

# NOOMMOOM

St. John's College Student Bi-Weekly

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# BETTER JOBS ON CAMPUS IN THE FALL

## Finally, the dirt on Work-Study:

—Jennifer Chenoweth

Pending the Board of Visitors and Governors approval of the 1995-96 budget, and pending a stable enrollment in the fall, the Finance Committee has approved my proposal for a new College Work-Study Program.

While talking with students about on-campus jobs, I hear complaints from all sides. Some students need jobs that pay well, and on-campus jobs at \$5.25 per hour are not an option. Annapolis students receive some pay increases, while Santa Fe students do not. Some work diligently on-campus for years in the same department, with greater responsibility each year, with no reward or pay raise. Some students work an on-campus job for 10 hours a week and a job in town for 10-15 hours per week.

Supervisors have complaints too. Without incentives for a student to return to work in the same office the next year, supervisors lose great workers who are already trained to other "more interesting" jobs. Some student positions require many hours of work above the 10 hour limit, but the supervisors cannot pay for that time. Work-study jobs are not thought of as "real jobs" by students, and work is not always done well. It is hard to encourage students to take higher-responsibility positions in a department without incentives.

In the fall, I proposed a generous deal for the students: four ranks of pay and promotions. This proposal cost too much; the finance committee did not approve it. I trimmed down the proposal, and made clear benefits for the administration as well as for the students. Here is a brief description of the College Work-Study Program, 1995-96.

### Levels of pay

There are three levels of pay and responsibility. 1) Entry Level, \$5.25 per hour, \$2,015 for the academic year. This is where all student workers start, the same as the current pay rate. 2) Mastery Level, \$6.25 per hour, \$2,400 for the academic year. Students must meet requirements of promotion (see below) to merit this pay raise. 3) Supervisory Level, \$7.50 per hour, \$2,880 for the academic year. There is a limited number of supervisory positions: Student Leaders of the On-Call Team, Head Lab Assistants, and Buildings and Grounds Crew Leaders. These are merit-based jobs.

### Qualifications for promotion

Students who are eligible for a promotion from the Entry Level to the Mastery Level must have worked for the same office or department for a full academic year, and must meet the supervisor's criteria for a promotion. This means that one-year workers are not guaranteed a promotion. He or she must maintain a high level of dependability and responsibility, perform more duties than are required, and be an all-around great worker. Departments have an assigned limit on how many promotions are given, even if "all their students are great workers." Real criteria must be established by the supervisor in the student's evaluation from the prior year to merit a promotion.

### Hours per week

Student jobs will increase from 10 hours per week to 12 hours per week. That is the difference in Entry Level Federal Work-Study Awards, from \$1,700 to \$2,015 per year. Some students already work more than that now, and don't get paid for it. I will encourage supervisors to work with students needing to work within office hours to be flexible.

### How this affects a Financial Aid Award

The increase in hours, from 10 to 12 per week, will be subtracted from college grant. This is the financial benefit for the administration. The increase by promotion, to \$6.25 or \$7.50 per hour, will be subtracted from LOANS. This is the big financial benefit for students.

### New jobs

Buildings and Grounds will have a whole new system next year. There will be four student supervised work crews: one for painting, one for furniture-refinishing, one for floor-refinishing, and one for clean-up and set-up. There will be landscaping assistants, and maintenance apprentices. The crews will be modeled on the "On-Call Team," which will continue next year.

### Summer jobs

Full-time summer jobs received a slight pay raise from \$6.00 per hour to \$6.25 per hour.

### Federal Work-Study and College Subsidized Stipends

"College Work-Study" is the name of all on-campus employment for students. Federal Work-Study (FWS) and College Subsidized Stipends (CSS) are two different parts of College Work Study (CWS).

A limited number of Federal Work-Study (FWS) awards are given to students who qualify for financial aid. If not all of these students use the FWS award, then the awards are assigned to students on a wait-list. Students must request to be on the wait-list if they qualify for financial aid.

If a student is hired for a merit-based position, such as Music Assistant, Lab Assistant, Resident Assistant, B&G Crew Leader, On-Call Team Leader and Member, Art Assistant, Writing Assistant, or a few other jobs, they do not have to qualify for FWS. If they do qualify for Federal Work-Study, the wages will be paid from a FWS account. If they do not qualify for FWS, then they will be paid from a "College Subsidized Stipend" (CSS) account, which is not part of a financial aid package.

### More information

In a mailing sent during the summer, all students will receive information about the jobs available in the fall.

There will be a question and answer session on Tuesday, May 2nd at 4:00 p.m. in either the Great Hall or JCR for students. Another Q & A session for supervisors and department heads will be on Wednesday, May 3rd at 10:00 a.m.



# A Walk Through the Gallery

—Maraiya League

As part of my work-study job, I am required to work in the Art Gallery every Saturday night. I have seen the exhibits of the year come and go. I have studied each one enough to know that perhaps I don't understand modern art. Because of this, I look toward each new exhibit with a little trepidation wondering if I will like the exhibit and if I will get visitors or sit alone, just me and the works of art. When I was told that the exhibit for the month of April was the Annual Student Art Exhibit, I was excited but a little nervous. Having seen the previous art shows, I wasn't sure if the new interpretations of the world provided by my peers would be any better or any more exciting.

As I entered the gallery, I was first struck by the large detailed drawings of Virgil's *Aeneid* and Dante's *Divine Comedy* by Andrew Van Luchene. Both of these works were intricate and beautiful, containing each story in solid figures. My eye then moved around the gallery to take in the contrasting black and white photos, the sculptures and oil paintings. The range of media used by the artists added to the visual effect of the exhibit. As a whole, the exhibit appeared to me as an eclectic hodgepodge of art that was visually appealing. As separate and individual pieces of art, the exhibit was just as fascinating. Kere Lamphear's bold colors drew me into each of his paintings. Although the subjects were unusual, I felt that I had to like them because of the colors and the way in which they were presented. Delia King also used straightforward colors but presented them in a completely different way. One painting contained a man flailing in a black sea with swirls of reds, blues and yellows swimming around him. Instead of being drawn into the work, as I was with Mr. Lamphear's, I recalled the feeling of loneliness that this piece conjured into being. In contrast to these paintings, the exhibit also contained simple canvases by Anne Griffin which were just as stunning in their simplicity as the other paintings were in the mixture of colors and action.

This contrast was the best part of the exhibit. Not only did the different media add to the effect of different views, but the way in which each medium was presented showed a striking difference between the way various artists thought and felt. I enjoyed sneaking glances of the world through the eyes of others, seeing what they considered important and how they chose to communicate this.

However, I must state that although I enjoyed the exhibit, and these particular pieces, immensely, you may find something completely different in the exhibit. What I'm saying is nothing new. Art is explicit to the person viewing it. The Student Art Exhibit is no different. You'll either love it or hate it depending upon what you find appealing given who you are and your experiences. My only suggestion is that you see it. The gallery will contain something you like and provide you with greater insight into what your peers can do beyond the seminar table.

# Bi-Campus Hoop: Isaac Newton and Siamese Twins

—G'berg

On the evening of Wednesday, March 22nd, the St. John's College, Santa Fe Men's Basketball Team took on the Men's All-Star Basketball Team from rival Great Book readers St. John's College, Annapolis. Playing for Santa Fe were Brendan O'Neil, Chris "Sky" Walker, Sam Lueck, Dan Benchoff, John Kochendorfer, and Kirk Duncan. The game was played in the Temple Iglehart Gymnasium on the Annapolis campus following an inspirational speech by Annapolis Dean Eva Brann. In her speech Dean Brann likened the two campuses to Siamese twins and spoke of basketball as being similar to Newtonian physics, where the ball is similar to the world, and cannot be in anyone's hands for too long.

