

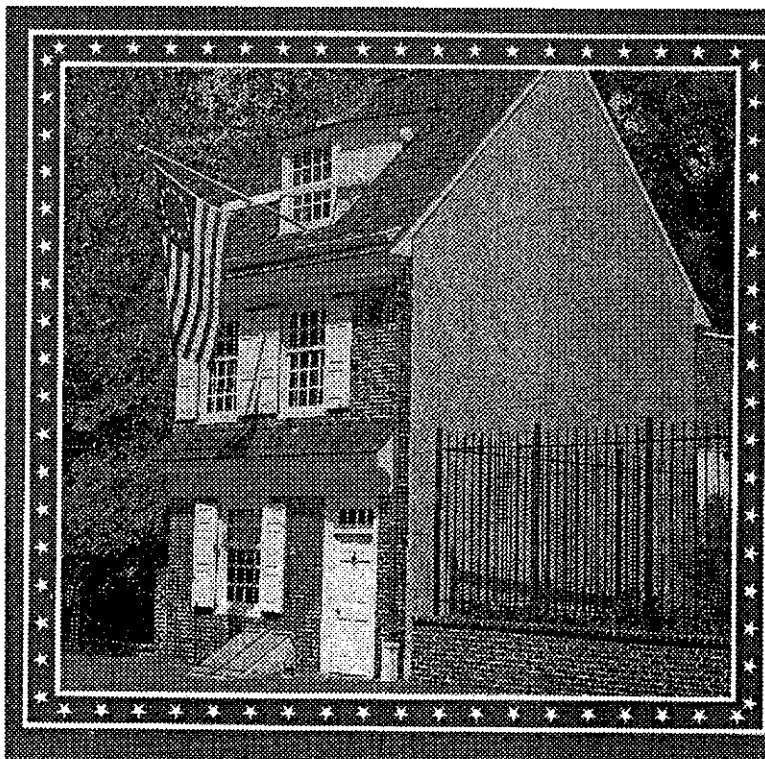
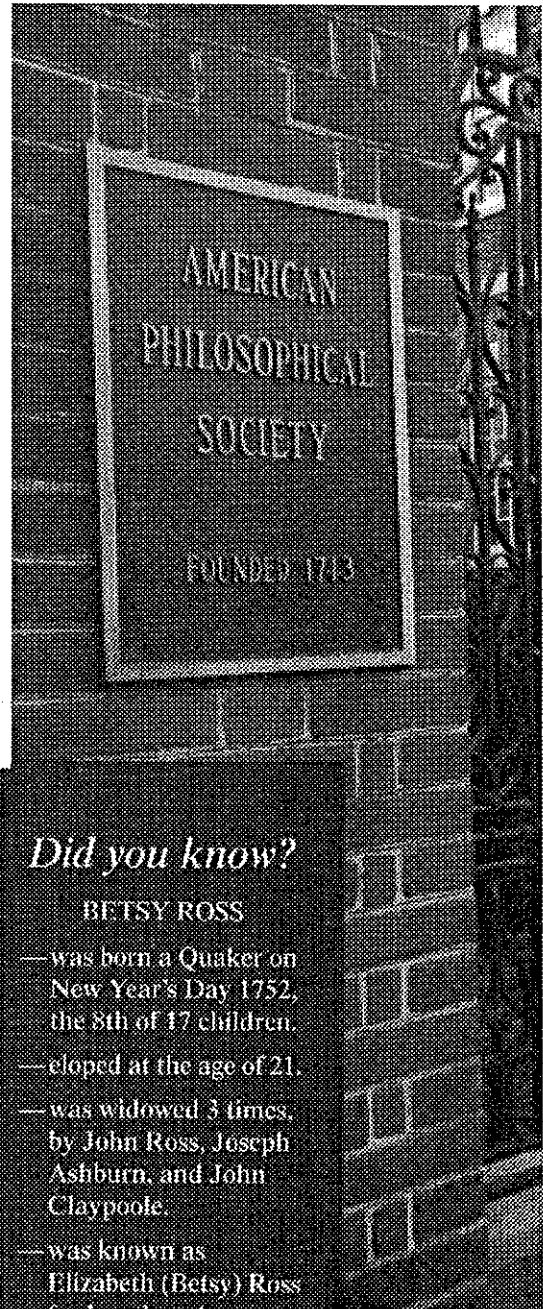
# PHILOSOPHERS ON HOLIDAY

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

Volume II, no. 3 Winter 1999



... a Philosophical  
Photomontage of  
Philadelphia



## *Did you know?*

### BETSY ROSS

- was born a Quaker on New Year's Day 1752, the 8th of 17 children.
- eloped at the age of 21.
- was widowed 3 times, by John Ross, Joseph Ashburn, and John Claypoole.
- was known as Elizabeth (Betsy) Ross for less than 4 years.
- had 7 children, all daughters.
- lived to the age of 84.

