

Philosophers on Holiday

Philosophical problems arise when language goes on holiday.--LW

Volume VII

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TRAIL POSTURING: A PRIMER

Lisa writes: The summer of 2003 found Peg and me hiking the trails of Acadia National Park quite frequently (i.e. all ten times it stopped raining for more than fifteen minutes at a stretch). While on the trails, my reflections often turned to the amount of time and energy that we hikers invest in our Presentation. Back-to-nature blather aside, it's clear that, for some of us all the time, and for all of us some of the time, hiking is a highly scripted activity. Most of the scripts—and their accompanying photos—are lifted straight from the pages of magazines with names like *Consume, America!* or *Oh, I've Already Been There/Done That*. Our behavior, my friends, is known as Trail Posturing.

In Acadia, Trail Posturing falls into two primary categories: 1) posturing about clothing and equipment, and 2) posturing about location. (A third posturing category I've often encountered elsewhere—Distance-and-Altitude Posturing—doesn't happen so much here, because none of the individual hikes in the park is exactly bragging distance, and none of the peaks is exactly breathtaking. Folks inclined to posture in those ways are better off heading up to Baxter State, where they can hitch up with the Appalachian Trail on Mount Katahdin.)

In service to my fellow hikers, I offer the following brief (oh, believe me; I *could* go on!) compendium of Posturing Essentials.*

Clothing/Equipment Posturing: Hiking may not be as high tech an activity as, say, downhill skiing or climbing, but it nevertheless remains an activity in which one can have—or be perceived to have—the Right or Wrong Gear. I wish I had a nickel for every time someone gave me the once-over as we passed them on the trail; I'd have enough to buy myself those new boots I saw at Cadillac Mountain Sports the other day....

So, just what is the right gear? Working up from the bottom, we come first to footwear: what do you have on your feet? Are you setting off on the trail in flip flops or decorative Birkenstocks? That's gonna net you a look of skepticism or concern from us; from other hikers, it'll get you unadulterated scorn. "Rookies. Newbies. Idiots," that look says.

But while too-casual footwear can net you one set of looks, too-serious footwear can net you another set. Peg and I always feel a bit sheepish about the fact that we're wearing real leather hiking boots as we set off on these five mile hikes. We're a bit, shall we say, overengineered—and we are reminded of it, every time some twenty-something bops by in her or (usually) his Teva sandals, water bottle dangling from their pinkie finger. I've started to cultivate a Counter Look to this one; a look that says "Listen here, kid who might have flunked my logic class. I'm 43. My partner here, while younger, is an aging tennis star with multiple sprained ankles to her credit. At least one of us was hiking before you were even BORN. Keep your 'tch tch tch-big-boots-erode-the-trails' mutterings to yourself. We are saving the environment in other ways. On this trail, we're saving our legs."

Talk of legs naturally and eventually zeroes in on knees. Knees are the inspiration for another piece of equipment that we carry, but that nets us more than our share of Looks, and even the occasional Comment—hiking poles. I must confess that the dynamics of Pole Posturing still have me a bit confused, and perhaps a bit defensive as well. On the face of it, hiking poles are the sort of equipment that should net you nothing but admiring glances ("Now THEY must be real HIKERS!") After all, they're sleek looking, efficient (telescoping down into short, easy-to-pack units), and lightweight—the hiker's dream equipment. Your knees say small prayers of thanks for each downward step you take using one. In short, they seem both Useful and Cool. But almost no one uses them; I've seen exactly one other hiker carrying a hiking pole in all the time I've hiked in Acadia. Oh, you see your fair share of family guys, out on their first-ever hike, puffing along using a stick they found along the side of a trail—or pried from some poor, unsuspecting tree when it wasn't looking. (Is that a Posture-y enough comment?) But you don't see hiking poles. And if an item is TOO unusual, TOO off the beaten

See Posturing, p.3

From the Editors*

New Year's Eve, 2003

I hereby resolve:

Not to anguish endlessly over the fact that Phil on Hol comes out quarterly only if you happen to live on Jupiter.

To ensure that our loyal subscribers receive their full value--four big, big issues--for their subscription fee.

To continue to provide the highest quality journalism in the philosophical travel-and-leisure genre.

LMH, 12/31/03

I resolve:

To become a more aggressive acquisitions editor for Phil on Hol.

To continue to bring people to philosophy and philosophy to the people

To make fun and do-able resolutions

PO'C, 12/31/03

Dear readers, it's true; in the past year or so, our best editorial intentions have fallen short of their aim, and we have produce, at most, two issues of this 'zine. Day jobs and regular lives keep intruding on our Real Work. We'll churn out an issue as often as we can--and do rest assured that your ten dollars will still buy you four issues, even if it takes a decade of Jupiter years to get them to you.



You know how they always put out Christmas movies in the summer? And summertime movies at Christmastime? Keep that in mind as you read this issue, which is rather heavily larded with Maine Summer Musings.

*See page 9 for the results of the contests in our "spring" 2003 issue.

Philosophers on Holiday: A quarterly 'zine

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We borrow our motto from Ludwig Wittgenstein's *Philosophical Investigations*. Wittgenstein suggests that philosophical problems emerge when we forget how words function in ordinary circumstances. When language "goes on holiday," we create our own thorny, knotty problems—and then we proceed to chew on them for a thousand years or so.

Our 'zine was born out of our recognition that when philosophers go on holiday, we also tend to thrum up thorny little problems that keep us worrying all the way across Montana. Philosophers, unleashed in the ordinary world, are *dangerous*—or, at the very least, highly amusing. Of course on a good day, we can also be rather insightful. (Paying way too much attention to the ordinary can produce real wisdom every once in awhile.) *Philosophers On Holiday* attempts to bring all things philosophical and holiday-related together in one place; the danger, the amusement, the bumbling, and, yes, the occasional pearl of wisdom.

Posturing, continued

path, no matter how high its cool potential is, it's gonna net looks of skepticism at best, withering disdain at worst ("YOU brought HIKING by buying every piece of equipment you could find at L.L. Bean when you drove through Freeport.")

The solution, for those of us with aging knees, is obviously the Counter Look.