The Santa Fe team got out to a slow start for much of the first half. However, they had jumped out to a twelve point lead at halftime. Led by freshman Chris Walker, who had 21 points and 3 blocked shots, Santa Fe dominated from that point on, winning the game by the score of 60-52.

The win was especially satisfying for the Santa Fe team who had been struggling to get their game together as a team for much of the season. "The whole team played the best game of the year and really came together," said Mr. Walker. "[The Annapolis team was] a bit overconfident," he continued. "They were planning on wasting us because we don't have a gym or any such thing, but we surprised them and everybody there." Following the game, the two teams left their differences on the court to relax, drink beer, and talk basketball.

## CONTENTS

### Intro to PROUT Polity Notes

page 4

### Anti-wealth of Nations

page 5

### The Blue Zone

page 6

### Opening Questions

### Herman's Travels

page 7

### All This Jazz

page 8

### Random

page 9

### Letters

pages 10-11



# Introduction to PROUT: A Neo-Humanistic Approach to Economics

By Nada Khader

I was first introduced to PROUT (Progressive Utilization Theory) during my junior year abroad in Cairo, Egypt. PROUT is a humane, practical approach to organizing human economic activity. It has been developed in India by the late Prabhat Ranjan Sarkar.

The main thrust behind PROUT is to decentralize economic power into the hands of local people. It is distinct from both capitalism and communism. PROUT does not accommodate capital accumulation into the hands of the few. To maximize one's profit at the expense of our environment, of our flora and fauna, is neither sustainable nor humane.

Unlike communism, PROUT accepts the need for private property and business on a small-scale basis. However, the development and expansion of cooperatives is preferred in meeting people's needs. Regional socio-economic units would be totally self-sufficient in terms of basic foodstuffs. There would be a rational, environmentally friendly utilization of local resources.

I learned of the importance of regional self-sufficiency in Cairo. At the beginning of this century Egypt was completely self-sufficient in wheat and rice and was exporting to Europe. Today, the country needs to import close to 70% of the total amount of wheat consumed annually. Thanks to the IMF's (International Monetary Fund) dual policy of structural adjustment and export promotion, much of Egypt's arable land, some of the richest in the world, is used for cultivating exotic fruit for export to Europe and the Arabian Gulf. The working class cannot afford to buy expensive fruit, and the government has to use precious foreign exchange reserves to buy wheat and rice at unstable international prices.

There is absolutely no Reaganomic notion of trickle down effect in PROUT. There's a trickle up but not down. The idea is to have purchasing power increase for the very lowest income groups. The basic needs of all peoples (5 billion and counting) can be met if the distribution of surplus remains in local hands. If we truly want to see the minimum standard of living raised for all people, then we will have to set limits on capital accumulation. Since capital is a limited commodity, if a few start to hoard it the others will be automatically deprived.

I would like to end with a quote by Sarkar who discusses the relative value of objects:

"All entities have two types of values: one, their 'utility value,' and the other, their 'existential value.' Even those creatures which have no utility value for human beings, whose existential value for human beings is nil, still have the right to exist. Even those animals who have negative utility value, instead of positive, and negative existential value, human beings will have to try to preserve even those creatures by creating a congenial environment for them instead of destroying them. They will also have to provide adequate safeguards so that those creatures may not prove injurious.... Non-human creatures have the same existential value to themselves as human beings have to themselves. Oftentimes, we cannot know the utility value or the collective existential value of an entity and we wrongly think that it has no existential value. This is the height of foolishness."

If anyone would like more information on PROUT or would like to join a PROUT study group, please contact Nada Khader via Campus Mail.

## Polity Minutes of March 28, 1995

—Jason Bielagus

Your faithful secretary left, suddenly leaving this task to me. When the meeting began, those attending the meeting were Bernard Pearce (representing the beliefs and interests of January Freshmen), Jesse Howard (Junior representative), Chris Letcher (perhaps another Junior representative), Jason Bielagus (Freshman representative and relief Secretary), Tobin Shulman (chosen as the other Freshman representative because his opinions will always radically differ from those of Jason and thereby add balance), Martha Alexander (Senior representative), Matt Hood (Sophomore representative), Taffeta Elliott, Andrew Ackman, and Mike Layne (fulfilling the highly coveted role of President).

Before diving into our agenda of life-changing issues, we must find a new Secretary. We are relieved at the break from having to decide heavy moral issues, and one of us offers Tobin's name. The suggestion is seconded, and after a vote in which only Tobin and Jesse condemn the motion, Tobin rises for his fifteen seconds or more of glory as the new Polity Secretary. I note that Sean, our ex, should be notified to pass the robe and sword onto Tobin.

Without hesitation, we begin to bruise our minds over the issue of whether or not the Seniors should be given \$2,000 for Prank. Deciding it is for a good cause, we approve Martha's hand-written and still wet proposal of \$1,500 for food and \$500 for decorations. Only Andrew abstains.

"You abstain?" a nameless voice questions, "This is for beer." It is conceivable his decision was rooted in an oversight.

"I abstain." Andrew fires back. Martha is quick to promise that the alcohol has already been funded and that the money will be used toward tame and dry ends. There's still no convincing Andrew, and we begin to silently deliberate if perhaps there is another level to all this.

Our rigorous schedule prevents such asides, so we turn to the question of funds. This financial topic is mysterious because our Treasurer is MIA. Until she surfaces, we have no idea if we have any more money. We are all eager for her return, for if she shows up, we may be able to elect her to an influential position on the Board of Visitors and Governors.

This highly respected position with unlimited advantages for abuse of power and glory is not only available to Ms. Vandermeulen. We would prefer if a rising Sophomore woman would express interest in this position, although the position is available to anyone (as long as the person agrees to wear a dress and pretend that the topics concerning music and Judeo-Christian texts are at the front of his mind).

The next meeting will be Tuesday at 6:00 p.m. in the Fireside Lounge.



# The Anti-Wealth of Nations

—Aysha Massell

A question has been percolating in my mind ever since one night last December after a lecture given by Robert A. Goldwin, first of four speakers in the Tocqueville Lecture Series. It was the question and answer period, and I felt myself in a room full of ideological strangers. Mr. Goldwin seemed to subscribe to the theories of Locke, who describes a world where property rights are intrinsic to the rights of a human being. I asked myself, "If I own a large expanse of territory, and others don't, how far do my rights to property extend over the rights to life of another human being?" As I was mulling this over, President John Agresto directed a question to the speaker: "But what about this cancerous growth of rights that we see now in our society?" Mr. Goldwin asked him to explain what he meant by cancerous growth, and Mr.

Agresto responded, "Well, like the rights to abortion, the decline of family values..." A man with an accent piped in, "Yes! Like the rights of *mujeres*!" Another elderly woman interjected, "And the right to bear arms!" Such a disarray of thoughts I had in this exchange of ideas, I knew not what to think. Later, I remembered my own question to the speaker, and I realized that it was exactly the same as Mr. Agresto's, only from a different standpoint. Recognizing myself to be on the opposite side of the political spectrum from Mr. Agresto, I realized that, nevertheless, we both sought an answer to the same question, "How far do the rights of individuals extend?" I saw then the bridge that spans the gap of misunderstanding and misrepresentation.