## From the Editors

Greetings from the end of winter! After a brown December, and a January and February that featured only a week or so of below-zero temperatures, and *no* snowy misadventures in our rural driveway, your *PonH* editors had begun to fear that we were not even going to get a chance to try our new snowshoes this season. But the fates smiled upon us on March 8, when a snowstorm dropped ten lovely inches on St. Peter. Here you see the ever-graceful Peg striding along wearing her Tubbs®. (Lisa opted for the more aesthetically pleasing traditional wooden variety--the kind of snowshoes Thoreau has.)

As of this writing (March 21), however, we think the season is genuinely over; we even planted spinach outside today, so confident are we that spring is on its way.

Our last reader's contest netted a trio of answers from three savvy women; Lisa Tessman of Durham, New Hampshire, Naomi Zack, of Albany, New York, and (ahem) our own Barbara Heldke of Red Hook, New York all won the treasured toothbrush, for their answers to our question about Howard Rourke. Watch for the exciting contest in this issue!

Our cover "story" features photos from a December, '98 visit to Philadelphia. On a Monday.

At Christmastime. Suffice it to say, the photos tell everything there is to tell.



## Philosophers on Holiday

A quarterly 'zine

**Editors** Peg O'Connor and Lisa Heldke  
**Staff Columnist** Abby Wilkerson  
**Movie Reviewer** Barb Heldke  
**Logo Design** Cindy Herb, Mark IV Printing

**Subscriptions** Send your check for \$10 (made out to Peg O'Connor or Lisa Heldke) for a one-year subscription.

**Submissions** We always welcome your essays, editorials, artwork, advertisements, photos, puzzles.

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### About the motto

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.

## TRAVEL NOTES

### The Garment District

During the annual convention of the American Philosophical Association, held in December in Washington, D.C., the following sign appeared in the window of Toast and Strawberries, a small, very exclusive dress shop on Connecticut Avenue: "Welcome APA members."

Um, probably not. Not unless you start selling tweed jackets with leather patches on the elbows, anyway.



### Is the gertrude stein bar next door?

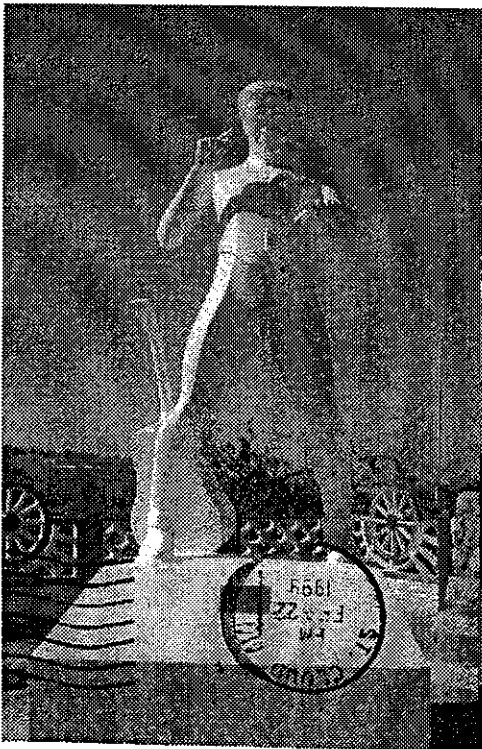
There's a bike repair shop in Missoula, Montana called "Alice B. Toeclips." Why couldn't we have thought of that?



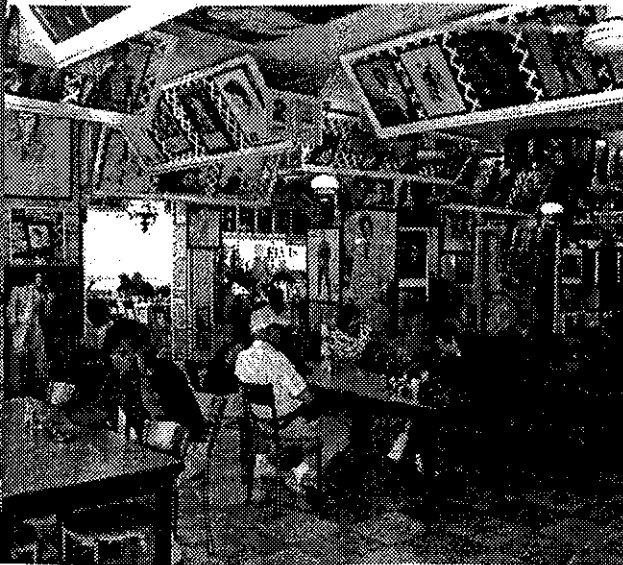
## Job Candidates Are From Earth; Hiring Committees From Uranus