Day packs and fanny packs carry high Posturing Potential as well. People starting up Cadillac Mountain (the highest peak in the park) at two in the afternoon carrying nothing but their eager smiles definitely net Looks—of concern, pity, or disdain, depending upon one's particular attitude toward people who seem unaware of the fact that the human body is 87% water. On the other hand, people hefting the equivalent of Mount Everest expedition packs (are you catching on to the subtleties of how to Posture in Print?) when they set out to climb the South Bubble also net Looks ("Are they planning to spend the *night* up there? Didn't anyone tell them there's no backcountry camping in Acadia? Did someone put a youth hostel up there when we weren't looking???") Our own strategy involves a modest-looking daypack, in which I store my water. (Peg uses one of those infernal backpacks-with-a-hose that delivers water in a manner and flavor not unlike the stuff that comes out of the nozzle in the garden.) Also stored in it, depending upon our degree of anxiety or caution, is some (fairly high) percentage of the Backpacker's Ten Essentials. We almost always carry: a knife, raincoats, food, at least one extra map, and (here comes the heavy item) a first aid kit, complete with one of those crushable ice packs. I always manage to assume a jaunty air while carrying the thing, in an effort to dissemble about its true weight, but let's face it; the puppy is *heavy*. If I allowed my (actual, physical) posture to reflect its weight, we'd get lots of Looks of pitying disdain. And I know; we're probably among the only people hiking in Acadia who actually schlep a first aid kit on the trail. And you know what? We also have a video recording of all our household goods stored in our bank safe deposit box, along with copies of all our valuable papers. AND we have a will. After several years of hiking these trails (and, incidentally, USING that first aid kit on more than one occasion), I guess I feel like I'm now in a position to deliver a Meta-Look. "You think you've got me pegged as a rookie, don't you? Well, lissen here, little Miss Your Green-Horns-Are-Poking-Out-of-Your-Patagonia-Cap, I used to be cavalier about first aid kits too [Okay, I never was, really.] But then I went on *two consecutive hikes* on

which we encountered people with sprained ankles and no resources other than their thirty-year-old Girl Scout merit badge in First Aid. Sneer if you want to; some day, if you're *very, very* lucky, you'll be 43 too."

Location Posturing: It is my considered opinion that Location Posturing is related to Equipment Posturing, and that it, too, is a product of the evil consumerist society out of whose thrall I cannot seem to escape. But I can't quite figure out how, and since this isn't supposed to be a genealogy of Posturing, but a descriptive analysis, I won't sweat the matter.

When you encounter another group of hikers on the trail—either a group hiking in the opposite direction, or a group you're overtaking—there's always a split second during which both parties try to decide what sort of contact there will be: a grunt? A simple "hello?" A "thank you" "don't mention it" as one group steps aside for the other? Or something more elaborate or prolonged? Will, for instance, one member of the group going *up* the trail ask members of the group going *down* the trail how much further it is to the summit? And will the other members of her group immediately kill her, for revealing the fact that they don't know *precisely* how far they have left to go—for revealing that, in point of fact, no, they *don't* have this trail memorized, *not* having been hiking on it every year since the summer they turned eight?

A lot of group dynamics can change, with that single question. That's because, for the serious Location Posturer, revealing that one hasn't always already known all there is to know about this trail is tantamount to letting the other team win. (What? There are no teams in hiking, and there are no winners? You ARE a green horn, aren't you?) The most—the absolute *most*—that a Location Posturer will allow is a question like "have they fixed that spot that was so treacherous last year?" or maybe, *maybe* a nonchalant "This is the one hike I've never done in this park, for some odd reason—maybe because it's just too painful to think about the debilitating injury my great-great-uncle suffered when he was on the original trail crew that bushwhacked its way to the summit." Rule #1 of Location Posturing is this: never just flat out admit to not having been here before, to being new to the trail. Or, God forbid, new to the park. (If you want to go that route, fine. Then you might as well go all the way and just don the green mantle and ask everyone everything you ever wanted to know about hiking. Because there is no way both to admit you've never been here before *and* to climb to an altitude from which it is possible to posture.)

It goes without saying, I would hope, that posturing cannot happen when one is looking at a map. Posturing

e-pistle: 29 August 98

Gary Allen, food (and other subjects) writer and Hudson Valley resident, sends us this reminiscence about the annual fall migration. Find more of Gary on the web at: <http://www.hvnet.com/gallen/>.

'Tis fall, and a young(ish) parent's fancy turns to getting the kids back to college.

Thursday morning, we loaded Aaron's jalopy¹ to the point where it could charitably be described as "wurstig," shoved a few more things into our car, and headed down the familiar road to Oberlin—Aaron and Kym in the lead, and I and the extremely anxious momma Karen in the back.

The trip out was gastronomically uneventful, and other than a coupla' hours delay resulting from Pennsylvania's never-ending highway construction,² not worthy of description. Of course, the five-hundred mile trip was an adventure in umbilically-challenged terror for us, as we watched giant tractor-trailers tailgate Aaron while he cruised blissfully unaware in the left lane.

Two days later, I'm told that blood is beginning to circulate anew in Karen's whitened knuckles.

The return trip started late, so even with a tail wind and ideal conditions³ we could not have made it home by 9 pm. We, however, did not try for the quick trip record. For example, we stopped at a Barnes & Noble in Erie, PA for an hour or so.

B&N would be wise to put up stores along the interstates for the convenience of elderly bibliophiles. Ya get out of the car, use a clean restroom, walk around for a bit among stacks of welcoming books, have a snack at the Starbucks cafe, curl up in a cozy couch to read something you have no intention of buying,⁴ while listening to friendly recorded music.⁵ Much more refreshing than some fake ice cream at a Micky D's. At the end of the visit, pick up a 16-ounce Starbucks caffeine-delivery system for the road, then back out onto the highway.

Route Seventeen rolls along New York's southern tier, periodically flirting with the Pennsylvania border, then rising again as if it intended to pay a visit to the Finger Lakes. In all our trips along this road, however, it never has made it quite that far north. It passes through the Seneca reservation, where the descendants of braves described by James Fenimore Cooper have most recently been engaged in wars over Bingo and tax-free cigarettes. You drive past places with names that suggest the Iroquois past—Chatauqua, Allegany, Salamanca, Owego—and frontier-sounding names that stir the imagination, but somehow never get explana-

tions as you cruise by—Red House, Painted Post, Horseheads. We have seen all these signs many times. Every joke that we could have made about them has been made many times. Karen need only nod toward a particular sign to indicate that she already knows what I am going to say. I say nothing, and the absence of the remark is more amusing to both of us than the joke ever was.

The sun goes down, and I keep on driving. Karen doesn't like driving at night, but I am actually a safer driver in the dark.

During the day, I cannot keep myself from imaging the past histories of the places I drive though. I see the traces of ancient Devonian stream-beds, filled in with rounded gravels that rolled along in their currents over a hundred million years before the first dinosaurs gazed upon their world. I know that there are no traces of the dinosaurs here — all the rocks that might have held their bones and footprints long ago washed into the sea. Where those rocks would have been are rounded mounds of sand and gravel left by glaciers only yesterday.⁶ Some of Cooper's Indians' ancestors would have been here to see the ice retreat, and watch the forests reclaim the land—just as Cooper's Indians got to see our ancestors strip away the forests, and their descendants got to watch us strip away the very hills for sand and gravel with which to build highways—such as Route Seventeen.