This was my first step towards learning the basis of human society and friendship that does not need a concurrence of will in order to survive. In fact, Michael Novak, the third speaker in the series, reflected this viewpoint when he praised the propensity of United States citizens to get along even though they do not all agree. This growing idea helped me to survive the strict order and patriarchy of the U.S. Airforce Academy in Colorado Springs. There I was, discussing foreign policy with a fan of Rush Limbaugh, an Ambassador to Libya during the reign of Bush, and various other characters. But I was impressed, for I tried not to judge and I found that we listened to each other. Our ideas were able to circulate and now I have a better idea of what consti-

tutes the other side of American politics.

It is interesting that, as Mr. Novak also pointed out, the founders of the present government sought to protect against a single power by dividing the interests of the people. As soon as one faction springs up, another contrary to it is born, either by genuine feeling or by contrivance. Also bring into play the division of labor as proposed by Adam Smith, who regards the quality of life to be determined by production capacity and profit, and

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one finds that the spiritual or personal life of each individual suffers from isolation and division, both in the workplace and in politics. It is no wonder that people in the United States are so divided among themselves.

But then, as some people point out, there would be no philosopher if there was no slave! There would be no Great Books, there would be no St. John's! Hell, I wouldn't even be here! But am I willing to let anyone's granddaughter echo those same words? Am I willing to perpetuate the myth that greatness and happiness reside only in material wealth? For wealth, according to Smith, is ultimately labor. If I'm rich, that means I don't have to work. And if I'm poor, well, I work my whole life and still my children die. Is my happiness so dependent on wealth? When I look up, do I look to be a master, or to approach divinity? And when I am settled on my stack of riches, do I stare back into myself, or above at the stars? Where comes the true reason? Where is the wisdom?

Somewhere in the division of labor the soul of humanity escapes out the only window in the factory, and the money saved from the expense of the glass is the only recompense for this mortal wound. Where is the life of spiritual wealth? I resist the powers which urge me towards a capital existence, where I buy relaxation and entertainment. Rather than a mechanical, sped-up, more efficient life as Aysha the monobrain, I would rather be both worker and philosopher, slave to no one and

master only of myself. I wouldn't mind contemplating the universe as I pulled up weeds, or learning the laws of nature by living close to it. Perhaps I would never write a book, but maybe I would. Anyway, my desire for glory or wealth would be quenched by the cool waves of the ocean, which remind me of a natural wealth, a wealth that cannot be weighed by shiny metal which represents a portion of a human life. This wealth is similar to anti-matter, for it behaves in exactly the opposite manner as money. Rather than each bill representing labor spent, so that if I accumulated enough wealth I could eventually own a whole human being, this anti-wealth gives more and more life to others the more you have of it. The more others have of it, the more there is to spread around. This wealth is happiness, which in its true form grows the more it is given.

In order to promote the happiness of a people, therefore, I would not accept the rule of the marketplace which subjects the lives of its citizens to ruthless economic powers which have none of nature's wisdom and prudence. A society which nurtures differences of talent and opinion, and allows each human being to flourish (and I do mean each human being), perhaps will grow to form its own life, and spawn its own children, rather than rush furiously to its death, pushing all before it.

The Tocqueville lecture series sought to address the tension that exists between a private individual and the common good, and each speaker voiced his own opinion (I saw no female speakers) on the ideal relationship between these two. All sought to define the intrinsic rights of a human being which no law can take away. I realize now that the question I shared with Mr. Agresto is preceded by more fundamental ones: Where do the rights of an individual begin? Am I born to claim a portion of this earth as my own to use or abuse as I wish, or am I born only with what lives within me? Do I have a right to allow myself to grow spiritually or must I accept the arbitrary and often violent rule of property? If I accept that one essential right of a human being, and the end for which all strive, is to be happy, then the more happiness that surrounds me, the happier I will be. This is my

*Continued on page 12*



# Former Johnniealmost arrested for reading on campus

By Cobalt Blue

## COBALT BLUE'S LIFE OF CRIME EXPOSED

They say you can never go home again. What they didn't say is that you would get arrested if you tried. But St. John's being the twisted, xenophobic enclave that it is, I barely escaped that fate.

You see, it all started when myself and fourteen Annapoloids sped across a half dozen states in a rented passenger van in order to hang out in the majestic Disneyland of capitalized nouns, otherwise known as the Santa Fe campus.

Most of the 'Nap heads wanted to see if the rumors of a St. John's built in a land blessed by the gods were true. Some wanted to see old friends they had left behind in this enchanted land. Me, I had my own secret agenda which consisted of camping, backpacking, and figuring out what the hell to do with the rest of my life. (My special piece of advice to all you seniors who are feeling a bit confused about where you're going and what you're going to do next—well, get used to it because you're going to feel that way for a while. But if you get really desperate, stand on the street corner in your cap and gown with a crude cardboard sign saying, "Will toil for sustenance." It may not get results but you'll make one helluva statement and you'll look really cool.)

So anyway... I was sitting in the Meem Library reading an extremely entertaining and thought-provoking book called *Karate Do and Zen* by Jorge Aigla (Yeah, I know that was a shameless plug but these are the 90s) when Ray, the crack Security Chief and Dispenser of Swift Justice sat down beside me.

"I just got a call that there was some strange guy dressed like a Russian in the library, causing a disturbance," whispered Ray.

"Really!" My eyebrows raised along with my expectations of being witness to a freak show. I hadn't seen any strange Russians since that incident with those two KGB agents masquerading as the Assistant Deans

in Annapolis. I began to stretch my neck and peer cautiously about trying not to look like I was obviously searching for crazy Russians making library disturbances.

"The funny thing is that the description

"Really?" I hadn't seen any strange Russians since that incident with those two KGB agents masquerading as the Assistant Deans in Annapolis.

matches you," grinned Ray. Sure enough. The library student aide had given a pretty good description of me and I had instantly become one of St. John's Most Wanted.

"Geez, Ray, what did I do?" For once I couldn't think of any crime I had committed that would justify sending the delicate and dainty me up the river to a Sodom and Gomorrah cell of hardened criminals and wicked perverts.

"That's the funny part," said Ray. "When

I asked her what you were doing, she said that you come in every day, you open a book, you read, and then you leave."

"Um, Ray, isn't that what most people do in the library?"

"Yeah, that's what I told her." We started to laugh and I nervously looked around the library suddenly becoming aware of all the people asleep on the surrounding couches. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe reading in this library was a suspicious act. Whoa, reality check!... One quick reality check later and I convinced myself that libraries were in fact for reading and it was morning lab classes and Friday night lectures that were meant for sleeping.

"Gee, how ghastly ironic that I should study the Great Books for four years and then get arrested for reading in the St. John's library. Well, I guess you're going to slap the cuffs on me now, huh? Look, if you're gonna' hit me with that stick, though, watch the face. It's not handsome but its the only one I've got and I've grown kinda' attached to it."

And Ray and I laughed so hard we disturbed the library.

Next week: Part II "You can't dance at Mexican Hat if you've got no shoes" or "Repossession...again."

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Y!**

If you want to have a newspaper/magazine/whatever next year, talk to Taffeta Elliott and Liz Trice.  
New editors are needed.



# OPENING QUESTIONS

AK,  
What is SPAM?

—Katie Lynn

Dear Katie,

What is SPAM?! Why, it's one of America's best loved foods.

