also be two racquet ball/squash courts. These courts will also be used for dance, table tennis, stretching, etc., depending on student's interests.

Phase Two of the facility will have a darkroom, pottery studio, fine arts studio, search and rescue



STUDENT ACTIVITIES CENTER ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

Lloyd and Tryk

ARCHITECTS

faculty voted unanimously in favor of a Student Activity Center. The difficulty has not been a debate about the worthiness of such a facility, but a problem of raising the necessary funding.

In the early '90's the College began a major fundraising campaign. One of the stated goals was to raise \$3.75 million for phase one of an Activity Center. Despite a large number of alumni, faculty and staff donations, this goal was not achieved. Fortunately, there were several foundations, board members and parents who gave substantial amounts to the building fund. It is important to note that all of the money for the Activity Center has come from donors or foundations who gave the money specifically for a Student Activity Center.

Once it became clear that our aim was attain-

staff for several semesters before asking architects for final drawings. I have no doubt that there has been more dialogue and time invested in planning for the Activity Center than there has been for any other building on campus.

I realize that most of the current students have not had a chance to be involved with the planning of the Activity Center. However, the way in which the facility will be used next year and the years to come, will be determined largely by current students. We can not continue to ask ourselves what to build, but we can be flexible each year in our attempt to meet student's interests.

Phase One of the center will have a wood-floored basketball court, which will also serve as a volleyball court, a badminton court, an indoor soccer court,

office, and aerobics/dance studio. Phase Three will be the addition of a swimming pool. There is no definite date set for the addition of Phase Two and Three.

The facility will be open during hours that will suit the students' needs. I look forward to developing a much stronger intramural athletic program and would appreciate hearing student input about how such an intramural program would best work for our campus. The facility is meant to meet the eclectic range of students' needs, which will no doubt, change from year to year.

Thank you,
Mark St. John

GEOFF ANGER

by Geoffrey Petrie, '01

The Anger has been silent for too long. He has seen the gnashing of teeth, he has observed the fire and brim stone falling from the sky, and he has watched, in horror, as dogs and cats have started to live together. In other words, to quote the great Bill Murry: "Mass Hysteria!" The time has come for The Anger to speak out once more.

In Benjamin Hitchcock Cross style, The Anger will quote from Kathy Mizrahi. This is an excerpt from her most recent memorandum to the college community. "The college expects an undergraduate enrollment of 438 for 2000-01. This is slightly larger than the 98-99 and 99-00 enrollments."

Now unlike Mr. Hitchcock Cross, The Anger's gripe is not about Ms. Mizrahi, it is about what that excerpt says to the college community.

At the time of the class of 2001's enrollment, it was the largest the college has ever seen. Since then, every other freshman class has continued to exceed it. i.e., This is slightly larger than... Now for most institutions, this would be great news. It is not for the fine college of John the Saint.

Now The Anger is sure that you are asking yourselves: "What the hell is The Anger, that fine upstanding citizen of the world, talking about?" Well let me explain before anyone jumps to conclusions.

Let me start off with the simple things. I recall the summer of my sophomore year praying every night that I might be able to find a good Samaritan who would allow me to stay in their room for the school year. The spring before, The Anger had lost the housing lottery, along with a number of his fellow classmates. This was due to the rising number of students entering the college. Before, the housing draw was simply for who got the best rooms on campus, now it is for who will get to *live* on campus. The Anger feels that no student who pay \$29,000 a year to come to this, or any, fine institution should have to shell out another \$10 for a high quality moving box from Allied Movers in order to have a place to stay for the school year. But please, if The Anger is way out of line, correct him.

As the campus increases in size, so should the facilities. Take, for example, the parking situation on campus. It has become more and more challenging to find parking on campus almost any time of the day. Needless to say the concept of placing your vehicle in between the faded

yellow lines seems to escape 80-90% of the student population, but even France has now become so overwhelmed with the number of immigrants that people need to create their own spaces. The Anger feels the pain of those students who know how to drive, and more importantly, know how to park. He knows that when one is forced off campus, or even those that choose to live off campus voluntarily, they must drive to school. Now with an increase in students, there will be an increase in vehicles. One does not require a Ph.D. in logic to figure out that correlation. Has the school done anything to help the parking problem? If they have, The Anger is not aware of the fine new lots available to place your ozone eating machines.

A quick side note on what is going on in France. Let the record state that The Anger has no problems with the concept of saving the trees (hell I recycle the Ephemera). The problem that The Anger has with saving trees is when they are moved and placed in a position where they become an obstruction to vision. France has never been a safe place to pull out of, but now that the trees that formerly resided where the new gym is being constructed have been replanted where one must look to find on coming cars driving up the snake, he has a major problem with trees. No, let The Anger rephrase. He has no problem with the trees themselves, he has a problem with the person who had the greatest foresight and decided to plant them there. If there is any justice in the world, these trees will find a new home and all will be set right in the great nation/parking lot of France. May The Anger be so bold as to suggest that the new place for these monstrosities should be somewhere up in highers where they will never be a nuisance again.

