

MOON

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° You might notice that it has been more than the standard three weeks since you last heard from us, and we apologize for being unresponsive friends. You know how these things go. This issue was delayed because long weekend and seminar papers diverted many of our staff writers for a time. For my part, I spent almost 72 hours straight thinking about Prince Andrei Bolkonsky's private rendezvous with his Maker in *War and Peace*. At least when he passed on into the next world, the monumental caffeine headache stayed to comfort me in my time of need. I'm sure our other writers had similar experiences. The point is: it certainly wasn't for lack of love that we've been silent for so long. But—excuses aside—we're back in the saddle again, and we have some things we'd like to share.

First off, I'd like to urge everyone to complete the surveys you received from Dan Kleiman in your mailboxes a while ago. Those surveys concern the future of the campus common rooms, for which a generous donor and the administration have offered a potentially open-ended sum of money, upon receipt of a suitable and workable student-initiated proposal. This proposal must present ideas for the use of the rooms, in addition to realistic means for the preservation of the investment. For some unknown reason, past efforts to renovate the common rooms have always ended in the wanton destruction of the common spaces that everyone claims to cherish. What lies behind this? Sadly, a couple of drunks (not to point fingers or anything) given a few minutes unobserved can ruin the whole thing for the rest of us. Thus most workable ideas I've heard so far include locking the room when not supervised. If this sounds too pessimistic or untrusting, keep in mind that the administration (1) is privy to years of experience in this matter, unlike us, and (2) are actually the ones fronting the money. If anyone has ideas of a contrary nature, now is the perfect opportunity to speak up and transform the plan into action. It's going to take some effort and motivation on our parts, but I think the first sight of a common room more conducive to its stated purpose will reward us a thousand-fold for our efforts.

Secondly, *The Moon's* attempts to solicit parent

subscriptions have begun to pay off. We now have at least eleven (count 'em!) readers who choose to *pay* to read what you now hold in your hand for free. I could of course use this fact to argue for a more enthusiastic turnout at *Moon* meetings and a more enthusiastic response from potential contributors (this means you), but plain and simple, I really don't like to beg. Now, parent subscriptions bring in money that goes to offset our printing costs, which means both that we will not have to drain Polity of such a huge sum of money every semester, and that we will soon not be so constrained to limit our length. Bigger, juicier, more succulent issues will be coming your way. Of course, while on the topic of money, I should also mention that you will soon start seeing advertisements in our pages, thanks to the hard work of Ryan Boyce and Annette Prapasiri. Current forecasts indicate that an amazing number of local businesses are drooling at the thought of catering to you, O Consumer. Do not disappoint them; flow some capital their way.

Announcements out of the way, I'd like now to officially welcome you to this issue. In its pages, you will find some commentary on the current state of national affairs as they apply to us, reflections on Parents' Weekend, a report from the Albuquerque Balloon Fiesta, and an intriguing exposé on one of our most hidden treasures: very eligible bachelor Jonathan Zecher. As for literature, note the epic theme when you read Christian Blood's translation of Homer and Blake Hindley's treatment of President Balkcom on the log at Oktoberfest. Now, enough said, I bow out. •

LECTURE AND CONCERT SCHEDULE ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE · FALL 2001

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2 · CONCERT
Paul O'Dette—Lute, Ellen Hargis—Soprano
8 PM · GREAT HALL



FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9 · PETER GILBERT
Predestination in the New Testament
and *Augustine*
8 PM · GREAT HALL

SUMMING UP THIS YEAR'S DORM VISITS
ALAN HAMILTON | COUNSELLOR

This year the annual dorm visits were both interesting and informative. The dorm visits are an opportunity at the beginning of each year for the deans, the counselors, and the senior residents to meet with the students. We listened to many issues and concerns ranging from the sacred (the food service and pool cues) to the mundane (access to vacuums and supply closets). To the credit of all those who participated, it was usually the case that the problems that were brought to our attention were usually accompanied by ideas for solutions. Some of these solutions are easily implemented and others are problematic, being more systemic. It both cases, however, we want you to know that your ideas have been heard.

Many of the issues that we heard voiced involve Buildings & Grounds. The need for more lighting on campus, especially between Peterson and the SAC, is an issue that came up several times. The need for ashtrays outside the dorms is another issue that was raised on several occasions.

A majority of the more practical needs involve the Housing Office. These include: access to vacuum cleaners and cleaning supplies; the need for dish-soap and sponges; better kitchen facilities including refrigeration; more change machines, washing machines, and dryers; and new furniture in the common rooms. Ms. Mizrahi has already been in touch with the appliance leasing company and has made a proposal to replace all the washing machines and add two additional machines. This proposal is presently under consideration by the college. The condition of the dryers is also being appraised.

Currently the Student Life Committee is evaluating whether they can effectively take up the many issues concerning the food service, the coffee shop, and the desire that food be available later in the evenings and after seminars. Mr. Levine is actively involved in a dialogue with the RAs and others concerning the common rooms. Mr. Levine has expressed a willingness to help get the common rooms refurnished if there is a plan to insure that they will be adequately maintained.

If there are other concerns and/or ideas please don't hesitate to bring them to our attention. Thank you all for your participation and your input. •

SMOKE AND FUMES**BRENDAN O'NEILL** | STUDENT EVENTS OFFICE

During the week of October 22nd, Lopez Roofers were on campus to put new roofs on part of the Evans Science Lab and the Fine Arts Building. Those who attended the director's meeting on October 10 were assured of two things: that the roofers wouldn't work during Parents Weekend, and that both the Library Booksale and roofing had occurred before during class times.

This time, however, didn't go as well. Some classes were canceled on Wednesday, October 25, and others were moved from the FAB building on Thursday, October 26 due to the smoke and fumes from the roofers. Additionally, roofers were tossing debris from the second floor of ESL into the back of a truck with no safety barricades on the sidewalks. The Student Events Office conducted its business from the Admissions office on October 24 because the fumes were so prevalent in the SEO office.

I would like to offer a few suggestions:

- Schedule roofing projects during breaks when class isn't in session.
- Work with the roofers to ensure safety to avoid accidents.
- Notify the College Community well in advance. (by signs, memos, email, etc.)