Let's go back in time to 1937, George A. Hormel and Company, Austin, Minnesota. Well, Hormel received a huge shipment of pork shoulder, thousands of pounds. No one knew how it could be used. Good pork shoulder's not the kind of thing that should be wasted, you see, so everyone thought and thought and thought about how to use it. One day, a brilliant meatwright decided to try chopping a portion of the shoulder up and adding spices. Thus, the birth of SPAM.

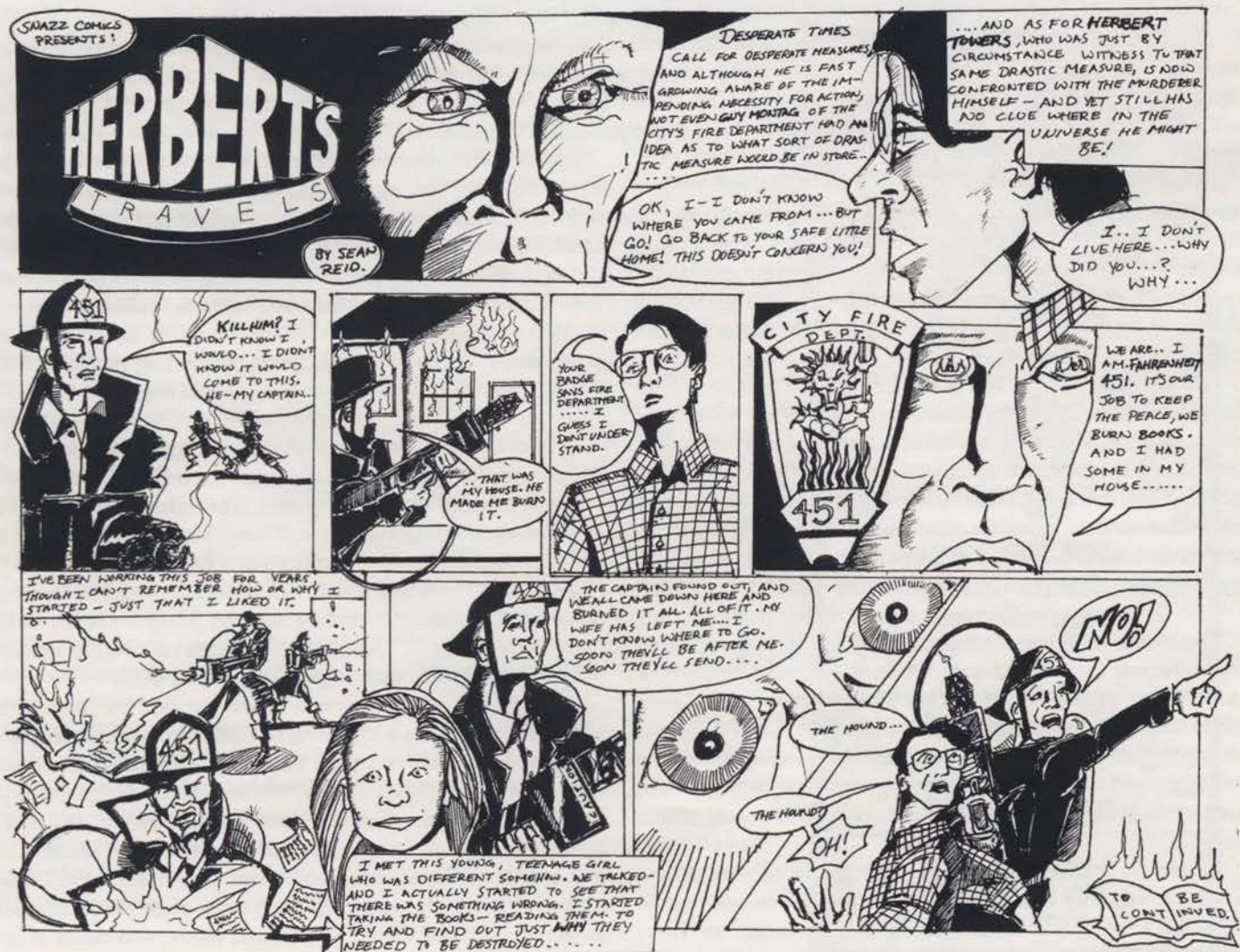
Now, SPAM was not always called SPAM. The first name was simply, "Hormel Spiced Ham." This spiced ham was so goshdarned tasty that other companies started to imitate it. Hormel felt threatened and invited the public to enter a Name the Meat Product

contest. SPAM came from SPiced hAM.

In World War II, the soldiers were fed SPAM. They became fond of it and wanted more when they returned home. SPAM sales sky-rocketed after the war. Today SPAM still holds about a 75% share of the canned meat market in America, residents of Hawaii being the most eager consumers. In South Korea, SPAM is acquired from U.S. Military bases and sold on the black market.

I think that many of us mock SPAM without reason. The ingredients are more honest than I figured they would be. The first ingredients are pork, ham, chicken, and water. That's not so bad. In fact there really aren't any suspicious components at all (except for a few sodium somethingers, and an acid or two). Per serving there are about sixteen grams of fat and around 450 milligrams of sodium. That's sort of awful, but hell, who's going to eat SPAM everyday? Live a little!

I hope this has furthered your understanding of SPAM, Katie. The above historical information is from a book called I'm a SPAM Fan: America's Best Loved Foods by Carolyn Wyman. There are some cool pictures of SPAM paraphernalia as well as some neat trivia I left out; everyone should read it. For information about how to obtain a SPAM products catalogue, see me. —AK





# ALL THIS JAZZ

James Lunt

## All What Jazz?

I spent Spring Break back in the Bay Area, and came across enough music to keep this column running for a month. My purchases included both more mainstream jazz, and things less traditional. Instead of trying to muddle the two together, I have decided to focus on the fringes of jazz this time, and cover some classic reissues next time.

As far as I am concerned the most underrated—and quite possibly the best—reed man in jazz today is Steve Coleman. Two years

ago he came into his own with the groundbreaking *The Tao of Mad Phat* (Fringe Zones) which came on like a cross between Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker, and James Brown. But merely to compare him to these important visionaries is not telling the whole story, and his two latest albums give a more complete picture of the alto sax superhero.

*A Tale of 3 Cities* is a thirty five minute long EP where Steve Coleman and his group, the Five Elements, do six tracks with the rap ensemble, the Metrics. There have been many jazz/rap crossovers over the last couple of years. Some have been great, many have not done justice to either art form. The most successful fusions have used live instrumentation, and the completely live *A Tale of 3 Cities* stands as the best of them. The music is simple, clever, and grooves like an Alligator Bugaloo. Coleman and crew solo confidently over the rappers' harsh, but clever rhymes. No less ambitious than his usual straight jazz albums, the music is surprisingly complex, swirling around the hip-hoppers without ever standing in the way. An interesting release, it will probably meet with the same commercial indifference as his other projects.

A little more to my taste is his new album with The Five Elements proper. Called *DefTrance Beat (Modalities in Rhythm)*, this is straight M-Base. M-Base is groove heavy jazz that continues in the footsteps of the best avant-garde players of the sixties. What makes M-Base different than other forms of jazz is that it has no time signature. The musicians are so in tune with each other that their music resembles a conversation more than anything else. This does not mean that it is unstructured and chaotic; rhythm comes first, but can one dance to it?