Who cares whether men are from Mars and women from Venus? The starkest contrast in humans is the one between the parties involved in the academic hiring process. As a service to my fellow job hunters who have not secured the coveted tenure track position and to those people on hiring committees who secured their positions back when a phone call is all it took, I want to explore those differences, in the form of this primer. My qualifications for this task include four plus years of all out job searches that usually stretch from mid-October to May or June. I have dealt with hiring committees at institutions ranging from large public universities to tiny liberal arts colleges.

See "Uranus," p.8



## THE ELVIS INN



Ami Bar On (Binghamton, NY) and Lisa Tessman (Durham, NH) report in from The Elvis Inn. Ami writes: "This may not need any comment. It's too astonishing—it is not a postmodern ironic statement. Just kitsch. As to the food—it left a lot to be desired." Lisa adds: "Of course, it would not have been that odd if located in, say, Memphis. But just outside Jerusalem... it was a little surprising to *these* philosophers on not-quite-holiday."

## THE GENERAL THEORY OF NOT DANCING

*"Those who hate gardening need a theory. Not-gardening without a theory is a shallow, unworthy way of life. A theory must be convincing and scientific. Yet to different people, different theories are convincing and scientific. Therefore, we need a number of theories.*

*"The alternative to not-gardening without a theory is to garden. However it is much easier to have a theory than actually to garden."*  
Leszek Kolakowski

*Lisa writes:* I like to garden. I'm not much good at it, but it gives me considerable pleasure. I need no theory to explain why it is worth laboring in March in order to eat a tomato in August.

But dancing! Dancing is another matter altogether. I have frequently longed for a means of putting to rest forever others' idle hopes that I might someday join them on the dance floor. For years, I used to explain my not-dancing with the offhand remark, "I don't dance; I'm a musician." But it's been a while since I've played my trumpet with any frequency, so that line is starting to sound a bit forced. And after reading Mr. Kolakowski's theories of not gardening, I have come to realize that all along I have been employing *excuses*, when what is called for is a good *theory*.

I offer the following as a service to my fellow not-dancers—others who have found themselves the subjects of unwanted attention at philosophy mixers and sock hops, because they didn't want to get out on the dance floor and yump and yort like some kind of kook. Use these in good health.



### Cartesianism

To dance is to immerse oneself in the corporeal aspect of one's personhood. But as we know, from the *Meditations*, the body is not any part of the human essence, but is a mere accidental appendage of it. Therefore, to dance is to change oneself into an inessential part of oneself—it is to run the risk of disappearing. Dancing destroys the soul; engage in it at your own peril.



### Deweyan Pragmatism

The distinction between dancing and not-dancing is simply an unfamiliar form of those tired old dichotomies that have haunted us since

the Greeks: theory versus practice, activity versus passivity. As we know, that dichotomy is false; theory is not different in kind from practice, it is just a different kind of practice, a more contemplative and meditative kind. Similarly, not-dancing is simply a particular kind of dancing, one characterized by stillness and constancy of location. Not dancing is dancing.



### Wittgensteinianism

"Dancing," like "game" is a term that we can only define by noting the family resemblance among different kinds of dancing; some involve music, some involve complex steps, some involve precision of movement, some require a partner; some incorporate costumes and props; some are done by professionals while others are done by amateurs. There is no set of essential properties that all dancing must share, and by virtue of which all such activities constitute dancing. Furthermore, dancing is an activity grounded in a particular form of life; if you do not share my form of life, you will not recognize my dancing. If a lion could dance, we might well mistake it for hunting.

Are you certain that the person sitting next to you is not dancing?



### Kantianism

To dance, one must have a partner. And in dancing, one must use that partner to further one's own ends—namely, propulsion across the dance floor. But to use a partner in this fashion is to treat him as a means only, and not always also as an end in itself. When, through our actions, we regard the other as a means only, our actions cease to be moral, and we expel ourselves from the Kingdom of Ends. Dancing violates the second formulation of the Categorical Imperative.



*Readers' Contest! What is your favorite philosopher's theory of not dancing? The toothbrush awaits... Send your answers to PonH, attn: Dancing Queen, 1002 River-view Hills South, St. Peter, MN 56082*

## Contest Results!!

Last issue's contested netted a whole passel of winners. Herewith, their answers.