As a community, we should be concerned about health and safety risks in general. I hope we, as a community, can learn from the mistakes made this time. •

A CORRECTION
FOR MS. PERLEBERG'S ARTICLE
JASON SCOTT | (05)

I know it's a minor matter to correct, but in light of our world's current events and the American media's relaxed scrutiny, I think this issue carries all the more necessity. The mystery Chippendale's dancer at S&C was not wearing a gold thong, as Ms. Perleberg writes. Just so everyone knows, he was dressed in a shiny silver thong with black leopard spots. They're available from Mervyn's, on the clearance rack in the back corner of the men's section. •

° Ethics and morality should be distinguished to be mutually fruitful. An ethics may be defined as a value system that aids in the judgement between good and bad; morality, on the other hand, may be defined as a personal value system that judges good and bad in terms of metaphysical qualities such as right and wrong. According to these definitions, ethics is a function of reason, and morality is a function of right-wing conspiracy (not really, I don't really mean that). Morality is cousin to ideology; ethics is cousin to philosophy. That is my understanding, mind you, not Kant's.

A few nights ago, as I was rambling about America's misplaced teleology and her forgotten debt to J. S. Mill, a very intelligent friend cut me off and asked me if I had a 'personal ethics'. Hell, do I have a personal ethics? Well, I like Utilitarianism—act-utilitarianism more than rule-utilitarianism for myself, but I see the importance of rule-utilitarianism because I don't think that we always have the proper perspective for act-util... no, the answer is no, I don't have a personal ethics. Neither does she, but we have strong and sober notions of right and wrong, good and bad. Is that enough?

The principle of teleology (*telos* + *logos*) supposes that whatever is being studied (pick your *logos*) is knowable through an elucidation of first principles; it is the assumption that ends are vital in Nature. Implicitly, that Nature is ultimately commensurable with reason and that the axiom of sufficient reason holds. I think this is major bunk when applied to natural science—oh, the conceit of man and his reason—but it makes some sense to me as the basis for an ethical system. In my opinion, man has just enough dignity that he should be able to pick his own ends and enough inherent wretchedness that he should have to regulate them with his reason. So, to keep things proportionate (you know, as Stealth Bombers are to Kalishnikovs) we should have a sense of teleology so that we can devise an ethics to help achieve our ends and moderate our means. Well then, I still don't have a personal ethics, but I have inclinations and desires (my clothes still reek of Nietzsche) and I have reason and I have goals. I have strong beliefs and a tacit abhorrence of authority. I'm an egalitarian and feminist. I'm a capitalist and a Spartan. My personal ends are a work in progress, but until I sort that all out, I still have to continue function in this American State. So in this capacity, as a moral agent (usually

undercover) I should like to be able to understand my ethical role and the ethical teleology of that Nike-wearing Leviathan that I so dearly love.

The United States is interesting because she doesn't seem to have an independent philosophical history, at least not an apparent one. She was born a phoenix of angry ashes. As a nation, our metaphysical notions of self, right, and good seem to be derived from Western European Christianity, and English Utilitarianism. My feeling is that, nationally, we are torn between the cultural ideals of equality, unity, pride, shame and destiny. I'm willing to postulate that these ideals that we hold (and I think that we all do; the speculative life is just the operation of overcoming cultural notions) come from our conceit that we are the youngest, the most athletic, and the most successful and popular guy in our seminar because we chose a beautiful set of ideals before we chose our government, and they are empowering because they are politically a priori. Our ideals are not simply the Constitution or the Bill of Rights; we all know those came later and were just to appease ourselves; rather, our ideals are unspoken truths grandfathered from sublime sources. Those sources are as lost to me as the ideals that they now half engender. I'm looking for a an ethics and an common political end in the shadows of a Leviathan grown out of control and out of proportion. This is what terrifies me as a member of this ethical community—new ashes and no ethical identity, no teleology, just a pissed off phoenix.

Our nation encourages intellectual and ideological diversity, but how are we to respond to an national challenge without a national ethics? Our laws are legislated and litigated from a derived source, the Constitution. The Constitution is a document of utility; its purpose is to ensure a democracy; democracy requires insurance. But, when confronted by situations that are extralegal and that can't be litigated, what's a country to do? Naturally, our country becomes confused. At a coffee shop last night I heard the word 'nuclear' used in the same sentence as 'until they glow in the dark'; at Maria's on Friday night the most common word I heard was 'anthrax' followed closely by the word 'terrorists'; in my all college seminar, a tutor asked how we might respond to a 'BWA'—a biological weapon attack. (Incidentally, all WMDs [weapons of mass destruction] are called 'Special Weapons' by the Department of Defense—isn't that sweet?) Civil liberties are at stake; equality is

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Under normal circumstances, a call to linger over a national tragedy would be indulgent. But the events of 9/11 are different. Our leaders, invariably looking at short-term fix rather than long-term need, are remiss in urging the country to “get back to business as usual.” Their message is simple: “it is patriotic to shop.” But is that the message we need right now? Is that what the great American experiment has come down to—enslavement to unnecessary spending as a way out of national crisis? How can we call ourselves free if to remain free we must buy things we don’t feel like buying just yet, just now? The economy moves in cycles, why can’t we?

Just as there is a “time for peace, and a time for war,” why can’t there be a time to buy, and a time to reflect? Is the Scotsman, Adam Smith, who, by the way, would have abhorred the insensitivities of latter day capitalism, more pivotal to our national identity than Washington, Jefferson or Madison? Is the freedom to ponder and mourn, honor and help, subservient to the dictates of the spreadsheet?

No doubt panicked that our economy will teeter into bona fide recession, our leaders are missing a profound point—it is still not time to carry on with business as usual. The seriousness, tact, and mindful decorum that swept the country after 9/11 needs to be preserved, along with the care and compassion that came on their coattails. I am like a mourner at a funeral who’s not had enough time at the wake. Other people understand

this basic human need, which is why mourning can last for weeks in other cultures. America needs such a wake, before we can have a wake-up.

If we don’t, then we will remain conflicted. Having not fully mourned, we will not be ready to fully return to our innate optimism. Our economy, so sensitive to public emotion as it is, will limp along, mirroring the unresolved issues at our core. Let’s take a cue from the past. After the sacrifices of W.W.II, the country enthusiastically dove into a period of unbounded prosperity. No doubt the same will happen again after we’ve fully digested and fully resolved this current tragedy.