The album itself is melodic and soulful, a huge success that covers the jazz and funk history, while never sounding retro or traditionalist. Almost every track is a stand out, with an almost Bebop feel. A fast and galloping version of the Dizzy Gillespie standard "Salt Peanuts" gets it's freshest reading since the Quintet played it almost forty two years ago. It is very doubtful that there is going to be a better, and more inventive jazz album this year.

As techno continues to spit out new subcategories almost weekly, it was only a matter of time before jazz in one degree or another got its synthetic make over. House music, Acid Jazz, and Hip-hop have long bordered on the realms of Techno at

times, but the full crossover is official and it is called *Trip Hop*. Ambient jazzy grooves that I have found easy to fall asleep to come a plenty on Moonshine Records' *The Trip Hop Test*. While barely jazz in any sense of the word, it is interesting music. The first track has a strange rap by Saint Etienne, which sounds almost as if Sonic Youth was called in to remix a P.E. track. The album continues with a mixture of loose, flighty grooves that have about as much form as *In a Silent Way* vintage Miles Davis. Bleeps and blips and drum machines have replaced the seventy odd electric pianos, but other than that it sounds very similar. The absolute stand out track is Portishead's surprisingly funky remix of Paul Weller's acoustic rock masterpiece, "Wild Wood," a daring if saccharine experiment well worth checking out for those of you who tend to shy away from non-electronic music.

Speaking of Portishead, their album *Dummy* is one of the more interesting finds as of late. While it is almost impossible to avoid hearing "Sour Times" on the radio these days, the whole album is really brilliant. There have been many things written of Portishead as of late, and while British dance noir is not everybody's cup of tea, I think that Beth Gibbons is one of the best vocalists around these days. Her voice, frail yet confident, is perfectly suited for the downer songs she sings. Very reminiscent of early Billie Holiday, and middle vintage Austrud Gilberto. The "spy guitars" are pretty nifty too.

The United Future Organization stand as the elder statesmen of Japanese Acid Jazz, and after much trouble with the copyrights over a sample in one of their songs, their third LP is finally available here in the States. *No Sound is Too Taboo* is an adventurous trek through the different worlds of dance jazz. From Be-bop to Bossa Nova, these three DJs know their stuff. While the they do not actually play anything, these boys have a knack of making music out of other peoples' music. They have also enlisted some fantastic sidemen to give the music a more live feel. Linda Muriel, who was the featured vocalist on the much under looked *United States of Mind* LP by ex-Style Council members Talbot and White, lends her darling pipes to "Magic Wand of Love." Snowboy do their Latin tinged percussion on "Sunday Folk Tale," and many other guests kick it with flair. The UFO try the different styles of music together so seamlessly that the whole album comes across as one unit, and yet each song is a perfect dance track for any mix. The unfortunate thing is that they had to cut the vocal line in "Stolen Moments" in order to get the LP released, but that track can be found on last year's AIDS Benefit, *Red, Hot, and Cool*, in its entirety. A great album, *No Sound Is Too Taboo* shows a seasoned group at the top of their many forms. The UFO are ready as ever to take you on a lush and extravagant ride so that they can strut their stuff.

Philip Larkin, from whom I stole the title for this column, once wrote that jazz was giving the listener the unexpected, and jazz had lost itself once the listener no longer knew what to expect. If that is the case, or any more limited definition of jazz holds true, it is questionable as to whether any of this stuff is actually jazz at all. Jazz has become so segmented and to a large part intellectualized that people can forget that jazz is about feeling. If that is the case then this is some of the best jazz around, so in the words of Guru, "Listen and enjoy, and check it out."



maybe

—Heather Morrow

a curvy cobblestone street second floor apartment with an iron girded balcony as window and wall for our sleeping bags under an old quilted family blanket and ivy and roses and ferns that shade like the cat's tail as it jumps up over the railing and into the small apartment for food and drink that is laid out in early morning welcome by an eccentric small darkly greying haired women who in her wild youth bore a son that we met in the park a day or so ago who likes to make balloon animals and whistle and hum all at the same time at the little children that dance and giggle at his feet on Saturdays and Tuesdays and sometimes Wednesday evenings when Mass lets out at an unusual hour on an unusual day and traces of the sun are still to be seen above the oddly shaped rooves that surround the square where Mom said they could linger while she lit a candle for Dad who was in the hospital because of an accident at the factory that they say he caused and that is why they haven't eaten meat this week or maybe that is why they can't buy a new pair of sneakers even though the pair they are wearing will soon have a hole under the big toe where they once stepped on a nail as they were crossing the tracks hurriedly due to our approaching train...

## WHY DID THE CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD?

### Plato:

For the greater good.

### Karl Marx:

It was an historical inevitability.

### Machiavelli:

So that its subjects will view it with admiration, as a chicken which has the daring and courage to boldly cross the road, but also with fear, for whom among them has the strength to contend with such a paragon of avian virtue? In such a manner is the princely chicken's dominion maintained.

### Sigmund Freud:

Give me ten minutes with the chicken and I'll find out.

### Douglas Adams:

Forty-two.

### Carl Jung:

The confluence of events in the cultural gestalt necessitated that individual chickens cross roads at this historical juncture, and therefore synchronicously brought such occurrences into being.

### Ludwig Wittgenstein:

The possibility of "crossing" was encoded into the objects "chicken" and "road", and circumstances came into being which caused the actualization of this potential occurrence.

### Albert Einstein:

Whether the chicken crossed the road or the road crossed the chicken depends upon your frame of reference.

### Aristotle:

To actualize its potential.

### Buddha:

If you ask this question, you deny your own chicken-nature.

### Salvador Dali:

The Fish.

### Darwin:

It was the logical next step after coming down from the trees.

### Epicurus:

For fun.

### Ernest Hemingway:

To die. In the rain.

### Werner Heisenberg:

We are not sure which side of the road the chicken was on, but it was moving very fast.

### David Hume:

Out of custom and habit.

### The Sphinx:

You tell me.

### Zeno of Elea:

To prove it could never reach the other side.

*Submitted by Juan Sebastian Pagani-Estevez*

From Open Hands to Blinded Eyes  
(a mole's poem)

Who so proud could counterfeit  
disdain when bathing in the light  
of Draco rising passionate,  
the tiger's Tiger burning bright?

But, at the feet of heaven's graces  
subtle beauty can be found  
beneath the dank and mossy places,  
roots, and cisterns underground.

Consider you the gentle mole  
who, heart so big and eyes so small,  
lives by touch in a darkened hole  
and, hurting no one, feels all.

Appearances belie the worth  
of lowly creatures made of earth.

David Johnston to Sarah DeSilvey

## TUTORS

A reminder: "A tutor may have his appointment terminated by the Board of Visitors and Governors for one of the following reasons only: (i) failure or inability to perform his teaching duties in a satisfactory manner, or (ii) moral turpitude."

--Article VI, item 6a, College Polity

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# Public Letters

Dear Ms. Heather Elliott,

In the introduction to the novel I am currently reading, Guy De Maupassant begins, "Notwithstanding the experience of centuries, which has proved that woman is, without exception, incapable of any true artistic or scientific work, female doctors and politicians are being forced upon us in this present day." When I read this sentence, I did not throw the book, I did not indulge in those tears of anger and indignation; but I clenched my teeth and thought: "De Maupassant was a good writer, but there is a phalanx of women writers, each armed with pointed pen, that tramples him." However, as your article (*NOOMOON*, March 9) rightly suggests, good writing has nothing to do with the battlefield. It is true that there is a certain effort involved for a modern woman to maintain a healthy indifference towards the thousands of years which precede our age—years which themselves form the architecture of our age, and which, indeed, still possess a vital presence in it. It is true that this presence also attacks our guard unexpectedly, and sometimes shouts, hurling words like De Maupassant's, telling us that we "make a mess with oils or watercolors," and that "Women on earth has two parts to play... Love and Maternity!" The effort to ignore it—even when it only whispers—is ruptured in unguarded moments, and stirs a battle-cry in the heart. But as satisfying the image of Jane Austen bludgeoning De Maupassant to death with one of her own novels is, it betrays the spurious alliance which anger can make between two disparate things.