From **Naomi Zack**, of Albany, NY:

"Howard Rourke is the architect in Ayn Rand's *Fountainhead*. He rapes the heroine as a demonstration of love at first sight and blows up his own building rather than let the corrupt welfare socialists use their bastardized rendition of it to inadequately house the poor."

From **Lisa Tessman** of Durham, NH comes this answer, which certainly wins the resourcefulness prize: "I write in hopes of winning, as advertised, a fabulous prize, though I fear my chances may be diminished for lack of drafting paper. I have, however, thoroughly researched the question of Howard Rourke, employing my fairly new web-surfing skills in pursuit of an answer. "Who is Howard Rourke?" I asked my computer. I began with "people finder" using "web crawler." It's actually a quite unnerving feature of the internet: type in the name of anyone at all and find out exactly where they live, who else lives on their street, what their phone number is... for an extra fee paid to AT&T (via credit card), one can even have the number automatically dialed. Anyway, "people finder" indeed found Howard Rourke. Seven Howard Rourkes, in fact, all residing in the U.S. (one in California, one in Florida, two in Massachusetts, two in Michigan, and one stranded out in North Dakota). The mystery became more fascinating. Which of these Howard Rourke's was the right one? Was Howard Rourke even still alive today, and living somewhere that AT&T knows about? I needed some clues.

"Well, Bruce Norelius, whose identity as an architect had been revealed, had to be distinguished from this Rourke fellow, and there was that hint about drafting paper...so Rourke must be an architect. Back to the web browsers, this time looking for sites about architecture that might mention Howard Rourke. I was directed to <http://www.graphisoft.hu/products/articles.html>, where I found the following encouraging and yet not sufficiently informative passage: 'the architect will adopt the process-oriented approach of doctors and lawyers, and abandon the project-oriented approach of Howard Rourke and other heroic figures of architectural mythology. Architects will

become more closely associated with their client base than with their buildings as they work continuously to construct, maintain, upgrade, and sell their clients' buildings using computer-based models in their offices.'

"Aha, so Rourke was a great hero of an architect (I missed the reference to "mythology").

There was one more website to visit:

<http://www.caad.ed.ac.uk/~richard/courses/DialecticLec.html>.

And here is where I finally found the answer; I read, 'The idea of the individual as the source and purveyor of creativity strongly influences design theory, teaching and practice. An exaggerated account of design 'individualism' is presented by Ayn Rand's architect-hero Howard Rourke in the novel *The Fountainhead*. Rand's hero draws the battle lines against the forces opposed to creativity and individuality. The primary enemy is the collective. The prescription for the unleashing of the creative potential of the individual is independence.'

"So, dear editors, I submit my answer to you: Howard Rourke is a character in an Ayn Rand novel, an architect who seems to be just a bit individualistic about his work. Since Rourke turned out to be fictional, perhaps my drafting paper may be virtual."

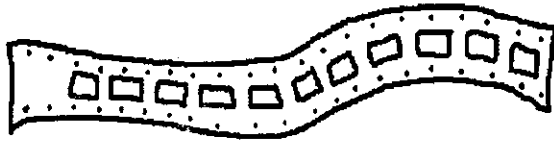
Just so, Lisa. And **Barb Heldke\*** adds the last detail we need to complete the answer: "Howard Rourke is the architect in *The Fountainhead*, written by Ayn Rand, who wrote *Atlas Shrugged* after which Bruce Norelius's article ["Atlas Shrug"] was named. Read by me in college (the former novel, not the latter, which still sits on the shelf unread)."

All of our lucky winners received their own Personal Oral Hygiene Travel Kit, in one of several fashion colors.

\*Editor's note: yes, *that* Barb Heldke. The shameful truth is, we *are* in the business of handing out contest prizes to our staff members.

## errata

Okay, okay, it was *Tracy Lord*. Two of our astute readers, **James Schwartz** of Washington, D.C. and **Blue Hill, ME**, and **Lynn Markham** of Lunenburg, MA caught us with our facts unchecked in the last issue. We wrongly identified Katharine Hepburn's character in *Philadelphia Story* as *Tracy Ford*. We'll know better next time. It's nice to know our readers are the conscientious types.



## barb's briefs

*Red Corner*: Liberated (Chinese) women (Bai Ling and others) and Richard Gere (looking very good indeed). What more could you want? Car chase? Got it.

Assignment: watch *Red Corner* and *American Gigolo* on the same night, write a feminist brief. Extra credit: add *Pretty Woman*.



As I expected, *Life is [not] Beautiful*. I found it too frenetic, in that Chaplin-esque way.