But for now, the notion of “business as usual” must be carefully reexamined. I don’t mean we should stop working or stop shopping. We all need to make a buck. We all need to buy necessities. And we all need a little indulgence now and then. But let’s look closely at this annoyingly cheery call to “buy, buy, buy.” Rather than blithely spend, let’s take time to listen. Rather than fritter away our free time to the shock jocks, to tabloid TV, to all manner of celebrity drivel, let’s fritter away time with each other. Let’s ask our schools to suspend at least part of the normal curriculum, and focus squarely and sensitively on the events of 9/11, working in the Bill of Rights, discussions of the Federalist Papers and Constitution, the great speeches of Lincoln, King, and now Bush, and, yes, pausing to discuss the teachings of Islam. Mom and Dad, pull the kids away from Nintendo and MTV,

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MISPLACED AMERICAN TELEOLOGY · ANDREW AYERS | 02

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at stake. Those ideologies that I’ve always known as American in my gut have mixed with bile and become a suspicious taste in the back of my mouth. We’ve shared in an emotionally stirring experience and a real threat to our national and personal experience. As the fallout settles and ethical dilemmas replace a priori necessity, we must be on the look out for where our American teleology lands, for it is the true voice recorder of our national ethics and if she has one, her soul.

A quote from the preface of the US Army’s Special Operations Command’s Special Operations Forces Reference Manual Version 2.1 for the Academic Year 99/00 from the Army

Command and General Staff College:

“Special Operations (SO) encompass the use of small units in direct or indirect military actions focused on strategic or operational objectives. They require units with combinations of trained specialized personnel, equipment, and tactics that exceed the routine capabilities of conventional military forces. SO are characterized by certain attributes that cumulatively distinguish them from conventional operations. These operations are politically sensitive missions where only the best equipped and most proficient forces must be deployed to avoid detection and possible mission failure that can result in damage to US prestige and interests.”

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and lessen your allegiance to sitcoms and “Reality” programming.

Instead, come to New York City.

Why New York? Why now? Because it is essential that every American make a pilgrimage to the World Trade Center site. It’s like Mecca in reverse. Unlike the requisite American visit to Disneyland, a visit to ground zero dramatically acknowledges that this atrocity was not just another media event, conveniently bracketed in familiar terms by network TV, but one that touched us to the core. A visit to ground zero puts everything we are fighting for, our friends, our families, our very lives, in sharp relief.

One needs to make the pilgrimage because until one comes to ground zero, one has no idea of the pain, devastation, and broader symbolism of the events of 9/11, and, in particular, the pointed ways it has touched the people of New York. The stereotype of the gruff, heartless New Yorker has never been born out by anyone who’s lived in the city, but now even first-time visitors get the picture. That’s because New Yorkers have been dramatically changed by this tragedy. You see it everywhere: the extraordinary patience of drivers (you rarely hear a honking horn), the sudden selflessness of subway riders, the heartfelt expressions of love and appreciation at fire stations and police precincts, the earnest humility that has infected even the city’s supermodels. Don’t get me wrong—that dark liberating New York humor is still very much apparent. But it’s underneath that facade that one catches glimpses of a deeper transformation. We, who watched the tragedy on TV, need a dose of that transforming New York spirit.

But this living shrine is not going to last forever. One day it will be cleaned up, and new structures will be built in its place. What will remain will be a plaque or memorial, or some multimedia show, not the real thing. A visit now gives depth to what we get from the news. The Declaration of Independence takes on a subtler hue when one clearly sees what it means to have our organizing principles manipulated and then brazenly assaulted. And the sheer immensity of the attack is not grasped until one drives out on the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge or rides out on the Staten Island ferry and gazes back at the savagely transfigured landscape of Lower Manhattan.

So, yes, this is a call to visit New York City. But not for the customary reasons. Of course, the city of New York desperately needs your dollars,

but this not a message the good folks at the New York Convention and Tourism Bureau will be delivering. It takes a “Monk” to deliver this call. Come to New York City, but stay in Wall Street. Stay amidst the dark canyons. Stay amidst the demolition trucks, the endless debris, and, yes, the lingering, burning stench. Take a few hours, and walk slowly around the perimeter of the World Trade Center site (visitors are no longer the intrusive burden they were the first week). Take your children by the hand. Gently tell them about this atrocity. Let them see and feel the destruction. Let them talk to genuine heroes—the policemen, fire fighters, and National Guardsmen, who are all willing to answer questions and relate their experiences. Have them write a poem or a reflection, and post it to the wall of remembrances along Fulton and Broadway. Then walk them down the Battery Park esplanade, and let them look out on the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. Help them put the picture together—the symbols and the realities.

This is not a call to gawk. And this is not a call to New Yorkers, who’ve had plenty of this tragedy, and who will never forget, thank you very much. This is a call to the rest of us. I’m not asking us to wallow in maudlin remembrance. I want us to stoutly carry on with what is important in your lives. But while regrouping and rebuilding, let’s not forget the searing magnitude of this event. If we don’t stop and take in this tragedy with the seriousness it deserves, what will it ever take to stop us? We do a disservice to the dead by quickly returning to our endless habits, attachments, and diversions, as if what happened on 9/11 was just a blip on the radar, rather than a paradigm shift in our psyche. Our leaders are disingenuous when they say business as usual is what the dead want. It’s certainly not what I would want, if I was among the 4000 still trapped in that rubble.

Until the last body is accounted for, until the last debris has been removed, we need to do the right thing, and for once as a nation, get real. There needs to be a time and place in our often glib country for genuine reflection. A visit to ground zero New York provides that opportunity. •

James M. Crotty is the cofounder and editor of *Monk: The Mobile Magazine*, the travel/culture website, Monk.com, and the web development firm, Monk E-Biz (<http://www.monk.com/web/>).

Waking up at four-thirty in the morning on a Saturday is not something I usually do. Reminding myself that I was waking up in order to drive to Albuquerque did not contribute to my mental well-being, either. I was even going to be missing Oktoberfest for this. But, as it turns out, I was just exchanging one Guinness for another, the beverage for the Book of World Records. This proposition sounded enticing, and once I entered Albuquerque's Balloon Fiesta Park, I knew it had all been worthwhile. The sun had just broken over the Sandia Mountains, and the frigid, crisp air was beginning to thaw. Draped over the ground were innumerable sail-like deflated balloons. Hot air balloons!