I watch for deer, of course, but cannot help noticing the birds and other small animals along the way. I see the flocks of starlings, swarming like ants at the side of the road. They are picking up just the right-sized grit for their gizzards to use in grinding the seeds of the grasses and wild-flowers that grow there—many of the same weeds their ancestors were accustomed to eating in Europe, for we imported both the starlings and the weeds.

But with night, I am not distracted by such ruminations. There is only the road and the traffic. The view through the windshield is little more complex than a video game—a dotted line on the left, a solid line on the right, the lines rising or falling gracefully, a two-hundred mile long scroll that requires only that I stay in the middle, don't fall asleep, and watch for the tiny dots of light that might indicate the presence of deer near the road. Karen gradually falls asleep and I am left to unroll the scroll of night.

Around nine o'clock, we stop in Corning for dinner. The town, unlike most of the southern tier, is thriving. There are art galleries, and posh little shops selling antiques and candles and oriental carpets and such. There are restaurants that aspire to more than

staunching the appetites of the uninspired. We walk along the streets in the soft summer night, choosing a place to eat. A brew-pub is given the nod. We order dinner and beers (a German wheat beer for Karen, a red ale for me); green and white striped ravioli for Karen (filled with ricotta and sage, served with roasted red peppers and chunks of chicken), and for me chicken and shrimp in coconut cream and Caribbean spices over a pilaf of white and wild rice. In a real city, the food would attract no attention—on the southern tier, it was outstanding.

I wonder why Corning became the glass center it is. There are no navigable rivers nearby (the wide Genessee is only a foot or so deep), and the railroad wasn't always here. For raw materials, it is true that there is lots of sand here—and what is glass but sand with an education—but sand has never been a rare commodity elsewhere. Short of going to their museum, it is unlikely I will ever find out (the only time I ever think about it is as we're driving through the region).

We finish dinner and head back out onto the highway. Again Karen falls asleep and I am left to think about the nature of night-driving. St.-Exupery I'm not, however, and until we pass through the convoluted and brightly lit area around Binghamton, little of interest occurs to me. I keep thinking that this is the sort of state in which drivers fall asleep, but the Starbucks is still surging about pretty freely, so I keep driving. Around Oquaga and Deposit, the road begins to climb and descend and twist about—we are entering the western margins of the Catskill plateau. I also begin to see signs indicating the nearness of the Delaware river. Place names like Hale Eddy and Long Eddy conjure up visions of giant trout swirling in the darkness. I see the turnoff for the always inscrutable Fishs Eddy—why is not Fishes Eddy, or Fish's Eddy or even Fishes' Eddy? These are deep—as they say—waters.

We pass over a hill and we're in the Beaverkill watershed—hallowed ground for fly fishermen. If it were daylight, I would find it hard to resist watching the air above the streams, looking for the tell-tale swoopings of swallows and dartings of cedar wax-wings that indicate a hatch of may-flies or caddis-flies in the dusk, watching to see if the omnipresent fishermen have placed themselves in the best positions in the stream.

But it is night, and there is a car tailgating me in the one lane available to us (because of yet more highway construction). The car is so close, I can see the ribbed texture of the glass in his headlights. We pull into a rest area between Livingston Manor and Liberty—the tailgater follows us in, then parks several cars past us. No one gets out of the car. We use the facilities and

return to our car. Perhaps a dozen cars are parked there—but no one is walking around. We notice that raincoats and such are hanging inside the car next to us, and the windows are covered with condensation on the inside.

At the back of the rest area, flowing silently in the dark, is the Willowemoc—the most trouty of the streams that feed, first, the Beaverkill and then the Delaware. The tail-gater's car is—and all the other cars are—filled with sleeping trout fishermen. It is nearly midnight Friday, they have driven through the night—probably straight from work—so that they can wake up next to some of the prettiest water in the east.

Karen dozes lightly through the familiar mountains as we drive the last hour or so.

I smile in the dark, picturing the white inside a huge brook trout's mouth as it tries to inhale one of my homemade dry flies. The fly bouncing perfectly along in the darkness, swinging naturally under the mountain laurels that overhangs a stream in the Catskills, the great spotted antediluvian head emerging from unexpected depths. The image is a quarter century old—I did not hook that trout, but I have seen its rise a million times, in such perfect clarity that I sometimes think I can see the toothed whiteness of the vomerine bone in the trout's mouth.

I no longer fish for actual trout, but still, I envy the sleepers in the cars. Not the aching stiffness they will certainly feel in the morning, of course, but definitely the cool damp grass before dawn, the taste of coffee from a stainless steel thermos, and the promise of that glossy black current beneath the mountain laurels.

Notes:

(1) A rusty, peacenik-sticker-covered affair that is affront to law-abiding citizens and testosterone-laden state troopers everywhere

(2) And, based upon nothing more than its extended inscrutability, deconstruction

(3) Such as no stopping except for emergencies and the fastest possible exchange of new and used foods along the way

(4) And sometimes buy a coupla' books—as we did

(5) Miles Davis' "Someday my Prince will Come"

(6) Geologically speaking, that is — ten to fifteen thousand years ago.



Which Head?

Readers may recall the discussion of applied ontology that went on several years ago in *Phil on Hol*. In the midst of our scoffing, someone explained to us that, yes indeed, some philosophers were actually making a decent living using their degrees outside of academia, by working for a company that was trying to figure out how to move computers along the artificial intelligence road. As one person simplified the matter, it amounted to figuring out what sorts of questions computers needed to know to ask—or not to ask. For instance, a computer that was doing diagnostic work would need to “know” that, if a patient said “My head aches,” the proper next question was *not* “which head?” Humans, the computer needs to know, have only one head.

As I reflected on this, I received a temporary bump in my self esteem, as I thought about all the things I knew—all the things I’d heretofore taken for granted as given, but that now I could put on the “knowledge” side of my balance sheet. I know that most humans have one head and two arms and legs, for instance. Admittedly, the shine wore off quickly, when I realized that it’s not as if this knowledge gave me any particular leg up over other human beings, since even very young children don’t seem to make mistakes about the number of heads their parents have. (Though even at a young age they may already be able to make *jokes* about the matter.)

But lately I’ve been buoyed up by a variation on this observation—buoyed up almost literally, as it turns out. Yesterday, we took a swim down at the town park about an hour before high tide. As we were drying off after our swim, we noticed two little girls in the water, lying on their stomachs. “Are they on a rock?” Peg asked. “No,” I said in jest, “they’re just lying on the water,” and we laughed. And suddenly I realized; here’s another example of that sort of knowledge—an example *way more* elaborate than the head case. Why did both Peg and I laugh when I said “No, they’re lying on the water?” Well, because it was so obvious that they had to be lying on something—but only if you knew what you were looking at! If you don’t know how water supports human bodies—or if you tried to learn how it does so by looking at first graders’ drawings of people floating—you wouldn’t be amused by the notion that these two girls, whose bodies were so clearly rigidly and firmly supported by something *hard* were simply floating on the water. Knowing what it looks like to float is a form of knowledge.