## SOUVENIR SHOPPING FOR THE ANTI-CONSUMER

*Lisa writes*: In November, during my first-ever trip to San Francisco, I made the requisite pilgrimage to Haight-Ashbury, to see Where It All Happened. America being America, there have been some changes in the neighborhood since the summer of love. To wit: 1) One may now buy a (machine produced) tie-dyed tee shirt that announces "Haight Ashbury" in three-inch-high letters. 2) There is now a Gap store on the actual corner of Haight and Ashbury streets. (Notably, one cannot buy said tee shirts in the Gap. Instead, one can buy the kind of stuff one can also buy at the Gap store in the Mall of America.) What's next? Learning money actually *can* buy me love?

What was a nice anticonsumer like me to do in a town like this? In my continuing Quixotic quest to quash the consumerist call, I simply followed Abby "World" Wilkerson, professional thrift store shopper, as she boldly strode into the Haight Street Goodwill Store. Moments later, I emerged, having procured a truly stunning olive-green-and-black jacket, featuring smart wide nylon zippers in the front and on the sleeves. Twelve clams for this lovely pre-owned garment. Wearing it, I feel like I just came off the set of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*.

Make it so, Number One.

## Our Fate Was in Her Hands

*Peg writes*: You only turn forty once in your life, and for many, it marks an important milestone. When Abby "World" Wilkerson turned forty last year, Lisa and I knew that we had to spend it with her. Abby lives in Silver Spring, MD which is equally near to Washington and Baltimore. We decided to spend a day in Baltimore (or Balto, as some say) visiting the visionary art museum and exploring the city in which *Homicide: Life on the Street* is filmed. The visionary art museum is worthy of its own story. After the museum, we decided to take a little walk along the waterfront.

As we were walking along a street filled with many small stores, we came upon a sandwich board advertising palm reading for five dollars. Well, it was Abby's birthday, and she hesitantly indicated that having our fortunes told could be fun. So, the three of us tentatively went inside. We were immediately greeted by a short woman named Madame Marie who spoke in a husky whisper. She told us she had laryngitis, but I suspected it might be part of the act. She indicated that we three should sit down on the sofa. "Just for you," she said, "I will give you the forty dollar reading for twenty dollars." Now, many of you know us, and know that we usually can stand our ground and speak freely. We Are Women, Hear Us Roar. But on this occasion, we could do no better than timid little mice. Not one of us asked about the five dollar reading. Not one. And not being able to read each other's minds (or even facial expressions), we all tacitly agreed to this "special" deal.

Abby was the first one to go to the next room where the reading took place. A small child was playing Nintendo in that same room. Lisa and I remained on the white leather Jennifer Convertible sofa, straining to hear what was being said over the din of the Nintendo game. Madame Marie didn't get many things right with Abby. First she told Abby that she wasn't married. Abby is married. Then, she said that Abby wasn't happy. "Yes," Abby informed her, "I am happy." Finally Madame Marie could only conclude that Abby's husband is a good man. Yes, he is, dear reader. And how astute was Madame Marie, to realize this!

See "Fortune," p.9.

# Pantheon Gastronomique

## UDUPI PALACE

In 1973, the Indian actress Madhur Jaffrey wrote a cookbook for Americans called *An Invitation to Indian Cooking*. As Jaffrey tells the story, it was the only thing to do: there wasn't a decent Indian restaurant on the entire North American continent, and she was wearing herself to a nub cooking for people who just wanted to taste a decent Indian meal.

My, how things have changed—at least if you happen to live in suburban Washington, D.C. Every time your *PonH* editors make the trek east to check in with our Mid-Atlantic coast correspondent, Abby "World" Wilkerson, she and her partner, Pat, take us to the Udupi Palace, one of several South Indian vegetarian restaurants within a small radius in Langley Park, MD.

Yes, that's right: *one of several South Indian vegetarian restaurants in the area*. Not that it matters; we'll never make it to any of the others, because Udupi Palace is just so darn good.

A typical meal at U.P. would have to include several dishes that are synonymous with South Indian food. They produce a truly majestic masala dosa (a crispy-thin chickpea-flour "crepe" that is rolled around a spicy vegetable mixture); someone familiar with American-style restaurant menus might expect it to appear in the menu as a "Texas dosa," such are its proportions. Abby loves the chickpea uttapam (another dish featuring the crepe-thin dosa) above all other things in life. She also likes to order the idli (a rice-batter thing in the shape of a flying saucer, which is steamed and served with a spicy sauce called a sambal), just so she can say it. Accompanying the dishes is a thin chutney whose predominant flavors are cilantro and garlic; Major Grey's has never seen such chutney.