I've always been excited to see more than one in the air at once, but before I got to the Kodak

Albuquerque International Balloon Fiesta, I had no idea of just how amazing these things could be. At about seven o'clock, two balloons rose, initiating the festivities, draped with American flags and Kodak advertisements. In keeping with the sponsorship, this event is claimed to be the most photographed event in the world. Immediately following the launch of the first two balloons and the singing of the national anthem, the fires were lit and the mass ascension began. Within one hour, 329 hot air balloons were launched, breaking the previous Guinness World Record of 132 balloons in an hour, set in England last year. There were no cordoned-off areas for spectators; we were free to roam around and stand nearly under the balloons as they launched. Over the course of the nine-day festival, more than 800,000 people would enter the

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the albuquerque balloon fiesta)

KNIGHTS VS. ACCELERATORS

Back in mid-september on a Tuesday afternoon in the warm sun the Knights beat the Accelerators 6 to 3. However, the first half was a different story.

The game began with one of the best turn-outs so far: The Knights had 16 players and the Accelerators, well, they were supplemented. The game started out with a fast pace. There were a series of five headers in a row near the Knights' goal and Ari Gold scored the first goal of the game off of a throw-in for the Accelerators. The accelerators, with the speed of Nick Jones, Tyler (05), furthered their lead with Adam the GI's outside-of-the-foot goal. After this Shane Stump, captain of the Knights took over as goalie.

The game continued to be controlled in the air. The Knights' Evan (05) controlled the mid-field and also sent a lot of beautiful crosses near the goal but never scored. Until Annie (04) of the Knights caught a rebounding ball from the goalie's hands and scored. The game picked up speed as it tured into a tennis match. Evan (05) shot on goal, but hit the post, low and devious...then Nick Kruckenberg (03) shot and the ball nearly went through the goalie's hands. But these attempts were ended when Shane Stump (02), relinquishing the goalie position, came out and scored, tying the game at two. Then the red Accelerators took the ball to the other end of the field, Ari Gold passed to Adam the GI in the center. He turns, he

shoots, he scores to take the lead once again. However, the Knight's defence, led by Wilson Dunleavy, were strong and allowed no more goals from the powerful trio of Christine McCulloch (02), Ari Gold (03), and Adam the GI on the front line.

Awesome game, and I hope to see you on the field, cheering for teammates, classmates, and recent strangers. Sorry for any misspellings and omissions of last names.

ACCELERATORS VS. BARBARIANS

In early October, these teams battled for victory on a beautiful afternoon. The Barbarians carried the day, 6 to 4. The Accelerators, supplemented with other team members presented a daunting front of speed led by Masao Immamura, Ari Gold (03), Henry Covey (03), and Adam Buben (GI). In addition, the Accelerators were honored with the support of an all-star alum India Clarke (01) who gave an awesome performance both as goalie and midfielder.

However, in typical Barbarian style, the green were unrelenting. Forwards and half-backs: Eric (05), Travis Jeffries (04), Luke Kirkland (04), Michael Ossorgin (05), Stevie Bush (03), and Elizabeth (05) confounded the red defenders (including tutor, Mr. Kraai) with their footwork and excellent passing; not to mention the many crosses to the center from Elizabeth in right mid-field. In goal for the green was Jared (05), who was

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sports report)

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amazing, saving the team many a time with dives and rushes. The defense line, Joel VonNahme (04), Dominique (04), led by Nathan Kraus (02) supported Jared in goal and brought the ball up the field; sparking the motion of the green game.

Favorite moment: Luke Kirkland's goal; he seemed so surprised.

ACCELERATORS VS. BARBARIANS REMATCH (10-19)

Friday, brisk but sunny. The red and green returned to the field to once again. The turnout started out small but straggled up to a full sized game, which ended once again in a Barbarian Victory! The accelerators, once again led by their speedy Ar Gold, Adam Buben, and Masao Imamura, and Matt Aaranoff. They were also

sometimes joined on the front line with Shane Stump, when he wasn't in goal.

It wasn't always easy for the Barbarians to penetrate the red defense. Forwards Travis Jeffries and Michael Ossorgin took turns alternating in and out of goal. However, Charlie Griffin's (02) speed and perseverance brought the green to the red goal.

On the defensive side, Rachel (05) was irreplaceable on the right wing defense going up against Arie, Buben, and Shane. Meredith Mason (02) and Michael Borter (02) presented a formidable defense as well. Joining the green this time was another all-star alum Sef Pinney (01) in mid-field and defense positions.

The Barbarians ended the season victorious; one defeat, one forfeit, and wins: well, numerous. •

ALBUQUERQUE BALLOON FIESTA · LUKE WASHBURN|04

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200 acre park. It is estimated* that about twenty percent of all the hot air balloons in the world were at the Fiesta, a grand total of 1,019 of them. The first fiesta took place in 1972 with only thirteen balloons. Probably the most amazing aspect of the event other than the sheer numbers of humans and balloons was the diversity in balloon shapes. A tree floated over our heads, with beautifully colored toucans and parrots perched on branches—the crew from Brazil. (There were balloons present from twenty-one countries.) Floating above our heads were gigantic airborne shoes, computers, elephants, and the largest hot air balloon in America—the Energizer Bunny himself—banging his drum. The crew of the bunny even handed out pink foam bunny ears to the crowd before it launched.

The cold air made for perfect balloon weather, giving the pilots an easy course to steer. One unfortunate balloon crew, though, landed on Kirtland Air Force Base, earning themselves an armed escort off the base and a misdemeanor charge (due to heightened security following the recent terrorist attacks). The one spectacle on which I apparently missed out occurred at dusk. As the sun set, approximately 400 balloons were tethered and

inflated, and at the direction of the Balloonmeister, the fires were lit, revealing a glowing rainbow of colors emitting from the balloons covering hun-



JOHNNIES AT BALLOON FIESTA 2000

dreds of acres. The most exciting moment came for me, though, in the launch of a simple, older balloon. As the burners were ignited and the fifty-foot tall balloon began to rise, a man unrolled a sign: "Carol, will you marry me? Love, Kenny." The people gathered under the balloon all screamed and cheered. The Fiesta continued for eight more days; even Governor Gary Johnson entered a balloon race. There is talk of solar-powered balloons for next year's fiesta. From thirteen gas-powered balloons in 1972 to potentially solar-powered floating elephants in 2002, this wonderful and photogenic festival has come a long way. •