Yes, I know we all have it—or we all grow into having it, such that even when we make those drawings in first grade, we have some sense that things don’t look quite right. So my noticing this knowledge isn’t going to enable me to fill in for Marilyn Vos Savant¹ when she’s on vacation. But I don’t really care about that anyway (her columns are always stupid); now what I’m fascinated by is collecting up incidents like this floating incident—incidents in which these sorts of beliefs are suddenly revealed, made present.

¹“Who’s she?” asked Peg in the margin of my draft. You know who she is; she’s that woman with a column in the *Sunday Parade* magazine. She makes some outrageous claim about being the smartest woman in the world. I wonder how many heads *she* has.

What do you know?

Send us your
applied ontological revelations.

Phil on Hol,

P.O. Box 354, St. Peter, MN 56082.

We’ll send you the *Phil on Hol* Dental Kare Kit, and publish your piece in our next issue.

Posturing, continued

true confession time: I don’t know if it’s intentional or half-conscious, but Peg and I will NEVER pull out the map when other hikers are around—and if any come up while we’re looking at it, we’ll pretend that we’re killing some time while we wait for the rest of our party to show up, by concocting elaborate orienteering puzzles for each other. (“Okay. You’re on Cadillac Mountain, and you want to get to Dorr Mountain without ever going below X hundred feet, and without ever passing in the shadow of Y Mountain. How can you do it, without illegal bushwhacking?”) Looking at a map to find out where you are and where you have to go means admitting you don’t know where you are or where you have to go. And we wouldn’t want to do *that*, now, would we?

*For heaven’s sakes, don’t confuse these with the more familiar—and far more useful—backpackers’ Ten Essentials! Forget one of those and you could be wet, miserable, or even dead. Forget about these essentials and the worst you’ll suffer is a little emotional frostbite from the cool appraising glances of the hikers you meet.

The Incredible Shrinking Private

"Yeah. I am on the train. I am on train. Yeah, I am on the train."

Cell phone user overhead by Lisa on the train. Yeah, on the train

Peg writes: This 'zine has already given voice to my displeasure with the omnipresence of cell phones, and the inappropriate places and times people make use of them (see "Overheard at Airport," Vol III, no 4). A recent trip to Clearwater Florida for the Feminist Ethics and Social Theory (FEAST) conference served not only to heighten my displeasure but also to sharpen my analysis. In conversation with philosophers Melissa Burchard, Heidi Grasswick, and Lorraine Code, we realized that cell phone usage is deeply indicative of the ways in which the realm of the private is rapidly shrinking. (And no, this is NOT a spam advertisement.) People who talk on their cell phones with little regard to their context may believe that, because so many other people are busy screaming into their cell phones, no one else can hear them or is even paying attention to them. The discretion and privacy afforded by a private phone booth are replaced with the anonymity of being part of a gaggle of cell phone users. The assumption is that no one would be listening to me because every other person is too busy with her own conversation. Parents may be familiar with a version of this sort of thinking. It is similar to the one that children make when they assume that because they cannot see their parents, they are not seen by their parents. We all know how successful that move is.

There's also a more philosophically interesting issue here: nothing seems to be private any more. In an era of public confessionals (a.k.a. talk shows), no topic is firmly relegated to the private realm. All topics are now on par with each other. Talking with your mechanic about the fuel pump or your doctor about your test results while sitting in a restaurant is not uncommon. Calling to make a dinner reservation or calling your lawyer to complain about that lout you accidentally married is truly easy while waiting in a ticket line at the theatre. In this era of dedicated speed dials, intimate conversations are just a button away.

What in the old days we unreflectively called the public space is now better understood as the panopticon, a prison design developed by Jeremy Bentham and made famous by Foucault. (For more on Bentham, see *Where are They Now*, this issue.) Foucault revealed the brilliance of this design: a darkened center tower ringed by cells that were backlit. The guards in the center could see where each prisoner was and what he was

doing, but the prisoners could not see the guards. The prisoners were always on display, and could *at any time* be the object of surveillance. Prisoners would know this, and this knowledge would cause them to modify their own behavior to be more orderly and ruly. Guards wouldn't need to be looking at prisoners at any particular time—the whole point was that *they might be, and you wouldn't know it.*

People who talk about the most private things on their cell phones seem unaware of the fact that they too are on constant display. Engrossed in their cell of technology, they fail to notice the publicity of both their conversation and subject matter. Chances are quite good that if another person were to begin interjecting her opinion from the sideline, she would be met with withering looks and expressions of indignation over this violation of privacy. But the same people do not complain about all the other ways that corporations and government agencies acquire private information. To the contrary, many people are all too eager to discuss the minutiae of their lives and provide exacting details.

And here is the decisive move in the conjuring trick: the profession of belief in the sanctity of privacy with simultaneous participation in its ever-increasing erosion. This move ensures some important behavior modification. People become more willing to provide information whenever and wherever requested and people become accustomed to ceding more of their right to privacy without protest or worry. Perhaps there is a belief that all this information creates such a loud chatter that little tidbits about any particular person are obscured.

So what to do? This question truly stumps me. Foucault might argue that in this technology panopticon, we are prisoner and guard both. This complicates the issue immeasurably. Every exercise of power presents opportunities for its resistance.

Lisa responds: Peg's reflection reminds me of another, different erosion--of the public--that's been bugging me lately: the literal erosion of public space. The shopping mall has become the de facto town square of the day. Children's choirs sing in them; cancer awareness groups set up their tables to pass out information. But of course the shopping malls, unlike town squares, aren't public, and your presence in them is at the whim of the owner(s). Now it is unlikely that you will be thrown out if you're part of the Tucson Boy's Choir or the Nicollet County Cancer Support Group. Representatives of less popular causes--or people who *look* like they might cause trouble--are less fortunate.