In mentioning the problem of women on the Program, you illustrate quite nicely the distinction which should be made between the battle and the art. Too often this division is not made, and this failure contributes to the separatism engendered by those whom you called in your article "gender feminists." These would urgently shove any amount of "token" women as quickly as possible into realms hitherto populated by men.

On the other hand, it is probably a credit to the Program that women are so sparsely represented, because it thereby makes the strong exclamation that it is good thinking that is important, not politics.

If this is so, why does the Program not serve to prove that women can't think, can't write, can't design a spacecraft? Is De Maupassant free to relax and settle smugly back into his opinions without fear of being bludgeoned? If the Program is a litmus test for Greatness, doesn't the scarcity of the gentler sex therein indicate that women are relatively incapable of greatness? The answer is a resounding NO. Virginia Woolf begs us to consider how much time someone, however talented, would actually have to devote to their work, if they had given birth to and raised the entire population of the world. She doubts, and I with her, that even Michelangelo could have achieved what he did with that sort of encompassing burden! Aristotle says it: leisure is a prerequisite to philosophy.

However, today the reproductive rights reins may be taken into hand—our hand—and we may, as you say, move about with greater freedom, with rights to education, careers, and even bachelorhood. Our leisure is thus emancipated with us. This hasn't been the case for very long; decades against millennia. All told, the Great XYs outnumber the Great XXs. But we would do well to realize that this seemingly disconcerting fact is ultimately a function of time, not ability. How many Newtons emerge in a century, or even a hundred centuries? I daresay that if the Program exists in a hundred years, there will be more women on it than now, and even more in two hundred. Indeed, perhaps your novel will be on the Program after all, Ms. Elliott.

—India Morrison

Dear Ms. Heather Pool and Ms. Elizabeth Trice,

If it were true, as you suggest in the Spring Break *MOONfly*, that the gender of women inter-

feres with their ability to be objective or to be rational, women students and tutors should be barred from studying or teaching at St. John's in the same capacity as men. I despise this idea. I do not study the authors I do because their ideas belong to my perspective, I study them because their ideas have merit that transcends differences in perspective. The individual experiences of an author inform his or her work, of course. But to say that the perspective of an author determines the worth of his or her ideas is to agree with Protagoras that "man is the measure of all things." Anyone who maintains this view has no reason to study here, or even to study anything.

Why should "blood and guts, honor and glory, slavery [and] the treatment of women" be more emotionally provocative or distasteful for women than men? Is the mistreatment of men not distasteful to women? In discussing a book such as the *Iliad*, in which men suffer far more than women, should men feel resentful or condemn the text more than appreciate it? Are characters believable only when they share our experiences and perspectives? If so, what do we have to gain from reading about such characters?

If you want a "smooth" seminar, you will avoid uncomfortable subjects. If you want "to appear more rational in discussion," you will avoid emotionally charged issues. But smooth and unemotional seminars are not the best seminars, nor in my experience are they even the best-like, by either women or men.

I agree with your conclusion that discussing emotional subjects is worth the difficult work it requires in seminar. But the difficulty in discussing such subjects is no different for men than women. Individual students are, and should be, themselves responsible to pursue the difficult questions that are important to them. Furthermore, every student at St. John's has an equal opportunity and an equal responsibility to his or her classmates to do so.

—Taffeta Elliott

## Captain Danger

—D. Johnston



**Chapter 3:** Deep in his subterranean lair, Zorba schemes with his henchman Commander VonRiech III, German and monocled, and Conga, the Haitian witch doctor. They hold Dr. Beaucroatia prisoner, forcing him to engineer an army of three foot tall bug men. The bug men keep coming out wrong. Zorba wants to capture Dr. Beaucroatia's beautiful daughter, Ilsa, to force the Doctor to work harder. "What about Captain Danger?" asks Commander VonRiech. Conga laughs.



Dear NOOMOON,

Steve Pearson raises an interesting and important question in his opinion piece in the last MOONfly on whether tutors should teach all segments of the program. It is a fairly complex issue, and I thought my perspective on it might be of interest.

The members of the Instruction Committee and I agree wholeheartedly with the catalogue's description of the tutor's work. Like Mr. Pearson, I too harbor the conviction that tutors should teach in all parts of the program. There is a difference, however, between expecting tutors to teach in the whole program and requiring it.

For faculty applicants a deep interest in the whole range of the program is a serious criterion, and we do not appoint people who are interested in only some subset of the program.

It is my responsibility each year to put together the teaching slate. Many considerations come into play. I begin with what the tutors request. Tutor interest and enthusiasm are the most powerful educational forces at work here, and over a career that may last many decades, one's interest in the parts of the program changes, usually many times. To force tutors to teach the whole program and assign them arbitrarily would blunt the drive of curiosity that should be and mostly is the driving engine of learning here.

On the other hand, the teaching slate is something of a zero-sum game: All the slots in the slate are occupied by exactly the number of tutors we have. Some parts of the program work well for less experienced tutors who may not have specific training. Others require more of a running start—a year of auditing or a faculty study group—before a tutor can responsibly lead them. And the entire mathematics-science portions of the last two years require either a prior education in these areas or taking them up in order starting with junior mathematics. While virtually every tutor would like to teach senior mathematics and senior laboratory, it often takes many years before they can make their way into these areas responsibly.

Taking on these areas responsibly is not really in conflict with the other important principle: that we are all in this together, students and tutors alike. We try to see that taking on new areas retains the excitement of intellectual adventure and stimulates everyone involved to assume responsibility for the success of the enterprise. The danger to be avoided here is a lowering of expectations of what we can accomplish.

Another fact that tends to slow tutors down in their progress through the program is that fewer sections are slated in the last two years than in the first two. The result is that, while I receive many requests for certain upper division classes from tutors, I can often only accommodate some of them.

As for tutors who refuse to teach certain parts of the program, I know of very few, and I know

## College In The World, And The World In College —Will Gorham

I know that students here at St. John's College have, at the least, less "free" time than they might want, but we are in college and, for the most part, are here to study, discuss what we are studying, and write about what we are studying and discussing and so on and so forth. In order to keep up with our scholastic demands we all need a break from them and I doubt there are many, if any, of us who feel a lack of available activities to consume every second of our "free" time. Whether in sleeping, "partying", reading non-program books, or falling into frenzied spasms of hyperventilation and cathartic despair, the time gets spent. My distress lies in how little of this "free" time seems to involve attention paid to the world outside our haven on the hill.

In the fall, a good-sized group of students, tutors, and administrators gathered in the Great Hall to discuss the problem of security on our campus. A few students voiced their shock at how something like the "prowler incident" could happen on our campus. One student said in response, and I am paraphrasing, "It happens everywhere and we can not expect it to stay away from our community, no matter how sheltered we feel. We are in the world and it is in us." The meeting-goers' indignant response to this statement made it clear that they interpreted the student to be saying, "Forget it. There's nothing we can do, so just accept it." I think what the student was trying to say was more along the lines of, "We can't get caught up in dealing with these problems in only our small community because they are everywhere and will resurface in our lives outside St. John's."