Swift footed Achilles answered them, saying:
 “Son of Zeus, son of Laertes, ever-ready Odysseus,
 It’s necessary that I speak bluntly my take on matters,
 What I think and how things will work out, (310)
 So that you all will not, one by one, skulk about me, cooing.
 I hate like the gates of Hell
 The man who holds one thing in his heart, but says another.
 Thus, I will say what I think is best:
 Never will Agamemnon persuade me,
 Never will any other Danaan, since there was no thanks for me
 For fighting our dreaded enemies, ceaselessly, always.
 Fate is the same for he who stays at home, and he who fights hard.
 Honor would be the same for the bad man and even the good man. (320)
 No gifts for me, when my heart has suffered great pain on account of
 Always throwing my soul into battle.
 Like a mother bird who brings to her bald chicks
 Mere morsels, whatever she can scrounge up, but she herself suffers,
 So did I pass many sleepless nights,
 So did I pass through bloody days of battling,
 Fighting alongside men for the sake of their own wives.
 By ship, twelve cities of men I have stormed,
 By foot, I say it was eleven around prosperous Troy;
 While we took treasures, many and good, (330)
 I would bring them back, give them to Agamemnon,
 Son of Atriades. While he loafed around his shift ships,
 He would take them, pass out paltry shares, and keep most of it.
 To the best men, and the kings, he gave trophies,
 Which they hold tight, but from me, singled out from all the Achaeans,
 He takes and keeps my heart’s bride. He sleeps with her—
 Let him enjoy her! Why must Argives fight
 Trojans? Why did he lead here and gather up these people,
 Atriades’ son? For fair-haired Helen, perhaps?
 Are they the only men who love their wives, these sons of (340)
 Atriades? Since any good and prudent man
 Loves and cares for her who is his own, I
 Loved her in my heart, even though I won her by my spear.
 Now that he clutches my prize and has cheated me,
 Let him try me no more; I know him too well. Never will he persuade me.
 Odysseus, and all you other kings, it’s up to you now
 To show Agamemnon how to deflect dreaded fire from his ships.
 He’s worked long and hard since I’ve been absent,
 He built a wall, and dug a moat around it,
 Huge and deep, and drove spikes into it, (350)
 But it’s not strong enough to hold back man killing Hector.
 When I was battling alongside the Achaeans,
 Hector never dared to venture beyond the Scian gates or the oak tree;
 Once, he tried to stand fast, alone, barely surviving my onslaught.
 Now, I don’t want to fight godly Hector.
 Tomorrow, I will make sacrifices to Zeus and all the other gods,
 Load up my ships, cast out into the salty water;
 You will see, if you care enough, if it concerns you,

CONTINUED FROM P9

At dawn, my ships sailing into the fish-filled waters around Hellespont,
And my men happy to find themselves rowing. (360)

If the famed earth-shaker grants us safe passage,
We will hope to be back in prosperous Phthia in three days.
There I have many things that I left behind when I came here;
There I have gold and red copper,
Deeply curving women and gray iron,
And I will take back what's been allotted to me. As for my trophy, he who gave it
Has insultingly seized it back, that Agamemnon,
Atrides' son. Go back and tell it all, everything I've said,
Shout it from the rooftops, so that other Achaeans will be indignant and on guard,
In case he hopes to swindle any other Danaan, (370)
Always he's committing outrageous acts. He will not even,
Bastard that he is, deign to look me in the face.

Never again will I work by his side to make plan, never again will I do his work.
He cheated me and he hurt me. Never again
Will he screw me with his words. Enough of him. Let him by himself
Be silenced, since Zeus has stripped him of his wits.
I hate his gifts. I deem him to be a splinter.

Not even if he gave me ten or twenty times
As much as he now has, even if he found it from somewhere else,
Not even if it was all that is brought into Orchomenos, not even as much as is (380)
Brought into Egyptian Thebes, where the streets are paved with gold,
Thebes of one hundred gates, through each of which marches two hundred
Warriors, coming forth on horses and in chariots,
Not even if it was so many as the sands or the dust,
Never will my heart obey Agamemnon,
Not until he pays for all his heart-wrenching insults.

Never will I marry a daughter of Agamemnon, son of Atreus,
Not even if she rivals golden Aphrodite in beauty,
Or if her talents vie with those of gray-eyed Athena.
Never will I marry her; let him pick on some other Achaean, (390)
One more to his liking, one who is kinglier than I.

If the gods save me, if I arrive home,
Peleus will himself find for me a wife.
Numerous are the Achaean girls in Hellas and Phthia,
Daughters of great men, warriors who know how to fight;
Any of those, whomever I desire, will be my wife.

Manly eagerness drives my heart
To take the wooed bride chosen for me, a seemly wife,
To please myself and her with the treasures won by old Peleus;
My life is not worth all the prizes they say were won (400)
For Ilium, that pulsing city,

When times were peaceful, before the sons of Achaeans arrived;
Not all that the archer's stone wall holds within it,
Phoebus Apollo, in Rocky Pytho.

Of things to be won, there are cattle and plump sheep,
Of things to be stolen, there are tripods and horses, with stout golden heads,
Yet, a man's very own life cannot come back once it's been stolen,
Nor captured once it flies through the threshold of his teeth.
My mother, the goddess Thetis of the glittering feet, tells me

ENIG-Mass marketpaperbackpublisher's top tier ruins me raw.
 I am writing. A thing which bends.
 Re-bends, multiplies intricacies; is simple.
 CONDUIT. Channel-fired words, names squash
 down the pipe. Sput-suputt-spurt into
 the world which informs them. Pred-judice,
 the custom, a dye. Casts me; re-bulbs, breaks
 me from the mold. Matrices. The aleph isn't origin
 enough B, C. I bet. Bet only that the words are
 unnamed, namings. Informed my collection. An
 allergic dustball sneezes, coheres; messy between
 fingers. Grapples for purchase, has none but in
 elastic. Collude the. Names, institute names.
 Naming rungs. Contrary naming composes
 plastic. Isn't contrary at all. Recognizable-
 by-sight got sick of seeing, felt, felt. Rename
 plastic: FELT. And will feel. Wool pressed and rolled.
 Profited by recognition.
 The inbred favor. Faults my collusion. Nativity faults my collusion.
 Sleight i, robert boy. I am digging a minor
 of the man you'd hope to have seen by now.