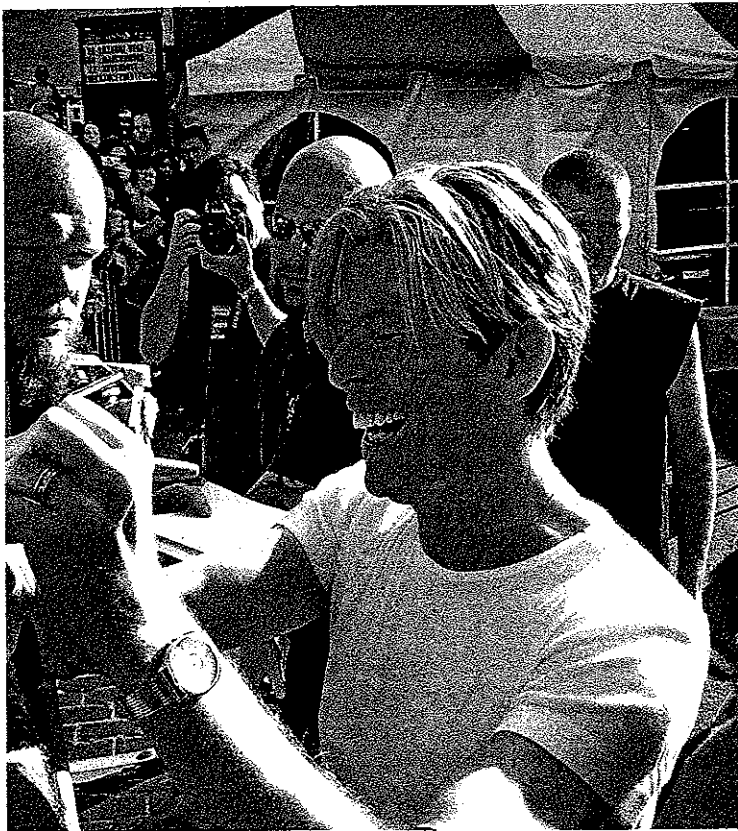
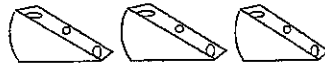
When the "public square" isn't, the free speech rights of all are eroded.

Wisconsin is Another Country

Editors' note: When our colleague Nan Hanway submitted this piece for Phil on Hol, we warned her that the 'zine counts a rather large number of current and former Cheeseheads among its readership. (We like our writers to know, in advance, just whose toes will be stepped on with their pieces.) Nan assured us that she was up to the vituperative letters that might pour into her inbox as a result of this piece. She's a tough, hardboiled journalist; just the sort of temperament one needs for the rough and tumble world of philosophical travel writing.

It has been many years since I took a car trip around the Midwest. But I had a chance recently to travel to Wisconsin with my seven-year-old son, Griffin. And I remembered something I had known long ago: Wisconsin is Another Country. I knew this because my husband and I took an ill-fated anniversary trip nearly fifteen years ago that included The House on The Rock, the Little House in the Big Woods, and the Dells. I don't precisely blame Wisconsin for my impending divorce, but when I tell you that we called it "The Wisconsin Death Trip" and that my future-ex shuddered when told I was going to Wisconsin and said, "Look after our son . . ."

I have been meditating lately on how one's travel partner helps determine your frame of mind. With my husband, Wisconsin (and nearly every other place) seemed sinister and slightly depressing, full of people who were always asking us, "What are you doing HERE?" as if they wanted us to hit the road and leave their town for good. When I saw Wisconsin this time, I saw it as a curious seven-year-old: COWS, MOMMA, MOMMA, COWS, DID YOU KNOW THIS IS THE CHEESEHEAD STATE THEY HAVE LOTS OF DAIRIES. LOOK AT THOSE WEIRD ROCKS, CAN WE STOP AT THE MINI-GOLF/WATERPARK/ MACDONALD'S. Other states have cheese and cows and mini-golfs and waterparks and even weird rock formations. And, Lord help us, plenty of fast food. But with my son, every new mini-golf looked exotic. He remarked on how even MacDonald's seemed changed in a different state (IN WISCONSIN, THERE'S GOOD CHEESE ON MY BURGER, MOMMA). Pardon the capital letters, but it helps give you a sense of the volume. Now, before you say, "Wow, they've been keeping that kid on the farm too long," let me hasten to add that he nearly filled a passport before the age of five - Argentina, Brazil, France, to name a few. So I can only hope that he has learned how to see the world as a traveler, even if he exoticizes MacDonald's and Others' mini-golfs.

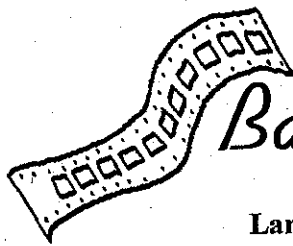


...And speaking of the exotic, isn't that David Bowie? And isn't he in, for heaven's sakes, beautiful downtown Poughkeepsie??? And, if we're not mistaken, mightn't that be the camera artistry of our web guy, Jay Benjamin?

Why, yes all the way around! Jay snapped this photo of The Man Most Likely to Be Mistaken For Princess Ann when His Bowieness came to town to try out some songs from his new album. Jay notes: "My brother Mark called me from the Thruway yesterday afternoon to say he was on his way to see David Bowie perform a "fan-club-only" gig at a small (less than 600 capacity) music club in Poughkeepsie. I met him at the Kingston exit, rode down, watched Bowie sign autographs, took in the outdoor crowd scene, lured Barb to pick me up in a somewhat seedy [as opposed to *very* seedy] part of Poughkeepsie, visited with Mark and Daniel (my nephew), and returned home.

Okay, so he's not exactly a philosopher. But he COULD be. He did, after all, sing that song "Young Hegelians."*

*Wait! I feel a toothbrush coming on! Rewrite the words to Bowie's immortal song, "Young Americans," transforming it into a paean to those 19th-century Hegel cultists, and we promise we'll publish you in the next *PonH!* Extra credit for including someone other than Marx and Feuerbach.



Barb's Briefs

Large-Sized Brief

If you liked Mick Jagger in "Bent" (a BtB recommendation for the times you need a thought-provoking drama), try "The Man from Elyssian Fields"(2002). But don't look for anything else to like about this movie. It takes a ridiculous plot (reminiscent of "The Indecent Proposal" (1993, Woody Harrelson, Robert Redford, Demi Moore)) and a bunch of recognizable actors you might like elsewhere (James Coburn, Andy Garcia, Julianna Margulies, Angelica Huston) and puts them all together in a movie that has a few amusing images but which is ultimately S*T*U*P*I*D. The fact that it has a "happy ending" makes it all the most S*T*U*P*I*D. It bears NO resemblance to BtB's beloved "American Gigolo."

Briefer Brief

"Secretary" (Maggie Gyllenhaal, James Spader): Can you spell Sven! Golly!!

Commercial Interruption

So Nicole Kidman has a new [well, not any more] movie—looks like a horse opera to me. Viewing a commercial for it, I said "are they still making horse operas?" to which the Web Guy responded, "It's actually about a soldier returning home after the Civil War—a remakie of the *Odyssey*. To which The Brief says, "well, isn't that the *ultimate* horse opera?"

As this goes to press, I still have not see the movie, but I send for a challenge: find a historical heroine from the Civil War who is *that blonde*. I ask you: is that kind of unnatural blonde *really* appropriate in a horse opera?