The Anger has digressed, let him return to his original task:

An increase in enrollment also means an increase in student activity. Now this does not always mean an increase in student activity of the good kind. Take, for example, last semester a student's vehicle was destroyed by some immature ass who decided to pour some sort of sugar based item into the gas tank. This is not an attack on Security, as The Anger has been known to do, this is simply another example of potential problems with a campus that wants more students, and more money, but is not willing to consider what must be done before they allow such an influx of population.

Now with an increase of student debauchery, and with a lack of persons who may curb this, it may be required that students perform punishment of their own. One person, on hearing about the sugar in the gas tank incident, stated something that The Anger feels may be a wise comment: "There are times when the concept of a physical beating should be reinstated as a form of punishment." Now this is not to say that all acts of immaturity should be punished with a severe beat down, but with something that is as dangerous as sugar in a gas tank it would seem appropriate to bust out the ugly stick and have at 'em.

Once again, however, The Anger has moved away from the true point at hand. Let him return:

The final concern that The Anger has on the whole concept of increased enrollment is that of the classroom. At this point in time, class ratios have increased to the point of nonsense. Currently the class of 2000 only has one seminar Tutor, last year it was the class of 2001. The classes that do have two Tutors for their seminars are so over populated that one must break out in song and dance in order to be heard. Classes are being placed in rooms that were never to be designated as classrooms, such as the Junior Common Room, the Senior Common Room, the Thorpe Room, to name just a few. As classes continue to become larger, the best part of St. John's (the college, not the gospel) moves further and further from its grasp. The Anger feels that one of the best parts of St. John's is the class size. When a class has a student to Tutor ratio of 16:1 this creates the ideal learning environment. When that ratio changes to 20:1 things become quite different. The Anger cannot wait until the Great Hall is converted to a multi-seminar hall. Not only will one have to fight to be heard over their own class, but they will now have to fight to be heard over the echo of the classes next to them.

In closing, The Anger has no problem with an increase in students. The problem that he does have is one that corresponds to the increase. He would greatly appreciate hearing from Weigle Hall that over this next summer massive plans are in the works to rectify these few problems that he has stated in this brief work. Once again, The Anger requests that when you vote in the coming election that you place your "X" next to his name for President. Long live Jomby.

"Into the Wild" continued from p.6

this happens every day, in that it is the future, but usually I know that I am going to this class, I will see these people, I will eat this food that I have been eating in the same room, etc. In the wilderness, those events take less shape. The second day I knew that I had to get to the other side of this thirteen thousand foot high ridge that loomed above me as I slept in a mountain canyon. Each step of the path, each bush I would pass, and what would be on the other side could only be known as it happens.

I was terrified of getting lost. To use a map



"Sheep, Bachanalia..." continued from p. 7
not want to be read, he wants to be learned by heart.

—Friedrich Nietzsche

What? Stink? What? That crazy Nietzsche guy must have spent more time back in the hills than I did amidst the wine, flesh, animal skins and feathers.

Or then there's this last one from the Nobel Prize Winner of 1990:

Fusion of seeing and believing. In the joining of these two words lies the secret of poetry and its testimony: what the poem shows us we do not see with our carnal eyes but with the eyes of the spirit. Poetry lets us touch the impalpable and hear the tide of silence that covers a landscape devastated by insomnia. Poetic testimony reveals to us another world inside this world, the other world that is this world. The senses, without losing their powers, become servants of the imagination and let us hear the inaudible and see the invisible. But isn't this what happens in dreams and in the erotic encoun-

and compass one must trust oneself to a certain extent- enough to finally decide which way to go and to start walking in that direction. Map reading is certainly a skill to be perfected, but one of the things that I learned on my hike was that unexpected things happen when you take it upon yourself to give a certain amount of control to chance. Having unperfected map skills, I really had no choice. What I had intended to be a challenge seemed to turn into a dance with the unknown.

ter? When we dream and when we couple, we embrace phantoms. Each of the two who constitute the couple possesses a body, a face, and a name, but their real reality, precisely at the most intense moment of the embrace, disperses in a cascade of sensation which disperses in turn. There is a question that all lovers ask each other, and in it the erotic mystery is epitomized: Who are you? A question without an answer... The senses are and are not of this world. By means of them, poetry traces a bridge between seeing and believing. By that bridge, imagination is embodied and bodies turn into imagines."

—Octavio Paz

Hmm, so maybe all the wine and regalia was really just phantom, lucky for the guys in my dorm, the sheep might have been phantom too. But what does this say of other things?

At any rate, I think it's time to give up the books and move on, try to fill up the time in new ways, or go back to some of the old. Perhaps I'll take up weaving? Maybe I already have?

THE MOON

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We **INSIST** that work be submitted in text format on a 3.5" Macintosh disk (if you absolutely cannot use a Mac then save your file as a Rich Text File [.rtf]) along with a typed, double-spaced copy including the author's name and phone number. Hard copies without disks are acceptable in certain circumstances. Submissions may also be made to the email address: pgeoff01@hotmail.com

The Moon reserves the right to edit and to reject any submission.

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

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