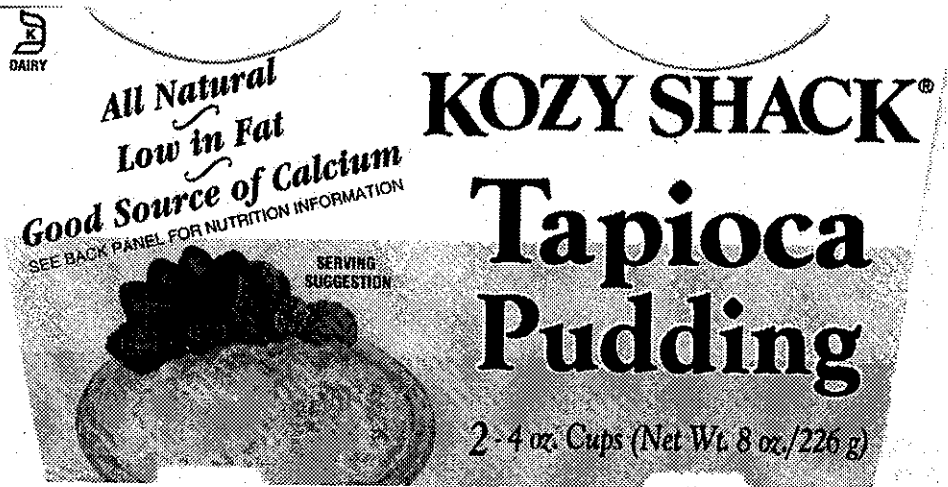
The dessert case (which one sees the minute one walks in the door) is truly splendid looking, but you know what? We've never tried one.

## Barb the Brief Branches Out: The Candy Machine Report

Tried the new "crispy" M&Ms. Not impressed. How does something that tastes like nothing emit 200 calories...? AND the price of candy went up another nickel in the machine. FOUL!

[Ed note: this is another instance of market segmentation, that same evil capitalist trend that brought us Blueberry Newtons and Multigrain™ Cheerios. Beware: they are out there right now, assessing *your* consumerist vulnerabilities.]

## Huts Redux



*Lisa writes:* Remember my rant about restaurants with names like Falafel Hut and Tiramisu Factory? Well, a recent trip to Washington, D.C. for the American Philosophical Association convention provided even more grist for the mill, in the form of the Kozy Shack™ brand of prepared puddings. Kozy Shack™ compounds the name-crime it commits in using the word "shack," by insisting on *also* using a Kute and Klever spelling for the other word in its name. Kan't we kwit this?

Okay, I'll admit it: the pudding was delicious.

## Performing our Gaseous Identities, or A Tribute to "The Secret Weapon"

*The question of whether someone was "really" straight or "really" gay misrecognizes the nature of sexuality, which is fluid, not fixed, a narrative that changes over time rather than a fixed identity, however complex. Marjorie Garber, Vice Versa*

Abby Wilkerson writes: In recent years, the concept of fluidity has enjoyed a certain vogue in some postmodern circles. Fluidity is about inhabiting the everywhere and nowhere, a positionality-in-motion that dissolves the essentialisms of fixed locations. This rising tide of fluidity has not floated all boats, however. Some have been left high and dry, others drenched and sticky in its wake. For you, the fluidity-resistant and the battle-scarred alike, I offer a few modest thoughts on what is surely the next theoretical wave: the gaseous identity.

Consider the committee meeting, that site of unspeakable cruelties, petty tyrannies, and mind-crushing boredom. What can the tireless freedom fighter gain from the strategic use of fluid identities in this site? One is left to imagine the sad spectacle of damp and squishy office furniture. Yet if instead she is prepared to unhesitatingly embrace all that is gaseous within her, renouncing bourgeois norms of self-containment, this is indeed a rare moment to savor in the endless struggle against all oppression. Think of the subsversive potential of the well-timed, insidious release of minor gaseosity, repeated intermittently and with gradually increasing force, in the proximity of that member of any committee who possesses neither wealth, nor mob ties, nor the photogenic visage needed for a Senate campaign yet nonetheless must filibuster or die. Or imagine at last the inexorable deployment of the silent and deadly, full-powered, truly and utterly noxious, totally ferocious, no-holds-barred, possibly combustible, toxic Armageddon blast calculated to provoke the instantaneous flight of all present.