Holiday Viewings

Thumbs down on "About Schmidt,"* but "The Good Thief" and "Love in the Time of Money are both good if little known. You won't see many "good" reviews of Nick Nolte movies from me, so check it out.

*This seems to be a new genre. If you are tired of "young men coming of age movies," try out the "old men coming of age" set.

Department of Theatrical Mishearing

Lisa: I always thought the Tennessee Williams play was titled "Morning Becomes Electra." In my version, Electra is just an early riser who looks particularly fetching before breakfast.

CONTEST RESULTS!?

In this issue, we draw to a close the reader challenge begun a year ago when we introduced a new typeface on page two--"From the editors." The original contest asked you to name the typeface--a challenge that proved to be too much even for the culture-savvy readers of this 'zine. However, a subsidiary contest produced happier results. This contest, you may recall, revealed that the name of the typeface is "Partridge," named after the treacly 1970s television show "The Partridge Family," and asked you to name the real-life family singing group that inspired the Partridges--and, if possible, to name one of their hits. Both Alison Bailey of Illinois State University, Normal and Ken Albala of the University of the Pacific, came up with the right name of the right family--the Cowsills. Alison even came up with the name of one of the songs they recorded--"Hair." (Yes, *that* "Hair.") Their other biggie was, of course, "Indian Lake." (See? You're starting to hum it, aren't you?)



The other contest in our Spring 2003 issue netted *absolutely no written responses*--and for this we have no explanation. Inspired by people's references to age 33 as their "Jesus Year," combined with Lisa's realization that she was wrapping up her "Mr. Salteena Year" (42), that contest asked you to come up with a figure from literature, the arts, or any other field of intellectual and creative endeavor, who is particularly strongly associated with a specific age. We'd like to continue that contest--among other reasons because Lisa is still casting about for a name for her 43rd year, and is already dreading the launching of her unnamed 44th year. To get you going here are some more examples we came up with.

Age Character/Figure

Unborn	Tristram Shandy
8	Scout, from <i>To Kill a Mockingbird</i>
11	Harriett the Spy
12	Frankie Addams, from <i>Member of the Wedding</i>
13	Huck Finn
15	Holden Caulfield, from <i>Catcher in the Rye</i>
36	Orlando, title character in V. Woolf's novel
38	Jing-Mei Woo, protagonist of <i>Joy-Luck Club</i>
40	Siddalee Walker, Ya Ya Daughter, Scrooge, Winston Smith of <i>1984</i>
50	Mrs. Ramsay, of <i>To the Lighthouse</i>

Dear readers, help us fill out this calendar of the years, and give meaning to the waning months of Lisa's 43rd! Send *your* contributions to:

Phil on Hol, Box 354, St. Peter, MN 56082

PANTHEON GASTRONOMIQUE

MULBERRY SUMMER

We welcome a new writer to the Phil on Hol gang. Landis Green is the new head of school at the John Bapst School in Bangor, Maine. We first heard his mulberry story on a cool night in beautiful downtown South Brooksville, Maine.

Early summer in northeastern Pennsylvania meant one thing to me as a child: mulberries. People wax poetic about strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, etc., but anyone who's taken the time to introduce herself to the pleasures of a ripened mulberry knows that the rest pale by comparison.

Some of my fondest memories of childhood happened in the gloaming of early summer evenings. I'd run, barefooted of course, across the street into the ruins of a long-burned church where mulberry trees had taken root decades before. There, standing in the purplish mess of overripe berries fallen on the moist ground, I'd stretch and reach to gently pluck the about-to-fall (and therefore sweetest) berries from the lower branches of huge, old trees. "Gently" is the operative word, of course, because if you had to pull, they weren't really ripe. My vessel—at least for those that made it past my mouth and into my vessel—was an ancient, pale blue Tupperware bowl from which I also ate my morning cereal.

But not on early summer nights.

On early summer nights, I would traipse back across the street; receive the requisite scolding, "Landis Paul!" from my mother, horrified at the sight of my completely purple feet, hands, lips, and tongue; and head into the bathroom. Scrubbed clean and wearing my jammies, I'd sit on the back porch watching lightening bugs, awaiting my mother's tough love: the Tupperware bowl filled with berries, sprinkled with sugar and swimming in a soup of whole milk.

She never was very good with punishments, that mother of mine. I think she picked a few mulberries in her day, too.



FROM THE SUBLIME TO...

Peg recently presented Lisa with a vintage turquoise Easy Bake oven, in fulfillment of her childhood dream. Lisa's sister Sybil weighed in with this waggish observation:

During one of my sleepless moments during the night, I was comparing and contrasting Lisa's cooking experiences. A year ago learning all about pastry at the culinary institute, and this year baking brownies with a light bulb. I DO declare ...

BUYING WHOOPEE

Lisa writes: Walk into a general store in any Maine town (coast, mountains, the County), and chances are high that there will be some sort of glass case at the cash register, with an assortment of baked goods in it. And if there is such a case, chances are *superb* that one of the items in that case will be a whoopee pie.

For people living beyond the reach of The Pie,* a brief description is in order. The color scheme of a whoopee pie—chocolate brown and fluffy white—makes you briefly think "oreo." But only briefly, for the dimensions of the whoopee pie make you think "Texas." A proper whoopee pie, which is about the diameter of a CD and, at its thickest point, about as tall as your average closed laptop computer, consists of two chocolate cakes sandwiched together with breathtaking quantities of fluffy white frosting. It looks like a flying saucer; the cakes are baked in special pans that make them flat on one side and beautifully domed on the other. (Think "muffin top.")

The cakes, depending upon the general store, range from gummy, metallic tasting, just-add-water cake mix cakes, through your premium add-oil-and-egg mixes, all the way (on rare, *rare* occasions) to real, live, genuine delicious homemade chocolate cake. Sometimes they're deep dark brown; other times they look more like milk chocolate cake. (Truth be told, they never knock your socks off with their full, rich chocolatey flavor; this is not the kind of cake you would set out to make for a chocolate lover's birthday.) The cake is dense and firm enough to hold three quarters of an inch of frosting.

The frosting, in the best circumstances, makes me think of the filling of the Twinkie (a childhood favorite for which I must admit I still nurse a secret passion). It's perfectly smooth, light and fluffy. But not ephemerally, whipped-creamy, beaten egg-whitey fluffy; I'd call it industrially fluffy. You get the sense that the frosting (filling?) in this whoopee pie might be able to hold up for the next few years. At least a few weeks. It's sweet—kid sweet.

That's the best frosting. The not-so-good kind is obviously crisco and powdered sugar; it's just a bit gritty, and it doesn't fluff up right. (I think Peg secretly prefers this kind; she has a thing for powdered sugar frosting.)