TIM SPARKMAN|02

Hallowed chant the chamber dense
 wherein the air the sound
 crisp the voice the chord surround
 like velvet wash the ways upon
 into my ears my eye
 undone becomes benaught untie
 the mind distrapped the world then thence
 softly forth the hound
 and wicked suppl'ant sifting ground
 and here her wrath be canted on
 his foot it taps the cry
 is counted in the twilit I.

ACHILLES' RESPONSE TO ODYSSEUS · CHRISTIAN BLOOD|02

CONTINUED FROM P9

That I bear a two-fold fate on the way to my end in death: (410)
 If I stay, fighting away in the city of the Trojans,
 My homecoming is destroyed, but my fame shall spring eternal.
 If, however, I return to my dear home, land of my fathers,
 My glorious fame is destroyed, but long lasting shall be my life,
 And my end in death will not overtake me anytime soon.
 To all the others I give this advice,
 Fly off homeward, for now the end of lofty Ilium
 Is not near, but far-thundering Zeus,
 He holds his hand over them, and the soldiers grow ruthless.
 But you, go to the best of the Achaeans (420)
 And announce your report—such is the consolation prize for princes—
 And let them come up with their own better plan,
 One that might rescue their ships and save the Achaean troops
 Who man the hollow ships, since they cannot rely on the present plan,
 Which they came up with to counter my anger.
 Let Phoenix lie down and sleep here with me,
 So that tomorrow he may return with us in our ships back to our dear fatherland,
 But only if he so wants to. I will never force him.”
 So he spoke, and all the others were left speechless,
 Marveling at what he had said. His words had been that harsh.

Based on Homeri, *Iliadis I–XII*, ed. Monroe, David B. and Thomas W. Allen (London: Oxford University Press, 1920) and Cunliffe, R. J., *A Lexicon of the Homeric Dialect* (London: University of Oklahoma Press, 1963).

parody · jonathan zecher, manimal)

° Persistent rumors and his wardrobe to the contrary, Jonathan Zecher (03) is not gay. Nor is he as bitter, Aristotelian, or socially inept as he



appears to most of the student body. He would make, despite evidence to the contrary, a surprisingly tolerable boyfriend. Because of these reasons, a desire to hurt my good friend on a personal level, and a nepotistic relationship with one of the



editors this year, I have made it my quest to make all of the lucky ladies of St. John's aware of the many good qualities of Jonathan Louis Zecher, one of the most eligible bachelors on either campus of St. John's.

To begin with Jonathan, or Zecher to his friends (or Sexual White-Chocolate, or Zechy Zorro the Gay Blade, or Susie) is not looking for just some week-long sexual fling. No, he is looking for a serious and meaningful relationship with whichever woman he chooses to woo. He is "looking to build a meaningful relationship built upon a

mutual appreciation of sick art films." But movies are not the only thing important in his life. He also enjoys fencing, vanilla pudding, translating Homeric Greek, and Jesus when he has a moment to spare from his busy classload. And you can be sure that he hits those books hard because its difficult to arrogantly dominate a seminar without ample preparation ahead of time and Jonathan knows that "a Seminar is wasted if you haven't won it conclusively."

His writing has been compared to that of Aristotle (in terms of incomprehensibility and pedanticness, not in terms of intelligence or insight) and his somewhat frighteningly accurate memory ensures that he will never miss an anniversary of any kind, no matter how trivial.

He is sensitive, as evidenced by his appreciation of fine culture, nature, and snappy fashion sense. He color-codes his CDs by genre and has impeccable manners when not verbally abusing those around him. Parents inevitably love him for his restrained lifestyle, soft-spoken ways, and boy-ish good looks. He takes female friends out for din-

poetry)

Sing in me, O muse, and through me tell the tale
Of the man skilled in reading who did not go to Yale,
Who, on the annual festival of Oktoberfest,
Sent forth to view these spectacles finely dressed;
John Balkcom, son of his father, did spy
A battle-torn log of War lifted on high
Where warrior-students fought to the death
And fell to the chamisa, and drew final breath.
There was a Sophomore, godlike in speech,
Who threw off a Freshman down to the beach,
And others besides, too numerous to name,
Who contended mightily and earned deathless fame.
Prince Balkcom looked about and thought,
"O Zeus, what if upon yonder log I fought
And gained myself a named besides president?"
So to the felled-trunk young Balkcom went,
Removed his loafers and drank his last beer,
And received Vulcan's shield and his spear.
Balkcom pondered whom he should contend,
So for a GI student did he send
Whilst he prayed a prayer to Zeus above
And made supplements to the goddess of Love,
And when Balkcom's preparations were through
Then arrived a GI who wore no shoes.
Ten-score of Johnnies created a crowd
To witness the battle and cried out loud:

"O Balkcom, he with the glasses, be fast
So thou may defeat your GI foe at last."
Up stepped the evil GI upon the log,
Who eyed proud Balkcom like a sick dog.
And they both grabbed an oaken stick
To make battle fast and make battle quick.
Balkcom thrust out, and the GI thrust back
And, lo, did Balkcom avoid this attack,
Leaping about like a well-trained ape,
Then Balkcom struck forth and hit the nape
Of the GI, who fell hard and full,
And shut his eyelids as he witnessed his soul
Leave his godlike body where he fell
And travel to Hades, straight down to Hell.
Prince Balkcom stepped down and roared
While the battle-weary Johnnies' hearts soured;
But Balkcom in his rage was not done
So he sought to war 'gainst ev'ryone.
Mighty Balkcom unsheathed his hittin' tool
And prepared to take ten-score Johnnies to school
When goddess Athena of the blue eyes
Descended from Heaven and chastised these guys:
"O warlike Johnnies, ye shouldst not fight,
But read your Great Books to become mighty bright."
These philosopher-warriors did yield
And turned forthwith to retreat from the field.

ner just to be nice and to catch up on old times. He has managed to stay on good terms with his most of his few exes, and rarely harbors homicidal thoughts that don't pass away quickly.

Jonathan also cannot help but appeal on a more appetitive level. "He's got an ass that just wont quit," says Austin Hall. Various females on campus have been heard to say such things as, "He has green Zs monogrammed on his towels," (Colleen Buckley). "Goats seem to be a recurring theme with [him]," (Cassie Hemstrom). "He has the soul of a poet," (Amy Williams). "He's pretty fly for a white guy," (Cindy Dabney). And "He's soft and cuddly, not dangerous at all," (Kathy Christie). Even Marguerite Pfoutz is "not question- ing [his] manhood."