At least one reader of this publication (her name, for obvious security reasons, cannot be revealed in these pages; she shall be known to you only as "The Secret Weapon") has proven her skill and valor in this most disruptive form of guerrilla office warfare, sending her colleagues running to summon engineers to deal with chemi-

cal fumes" inexplicably invading a conference room. It is said that shortly before this meeting--only the fiftieth or sixtieth gathering of the committee in a two-week span--an anonymous memo had circulated reading, "YOU WANT HOT AIR? I'LL GIVE YOU HOT AIR!"<sup>1</sup>

I submit that the vast potential for a movement such as this is yet to be imagined. Remember you heard it here first; this august publication may well go down in history as the first to offer a glimmer of this identity-which-is-not-one, laying claim neither to voice nor to visibility, neither to margins nor to center, the timeless (and tomeless) narrative of a potency whose possibilities for resistance are hitherto untapped in the struggle for social justice and personal vengeance.

1. In the interests of full disclosure, dear reader, I hereby confirm that only a small part of this story is false.

### Uranus, continued

It is my hope that this primer becomes an official publication of the American Philosophical Association.

### The Application Process:

#### For job candidates:

*Jobs for Philosophers* is now on the web. Now, the moment it is published you can pore over it on the web, or, if you've got enough ink in your cartridge, print it out. This is no small matter when some institutions' application deadlines are the same as the pub date of the *JFP*. If you, like I, live in a small midwestern town, where mail sent from the east coast reaches you only after it has first been sent to the west coast, you now at least start at the same time as compatriots on the coast.

I prefer the new web format. I hate getting the *JFP* in the mail; some days I'd opt for a nice letter bomb instead. Plus, with the new web format, you can print it out on 8.5 x 11 paper so no one can tell what it is. This is a lot more manageable than its old newspaper format and trim. This cuts down on the embarrassment factor if you have to look at in places other than the privacy of your own home.

The appearance of your *curriculum vitae* is key. Use an easy to read font such as Times Roman. Sans serif fonts are harder to read, and your fate rests with someone who could toss your cv out of the pool just because he found the font hard to read. I've heard from people on search com



mittees that they scan cvs for all of 20 seconds. So make sure your areas stand out prominently, as well as all those publications and conference papers you've been working on rather than finishing your dissertation. If you're applying to a school where the emphasis is not research but teaching, make sure the classes you taught (as an adjunct at all those different schools where you've been teaching instead of finishing your dissertation) stand out.

You must also be careful not to use too many fonts and styles. This can clutter the page, and a cluttered page is a sure sign of a cluttered mind. Don't get overly ambitious with the graphics capacities of your word processor. A goofy graphic at the top of your cv screams dilettante.

### For hiring institutions:

Have the fight about what areas your department *really* needs when you write the job description. In several *JFPs* this year, I counted a multitude of job descriptions asking for three or four entirely different and unrelated areas of specialization. No one does all these things, and if they say they do, they are liars. You don't want to hire a liar. And if self-interest is your guiding principle, you can cut down on the number of applications you receive by having a clear and concise description.

Yes, this will involve fighting with the colleague who wants to hire someone with a specialty in Applied Ontology.<sup>2</sup> It is better to have the fight at this point rather than after the convention interviews. You have interviewed people who prepared for the interview with diligence and who have a stake in the process now.

Specify what you want as application materials. What does the phrase 'complete dossier' mean to you? Don't send me some cranky message asking for my undergraduate transcript (would you like my elementary school one too?) when you don't mention it in your ad. Official transcripts are expensive; my graduate institution charges \$5.00 for each one. So, if you do want a transcript, be content with an unofficial one.

When will institutions start asking for criminal records? Don't even bother asking for juvenile records; they're sealed.

1. Oh, this isn't sour grapes speaking here. One fellow teaching at a very prestigious liberal arts college, told several of us applying for a job at his institution how he secured his position. As an alumnus of the school, he simply called the dean of the college and asked if they had any jobs available.

2. Applied ontology was listed as an area of concentration in one advertisement. Having no clue what that might mean, I asked several other philosophers. We generated a variety of possibilities; none of us really knows what it is.

*Readers' Contest: What do you think applied ontology is? Send your applications to PonH, Engineering Dept. The toothbrush awaits.*



### Fortune, continued

Abby walked out of that room with a silly little smirk on her face. I was the next one to go back to the room. I immediately realized that Madame Marie had positioned herself so that she could watch the people on the couch. Through the sheer power of observation, she could divine much information. By the time she got to Lisa, her accuracy was much higher, because she had figured out that Lisa had a partner and good friends. Tell us something we don't already know.

We each left Madame Marie twenty dollars lighter and more the wiser. When we were a safe distance from her store front, each of us confessed to not wanting to go through with the reading. We also admitted that each of us was waiting for the others to say no. Oops.

We are three people who tell on ourselves. Not telling Pat, Abby's husband who is a good man, was not an option. We told on ourselves publicly at Abby's party. People mocked us mercilessly, and kept asking us why we didn't say no to the special deal. And did we really *each* spend twenty dollars? Yes, we did. But reader, before you cast aspersions, think carefully about what you would do.