In light of these observations the question arises: How much do St. John's students know (should I include "care"? ) about the widely influential happenings of the world outside the college, specifically America, more specifically political America.

Many people are "bored by" or "sick of" politics, I know. I too would love to rid my life of politics completely, but unfortunately they do surround and influence me with or without my consent. One of the speakers in the Tocqueville lecture series said that Americans have consciously eliminated politics from their lives. I think it would be more appropriate to say that modern Americans would like to eliminate politics from their lives and often convince themselves that they can. The fact is, politics do not need our permission to invade every aspect of our lives. The most appropriate example of this is embodied in The Exclusionary Rule Reform Act of 1995.

Those students, tutors, and administrators who attended the lecture by Ira Glasser, head of the American Civil Liberties Union, might remember him speaking of the impending danger to the security of the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution. How many of us know the fate of this Amendment? I will now quote *The Village Voice*, one of only three periodicals I have found reporting on this subject. Nat Hentoff, in the February 28th issue of *The Village Voice* reported that "On January 28th the House Judiciary Committee voted 19 to 14 to let federal agents search residences without a search warrant... On February 8th the full House voted to kill the Fourth Amendment 289 to 142..." The Exclusionary Rule of the Fourth Amendment says that federal agents (FBI, CIA, ATF, DEA, Federal Marshals, etc.) must show probable cause in order to obtain the required search warrant from a neutral judge before searching any business or residence. No more. The Senate is likely to vote in the same manner and our stalwart leader, Bill Clinton, is showing no signs of reneging on his hushed promise that he will sign the bill. This bill will affect our lives. On a grand scale it is frightening how little (and I do mean little) attention the media has given to this expunging of our "right to privacy". On a local scale it is frightening how much indifference surrounds the issue.

In the fall community meeting, people were justifiably aghast at what they took to be a "there's nothing we can do, so just accept it" proposal, but with regards to something that will affect us now and long after we leave this college the general feeling, from those who know about the situation, is "there's nothing we can do..."

The CIA, one of the federal agencies that may now invite themselves into your living room, has recently been exposed as having trained, ordered, and even acted with a Guatemalan army wing which has killed more than 110,000 civilians, including Americans (How could that happen to Americans!?), since 1978. What can we do about this? Maybe we can not do anything directly, but by allowing

of none who limit themselves to just a small part of the program.

I hope this will help you to see why it is that while we foster the expectation that tutors will teach throughout the program, we stop short of requiring it.

Sincerely yours,  
Stephen R. Van Luchene  
Dean

ourselves to stay ignorant and inactive we, in effect, give our consent for governments and violent factions to do as they please, again with or without our consent. By ignoring politics we allow politics to take advantage of us.

On Saturday, April 4th, St. John's College brought to a close its Tocqueville lecture series on Citizenship in Democracy with two panels of three speakers and one commentator. The conference lasted for almost five hours. The panelists

*Continued on page 12*



# More Letters...

Noomoon

April 19, 1995

**An Open Letter to the Senior Class**  
Monday, 17 April, 1995

Tonight, for the second time in my two years here, the senior class has sent representatives into my seminar to disrupt the class; and tonight, for the second time in as many years, I have had to escort them out. Since the quasi-traditional status of this behavior has, it seems, become its own justification—to such an extent that tonight I was told, “But it’s senior prank!” (as if that were sufficient justification)—I feel it incumbent on me to explain my actions.

There are two practical reasons why I object to this practice. First, in the next 6 weeks classes will be missed for writing period and for don rags; with so much material yet to be covered, my classes can ill-afford to miss additional meetings. Second, my students have prepared and paid for these classes; why they should be short-changed for reasons outside their control is beyond my comprehension. But even though these objections seem to me valid and serious, they are not the reason why my stomach gets twisted into knots at the prospect of ‘senior prank.’

Rather, when I see force being used to disrupt discussion, to disrupt a friendly but serious inquiry into matters which concern me deeply—such instances evoke, for me, scenes of book-burning and broken crystal. Today, in 1995, fifty years after the liberation of Auschwitz, I cannot stand by and watch violence, or even the threat of violence, overturn rational and human inquiry. I find such actions, and my acquiescence to them, both heinous and horrifying.

I, as well as anyone, recognize the pressure the senior class feels and has felt, and the need to release such tension, the urge not to take ourselves too seriously. I sympathize whole-heartedly with such feelings. But that rationale can be used to justify dangerous actions as well as

harmless pranks. Our actions have implications and meanings beyond what we may intend, but for which we are ultimately responsible. If the senior class wishes to make a statement, fine; but I suggest you think about exactly what that statement is.

I would welcome the opportunity to discuss this matter with any of you who so desires. I only insist that such a discussion be held with dignity, with respect, and with civility.

Barry Goldfarb, Tutor

## **B. Goldfarb/Pentheus Separated at Birth?**

Sometimes I marvel at the mentality of certain members of this community. Are the books we read really more important than the community that reads them? Mr. Goldfarb, and all tutors who throw out senior-pranksters, seem to think so. I say this is hogwash.

I have trouble with Mr. Goldfarb’s reasons against Prank. To his argument that students have paid for the classes missed, I say that Prank is like any scheduled holiday, but with no definite date; if tuition is computed analogously to the meal plan, Prank is accounted for in the number of class days per year. As to his argument that calling it tradition is not enough, I recall reading about it in the admissions material. If this does not count as an official sanction by the school, I’m not sure what does. Does he not remember the consequences of Creon’s rejection of tradition in *Antigone*? What about the required celebrations in the Old Testament? Even Hawthorne laments the loss of “gayety” in America, a loss occasioned by our Puritan forefathers’ rejection of the English festivals upon which Shakespeare’s comedies drew so heavily. But the book that seems closest to the issue is *The Bacchae*. It is a pity that Mr. Goldfarb was not discussing this book when his seminar was

pranked; he might have more easily noticed the similarity of Prank to the bacchanalian festival over which Pentheus loses his life.

But the argument with which I had the hardest time was the comparison of Prank with Auschwitz. I do not know how close to home the Holocaust hits for Mr. Goldfarb, but as someone who would have been in the camps, either for protecting Jews or for being gay, I will say that I am offended by this remark. The only comparison I can see between the Nazi Germany and Prank is the expectation of a bust-in. But we do not dread the busting-in by Prank; rather, we long for it. Does it not seem that seminar attendance is higher at this time of year? No one wants to miss it. And I see no basis for his use of the word “violence.” While Prank has bacchanalian elements, there is no danger of Euripides’ story coming to life. At its worst, a bust-in is boring; at its best, it completely captivates a seminar that was probably taking itself too seriously anyway.