Whatever its quality, the frosting must be mounded on thick. So thick that the resultant pie is far taller than your mouth can accommodate. So thick it always

gooshes out the sides when you bite down, and you have to swipe the excess with your index finger and eat it, plain.

This summer, our, our favorite pie was the one at the Eggmoggin Store, on Route 15 on the Blue Hill peninsula, just before you turn right to go to Deer Isle.

Peg notes that the best ones are always wrapped in regular old kitchen saran wrap—a detail that indicates “homemade.” (This, in contrast to the pies that have obviously been sealed in cellophane by a machine.) She also argues that a whoopee pie is more than the sum of its parts—that the beauty of this food lies in the relationship BETWEEN the cake and the frosting. (Readers will be unsurprised to learn that Devil Dogs, not Twinkies, are her snack food of choice.)

*And how far is that reach? Well, it extends at least to Massachusetts, where Peg grew up. They don't appear in my grocery store in Minnesota, but I had *heard* of them, and may even have been able to give a description of them. The King Arthur flour company sells a pan for making them, and even publishes a recipe in its catalogue, to satisfy the craving of New England expats.

Have you a whoopee pie story?

Have you encountered these delights on the Oregon coast?
Found a version made with carrot cake?
Discovered the place that claims to be their home?

Tell us about it! **Send your story** (preferably using it to wrap a homemade W.P.) to:

Phil on Hol, P.O. Box 354, St. Peter, MN 56082,
Attn: Buying Whoopee Department

Briefly Noted

Editor's note: Barb the Brief has broadened her reviewing, to include dining commentary on the soup line in the IBM cafeteria. Herewith are two of her offerings:

So can I make a citizen's arrest? Twice now I have seen the same man stand for AGES at the soup delivery station in the IBM cafeteria, get the ladle full of soup and carefully decant the liquid—filling his entire dish with chicken/carrots/noodles and nary a broth snippet.... I was in a foul humor this noon so I didn't dare confront him (despite being the person behind him waiting for him to get out of the way). There was potato leek today so I wasn't going to be getting his dregs of chicken noodle, or I wouldn't have been able to resist an assault of some sort.... I wanted to scream “it's soup!!!! not stew!”



Remember the Nancy Griffith line, “it smells like popcorn and chewing gum rubbed around on the bottom of a leather soled shoe? If you then take the sole and slice it up into almost bite sized pieces and put it in soup, you have Au Bon Pain's “mushroom bisque.” Blech. It was all that was even remotely edible today in the cafeteria. I would have preferred a big helping of lima beans—and we know how I feel about those.

Would you like a baby wipe with that?

Netta Davis, food scholar of Cambridge, Mass. and environs, writes: I'm back from a very unrelaxing vacation (too many kids smooshed into one little house) but I had a booze epiphany while there that I thought I'd share.

My crazed friend Alison was part of the vacation crew and she and I were just about dead with exhaustion by the time we got to the Cape Saturday night. Our two three year olds were not sleeping. I decided I needed a drink to sustain me for the unpacking-while-diapering-while-making-the-beds stint. So I was telling her about the Saltini [see the last issue of *Phil on Hol* for more on the Saltini], and she said she figured, even with our bizarre and meager selection of vacation provender, she could come up with something comparable.

So she mixed some CountryTime lemonade mix (very sweet) and poured it into a beer stein with a lot of ice. She then floated some Bacardi dark rum that was so old she had moved it from Wisconsin five years ago and it was still mostly a full bottle. The bright yellow of the commercial lemonade mix and the dark brown of the rum floating on the top were quite striking. She then slivered some lime into the glass and presented me with a highly drinkable cocktail, given our states of collapse, thirst and uncritical ability to imbibe. We figured we should come up with a name for it, and since the color combo and our constant occupation fit the bill, we christened it The Poopy Diaper. All week long, the house rang with the cries of “Mine!” “No, mine!” and the Mother's reply: “Can someone fix me a Poopy Diaper???”

Office Supply Roundup

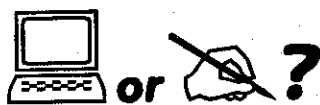
On Control S-ing

Peg writes: As much as I appreciate the convenience that a computer affords when it comes to writing certain types of documents, I must admit a fondness for legal pads and mechanical pencils when it comes to Big Philosophical Ideas. I am persnickety about the legal pads (white paper with a firm back cover) and the mechanical pencils (.5mm HB lead). I will only use mechanical pencils though I fear that the arthritis in my thumb may be a consequence of all my years of clicking to advance the lead. (That seems as plausible an explanation as any other that I have been able to generate.)

I am constantly amazed at people who can read a book and take notes on a computer (more on my note taking style in "Post-it-Wittgenstein" below).¹ Not me. And I greet people who can write a philosophical piece on the computer with a good deal of suspicion. It becomes too neat; it looks too neat. Yes, yes, I know that you can move things all over a document by cutting and pasting—the original "leave no trace" writing—but the results just seem too neat. The document loses its historicity and no longer functions as a travelogue of the development of an idea.

My writing process is messy. I write very elliptically (and no, Smarty Pants Reader, this tendency of mine does NOT date to the dawning of my interest in Wittgenstein). My notes become sentences become paragraphs become pages. I need to scribble on the legal pad, cross out, erase, draw arrows and make good use of the insertion sign. Notes in the margins transmogrify into the substance of the paper.

But despite my unwillingness to write philosophy on a computer, the infernal machine has definitely taken over my body. Recently, while making changes to an essay I was drafting in a notebook, I found my right hand scribbling with a .5 HB, while my left hand reached to press the Control and S keys. *I was commanding my spiral notebook to save.*



Post-it Wittgenstein

Seeing life as a weave, this pattern (pretence, say) is not always complete and is varied in a multiplicity of ways. But we, in our conceptual world, keep on seeing the same, recurring with variations. That is how our concepts take it. For concepts are not for use on a single occasion.

And one pattern in the weave is interwoven with many others.

Wittgenstein, Zettel §§568-69

Peg writes: If post-it notes had existed when Wittgenstein was alive, I am confident that he would have been a devotee of them. Though he had given all of his inherited wealth to his siblings, he would have kept just enough of it for a wise investment in the 3M corporation.²

Wittgenstein's approach to philosophy—writing notes on small slips of paper and then re-writing and re-organizing them—is well served by a post-it methodology. I spent my summer reading Wittgenstein and reading about Wittgenstein. One day I found myself without the handy legal pad and only a packet of the small post-it notes. Each time I had a thought or response to something I was reading, I jotted it down on a sticky note and slapped it onto the table. (The slapping was soon supplanted by gentle placement when I realized that my hand was becoming a bit tender.)