The boyish good looks are only occasionally- marred by the thick growth of the black stub- ble that is the mark of his overwhelming maleness and his dense body hair might lead the more adventurous to play excit- ing games of hide and go seek amidst his wiry jungles of pleasure. Someone who was inebriated and possibly nearsighted might even be tempted to convey Mr. Zecher's beauty with Homeric simile, perhaps comparing him to some sort of burrowing mammal "but a sexy burrowing mammal, like a shrew," (Jaz Bynum, ex-Johnnie) shortly before passing out.

We must be careful when contemplating a man of such Herculean stature not lose sight of his faults, despite all of these wonderful qualities. It is true that he gets a powerful urge to drown puppies in a lake whenever he sees plaid, or a perfect circle, or St. John's, or puppies, or a lake, but who likes puppies anyways? Zechers anger management problem is almost always under control and he has hardly broken anything in the last day or two with- out apologizing profusely to the owner or injured party.

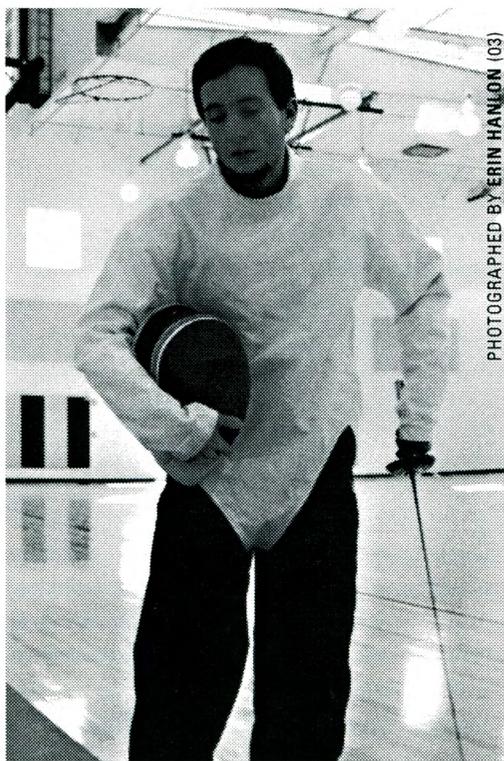
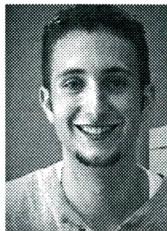
I also have several other quotes that I can not attribute to anyone in particular (the author was fairly inebriated while collecting these opinions), but I shall include them nonetheless in order to convey something of what it is like to spend time in the presence of Zecher.

"She was in there, topless." "No, really, I just humped a chair until I shouted Q.E.D. and col- lapsed, limp." "He mail-orders his detergent to save money." "I love Guys and Dolls." "Nubile young flesh." "...slack jawed and slavering." "Is that a goat?" "Make it short, and sexy." "What do you know about the women?" "Mmm-good..." "Stop being such a god-damned drama queen." "I have to give it to you?" "He gave me a really nice sandwich." "Especially if I *know* your sister, and I do." "I like to lick things." "Baa-aa-aa."

In conclusion, I think that this article has shown that Mr. Zecher is well-mannered, attrac- tive, and fun to be with, and I, for one, cannot understand why his love life has been in such a depressing slump for the last two years that I have known him. Perhaps his sensitive nature has pre- vented meaningful con- tact in the sometimes drunk-and-ready social life of St. John's. Perhaps it has to do with the per- sistent and unkillable rumors that he is interest- ed in men. Perhaps he's scared of girls. For what- ever reason, I think that

the women of this campus owe it to themselves to take a fresh look at Jonathan Louis Zecher, bache- lor of learning, the arts, and love.

Be kind though, for in Jonathan's own words once more, "You'd better treat me well or I'll stab you with a butterfly knife. You can put that in your article, go ahead and write that. I really hate you."•



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERIN HANLON (03)

° Parent's weekend was October 19–21, and it came with all the attendant preciousness of seeing people you see every day with adults who look a lot like them. My mother came to visit me this year. It was the first time she'd come to a parent's weekend since my freshman year, and the differences in our interactions in this environment made me compassionate towards the freshman parents I saw wandering around and in the parent's seminar I led with Mr. Van Luchene.

Beware, I wanted to tell these freshman parents. Your children will change—they will grow up, they will grow out of old habits, those things you may have expected already—but they will do more changing than you think. In some of them, you won't notice it until their junior or senior year; some of them will undergo a more immediate metamorphosis, which even then will shift and change further over the course of their time here. You have to understand that there comes a point in one's St. John's career where the Program becomes Everything, or Everything becomes the Program, or both or something. It All gets so blurred that it's hard to tell. These kids who may have sulked their way through adolescence, grumpy behind some book, or "out" all the time, these kids will come to a point where they bring Nietzsche to dinner and tell you you're wrong in all new, more interesting ways. These kids will become adult-like during their visit here, but more than that they will become big philosophy nerds.

What parents need to understand about this—St. John's—is that it's intense, and when your kids are writing papers they are in another world, where whatever they are writing about means Everything, means Truth, or means absolute Un-Truth. There's nothing to be done about this but to give these children, so much like mad tropical plants, room for growing and a care package stocked with their favorite Something From Home. But your children—particularly during and after their junior and senior years—will never be quite the same again.

Beware, I wanted to tell them. Your children will be smarter than you, or if not, they will think that they are. They will read deeper than most into all things. They will see grand themes in their lives and in life in general. They will have read more

and thought harder than most people ever do. Bear in mind, though, that often in combination with this—there are always exceptions—is a severe and painful lack of experience. Your children, riddled with wisdom are yet young and have less to which to attach to their great insights or will have less upon which to build these insights—it's hard to say how to describe it except as a hollow collection of wisdom (not necessarily knowledge—knowledge is more limited than what we collect here). You must agree, this is a pitiable circumstance. There is this burden of wisdom with no way to understand this wisdom, and it leads to a deep and sorrowful heart or soul or mind or whatever. Be understanding if they want a year off to get that kind of perspective. It is nourishment for that starving wisdom to see the world and to put themselves and these ideas they are having into a context.

Ideas will excite your children more than most other things will and often more than ideas excite most other people. It's what they feed on, daily. Believe me, ideas are tastier and more nourishing than the food in the dining hall. They will catch on quickly—remember that you sent them here to "learn how to think"—sometimes they will be impatient with you and everyone else for not thinking like they do. You can only wait for this to pass. It might not.