1. For present purposes, I'll just note that Howard Finster is the most famous artist represented there. Finster, who is known for his apocalyptic paintings, informs the viewer in one piece that "Satin is the root of all evil." I've heard it is a slippery fabric that can pose danger, but I had no idea it was so powerful.

2. While our palm reading was disappointing, we did have one auspicious omen from the gods. The wiener dog is a totem animal for Lisa and me. We can be complete wiener dogs, as evidenced by our inability to reject the special offer of Madame Marie. After we left her shop, we went into a real touristy shop where we came upon a perfect brass wiener dog which we, of course, purchased. When it was time to pack our bags and head back to Minneapolis, I wrapped the wiener dog in some clean extra clothes I had. When I unpacked at home, I found the following sticker from the wiener dog in my Hanes Her Way: Solid Brass. Made in India. And don't you forget it!

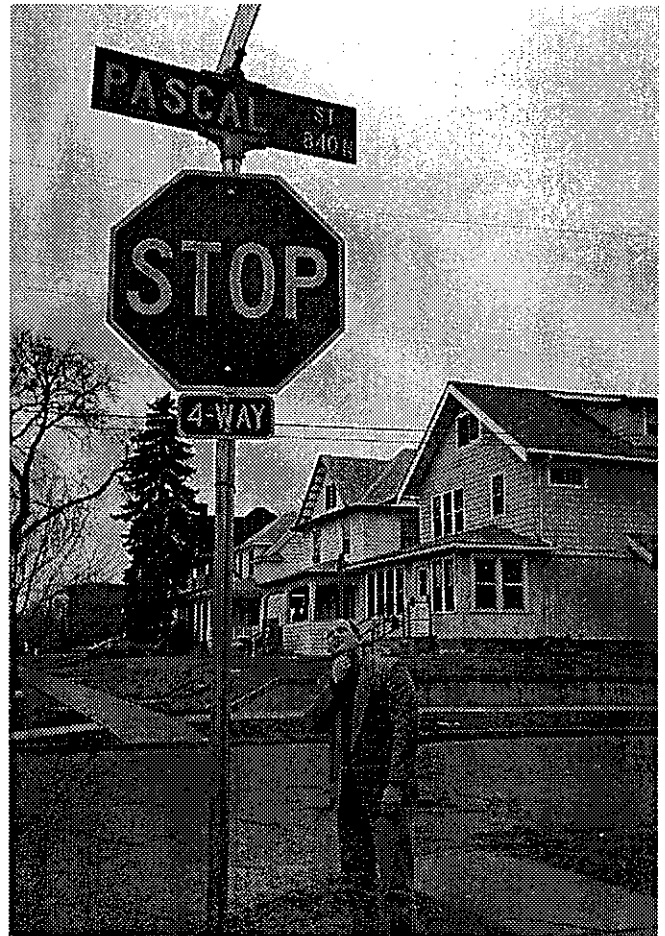
## Where are they now?

In light of Jesse Ventura's recent, utterly uninformed "Late Night" speculations about the origins of St. Paul's wacky street system, we here at *PonH* feel the need to correct the record. (For those of you whose newspaper does not contain daily stories of the Cartesian governor's\* exploits, suffice it to say that he got on the David Letterman show and announced that the streets in St. Paul must have been laid out by drunken Irishmen. Ha ha ha. Wrong on all counts.)

As the Minneapolis philosopher-administrator Carl Brandt (pictured at right) has recently discovered, the streets in St. Paul were actually laid out by the famous gambler Blaise "Blaze" Pascal. Seems that Big Wager Blaise had the feeling that the stakes in his famous wager just weren't quite high enough. (That wager, for those of you who just this morning forgot, goes something like this: since the rewards of believing in God are so great, and the costs of that belief are so low, it is far more reasonable to believe in the supreme being than not to do so. So, believe already! What have you got to lose?) "Blaze" decided to set the stakes just a little bit higher—and he knew just the way to do it. Arrogantly tossing aside the Argument from Design, he created a twisted, convoluted, hopelessly impenetrable system of paths, meant to leave its users (even purported atheists) utterly lost, beseeching God to get them out of this place ("this place" being St. Paul, then known as Pig's Eye). By this means would their belief in God be fortified.

Pascal's last action, before he was fired, was to name a street after himself.

*\*Readers' Contest: Why is Jesse the Cartesian governor? Send your answer on the back of a World Wrestling Federation program, to PonH, 1002 Riverview Hills South, St. Peter, MN 56082. Dental health awaits the winner(s)!*



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