At the end of the reading session, I looked at all the sticky notes to see what patterns emerged. I found that I could sort, shift and arrange my collection of thoughts to my heart's desire. I made connections that I would have missed had I some other approach.

I have come to prefer the Post-It Methodology, and have thought about patenting it, perhaps developing and patenting a special Post-It Note Organizer Board, made of a special material that would prevent the premature wearing out of the sticky stuff.³

¹ Not post-Wittgenstein, mind you.

² Fear not! This is not an advertisement in the form of acknowledgment of corporate sponsorship such as those you hear listening to National Public Radio. It is just that 3M did invent these and they are the only ones available in my local bookstore.

³ For a very funny description of the chemical composition of the "sticky-ness" of these notes watch *Romy and Michelle's High School Reunion*. In the movie, Michelle decides to pretend that she is the inventor of the sticky notes, and thus is wildly successful unlike all the formerly popular girls.

Ears Before Eyes

Unbeknownst to most watchers of the Big Box in the Living Room, "Queer Eye for the Straight Guy," the quirky, off-beat show starring Carson and his Mary band of rapier-wit pals isn't original. For nearly three years now, community and public radio stations all across the country have been airing a quirky, off-beat radio program, featuring a loveable cooperative of lesbians and bi women who help their participants empower themselves to undertake meaningful transformations of their lives and work—political, social and spiritual zhuzhing, if you will.

LesBIan Aural (LA) differs from QE in several crucial respects—beginning of course with the fact that, as a radio program, it can't do those cute video montages of the women in action. (Just as well; it turns out that sipping herbal tea and talking aren't inherently videogenic.) More significantly, their presence on public and community radio means they don't have to cater to a host of corporate sponsors in order to stay on the air. Translation: LA programs are not one long commercial for "products." Instead, the LA co-op transforms the lives of its participants by tutorials in judicious thrift store shopping, local and organic food purchasing, political activism and community building—and low-cost therapy options, when necessary.

(In contrasting these two programs, lest we be accused of gross overgeneralization, let us be the first to admit that corporate lesbians and back-to-the-earth gay men DO exist. And there are *also* still about 28 Florida panthers, 16 snow leopards and (though this report is unconfirmed) a monster living on the bottom of Lake Champlain.)

So, who are the "stars" of LA? First, let it be noted that, because the staff is a cooperative, there are no "breakout stars," ala Carson. The team includes: Beth, a therapist who enjoys some success in the folk circles as a singer-songwriter; Jo, the carpenter who's also captain of her softball team; Meg (short for Nutmeg), who's the produce manager at an organic food cooperative (no, NOT Whole Foods); Amy, an organic farmer and goat cheese maker who, in a former life, surfed the waves of technology as a dot-com executive; and Laurie, who's finishing a degree in feminist theory and whose guerilla theater performances at the WTO protests are still the topic of many an email discussion among anti-globalization activists.

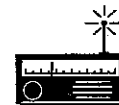
One of the hallmarks of LA is the way in which the members of the co-op work together to enable a guest to clarify her or his aims, goals and motives: to cull those

that have come from their enculturation in a consumerist society, and to replace them with motives that emerge from their vision of the world they'd like to inhabit. On a recent program, the co-op gathered to work with Stacy, a woman who wanted to open a Starbucks franchise with her fiance—an enterprise that would plunk her very far in debt, and leave her with no time for her knitting or her community work. During a fruitful month together, Meg, Jo, Beth, Amy and Laurie helped Stacy to create a new vision, one that placed community and creative work at the very center of her life, while also leaving her much more financially unencumbered. Stacy ultimately decided to work with a group of her longtime women friends to start a collectively-run coffeehouse, serving organic, cooperatively-grown coffee and homemade breads, and—most importantly—playing host to a variety of community activities, including open mike nights, needlework circles, book groups, and learning circles.

Her fiance, Marc, was a little nervous about this project, but with some therapy (courtesy of a referral from Beth), he realized that Stacy's goals did not threaten his masculinity. He even found himself overcoming his shop-class-induced terror of power tools while working with Jo on the rehab of the old storefront Stacy found.

A year later, Stacy and Marc report that the business is chugging along. While profits are modest, the hours somewhat long, the rewards are immense: work and life intertwine at the coffeehouse, where on any given day, they might find themselves in a group of knitters completing shawls for the Sheila Wellstone memorial project, discussing a new Molly Ivins book—or welcoming a new neighbor to the community with a cup of good coffee and a free scone. The work has strengthened their relationship (which had frayed during the arguments over the Starbucks venture), and Stacy and Marc report that they've asked Amy to perform their wedding. (She got her justice of the peace license on the internet in a former life.)

We're curious to know how many other readers have heard this program. If you've caught an episode recently, would you share the details of it with readers who fall outside the reach of public radio? Send a transcript to PonH, LA Division, PO Box 354, St. Peter, MN 56082



Where are they Now?

(Really! Well, sort of.)

Tim Snow and Joyce Carpenter have graciously agreed to allow us to print the following true! true! story, posted on their website, <http://12.46.110.127/Scotland/home.htm>. (To see the original, click on the link 'Bentham,' below the map, under London, at University of London.) A tip o' the cursor to Jenny Faust for alerting us to the piece.



Bentham, between faculty meetings

Jeremy Bentham was a famous legislator and philosopher in the 1800's. He developed the ethical theory of utilitarianism. He was also quite eccentric as can be seen here. This is his mummified body on display at the University of London, a college he founded.

He is still wheeled into faculty meetings, where he is

recorded in the minutes as "Jeremy Bentham: Present, but not voting". It was hilarious and awesome at the same time. He wrote pamphlet suggesting what to do with dead, including using famous people as lawn ornaments. On serious side, he donated his body to science at a time when cadavers were very rare because Christians still believed in corporeal resurrection (many cadavers were being stolen from graves to conduct research)

His body is sitting out for display, in a cabinet with doors and Jeremy Bentham inscribed on top. He's just sitting out in what appears to be a normal college hallway. I asked for directions at a school building and the attendant gave me a knowing grin and pointed the



Pilgrim Tim before Bentham

way. I don't think many tourists go out of their way to see him (and he isn't on many of the tour maps, but he was in Michelin!)

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- Subscribe: for yourself or a friend.
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Philosophers on Holiday
P.O. Box 354, St. Peter, MN 56082
heldke@gac.edu; poconnor@gac.edu

Where (else) are they Now?

Ramblin' Glenn Kuehn, philosopher, Deweyan, and chef at large, sends some photos from a trip he recently took along the spine of the country.



Here it is: urban geographical evidence of the fact that John Dewey and Bertrand Russell just never did see eye to eye with each other. Talk about working at cross purposes!



**Warning:
Philosopher
Ahead**



My, my my! Shouldn't we all have guessed? And all this time, we thought it was a cave!



For yourself:

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