I argue that Senior Prank, at its heart, is the festivity that best represents and most benefits the spirit of the St. John’s community. This is quite a responsibility for the senior class to fulfill, and they may not always fulfill it well, but, having completed four years of hard work, they should be the ones best able to tell us how to be St. John’s students. First, the seniors, in order to put on a good Prank, must use the thinking skills they have learned in order to write a good skit, plan the logistics of getting everything ready in one to two hours, and create enough suspense so that the community will not know when Prank will be. Second, the seniors invite the entire community to celebrate their achievements with them, thereby holding up the work we do as a worthy endeavor. Third, the seniors revive our hopes and spirits by showing us that no matter how exhausting the work is (and if studied correctly, these books will exhaust us), we will not be defeated



by it. Fourth, the seniors, by keeping the date of Prank a secret, remind us that there will be times when more immediate concerns will interrupt our studies, concerns which demand that we put down our books and close our mouths, that we might turn our attention to them. Fifth, the seniors, again by keeping the date secret, allow us a greater release of energy than we could ever get from a scheduled festivity, because we are suddenly set free from the pressures of school under which we had expected to be. And six, the seniors, by carrying out Prank with an attitude of rowdiness and parody, exemplify the vitality and playfulness that minds as good as the ones we study must have, and thereby remind us not to take ourselves, our tutors, or the authors too seriously.

After all, we are only humans, and these are only books.

Steve Pearson  
Junior (and future Prankster)

#### To Mr. Pearson and the Members of the Senior Class:

I would be disingenuous to suggest that my allusions to the Nazis were unintended or facile. I am Jewish, and personally haunted by the Holocaust—not only that a ‘civilized’ country such as Germany could be the perpetrator of such an atrocity, but also that the rest of the world, which had reasons to know about these actions, stood by as passively as it did. I am appalled at the notion of comparing death camps merely with injustice; the enormity of these ‘crimes against humanity’ is beyond my comprehension. To discuss the actions of the senior class in such terms is an insult both to you and, more importantly for me, to those who died in that fashion. However, if you read my letter carefully, you will observe that I NEVER compare senior prank to Nazism; in fact, I am impressed and heartened that, on both occasions when I requested the pranksters to leave, they did so—with decency and with graciousness.

What disturbs me so strongly about ‘senior prank’ is not so much what the class intends as what goes unrecognized. In the movie *Broadcast News*, the character played by Al Brooks (I believe) chastizes Holly Hunter for her attraction to William Hurt, to the effect: “Do you think the devil, when he comes, is going to have horns, cloven feet, and a tail? No, he gets you to sacrifice your standards little by little.” So too with Nazism: I do not think it emerged, Athena-like out of the head of Zeus, in 1933 or with Kristallnacht, on November 9-10, 1938. Rather, I think the acceptability of horrifying actions stems from a desensitizing of one’s imagination. Mr. Pearson states: “The only comparison I can see between the Nazi Germany and Prank is the expectation of a bust-in.” What puzzles me is that Mr. Pearson doesn’t see that that expectation is exactly what terrifies me. Whether or not you dread it, I cannot let a “bust-in” become acceptable behavior, especially when the intrusion aims at the disruption of important discussions.

Now, hear me, seniors: I am NOT accusing you—in any way, shape, or form—of ANYTHING remotely resembling Nazism. That charge is obscene. I AM claiming there is a homology, not an analogy, between these events. I am committed to preventing that homology FROM becoming an analogy.

In Shakespeare’s *Henry IV, Part I*, the play we were reading when the Pranksters entered, Falstaff refers to his recruits as “food for powder, food for powder” (IV.ii.65-66) and later says: I have left my ragamuffins where they are peppered; there’s not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town’s end, to beg during life. (V.iii.36-39)

Do you really think there is no connection between that attitude and Robert McNamara’s recent admission that most of the 58,196 Americans whose names are on the Vietnam Memorial died in a war which he knew to be “terribly wrong”? Doesn’t Mr. Pearson think

Euripides is raising serious questions about the stability of the polis with the presentation of a “bacchanalian festival over which Pentheus loses his life”? Is Antigone really acting in behalf of “tradition,” as opposed to “religion”? Or are “religion” and “tradition” synonymous? Isn’t the notion of the responsibility of power present in all these examples? I cannot accept Mr. Pearson’s conclusion, “After all, we are only humans, and these are only books.” It is my contention, instead, that these are the books which inform our society—both educating it and shaping it—and it is only through our discussions of these books that we retain our sensitivity to the uses and abuses of power, the role of the individual, and the responsibility we have for our actions. The possibility that we might take those issues TOO seriously bewilders me. The disruption of seminar, the attempt to end the discussion of those very issues, seems to me to have VERY serious implications. I wish someone would show me the humor, the prank-like quality.

Now, this explanation is not to say I disagree with the notion of prank. The senior skit sounds wonderful—truly carnivalesque, poking fun at ourselves, imaginative, and, I hope, witty and creative. In fact, at this point, I fully expect to be pilloried myself; I look forward to seeing what you will do with this ‘exchange.’ The very first senior prank, I am told, had the senior class removing all the chairs from every classroom; classes were called to a halt for ‘physical’ reasons, a good reminder to us all of the demands of the body. These actions I find wonderfully hilarious and they fill me with admiration for the imagination and creativity you do have. But I fail to see what is at all ‘prankish’ in an officially-authorized interruption of seminar.

I look forward to seeing you all, and myself, at the senior play.

Barry Goldfarb



# ANNOUNCEMENTS

Acrylic and oil painter Barbara Olins Alpert will be exhibiting her work in the St. John's College Art Gallery. The show opens with a reception Friday, May 5 at 7 p.m. in the Fireside Lounge, and continues through May 25.

## Corrections:

The number of tutors on the Instruction committee is actually six from each campus besides the presidents and deans.

The cover photograph on the Moonfly was taken by Jacob Eckber, not Lori Freeman.

*Continued from page 5*

solution to the Tocqueville question, for since the common good is dependent upon the happiness of each individual, and conversely, then there need not exist a war between citizen and state. There is no side, there is no "other." Ideal though it may sound, the dissolution of false barriers between people, along with allowing everyone to eat, sleep, work, and play, can only give rise to society and friendship.

*Continued from page 11*

were professors at various colleges and universities, the director of the Community Service Project at the American Alliance for Rights and Responsibilities, the president of the New Citizenship Project, an editor from the Wall Street Journal, and the mayor of Missoula, Montana. The panelist from The White House couldn't make it (surprise!).

When I signed up for the conference I was warned that until all the applicants had been counted I should know that I might be put on a waiting list. There was a hefty stack of green applications towering on the desk of Conference Services. I thought that even if there's no space for me in the sunny Meem library conference room at least I'll have plenty of students to question later about the conference. I was lucky to find a ticket in my mailbox the next day. I say lucky because there would have been almost no students to question later. There were (since I didn't actually count I'll be generous with my estimate) about seven students at the first panel and not quite as many at the second. Can we play this shocking lack of attendance off on the fact that the conference occurred on a Saturday, during our "free" time!? Was it too much trouble to sign up in advance? These are both indolent hassles and poor excuses.

As college students we are given the opportunity to ignore the often frightening happenings of the world outside the college. At times this ignorance may be necessary but it will not be very beneficial if it is permitted habitually. College students who choose indifference easily become indifferent citizens and it is because of this incorrigible apathy that we can no longer refuse entry to a warrantless federal officer forcing his or her way into our home.

The prevailing American attitude of "One person/voice/vote won't make a difference" seems to have extended to include "So why even bother thinking about it." Is the New Hampshire license plate the only thing left in America that will either "Live Free Or Die"? Should we "just forget it", smile, and set out an extra plate of cookies at Christmastime for the FBI? The last line of *The Village Voice* article said that the Constitution can not help a population which remains silent. Someday soon we will not be able to ignore the problems around us. At that point we will probably and unfortunately look for someone to blame and we will see that in giving our silent consent, WE became THEM.

# NOOMOON

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