They will not always believe the things you believe, and their beliefs will change—not just from year to year, but from reading to reading. Eventually, they might tell you that they don't believe anything anymore. Remember that this, too, is a belief. I believe, right now, that they will still be your same children, somehow. I am still my mother's same daughter. But in order to have a really, truly meaningful relationship with your Johnny children, you have to understand that they are feeling these changes (ideally—some kids seem to go through St. John's and come out relatively unscathed, with their old ideals intact). It is a forging through fire of the mind, heart and spirit. They might end up, after all the changing selves, as the same self that they were when they started, but with a whole new justification for being the way they were, and a new understanding of themselves and their ideas and ideals. •

° Recently, my grandmother sent me a copy of a *Baltimore Sun* column by Susan Reimer about the Annapolis campus's response to Recent Tragic Events. Nana, I assume, meant it as a reassurance that my voice was being heard, but the column left me feeling misrepresented and angry.

One of the two students whose opinions made up the bulk of the article claimed that, after September 11th, "We feel guilt that our now seemingly selfish St. John's pursuits have no 'real-life' benefits." The other described feeling "selfish," "useless," "paralyzed and wretched," and expressed the conviction that St. John's students were "learning nothing that could help the people of New York." A one-sentence quote from another student expressed a dissenting opinion, but far more precedence was given to statements giving the impression that we are, as a college, a bunch of sheltered, impractical rich kids whose insular, solipsistic worldview has been forever shattered—and that that's a good thing.

I disagree. These reactions, while natural, are to a large extent influenced by the pernicious Johnnie habit of taking ourselves too damn seriously, viewing everything we do as an abstraction until we forget that our experience is also reality, though a different kind of reality from that of a rescue worker or a terrorist. This habit leads us to react with our heads and not with our guts, to yield to the impulse to analyze rather than feel. My immediate activities that Tuesday were purely visceral: I drank a good deal of vodka and found someone to snuggle with. It seemed better to experience it first and foremost as a carnal, human loss than intellectualize it into its component parts: Arab nationalism, interventionist foreign policy, sloppy rhetoric, etc. These felt utterly immaterial, and to me they still do. I'm glad that there are other people whose job it is to do these things, but I don't feel the need to participate.

I'm still a Johnnie, though, and my inevitable intellectual reaction was triggered by the *Sun* article, as I reflected on the Annapolitans' statements

and the nature of the Program: This college, despite its uniqueness, is made up of human beings, and thus was no more sheltered with regard to Recent Tragic Events than the rest of the United States and western Europe—indeed, than the rest of the capitalist, democratic, free-press free-speech Judeo-Christian-but-it's-okay-if-you're-not nations of the world. We may, in fact, have been *less* sheltered by our stint at St. John's; one of the greatest lessons we can learn here is that evil not only exists, but is in most cases easier and more attractive than good. The first word of the *Iliad*, of all of western literature indelibly inked across my spine is "μῆτιν"—RAGE. Not peace, not prosperity, not freedom. What literature that we read (excepting, perhaps, Jane Austen) does not detail the horrible things that people do to themselves and each other? Oedipus tears out his eyes; Pentheus is torn apart by his mother; Christ, nailed to a cross. Don Quixote gets his ass kicked constantly; Faust drives Margaret to madness; and then there's Shakespeare. Philosophy, as well, hammers home our human wretchedness: Pascal, Hobbes, Machiavelli, and Nietzsche, among others, exhibit little faith in human nature. Have we, all along, been reading these texts as *exceptions* rather than the rule? How could it escape us that this century, this country, this culture are *miracles*—that the Pax Americana was an artificial state of being?

Do not dismiss me as a pessimist. I readily admit that many of the same works we read include works of love, bravery, and justice; human nature is capable of the beautiful as well as the horrible. What is important is to acknowledge that *both* are present, that, as Aleksander Solzhenitsyn writes, "Even within hearts overwhelmed by evil, one small bridgehead of good is retained. And even in the best of all hearts, there remains ... an unuprooted small corner of evil." When we deny our dark side, we are helpless to protect ourselves against it. This is what happened on September 11th. We are now in the real world—and that's a good thing. •

(NEXT MEETING

monday, november 05 / noon / private dining room

fall 2001

final issue

monday, november 26 / noon / moontag@stumail.sicsf.edu

NEXT SUBMISSION DEADLINE

CRIMINAL OFFENSES THAT TOOK PLACE ON CAMPUS:

	1998	1999	2000
A. MURDER/NONNEGLIGENT MANSLAUGHTER	0	0	0
B. FORCIBLE SEX OFFENSES (INCLUDING FORCIBLE RAPE)	0	0	0
C. NONFORCIBLE SEX OFFENSES	0	0	0
D. ROBBERY	0	0	0
E. AGGRAVATED ASSAULT	0	0	0
F. BURGLARY	7*	8*	1*
G. MOTOR VEHICLE THEFT	0	0	0
H. ARSON	0	0	0
I. NEGLIGENT MANSLAUGHTER	0	0	0

*All were vehicle burglaries of townspeople's cars parked in lot A. None of the above criminal offenses took place in residence halls.

- There were no criminal offenses as listed above in (a) through (i) that manifested evidence of prejudice based on race, religion, sexual orientation, gender, disability or ethnicity ["hate crimes"] on campus.
- There were no arrests on campus for the following: liquor law violations, drug law violations, illegal weapons possessions.
- There were no disciplinary actions/judicial referrals for any of the above noted violations (a) through (c).
- Campus incidents report were made for the following: auto accidents: 7, missing property: 2, Obscene phone calls: 21, Other: 20, thefts: 18, vandalism: 13, vehicle tows: 57, vehicle tow attempt: 1.

How to Submit

The deadline for material for the next issue is Monday, November 26, 2001. Please submit articles or literary work via our email (moontag@stumail.sjcsf.edu) or on a 3.5" floppy disk. Please format your file as text format [.txt] along with a typed, double spaced hard copy including the author's name, class, and phone number. Hard copies without disks are acceptable in certain circumstances. Artwork (illustrations and photography) need to be submitted in black and white as hard copies or scan images saved on disk as [.tif] or [.eps]. The Moon reserves the right to edit and to reject any submission.

Colophon

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